

Charles & Anna  
Goodell  
&  
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Nance & Wood  
Families

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## INTRODUCTION

It is my intention to re-write my first book on the Goodell lineage, to include pictures this time. I do not have enough money or talent to do justice to a project of this kind but hope it will be a foundation for others to build upon later. I intend to put three or four generations in each book, where possible.

This book contains my father and mother's story (mostly of what they wrote about themselves) with a few pages about each of their children. Then I have a few lines about Charles Goodell's parents and grandparents with some of their children. Genealogy takes time and I hope everyone will get involved. The Bailey line has been written by Inez Kelly and Camden Meyer, but more research needs to be done on it.

President Benson said in one of his talks, "Why shall I spend time in searching out my ancestors? How can they contribute anything to me? Why should I evidence more than passing interest in them?"

"We are largely a product of our progenitors. Their strength sustains us. Their weaknesses, if any, warns us of restraints and tendencies to curb and avoid. Their love and devotion bring to fulfillment the Savior's great law of love which combines loved ones and families joyfully together in time and eternity."

Charles A. Goodell came from a family of 11 children. His brothers were Frank, Fred and Joseph. His sisters were, Nellie, Lula, Evaline, Grace, Mona, Jessie and LuDema. He married Anna Hazel Bales, who came from a family of 8 children; three sisters, Josie, Sadie, and Mamie; four brothers, Edward, Henry, Harvey, and James.

I will carry the Goodell line on in the next book.

(Frank Goodell, 1989)

Charles Arthur Goodell and  
Anna Hazel Bales  
(By Frank Goodell, 1989)

My father Charles Arthur Goodell was born 14 October 1880 in Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado. He was the son of Joseph C. and Elizabeth (Nance) Goodell. His middle name, given to him by his father, came from President Arthur.

The family had moved to Colorado from Kansas because of his father's health. Joseph Goodell had been badly wounded in the Civil War and the wounds kept getting worse in Kansas. He ended up in the hospital and the doctor told him to go to the mineral springs in Manitou. In 1877 the family moved to Monument, Colorado and in 1879 to Colorado Springs. One year later Charles was born there in a house on Weber street.

His dad had traded for ten acres of good land, well improved with plenty of buildings suitable for handling cattle. Dad's two older brothers helped out a lot with the cattle, Charles was too young. Fred did most of the herding of the cattle their dad bought and Frank was the cowboy busting the horses. Frank got good at it and rode some wild ones.

Dad started to school in Colorado Springs when he was a little past six years old. He related, "I got into a fight the first day - Fred helped promote it." He only went for a short period of time when he contracted a bad case of whooping cough. About this time his father, feeling much better, had traded for a 160 acre farm near Buda, Nebraska. Milo Nance (Elizabeth's brother) and Frank had left earlier to drive a number of horses and cattle to the farm and put in a crop of corn. Milo had built a small house on the farm and worked on a crop sharing basis.

Frank had returned with a covered wagon and the plan was for him to take his mother, two sisters, Lulu and Grace, and Charles overland back to the farm. Joseph was to stay and close out his business and bring Fred with him on the train. But Charles had the whooping cough and had to stay with his dad. "Dad had a sure cure for whooping cough" Charles related. "He would tie a piece of salt pork around my neck with a dirty sock."

As soon as Joseph got word that Frank and the family arrived in Nebraska and were settled he closed up his affairs in Colorado and had a number of cattle put on the train they took for Nebraska.

Charles describes the trip, "How well I remember the trip on the cattle train. It was early in December and lots of snow on the ground. My oldest sister Nellie stayed in Colorado Springs

as she had finished school and was working there. My Dad, Fred, and I got in the caboose and I remember the trip in many ways. I was just tall enough to look out the back door of the caboose and it seemed like every time that I started to look out the door the old train would give a jerk, and usually the knob of the door caught me in the forehead and I would land on the floor. I don't remember how long the trip took but it seemed like an awful long time to me. I know we arrived in Buda in the night, snow all over the ground and cold. Frank and Milo were there to meet us with a big wagon.

"We were not long in getting to our new home and as we approached Father turned to me and told me to hide in the wagon and we would fool Mother. We will tell her you were sick and we had to leave you in Colorado with Nellie. The first thing Mother said was, 'Where is Charlie?' Mother was taking it to heart too much so I came out of the wagon. We all had a happy reunion." (this type of a sense of humor seems to be a trait in the Goodell line)

"We were soon all settled and Fred and I started school at what was called the Biglow school. It was two miles from home but we did not mind it. We only went to this school for one year as Father had bought out the live stock business from a dealer in Buda and a farm one half mile from the depot so he could easily ship his cattle. So we all moved again." (In 1959 I asked Dad what he remembered about Milo Nance. He replied that he remembered seeing Milo but little else. He told of Amanda Wood Nance - his mother's mother- and aunt Julie visiting them in Buda. Amanda was recovering from an operation. Aunt Mary Jane Nance who married George Berry and live in Atlantic, Iowa visited several times)

Charlie continues, "I then started to school at what was known as Fleharty school. I went there until I finished the grades and upon the advice of the professor I attended two years at the Kearney business college. I had the intention of taking a finishing course at the Boyles College in Omaha, Nebraska but never did. However, the schooling at the Kearney College was very good.

"I recall many amusing incidents while attending college. It was a boarding school. Three floors on the main building, two were dormitories, one on the north of the main building and one on the south. One was for girls and one for boys. Each dormitory would accommodate approximately one hundred students. The principal of the school lived on the second floor of the main building with his family (wife and one daughter). He kept a cow and some chickens for family use. In one corner of the main building hallway was a bell rope that hung down within easy reach. This rope was for calling classes. One night someone got the cow out of the barn and tied her to the bell rope with 50 or 60 feet of extra rope and turned the cow loose. The cow not



wanting to stand still would take off to the south and each time the rope stopped her the bell got a good ringing. Imagine this in the middle of the night and the principal a very strict Englishman with a bristling mustache.

"Another time the Chaplain for the school was called to town (the school was approximately two miles from the main part of the city). He had a room on the south end of the dormitory, so he could keep watch of the boys. A professor had his room on the north end so that they not only could keep watch but see that all lights were out and all talking stopped at ten o'clock.

"One night the Chaplain went to the city and SOMEONE caught an old rooster and unlocked the Chaplain's room and put the rooster in it to bed. For some reason the poor Chaplain failed to take notice when he came back and retired. For sure, sometime around daylight he knew he had company. Anyway for some reason at the breakfast table the next morning the Chaplain (his name was Montgomery) said to me, 'Charlie, will you please come to my office after breakfast!'

"As far as religion goes, in my childhood days, I attended Sunday School fairly regular at what was known as the Anderson School house two miles from Buda. I remember my Sunday School teacher, she was a fine woman. Her name was Mrs. Winslow. Occasionally, there was also church services. At different times they held what they called protracted meetings to save the sinners from a burning hell while the saved went to heaven to rest and play on harps forever more. They had a bench that was close to the pulpit and workers would work through the attendance in an effort to get them to the bench. I've seen several conversions (or suppose to be) to this belief, mostly men who would start right out preaching. The preacher (they called him the cowboy preacher) was in bad with the law sometime later and the law came after him. Rather than take what was coming to him he killed himself. I could never get interested in any such religion as a boy.

"After I grew up out of the boy stage I started to see some of the world wherein we lived. I traveled in many states from the Canadian to the old Mexican border. If I arrived at some place I liked I would stay, work awhile until the bug hit me again and then move to another state. I always liked Iowa and most of the south and southwest. Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona were my favorites."

Dad was a carpenter, among other things, and this trade was nearly always in demand no matter where he went. He never worried about making a living. I always wished that I had developed a trade that was in demand or that I was good at working with my hands so that I could travel anywhere and not worry about getting a job. When I mentioned to Dad about eating moose in

Newfoundland, he wrote, "I put considerable time in northern Minnesota (at the head of the Mississippi river) and the woods there at that time were full of moose. There were 17 of them swimming in the lake at Bemidji, Minnesota when I was there over 60 years ago." (1959)

"In all of my travels I would occasionally drop into some church to hear what different denominations were preaching. Nothing that they believed or pretended to believe in sounded right to me. Sure, I believed in a governing power of this and other worlds, a power supreme, but I could not define it as to just what it could be. I never heard anyone else do so either other than to call it a spirit that governed all things. My father and mother never did attempt to describe this governing power other than to call it God. There was always a well marked up bible in our home and mother was always a praying person. While none of the family belonged to any church they did live by the golden rule, which was my religion.

"It was during World War I in 1914 that my parents house on the farm burnt down. Mother wrote to me to come back to Kearney and build her a new one as I was doing contract and carpenter work. I was living in Arizona at the time. After completing her house I went to contracting on my own around Kearney. I was doing practically all of my own work with the exception of carrying one or two men.

"In the fall of 1914 I wanted to take a little vacation. I had a friend who lived close to Taylor, Nebraska in Loup county and I took off for two weeks of prairie chicken hunting with him. Well, I was a long time in seeing Kearney again as I ran into more work with the ranchers than I could handle.

"Early in the spring of 1915 I took on a contract with Walt Hesselgesser of Valley View to build a store of three floors. The first floor was for a store, lunch room, and living quarters. The second floor was for dances, etc. The third floor was for sleeping rooms as ranchers from the upper Calimus and Bloody Rivers would put up for the night on occasion. When the building was completed dances were started on Friday nights and were pretty much of a success. A party by the name of George Cronk and myself furnished the music. (Dad played a guitar and mouth harp combination)

"There were two girls that did a lot of dancing together and I commenced to make note of it. I asked George who the little girl was. He told me and I told him to get set to play a dance or two by himself as I was going to get acquainted and did. She was the pick of them all, the sweetest little 115 pounds I had ever seen (that is what she said she weighed).

"Well to make a long story short as soon as I finished my

work in the upper country I took on a deal to build a barn for her father. In the meantime we became well acquainted and one thing led to another. On the 19th of December 1915 we were married at her parents home ten miles from Burwell, Nebraska. We had a real nice home wedding and all those present were her relatives with the exception of the minister. It was, of course, the usual civil ceremony; Love, Honor, and so forth, until death do we part.

"There was a lot of snow on the ground and cold but we took a little trip and wound at my parents home in Kearney. We were there for the holidays. We then returned to Burwell and I made a deal with the father of the little lady to farm his place. We lived there for a year and did very well."

Who was this, "little lady", Dad met on the dance floor of the building he built? What was her history?

Anna Hazel Bales was born 3 August 1895. She was the daughter and last born child of eight children born to James Irvin and Emma Armena Bailey Bales. Her mother told her she was born in a two story house in an upstairs room on a very hot day. It was the summer of the "hot winds."

Their farm was by a community called Springdale. This was a small farm community that derived the name from the school. It was a few miles east of Ord, Nebraska in Valley county. All of the business and recording of records were done at Ord. Sometimes Anna's birth and other records show or record her birth as Ord but it really was Springdale.

This was a good farming valley but there were times of drought and "hot winds" that caused the crops to wither and then other times of plenty that drove prices down. Sometimes corn sold for 10 cents a bushel and did not make expenses so it was burned like coal. They were pioneers and learned to tough it out during the bad times and save during the good times.

Her parents were Methodist. They hardly made it to church living far out in the country but they lived the golden rule. They taught their children to live by it, to be honest and to love beauty. When it was possible they attended Sunday School.

They lived in Springdale for five years and then bought a farm close to old Fort Hartsuff at Elyria, Nebraska. The fort was owned by three Swede brothers by the name of Collison. They bought the fort from the government and lived there. It was a fun place to play for the children as there were so many buildings to explore. In the evenings when chores were done everyone went to play. Her brother, James, had a large sea shell which he learned to blow. It made an eerie sound which neighbor

kids could hear and all would meet at the fort to play.

"Run sheep run", was the favorite game because there were many buildings that were unattended and it afforded many ideal places to hide. They could play until 10 p.m. then all had to be home for bed and be bright eyed for school the next day. Anna remembers a nanny goat they used to hitch up to a wagon for rides. One day when they went to get him he chased them up a flight of stairs and they, "were really scared", she said. The Collison's were wonderful people and neighbors.

Anna started to school in Elyria. She always remembered and loved her first teacher, Maud Hewitt. Her brother Henry had a crush on her but he did not think he was good enough for her and that was the end of that. She like all of her teachers but once she had a man teacher that she was afraid of because he would sometimes whip the boys. Her favorite subjects were history and geography.

Anna and her sisters were always expected to help their mother with the housework, gardening, milking and other chores. Her father would never let the girls work in the field, that was for men and boys. Sister Sadie's job was to get up early and grind the coffee for breakfast. All the girls took turns churning butter. Sometimes they had to turn the old grindstone by hand as their father sharpened his shovels, sickles, knives, etc. They had a big cheese mold that mother would make cheese in. Anna loved to go down in the cellar with her mother as she checked the ageing of the cheese. She would get a big piece of cheese that was cut for testing. When their father butchered a pig or two in the fall they had to keep the smoke house going to cure the meat. Her mother made a lot of mince meat pies from the fat.

Anna's parents would sometimes take the family to the river to swim. The girls felt safe because their father and brothers could swim, the girls never did learn how. There were a lot of sand hills in the area. The sand got so hot in the summer that they could not play barefooted. The wind blew a lot in Nebraska and they had what they called, "blow outs". The wind would actually blow out sand and dirt and leave blown out areas. Anna tells of a hill north of their barn that had a big blow out in the sand. They would go to the top of it and roll down and slide probably twenty feet to the bottom.

In the winter time Anna's father would sometimes hitch up their two horses, old Doc and Dell, to their big sled. They would put straw in the bed box and hot bricks in the center to keep their feet warm and a heavy quilt over them. Then they would either go visit neighbors or just go for a ride. It was fun and they had a lot of love for each other.

They always had music in their home. Anna's father played the



fiddle for dances and made five dollars an evening. Anna's two brothers also learned to play the violin and the three of them were in demand for dances. Her father paid for piano lessons to be given to Anna's sister, Sadie. She did not learn fast enough for her father and so the other sister, Mamie, was given the chance. Anna always wanted to take lessons too but there was not enough money. Mamie was to teach others what she learned. Anna did learn how to chord. Many times the neighbors would join the family as they would get around the piano and sing. Anna remembers getting behind the piano when they sang, "Old Black Joe," and crying.

Sometimes the girls and their mother would get to go to the dances their dad and brothers were playing for. Anna remembers a big Polish boy by the name of Ludwig Gross who always came for her to dance. "When it came time for him to swing me on a corner he would pick me up and my feet never hit the floor," she said. This always embarrassed her but pleased her too. She loved to dance with him. Her brother, Henry, used to play, "Moonlight and Roses" and she loved to waltz to that.

When Anna was ten her father bought a farm about two miles east of Burwell, Nebraska. Again she had to change schools which she did not like. But they had a large comfortable home with 250 cedar trees around the property. "At night it was so dark because of the trees that I was afraid to go out alone", she said. Her parents always put out trees and usually an orchard wherever they lived and hoped someone could enjoy the fruits of their labor even if they did not stay long enough to. The family moved about every five years.

In 1908 there was great excitement in Burwell. The Wright brothers had brought their airplane to this little town for the people to see and show them how to fly. Anna got to put her hand on this airplane and thought what a wonderful thing it was. Almost as exciting was when the first automobile came about the year Anna was born. She remembers her sister Sadie telling about paying 10 cents to ride in it on the 4th of July. The school teacher always let the kids go to the window to see it go by. Anna's father was the proud owner of the second car to appear in the neighborhood. It was a model T Ford.

About 1910 her father decided he needed a larger place and bought a farm ten miles north west of Burwell by the Calumus River. The children had made good friends and hated to move. Anna said, "Mamie and I cried and I think mama did too, we hated to leave our friends so bad." "Women did not have much say then."

Anna recorded, "Here it was my job to go after the milk cows that were in the pasture across the Calumus River. This river was full of quicksand. Our pony called, Dolly, would sometimes lie

down if it hit quicksand to get rid of the load on her back. This happened several time to my brother James and I always was afraid it would happen to me. Terrified is a better word as I could not swim. But old Dolly never laid down with me. She was a smart pony, or maybe it was because I was so small. My brother Henry always said I wasn't any bigger than a pint of soap after a weeks washing."

Her parents gave her a wonderful party on her 16th birthday. Anna wrote, "I thought I was grown up now and ready for a date with my first beau, Marion Saunders. He had a Reo car and how happy we were to go whizzing past others on our way to town. As we would pass the buggies usually their horses would get frightened. Sometimes we would get stuck in the sand and had to get hay, weeds, etc and attempt to push the car out. Then the others would laugh."

"Marion Saunders' parents invited me to go with them to the North Loup for a trip. This was the first time I had been that far without any of my family."

Anna continues, "After my sister Sadie married I stayed with her a lot in the summertime to help her with canning, cooking and caring for her babies. I loved them so much and when they cried I cried. My sister Mamie was a school teacher and I was taught by her when I was in the 10th grade. I loved her but told her she was cross with me. She said she had to be in order to make an example of me and keep the others in line. I guess she did as she had many big boys that were hard to manage."

Mamie married James Craig 19 April 1911 and Anna wrote, "I was her bride's maid and Arthur Craig was the best man. I did not like Jim Craig very much for taking my dear sister away. I felt the same way when George Hise married my sister Sadie and took her far away (20 miles).

"I remember my mother was so sick that day of Sadie's wedding with what they called dyspepsia. Now I think they call it an ulcer. She worked so hard all day to get a lovely wedding dinner ready while grandma Hise sat and cried all day because her only child was getting married. Grandma Hise lived with my sister and her son George for 45 years. Sadie was later to say in a self-analysis, 'My disposition or traits and natural tempermant was always reserved and depressed and humble, afraid to say what I thought or to express myself in words. I think living with a domineering mother-in-law did that. All respects to her.'"

Anna wrote of the experience of surviving a tornado as follows, "On the evening of the 11th day of August 1912 we were all around the table for our evening meal. It was Sunday. A buggy drove into the yard with three men in it. They asked my father if they could stay awhile as they saw a bad looking cloud



coming. My father gave them permission and they went to put the team in the barn. My girl friend, Bessie Gray, from Elyria had come to stay for awhile. She and I were going to the institute to see if we could get a certificate to teach. Mother was also caring for two orphan boys. This made nine people in the house.

"Since we were not afraid of storms we paid no attention to the approaching cloud. Soon it got real dark then the windows crashed and the door blew in. I heard my brother James call for us to run to the cave. It was too late. We had 11 acres of trees and I saw them being uprooted and twisted off. I felt my mother put her arms around me and my friend Bessie as something pushed us over. The sulfur in the air was so stifling I could hardly breathe. That is the last I remember until I heard my father say, 'Here they are and they must be dead.' We were covered with tree branches and a big stone from the foundation was one inch from my mother's head.

"We finally found everyone and then all went over to the cave. The house was completely demolished. Then it hailed real hard and it was so dark. The hail finished off all the wheat that was stacked east of the house. One horse was killed, several of them hurt, and the chickens were stripped of their feathers. Our neighbors house was unroofed and carried all the way to Burwell. The tornado came down again in Burwell and destroyed several more homes. Mrs Jeso McKinley was killed. (she was the grandmother of Henry's wife to be).

"My brother James said he remembered being above the tree tops before he lost conscious. We were thankful that none of our family were killed. My brother Henry was still a bachelor at this time and had a farm one half a mile east of ours. It was not touched so we went there to stay as he had a small house. We tried to find our clothes and belongings but everything smelled so strong of sulfur. My mother never could get the odor out even after many washings. Next we had the job of clearing away the debris and start building a new home. They ran a special train up from Ord to see the terrible destruction. This was also the end of my teaching adventure, my clothes were all gone and mother needed me at home.

"My parents being true pioneers soon had a new home built after much hard labor. All eleven acres of beautiful trees were gone so new trees were planted. After three years of cleaning up the damage my father decided it was time to build a new barn as the storm had twisted the old one."

Now Mom does not exactly say how Charlie was hired by her father to help build the barn but he must have known he was the one who built the three story building they were having dances in. Besides Henry was playing his violin with Charlie at the dances. Mom tells it this way, "I had been going to dances with

my brother Henry. A Charles Goodell had been accompanying Henry with his guitar. He was a good dancer and I liked him - so did Henry. He was also a carpenter of sorts (I wonder why she said it that way?) so my father hired him to help build the barn. We became well acquainted. His mother came up from Kearney to visit us. (Charlie had her come up on the train. Mom was scared to meet her. Charlie said she was as common as an old shoe. Mom remembers her wearing a black and white suit made of sheppard cloth.) Charlie was boarding with my parents and nature took its course. We were married on the 19th of December 1915 in my parents home.

"The Reverend Van Luven of the Congregational church performed the marriage ceremony. Rev Van Luven became a good friend of the family. During World War I he would come over and help pitch hay with Charlie and stay for a meal. Lydia Schurbarth and Walter Hesselgesser were our attendants. All my relatives were there. My mother had a wonderful dinner. Charles and I stood under a large white bell in the corner of the parlor where we exchanged our marriage vows. I was dressed in a beautiful blue silk dress trimmed with white fur around the collar and cuffs, made by mother. After the ceremony the guests went into the dinning room which had a large table filled with things to eat. Mother had two cakes; a white one for the bride and a black devil's food cake for the groom."

Mom goes into a little more detail about the honeymoon than dad did as she states, "We went to Burwell after the ceremony to start our honeymoon and stayed in a hotel. The next morning we took a train to Omaha and stayed there three days. We went to a few shows, then Charlie went to visit a friend while I stayed in the hotel." Mom said she resented being left alone in the hotel while Charlie visited friends on their honeymoon.

Dad's version of doing well their first year of marriage is that of an optimist. Mom recorded it this way, "The first year of our marriage we rented my father's farm and as the house was large we divided it. Our first wheat crop looked beautiful. Just two days before it was time to cut the wheat a terrible hail storm flattened it. We were discouraged, but not for long. Charles was a good trader. He traded his prize mandolin for a cow and soon we had 12 dairy cows and lots of work."

They had another set-back that first year. Charles had bought a very good horse for farm work. While plowing the garden the horse stepped on a nail and got blood poison. Mom said, "Charlie worked so hard to save her. He even took her to stand in the sand in the river as someone told him that would save it but it did not. We now found out the meaning of what it is to pay for a dead horse. That and having our crops ruined by hail were hard blows for the first year of our married life."

When their first child, Dema Irene, was born 13 October 1916

they decided they needed a place of their own. They had a farm sale and then bought a farm that was five miles closer to town. Mom's father had sold his farm and bought a nice house in Burwell. Their second child, Joseph Charles, was born 22 November 1917. He could not keep anything in his stomach and was very sick, crying a lot and had to be held much of the time. Mom really had her hands full now with a hired hand to cook and wash for, a big garden to take care of, and baby chickens to look after. Her father came over many times to help in the fields and then he would stay and hold Joe while Mom got some house work done.

Shortly after Joe was born mom had to go to town to get a tooth pulled. It had swollen so badly that by the time she got to the dentist he told her to stay overnight with her parents and he would pull it in the morning. Next morning a neighbor came and said, "I believe your house is on fire!" Mom never said if this was before or after she got her tooth pulled but her sister Sadie got their hired man to take them to the house. By the time they arrived everything was gone they were too late to save anything. Mom had a couple of changes for Dema and Joe but nothing for herself. How did it catch on fire? No one knows. Charlie had slept there that night and was on his way to town when it happened. Mom laments that grandmother Goodell had given her a lot of keepsakes because she knew Mom would take good care of them. Now the good china, tea service sets, pictures, etc were all lost.

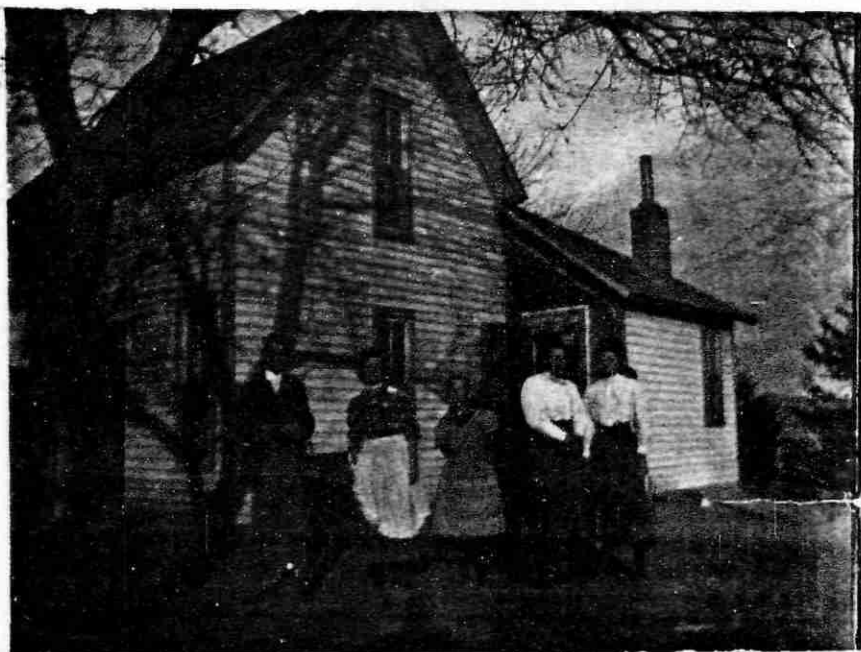
Dad and Mom went to Ord and bought a lot of material which Sadie volunteered to sew for them. Mom said, "I really know what it is like to have a good sister. She sewed night and day for my destitute little ones. Now we had a few clothes for them. We stayed with my parents until my father and Charles built us a new house. I thought it was a grand home. Mother and father Goodell now came and stayed a few months with us. Mother Goodell was a beautiful seamstress and made lovely things for us. Father Goodell liked to stay near the furnace as he was crippled from the Civil War. An exploding shell had torn most of the flesh from his hip and the heat helped his wound. He always told me I was his favorite daughter-in-law."

Charlie was now doing real well raising hogs and alfalfa. They were also milking a lot of cows, and were starting to make money. Mom had to help with the milking and one day as dad went to get a match from a box that was in a window on a hot day the whole box ignited and burned his hand badly. Now mom had all the milking to do. She said, "What a dumb place to have matches-we learned a lesson."

About 1919 mom's brother Henry took his family and moved to a farm in South Dakota. Her dad wanted to be with him so he sold his place in Burwell and bought a farm in Wewela, South Dakota.



Above: Two pictures of Anna Hazel Bales as a baby.



Bales home  
East of  
Burwell. Mamie  
and Anna are  
in the middle.  
The boy is  
Ernest  
Campbell, the  
older girls  
are Anna  
Ballagh and  
Anna Kanaster.

Mamie standing  
and Anna is on  
"Old Dolly."







Mamie  
teaching  
school at  
Nunda 1910  
Anna is in  
the middle  
row with  
her hand on  
the girl's  
shoulder.



inside the  
school room  
Anna is by  
the door  
her head  
beneath the  
picture

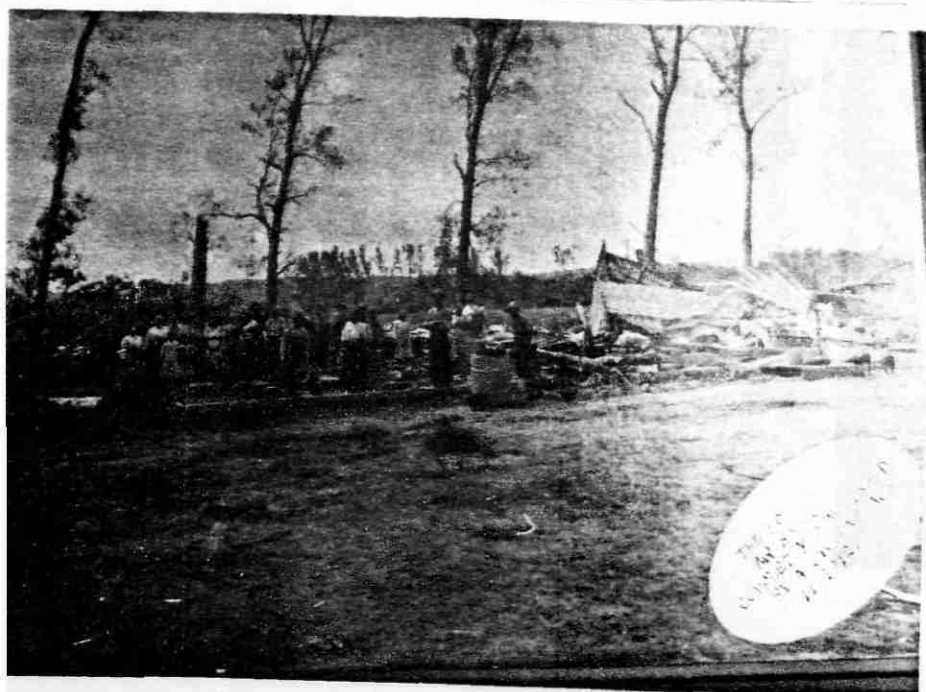




Home where Anna  
Hazel Bales was  
born near Ord,  
Nebr. This  
picture went  
through the  
tornado.

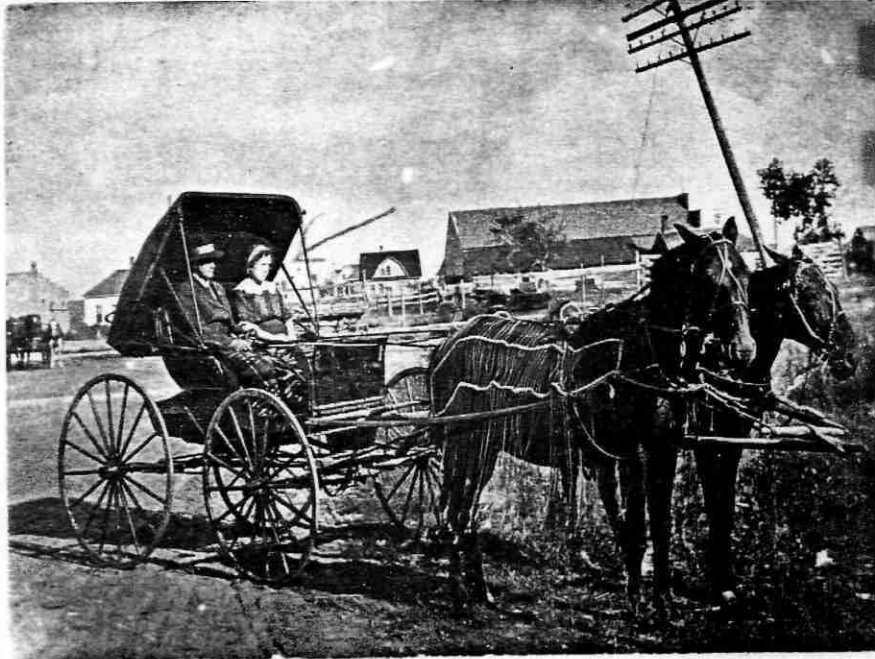


The Bales home after cyclone



Two pictures  
of the Bales'  
home after the  
tornado.





Above left, Harley Gibbons,  
Henry Bales, Anna Bales,  
Lilian Wetzel taken in 1912

Above right and middle, two  
pictures of Anna riding in a  
carriage in Burwell. Above is  
with her first beau and the  
other is with Henry Bales.

Below left, Anna Bales in  
Burwell. Picture taken in  
1914.

Anna Bales 1914



Above left, Charles and Anna Goodell, 1915. Right top, Charles Goodell at age 2. Charles and Anna at Haig, Nebr. about 1924.

Below, Charles and Anna Goodell later in life.





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Above:

Jessie, Elizabeth, and  
Charles Goodell about 1910

Middle:

Charles, Anna and Dema  
Burwell, Nebr. 1917



Charles Goodell promoting  
an oil well in Wyoming



Inez, Demas, Chas.



Chas. Mrs. Hise



Above left, Charles with Inez and Demas. Middle, Charles with Grandma Hise and right, The family home in Haig.



Our farm 1918

Two pictures of Charles feeding hogs on the Burwell farm in 1918. Anna and Grandma Bales are looking on.



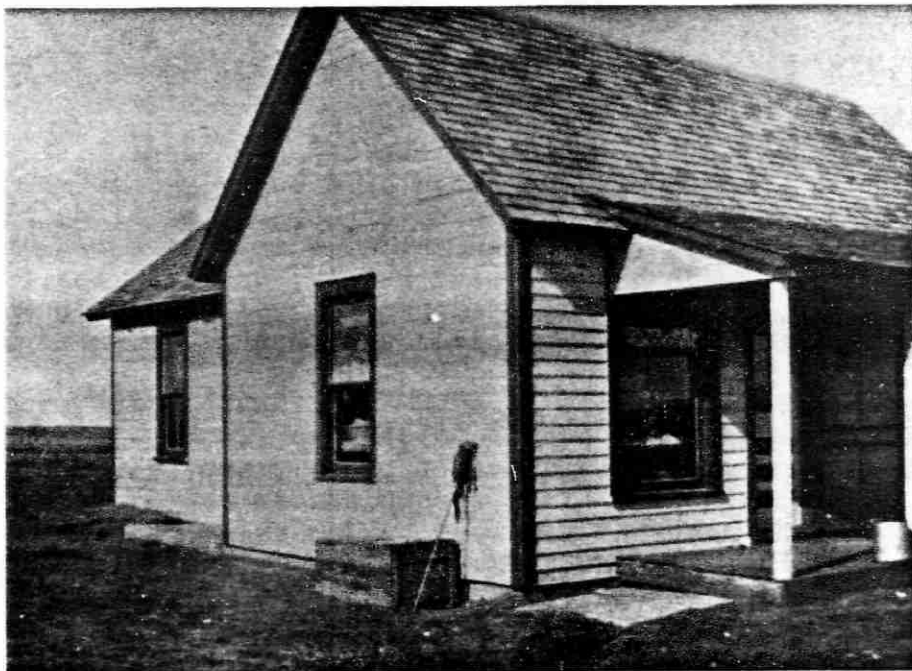




Grandpa and Grandma Bales' town home in Burwell, Nebr. In the summer of 1918 Anna had to go to town to get a tooth pulled. It was swollen so badly she stayed here overnight. The next day she was told her house burnt down. The family had to live here until Charlie and Grandpa could build a new one.

Below left: Joe and Dema playing in a wagon by the house. Below right: Mom and Dema on the steps of her parents home. *Then g-ma with DEMA,*





The Goodell home in Wewela, South Dakota, a place no one liked.

Below: Anna Goodell with Bob and Dema in front of George Hise home in Morrill. Everyone was now living in Morrill except Henry and Josie.





Now mom said that dad decided he wanted to move there too but I believe mom wanted to go also because she was now pregnant with her third child and wanted to be near her mother. In the fall of 1919 they had a farm sale, sold everything, and moved to Wewela. No one liked it there. Dad said the water was bad, it snowed early and plenty of it, and too many Indians close by. Mom said the same thing and added that there were very few neighbors.

Robert Arthur was born here 19 October 1919. I once told dad I had a close call of getting to the doctor when my John was born and he replied, "I had a closer call than that by far with Bob. I wanted to go get the doctor at 4 o'clock but NO grandma said it is only false pains but when the real ones started she said, 'for God's sake, Charlie hurry!' When I got back with the doctor Bob was already born and feet first."

Mom tells about the birth this way, "I had been sewing on the sewing machine and grandma thought that was what had brought on the pains. The doctor lived in Springfield, Nebraska across the border and it was 25 miles away. Charlie left in his old car and it was raining and dark. When the doctor arrived he bumped his leg on a wagon tongue very hard and he came in the house complaining about that. Grandma had done all the work, cutting the cord, etc. We had to pay the doctor just the same because he came out." It was a real hard birth and mom said she didn't know what she would have done if it had not been for grandma.

When Bob was three months old dad recorded, "I left the wife and kids with her folks and started to look for a new location. I had Colorado in mind as I liked the climate and opportunities but I finally settled in Morrill, Nebraska. I bought a couple of farms and also entered into the real estate and insurance business with George Hise during the year 1920."

Mom's sisters, Sadie and Mamie, were living in Morrill and so she was glad to leave South Dakota and move to Morrill to be near them. Her folks soon sold out and moved there too. They lived with dad and mom until a house could be built for them.

Charlie decided to lease a cafe next to his real estate office and he and mom started to do a big business with this cafe. The REA lights were being put in north of town through Dutch Flats and that brought a lot of workers to town. They were very busy and people stood in line to eat. Mom helped at noon and evenings while her mother took care of the three children.

They lived in a nice home in the north part of Morrill. Their neighbor was Gus Parberry, who owned and ran the only local movie theatre. Gus had a boy named Harold who sometimes played with Dema. Years later they were to marry.

Things started to go bad for dad in the real estate

business. He had 6 or 7 farms he had made down payments on as an investment but the effects of WW I was just winding down and rough times were setting in. The REA project was fast being completed so dad sold the cafe at a good price and took mom on a trip to Denver. I suppose he combined business with pleasure as he bought some property there. Mom said she did not enjoy the big city very much, at that time anyway.

Dad now traded for some land in Missouri and went to look it over. He liked what he saw and traded for some more farm land and moved the family there in January 1921. The farm was near West Plains, Missouri. As usual mom's parents sold their place and followed, saying they missed the children too much.

On the trip down to Missouri all three children got sick. As soon as they arrived in West Plains they found a doctor and he diagnosed it as diphtheria. This put a fear in mom as two of her brothers had died with this disease. It proved to be chicken pox. Some good friends of dad took them in their home and mom said she sat up all night with Joe as he always had everything harder than the rest. Mom was about worn out and very thankful when dad found a house to move into. She was also relieved when her father and mother moved to a farm near by. Dad had traded for a nice fruit orchard acreage for them but grandpa never liked the rocks and wanted to return to Nebraska.

Grandma wrote, "I'm afraid Henry or Jim would not like this country because they could not have great long rows of corn to plow. The farms here are mostly 40-60 acres, so are small. I'll never like the rocks here. They are about the size of your skillet and smaller."

Dad was doing very well here raising hogs and dealing in real estate. He had farms, acreages, houses and apartments in several states. However grandpa Bales kept complaining about the rocks and wanted to return to Nebraska. Dad traded grandpa's fruit acreage for a farm in Mitchell, Nebraska. Dad had considerable property in Denver and since mom did not want to stay in Missouri without her parents they decided to move to Denver in 1922.

Evidently when all the trading was done they took a train back together. Grandma wrote, "...Took a train back when you left. Stayed for two weeks at Kearney to see Charles folks. It was hard on Anna with the kids. Bob still wasn't broke and still wet the bed. He was stubborn. Grandma Goodell felt he should be trained. It was crowded - Dema and Oliver was there too."

On the way to Denver dad stopped at Haig, Nebraska, a little town close to Mitchell. Dad never said why he stopped there or why he even went there. Maybe he knew Mr. Redfield who owned the town bank. He did have some holdings in Scottsbluff county that he said he wanted to look after. Then he got involved in



*James Bales Home in Mo*

Above, Goodell home in West Plains, Mo. and Bales home near the same place. Right, Charles and Anna looking over some property in West Plains.



Mom, Dema (holding Frank) on the back porch of home in Westminster, Colo.



Left: Anna with Dema, Bob, and Joe on vacation somewhere in Colorado about 1925.

Right: Anna's friend Jessie Swords with her son Richard.



*Ellis & Grandpa Bales in*



*Grandma Bales & Inez Kelly in Denver*



Above left: Ellis and Inez Kelly visiting Grandpa and Grandma Bales by their home in Bloomfield, Colorado.

Right : Clan gathering near Haig, Nebr. Buster is on a tricycle and Joe Goodell is next to him wanting to ride it.

Below: Grandpa and Grandma Bales in Denver and earlier visiting Josie in Burwell.





more real estate deals and wound up working in the bank for Mr. Redfield. They had a nice house in Haig with indoor plumbing which was a big thing in 1922. They ended up staying for two years.

Mom wrote a letter to Josie also in February 1922. It was on dad's letterhead stationary, "Exchanges a Specialty." She wrote, "Dear Sister, "Well here we are in Nebraska again camping. I guess that is the way we will live from now on so we can move easy when the men take the notion. The folks are talking of going to the farm in April but I hate to see them go so bad I know they will find more work out there than papa figures on.

"Charles spends a good bit of his time in Denver so I suppose we will be headed that way if things move right. Mama has been up to the girls a few days and came home feeling under the weather ever since. In fact she and Charles have been sick a good share of the time since we came out here - had the flu, etc.

"The babies are well it is so nice today they are out doors playing. Sadie's moved to their new house and she is real close to Mamie now.

"We had a nice visit in Kearney on our way out here. We stayed over two weeks. Charles' father and mother are keeping house by themselves now in a cozy home of their own.

"Charles and papa go to Scottsbluff nearly every nice day. We are only seven miles and have good roads.

"We have some dandy neighbors but this sure is some poky old town but of course it isn't far to good ones so it doesn't make so much difference. Tell Jim to jump in his car and bring you all out while we are all here so close together, Love Anna."

Again mom wrote to Josie from Haigville in September 1922. She said she had been sick for three weeks and that Charlie was doing the work and was good at it. She couldn't walk or use her hands much. She said she had a sore throat and thought the poison had spread in her body. Charlie told her that as soon as she was well enough her tonsils must come out which she said she dreaded. Then she related, "Tomorrow papa and mama start for Ft. Laramie to see Uncle Charles Bales..."My Charles is getting California fever again. He talks of moving some place where rent is a little more reasonable but I dread it so." (he was paying \$20.00 a month for indoor plumbing)..."I have such good neighbors they were so good to me when I was sick..."Chas. goes to town with others. I haven't been to town since the 4th of July and don't suppose I will until I go to the hospital..."Love Anna.

Sadie wrote about this same time to Josie, "I sure enjoyed my visit up to Ft Laramie this summer with papa and mama. We went to see uncle Chas. Bales. Uncle Chas seems to be awful poor folks with ten children. I sure feel sorry for them this winter...I was up to see Mamie one day last week. She works awful hard and I guess stays home. They have no car now either...Sadie"

Emma wrote in 1923..."Chas has been the only banker at Haig



now for a month. The boss and wife went to California in their auto and turned every thing over to Charles. Anna has been busy too. She has from 3 - 6 men every day to get meals for and she keeps 3 of them overnight. Chas takes the children to school every morning and goes after them at night. It is almost two miles...Mom"

Again Emma wrote but no date on letter, "Stayed at Anna's for two weeks. I don't know hardly what we would of done over here alone for it is seldom that anyone stops. It was very cold today - 10 below this morning but here come Charlie walking the four miles over here to see how we were. I think that was pretty good of him and he fetched the butter you sent. Anna roasted the chicken and sent half of it over. My it tasted good..." Mom.

Finally in August 1924 dad moved the family to Denver. Mom liked it there this time. There were many interesting things to do and places to go. Her neighbor next door named Jessie Swords, became a very good friend. She had one son and would go with mom and her three children to Lake Side on kids day where they would let the kids enjoy all the free rides while they visited. They did not need a car as street cars would take you almost anywhere you wanted to go.

Sadie wrote to Josie in January 1925, "George and the two boys just got back from Denver. Took in the stock show and visited Charles and Anna. They were sure pleased with the city and would like to move out there too if we had enough money. The folks were up Sunday, I guess they plan on going to Denver in the spring...I was up to Mamies, they are busy shelling pop corn to sell at 8 cents a pound... Annie likes it in Denver and I guess Chas keeps busy..."..Sadie

Mamie wrote to Josie about the same time, "Anna has a little house and looks so cozy in it. She doesn't live in a real pretty part because it is so new...."Papa let me drive half the way going and half coming home. You know I just love to drive a car and the roads were fun. My, how we did go- 226 miles in 10 hours. That's driving!"..."I did a little shopping in Denver and got myself a new hat, new shoes, silk stockings and wool canton crepe dress goods. Anna got one like mine. We also visited the 10 cent store and O' My it was great..."..Mamie.

Of course mom's parents had to sell out and move close by. They bought an acreage in Broomfield, Colorado. But this time grandma Bales became very sick and grandpa became discouraged and decided to move back to Morrill in 1927.

Mom and dad's fourth child Franklin Irvin was born 7 April 1926. The family now lived in Westminster near the school. The closest town mom said was Arvada. The birth never got recorded so I never knew for sure if I was to say I was born in Arvada or Westminster.

Mom soon got lonely for her parents and relatives and wanted to move back to Morrill. Dad had lost a lot of money in a real estate deal in Florida and things were not turning out too well for him now in Denver so in 1928 they decided to make the move. They had to move in with mom's parents until dad could trade for a place to live.

We lived with grandpa and grandma Bales in their home in Morrill for about a year before dad was able to trade for a converted garage on a large lot in Scottsbluff, Nebr. Grandma Bales wrote to her oldest daughter in Burwell, "I love my grandchildren but I will be glad when they move, Joe is so loud."

Mom wrote that the depression was on and with four children it was hard to provide for them. Work was hard to get. Dad recorded, "The year 1929 was the beginning of some very rough times. The wall street crash took the life savings of many. The bottom just seemed to drop out of stocks and bonds. Many people committed suicide. Jobs were scarce. From late 1929 to 1934 was hard years for the average man. I worked for a dollar a day hauling beet samples at night. But a dollar bought a lot. Ground beef at 10 cents a pound and everything else accordingly."

Dad continued, "Along in 1932 I was called to Weston county, Wyoming on an oil deal and times did soften up for me considerable but not for the country in general. The bleak days in February and early March 1933 were rough. The country was in a financial crisis. Banks closing and unemployment mounting with no relief and no funds to meet the situation. I have seen plenty of men wheel dirt, furnishing their own wheel barrows and shovels for a dollar a day. Four banks in Scottsbluff and three were closed. Four banks in Gering and three were closed. One in Henry and it was closed. So in the windup I along with many others took a pretty good cleaning. Under the new deal with Roosevelt, the stockman and wheat grower began to get back on their feet. But I was not in that business and old age will creep up and take over. From then on it was a matter of both good and bad as far as I was concerned."

Mom writes of those years this way, "James Allen was born 8 June 1930 and we had no room for him. We used to joke and say we would have to make a bed for him in a dresser drawer like they did in the comic strip, 'Moon Mullins'."

"We had a good neighbor in Scottsbluff," she continued, "who lived at the end of the block from us. Her name was Louise Warrick and she was a Mormon. She brought us lots of fruit and vegetables. Her husband worked for Safeway grocery and they salvaged things that he was hauling away. She would clean it and take them to neighbors on," Angel of mercy," trips. Many were hungry during the depression."

A little before this time dad got interested in a medium by the name of Charles McKinnen. He explains it this way, "Along about the year 1929 I was over in Gering and happened to be close to the band concert that was playing at the city park. A party, that as far as I could remember never seen before, came to me and said, 'I know you!' I told him I was sorry but just could not place him. He said, 'I don't mean that way.' He then told me that he had seen me lots of times and that I was going to drill an oil well not far from here. He went on to describe my brother Frank and that he was living in California. He said he was not crippled but had a stiff back and had to favor it (for sure Frank did).

"He also described my brother Fred and said that he lived also in the southwest. By this time I was starting to look this party over as I had never at any time came in contact with anything of this nature. Well, to make a long story short, I immediately became interested and started to go over to his house in Gering. It got so that we were in contact with each other practically once or twice a week. It turned out that he was a spiritualist. This McKinnen had a map of buried treasure and of course we dug and dug (not him, he was too busy talking with the unknown)"

Mom also told of going with dad to some hill and waiting in the car all day for him while he and someone else dug for this treasure. "But," dad said, "the results were always the same BLANK, NO LUCK. McKinnen would also take my arm and draw oil traps and structures, etc. I finally blew up and had my stomach full of the stuff." But he had delved into this spiritualism long enough that the spirits would not leave him alone for a long time.

Dad said, "All this had its effect on me as it was something out of this world and it caused me to do some real thinking. When the missionaries appeared on the scene I immediately started asking questions relative to things that I KNEW were so. Elder Wilde admitted that it was so but that it was from the devil and that it happened to many. So the old boy with the pitch fork sure tried to work me in line but after getting in contact with the priesthood and especially after I was ordained he had no power over me."

After dad was into this spiritualist thing with McKinnen it got so that evil spirits were bothering him. Mom related that as they were sleeping one night they heard three raps on the door. Mom started to get up and see who it was but dad stopped her and said, "Don't go, it's them!" It got so bad that he would not stay anywhere alone. Years later when grandpa Bales wanted to trade his farm for a town house dad made the deal with him to trade for McKinnen's house in Gering. Mom told that when her parents moved into the house it just popped and cracked for

several years before it quit.

Dad surmised, "I honestly believe that only for this experience I never would have joined any church and a big question as to any of the family joining. My honest belief is this - that I was called for just what I am doing. I am one of 11 children and so far the only one that accepted the gospel in the flesh."

Even so, dad seemed to have some special gift or power with a witch hazel or hazel rod as it is sometimes called. Those using this instrument were sometimes called rodmen. It was usually a cleft stick shaped like a Y which was firmly grasped by each hand and when over water, oil or whatever was being searched the end would point down.

Hazel rods are not too uncommon today. There are still farmers who will hire someone who is good with a hazel rod to find a water well for them. It is a gift. Dad used to take some of us kids out in a car and have each of us take a turn with a witch hazel to see if we could make it work. None of us could. Then he would take it and it would point down everytime for him and he was trying hard to hold it steady. He also built his own rod out of a flashlight. He soldered the reflector the opposite way to the flashlight in a cone shape. Then he soldered a long thin wire from the reflector. This wire had a coil at the end of it. When it was over oil it would swing back and forth. To test it he would stand on a chair and point the wand over a bottle of crude oil he had on the floor. The wand would swing back and forth. He had us try it but it would do nothing when we held it. (see note at end of story about hazel rods)

Dad was successful in plotting several oil pockets in Scottsbluff and Banner counties by this method. He never could get enough money to finance it though. The closest he came was in Newcastle, Wyoming. He got enough backing and they were drilling until the money and oil leases ran out. A large oil company took over a couple of years later and hit a 50 barrel a day well. Before he died there were some oil wells in Banner county that he helped to discover and drew a small royalty from one of them.

These experiences must have, as dad said, helped prepare him for the gospel of Jesus Christ, because it proved to him that there was life beyond death. The doctrines of the Mormon church was able to explain these experiences. Dad and Mom came home one evening and found some religious pamphlets on their door step. The missionaries had left them when they found no one home. Mom thought Mrs. Warrick had sent them. It was the first they knew anything about the LDS Church or Joseph Smith. They decided to have the missionaries come and tell them more.



The two Elders were young and new in the mission field. They were Elder Hatch from Idaho and Elder Wilde from Utah. Mom had trouble accepting Joseph Smith and polygamy and dad had a lot of questions about spirits and the spirit world. They studied a year before accepting baptism. Then on the 17th of March 1931 in a cold sand pit by the North Platt River Mom, Dema, Joe and Bob were baptized. Dad had said he would wait awhile, probably because he had trouble quitting his smoking. But as he saw his family coming up out of the waters of baptism he waded in, boots and all, and was baptized. He undoubtedly was touched by the spirit.

Mom finally decided to go to work about 1935 as dad was sick and mom had no more dollars to stretch. She worked at the canning factory on the assembly line and hated it because she was pregnant. Her legs hurt so bad she could not sleep. Dad and Jimmy took turns rubbing to relax them. She soon had to give this job up during the last month of her pregnancy to await the birth of Howard.

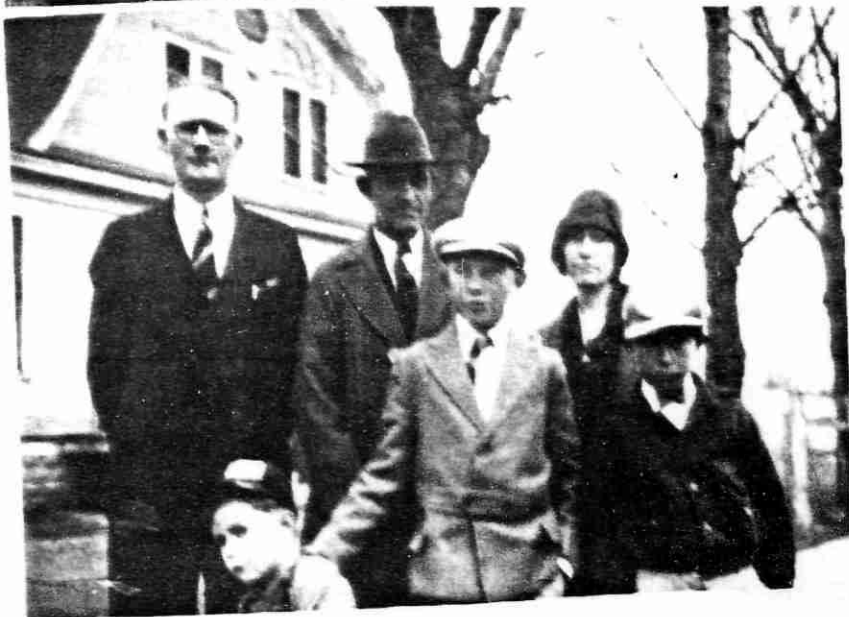
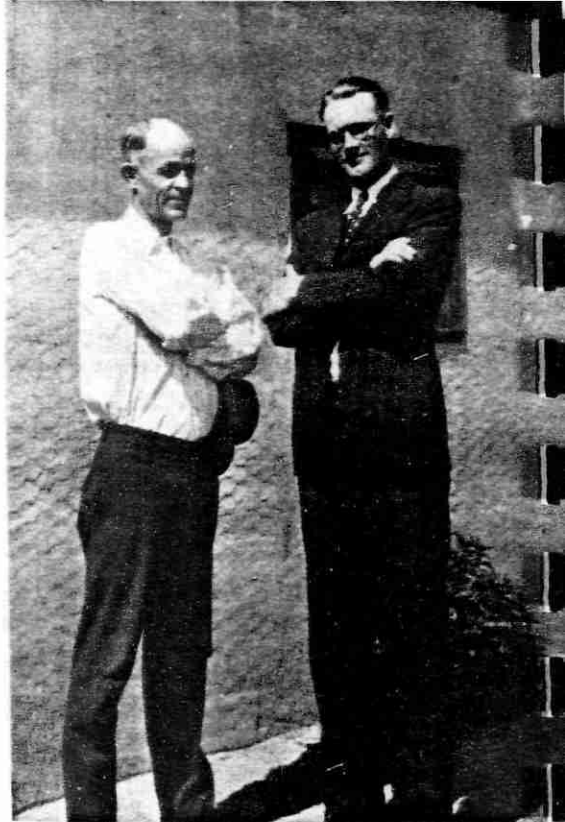
Howard Eugene was born 15 August 1935 and there was still no money coming in. After a few months rest mom went to work at the Gingham Inn restaurant washing dishes. The hours were from evening to midnight. Dema took care of Howard while she worked. She had to sweep and mop the floors after they closed and dad would come and help with the heavy mop. She was later promoted to salad girl and then became a cook. She worked there five years until they had a fire and had to close.

During these years the older children helped some. Dema worked for a family and took care of four children while the mother worked. She got four dollars a week for this. Later she worked in the diet kitchen of the Methodist hospital. She worked hard for the eight dollars a week they paid her. Dema would bring home groceries with her pay check. I remember looking forward to a banana as she brought in a sack full of groceries. Joe and Bob worked at a bakery after school. They would bring home fresh baked bread.

After graduating Joe and Bob went to Washington to work in the apple harvest. They brought back a car load of the biggest delicious apples we had ever seen. They were huge and you could make a meal out of one of them.

Mom wrote, "After I started working it seemed like there was no way I could quit. I either had to work or the family would go hungry. I cooked for twenty years before I had my own cafe on 27th and ave F in Scottsbluff. Charles got interested in oil and bought a lot of oil leases while we were in West Plains, Missouri. He had good luck for awhile then the well went dry. By this time he had oil in his blood so when we moved to Denver he and Mr. Churchill did a lot of leasing and prospecting. When we





Above left, Bales home in Morrill where we lived a year.  
 Above right, Dad & Elder Hatch standing by our home in Scotts bluff. He and Elder Wilde taught the gospel to our family.  
 Middle, Dema, Dad, Mom, Robert, Joe by our converted garage home, the dog's name is Barney.  
 Below left, Elder Hatch, Dad, Mom, Frank, Joe, Bob standing by the Odd Fellows building after church. Right, Elder Hatch.



The four Bales sisters and their spouses. Left-Right: Charles & Anna Goodell; James & Mamie Craig; Jim & Josie Lowerey; George & Sadie Hise. Taken at Craig's farm home about 1941.

Below right: Same gathering with the rest of the clan. Jimmy and Howard are in the front row, 2nd and 3rd from the left, grandma Bales & Hise are at the end. Below left: four generation of G-pa and G-ma Bales, Mamie, Buster and Artrice Craig. Taken about 1939.



4 Generation





The neighbor kids on Bob's car. Verl Yarnell is standing in front of me and Jimmie Goodell is next to him leaning on the tire. Bob Day is behind the inner tube and Bob Goodell is standing bear-headed by the hood. The rest is unknown.

Dema and Bob with a better view of the racing car he put together.



Below left: Bob, Mom, Dema and Joe pose by the car.

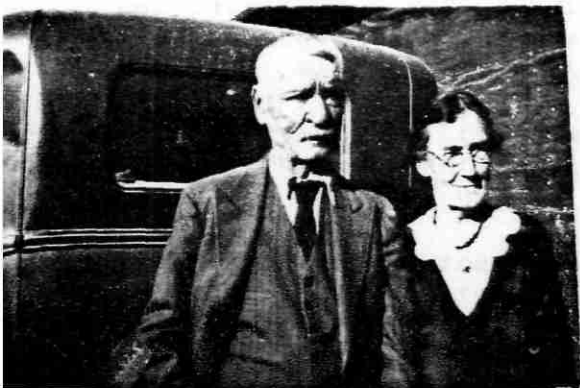
An earlier picture of the family ready for church. Mom is holding newly arrived Jimmie.





Above left, Grandma Bales & Hise. Right, L-R; grandma Hise, Geo & Lilly White, Jim & Emma Bales, Rufina White, Mom, Sadie. Children are Jim & Howard Goodell.

Middle, left; Grandma Bales' trailer next to Goodell home. Right, family gathering for Bob who was home on leave during WW II. Below left; Jim & Emma Bales abt 1939. Right, Jim & Emma Bales with mom back for a visit with Jim & Josie Lowery. Bob drove the car.



Anna G. Jim L. Vernon L. + Melvin Bob G Jimmy G.



Emma B. + Jimmy H. Allen G. Josie L. Jim Bales



moved to Scottsbluff he continued to do this. Much of our money went for oil leases and the hard times continued. Several times we thought the oil was right there and then something would happen. He had a good project going in New Castle, Wyoming. He worked in the camp as well as promoting the leases. He came home when he could but the children and I lived alone mostly. ( I remember going to this camp when I was a kid and helping dad sweep the floor of the cook house. Dad did the cooking. It was the first time I ever heard of succotash). I never knew when there would be money enough for food and necessities. When everyone involved with the oil well in New Castle ran out of money Charles let the leases expire."

Mom continued, "My father died 4 January 1940 then Dema went to live with my mother in Gering for awhile. Dema and my mother became close during this time. Grandmother Bales shared several of her life's experiences with her.

"My mother finally sold her house and moved in an apartment next to our home. She lived there several years, then she bought some land at 29th and ave F and gave each of her children one acre. I bought my sister Josie's acre and started saving money to build a home on this land.

"I was now working for Martha Amen in her cafe on main street and by working hard and with a lot of overtime I bought enough material to build. Charles built it while Frank, Jim, and Howard helped the best they could. Charles got Gus Parberry to do the brick work for the chimney and the electrical work. Joe and Bob were now in the service as WW II had started.

"Dema married Harold Parberry 29 September 1941. After our house was completed I gave Dema and Harold one fourth of an acre on the west end of my acre. They built a basement there and moved in intending to finish the house later but Harold was killed in a trucking accident before they could do it. Dema was doing my washing to help pay for the land.

"With the settlement money Dema received from the insurance company from Harold's accident she wanted to go to Salt Lake right away to be sealed for time and all eternity to Harold with her children. Mother Parberry and I decided to go too. Charles had left town with several men on a gold hunt excursion to Colorado. We took Howard with us as he would be home alone.

"We went to Logan where I had my endowments at the temple there. Then we went to Elder Hatch's home to visit, he was the Elder who baptized us.

"When we returned from Salt Lake City we felt we should make a change. Bob had returned from the service so he, Dema, and I talked it over and we decided to buy a farm. We looked at



several and decided on one seven miles from Morrill. I mortgaged my home and Dema took her insurance money to pay for it.

"We worked hard and had a fairly good crop. Bob worked early on the farm and then he went to Joe's farm and worked there during harvest. Then he would come back and work late. Dema cooked for the harvest workers at Joe's too. Just before we harvested our crop a hail came and destroyed almost everything."

Before they moved to the farm Dema gave dad an ultimatum. He was to straighten out his life, meaning to quit his drinking, or he could not come with them. Dema would not have a bad influence around her children. Dad decided he would move elsewhere.

One cold winter night dad fell and broke his hip. He had been drinking. No one helped him for a long time and he about died. He woke up in a hospital, a place he always hated. One leg was shorter now and he had to wear a built up shoe. This woke him up to the kind of life he was living and where it was taking him. Howard and Joe credit Stan Allen, then the branch President, in helping to bring dad back into the church. Brother Reading fellowshiped him also. He quit drinking and became an active member once more and remained so the rest of his life.

Dad wrote in his journal, "Now back to the spiritual and church work. I was always a rather heavy smoker. In fact I used tobacco since I was a boy of 16. When joining the church, it being one of the requirements not to use tobacco, I found it hard to quit. I would rationalize by quoting the verse in the 89th section where it said it was not by commandment, etc. Later I found that it was voted on back in Brigham Young's day in a general conference and now is a commandment.

"On the 17th of July 1955," dad said, "I quit smoking and coffee as well, after 59 years of using the nicotine. I left Scottsbluff to go with Elder Joseph Bair to Carbondale, Colorado where his brother Elmer O. Bair lived. He was the stake patriarch and gave me my patriarchal blessing."

Dad's patriarchal blessing reads in part, "...and if thou will live in accordance with thy teachings and according to the law of nature...thou shalt be made stronger in limb, and in mind, and thy memory shall be active and strong and used to do good...thou shall have the privilege of strengthening those who are in trouble, of cheering up the fatherless...and thou shall be made to rejoice in times of you own trouble by doing good to others...Thou shall be blessed with strength to overcome all evil powers and temptations, the adversary shall have no power or influence upon thee..." given 18 March 1956. Dad always was an optimist and had the gift of cheering up those around him.

Meanwhile back at the farm with Bob, Dema and mom, things

got real tough when the crops were almost all destroyed. Bob went to work in a garage in Stegall. Then a Mr. Webb came to see if mom would cook for them in the City cafe. She said she jumped at the chance so they would have money coming in that winter. Dema stayed on the farm with the children. Howard also stayed and helped take care of the stock.

While Dema was alone that winter the terrible blizzard of 1949 came. Dema had gone to church in Scottsbluff when it started and she could hardly get home. It lasted for three days and the snow piled up nine feet high. She had a hard time caring for the stock. One horse froze to death. The house was so cold and hard to heat. She about ran out of fuel before help came.

Next spring the farm was put up for sale as it was, "gumbo soil," mom said. It was hard to irrigate and cultivate. "We never wanted Dema and the children to spend another winter there," mom said. George Hise finally made them a deal of trading his five acres he had near the country club for the farm. They took it and moved into the home. Mom continued to work for Mrs Amen at her cafe and lived in an apartment she rented. Howard stayed with Dema and Bob. He rode his whizzer bike to school.

The question might be asked- why would they buy such a non productive farm in the first place. Bob said he had quit his job that required so much traveling and now he wanted to get on a farm and prepare for the future. Dema now had no one to finish her house and was looking to the future also. Bob had applied for a homestead grant in Riverton, Wyoming but it was turned down. The other farms they looked at involved too much money and George Hise did offer them a fairly good deal for this farm.

About this time Dema and Bob decided the best way to get ahead in this world was to go to college. Dema would have a little money from selling the house and Bob had the G.I. bill. Dema needed to prepare herself to provide for her children so she decided to become a teacher. Bob was going to try for a career in engineering. They chose to go to BYU, the church's school, at Provo, Utah. Mom said, "I thought the end of the world had come to me when they pulled out of the yard taking with them a trailer, a few belongings and my two grandchildren, Jon and Beth."

Bob adds these details, "When I left for Provo I was just taking Dema there and then I was returning to my job at Stegall. When we got to Provo Dema asked why I did not stay and get my degree too. I thought of that all the way back home and realized I did not have much of a future so I decided to return and go to college with Dema."

After their first year on the farm they received advice from Dan Phinney, and some others as to what a poor farm it was and not very productive. Dema wanted to know why no one came forward with this advice before they bought it.

George Hise came to the rescue and offered his good five acre place in trade for the farm so Dema, Bob and Mom could get rid of the white elephant. Mom went to work, Howard went to school in Gering on his bike and Bob worked in Stegall. Dema realizing she would need some means of providing later for her children decided to go to college.

Mom recorded, "After they left I developed glaucoma and had to make many trips to the doctor. I always had to get someone to stay at the cafe which caused a hardship. Dr. Gridley said I should have surgery. My son Joe said I should get a second opinion so he advised me to go to the Mayo clinic. I got a replacement for the cafe and Jean traveled with me to Rochester and the Mayo clinic. By the time I arrived I was so miserable I had to go right to the hospital. The nurse came every 15 minutes and put drops in my eyes. One eye was chronic and the other was acute.

"The next morning three doctors came in my room and told me they had my tension checked but it was evident I would have to have surgery. They were ready to do it then or I could return home and let Dr. Gridley do it. They said he was a good doctor. I decided to go home.

"After I was home a week I had surgery in both eyes. While I was in the hospital Howard stayed the first night with me as the doctor said I would have to have a private nurse. My back hurt so bad he spent most of the night with his arm under it so I could get some relief. Then he came every day at noon to feed me as I could not see. The next night Joe sat up with me, then Jean and Mamie Reading took a turn. Finally my eyes were unbandaged. I had sand bags at my head as I was not allowed to move. Four nurses came and took corners of my sheets to move me when necessary. One nurse told me he had never seen any mother's sons so good. Men usually left that up to their wives."

"I had to close my cafe as my replacement did not turn out very well. Mr. Summerville said I need not pay any rent until I was able to open it again. I took a month off and when I re-opened my customers flocked back.

"In 1953 Joe and Jean bought a home at 1926 ave B in Scottsbluff. They said I could live there if I would take care of their son Gene while he was in high school. This I did and then continued living there until I moved to Provo in 1967.

"Howard came home one night in 1954 and announced that he had volunteered for the marines. That was a blow, for now I would be all alone and I felt it keenly. I closed up my cafe as I had no way to get there except by taxi as it was too far to walk.

"I then got a job at the Spur Cafe as their cook. This was only four blocks from my home and I could walk. My employers at the Spur Cafe were the Hammonds. They were very good to me. He is dead now but she writes to me every christmas. They would let me go on trips as long as I found someone to cook in my place. I usually went to see Bob and Dema twice a year. In 1957 I retired at the age of 62. They tried to get me to change my mind but I was so tired I hardly cared if I lived or not.

"I had many trips to see Dema in Provo. She took me to see many places and interesting things. Usually I would get a ride out with friends, the Readings, Colgroves, Bernice Woolsey, etc. When Howard became bishop I came five or six times with them as he came out for conferences or church business. When Dema's son Jon went on his mission to New Zealand I came and stayed three or four weeks with Dema. When Jon returned Dema had a family reunion. All of my family were there except for Jim's.

"I also liked to have my children and grandchildren visit me. While I was living in the house that Joe and Jean bought I loved having my two grandchildren, Joe jr. and Mary Ann stop over from school on their way back to the farm. Elizabeth and Kathy would come on the week-ends sometimes. This house was a stopping place for my two sons who were in the service. Jim and his family visited on their way to Germany. Frank and family stayed while on their way to the Azores.

"In 1967 Howard decided to come to BYU. After being bishop he knew he wanted more education. I decided to come too. Howard left in November and stayed at Dema's. I followed in December. Dema's house was small and she had the basement rented out to Mary Ann and Clark, so there was no room for me. Bob came down from Idaho and I lived with them for awhile.

"I felt like a misplaced person and I got sick and kept getting worse. I had a hard time breathing. Bob brought me back to Dema's and took me to a hospital in Provo. One doctor said I had heart trouble, another said it was nerves. It was hard making the adjustment to the move, leaving friends and now not having any space to call my own. Bob made arrangements for Mary Ann and Clark to move and Dema and I moved into the basement. Howard and family lived upstairs. I felt much better. In July 1968 I started work at the Deseret Industries. We had a lovely supervisor by the name of Goldy Davis and I made some good friends. (She worked there for the next 14 years).

"Sometimes I think it is terrible to be so poor but then I know it can be a blessing. I am grateful my parents told me not to ever ask for charity and I am thankful I can still work and pay my way at age 86.

"I am so grateful for my testimony of the church. I know nothing man can do will ever change the truthfulness of the gospel. Every time I read the Book of Mormon I am more sure of this truthfulness. I should sing praises to the Lord with every breath I take. My life has been so much happier since I joined the church and especially since moving to Provo.

In 1971 mom fell and broke her left shoulder and cut her leg to the bone. She was in the hospital over a week. In 1973 she was back in the hospital for phlebitis and stayed for two weeks. That was very painful. It was over a month before she went back to work.

Joe and Jean gave her \$500 in July 1974 so that she could go on a guided tour of church sites. Her friend Laperel Harmon went with her. The tour cost \$390 and left her \$110 to spend on the trip. She said she had a, "marvelous time", traveling through ten states and staying at the best motels. They saw the Martin Harris and David Whitmer farms and where the church was organized. Then on to the Joseph Smith farm, sacred grove, Adam-ondi-Ahman, the Carthage and Liberty jails. At the Kirtland temple she said "the stairs were so high and long I thought I would never make it." I have climbed those same stairs several times myself and it tired me. I don't see how she did it at age 79 but then mom always was a goer. She said, "I just hope my children can see these things." I had a copy of her itinerary and on the 3rd of August when she stayed in Keokuk, Iowa I called her and wished her a happy 79th birthday.

Not too long after arriving back home she was in the hospital again for hypertension, diabetes, and phlebitis. She was in bad shape and the doctor left orders not to get out of bed. She recovered from this but in 1977 and 78 she had a series of things happening to her. First she ruptured a blood vessel in her foot and it turned real black. The doctor gave orders for her to stay off her feet for two weeks. This came at a bad time. She had just bought an airplane ticket for the family reunion in California. So had Dema. They had to cancel it and were very disappointed.

Then in December 1977 she tripped over something in the isle in a store in Salt Lake and cracked a bone in her right shoulder. It bruised her arm clear to the elbow and caused her a lot of misery. It was black and blue for months.

In April 1978 she got sick again. They thought it was her heart and she had to go through a series of tests. They found



that she had lost two pints of blood and had a diaphragmatic hernia. She was put on a strict diet but in a month was back in the hospital for more tests. On the 14th of June she had surgery on her neck. It was called caritid thomboendartedotomy. After the operation she got a blood clot in her lungs. Dr. Nimer thought she was not going to make it but worked real hard to save her.

She said, "I believe my ambitions and mental capacities are unimpaired for which I am thankful but I find that physically I can not keep up with my ambitions as I have in the past." Still she managed to attend most of the blessings and baptisms of her grandchildren and some great grandchildren. She was grateful that, "the year 1979 was good to me - I did not have to go to the hospital once."

Once when she was in a doctor's office she read an article entitled, "Are you afraid to die?" She expressed her thoughts about that this way, "No, but I am afraid to be de-personalized and helpless. That is my worry. I dread going to a nursing home and not being able to take care of myself. I fear I can see it coming. I pray I may have the faith and courage it will take."

That is what I call enduring to the end. No one really knows what it is like to grow old until they experience it for themselves. Mom was re-reading one of the last letters she received from her sister Josie before Josie died. Now mom had more empathy because she said, "Josie suffered more than I realized and was so lonely. She told of being so miserable. When I told her over the phone how much I loved her, she choked up and could not talk."

"In her (Josie's) letter she said she felt those who took care of her did so through duty and not love. I guess Sadie felt that way too. (Dad also expressed some thoughts along this line) Why is it so hard to grow old and be unwanted? Everyone is so busy and interested in themselves. Perhaps that is the way it should be. I am glad I took care of my mother and my husband. I have a comfortable home with Dema. The other day my son Howard told me he would never let me go to a rest home. That made me feel good."

"In thinking over my life span, by all the rules of health I should have crossed over long ago. I have diabetes, phlebitis, heart problems, glaucoma in both eyes, arthritis, and hearing problems. When Dema has a house full of company my nerves give way and I feel I cannot stand another hour of it. I can't understand why. I have always loved people, especially children unless they quarrel. Elizabeth tells me to keep my journal up-to-date but arthritis is so bad in my hands it hurts to use them. I know if I don't it will soon be impossible. Each day the pain is a little more severe, but I must not complain. The Lord is real good to me and I must not let my determination lag. The

only hope is persisting and to keep going."

Over the years mom had written her life story several times and at different intervals. They were written in notebooks and journals, some tucked away where she could not find them so she would start again. There would be some slight variations but in general her mind was remarkably accurate.

In 1981 I gathered up as many of these notebooks I could find, sorted out the details and put her story in a little booklet for her 86th birthday. At the end of her story was a tribute by each of her children as follows:

"I recall: you making yummie baked beans cooked with sugar, especially on wash day--during the depression making hamburger stretch--always saving a piece of cake or whatever for Joe because he was always outside playing--of you working and also taking care of a growing family."

"Do you recall me trying to give you driving lessons when we lived on the four acres by the country club? It was a disaster."

"As a child, I remember your deep fear of wind storms; of your ability to graciously hardships; memories creep in of the prairie fire we fought with wet sacks, etc. Then comes the great concern for you on your first day working outside the home. Often I tried to get home in time to scrub and wax the floors before you arrived home. You have always had a great capacity and strength for work. At one time you even helped in the beet field. You have always gone the second mile especially when you were Relief Society president and also was in charge of Relief Society bazaars. You deserve your eternal reward." Dema Goodell Parberry, July 1981.

Joe wrote, "My mother was probably the most maternal woman I have ever known. Everything was for the development of her children."

"Many of my memories center around the depression years when just getting enough to eat for six active children was the ultimate goal...and yet she had a great generosity of soul. Every extra mouth to feed must have been a real strain upon her to provide, and yet friends of ours were always welcome, sometimes for weeks at a time and missionaries also came for meals quite often."

"When one of the family was late for a meal, she would save a favorite thing for his return - mine was chocolate pudding. A special treat she made was peanut butter candy. It would have been natural to hoard every cent for food, but she would give out nickles and dimes for Saturday shows and candy at the neighborhood store."

"Her deep faith and love of the church has been an influence upon three generations and will undoubtedly continue for more. Since the day she was baptized there was unquestionable belief that the church was the only way, and she gives devoted service

to it through every auxiliary."

"We all love you, mother. Hang in there!" Joseph Goodell, July 1981.

Robert wrote, "Few mothers in the world are as concerned about the welfare of their children as my mother is. She has always worked hard to see that the family was properly cared for and often sacrificed her own wants and needs so that others would not go without.

"When I think of my mother I think of generosity, gentleness, good-humor and greatness of character. I also think of the great dinners she has prepared throughout her lifetime. (A better cook doesn't exist).

"Mom, you have been an example to many people but especially to your own family. I don't see how anyone could have a better mother." Robert Goodell, July 1981.

Frank wrote, "One thing that impressed me in typing your story was the way your parents stayed so close to you all their lives. No matter how many times each of you moved. I never realized that before. It was fitting that grandma Bales died in your home and that you were able to take care of her to the end.

"More impressive was the quiet way you assumed the responsibility of providing for the necessities of your family without complaining. This we sometimes took for granted, at least I did. Howard was probably closer to you and appreciated it more because he was alone with you when he was growing up.

"Then there were all of the physical ailments and prostrations you had to suffer, sometimes with very little empathy. Perhaps this was to acquaint you with pain. I sometimes wonder if I have been properly introduced to pain, seeing yours.

"As you are now in the twilight of your life and I see your steps get slower and watch as you struggle a little harder to arise, I realize you will soon be called home. As Dema said to me on one occasion during a temple session, 'Look at mom all in white, can't you just see her as a handmaid to the Lord?'

"If one word could sum up your life mom, it would be 'service'. I would like you to know we all appreciate you and especially so on your 86th birthday." Frank Goodell, July 1981.

James wrote, "I can't remember too much about my mother as I enlisted in the service when I was 17 years old and I retired when I was 37.

"What I can remember is that she was always around when I needed her. She was and always will be the best cook I have ever known.

"Mom always had to work to make sure we had food and clothes, in fact I can't remember when she did not work. She was always good to us, firm but fair. She tried to make sure her children went to church. She wanted all of us to be worthy of

the hereafter.

"Her life is something all of her children are proud of. The best mother in all the world." James Goodell, August 1981.

Howard wrote, "Mother always put her family and their needs before her needs or desires. Sometimes this was at a great sacrifice to herself. She is a devoted, giving and loving mother. Many a time she walked to work early in the morning during winters, long distances and often in bitter cold. I am sure there were times when she was afraid because of the dark and that she was always alone. However, she always went because of her commitment to and the love of her family.

"She always did her part plus an extra measure no matter what she was engaged in: at work, church, home or service to others. Mom was always willing to come when you needed or wanted her - no matter what the reason.

"Family probably means more to her than anything else, except the Lord. She is one of the stalwart soul's of the earth.

"My heart felt devotion and love to you, mother." Howard Goodell, July 1981.

As mom read these tributes sitting in her rocking chair, holding the booklet close because of poor eyesight, I could see her occasionally wipe a tear from her eye.

Mom died 18 July 1987. She had come home from the grocery store with Dema on the 16th of July. She was climbing the porch stairs, let go of the hand rail to pick-up something on the steps and fell falling from the top step to the cement driveway.

She broke two ribs, separated her shoulder, cracked her collar bone and hurt her back. She was in terrible pain. Dema immediately called the paramedics and they took her to the hospital. I had been to Manti to attend the sealing ceremony of a person I had baptized in Ohio and Dema could not reach me to tell me about it until late that night.

I visited mom early the next morning, the 17th. She had been given a pain shot and was drowsy but still complained of her back hurting. I helped the nurse get her off the bed into a wheel chair so they could make her bed. It hurt her back. The nurse told me she was instructed to get her into a wheel chair three times a day. This was doctor McArthur's instructions. I called Dema and asked her to tell Dr. Nimer because it hurt her back too much. The nurse said she would put it on hold until evening and see how mom felt. I went home when Dema relieved me so I could get something to eat.

When I returned to the hospital mom was in a lot of pain. They gave her a pain pill but it did not help much. Then a nurse came in to give her a cardiogram. It was hard on her because she had to stay still and not move. Her back hurt and she wanted to

move. I called Dema and she called doctor Nimer. He authorized a heavy shot of demerol every three hours. That put her to sleep. She was also bloated from constipation and they had scheduled her for an enema later. Dema came and I left to call Bob and Howard.

On the 18th (Saturday) I arrived at 9 a.m. just a few minutes too late as they had already taken mom down to X-ray. Her stomach was still bloated and she could not pass anything so they were trying to find out if she had a blockage somewhere. She was all doped up when she returned and still out of it. I called Dema and she came at 1045 a.m. Dr. McArthur came at 1030 and said her shoulder and ribs were healing fine. I was beginning to think that mom would pull out of this like she had on many other occasions.

I decided to go home and cook myself something to eat. About 1 p.m. Dema called and said the doctors told her if any family members wanted to see her they had better come now. By the time I had arrived she was dead.

All the family members arrived for the viewing and funeral. The decision was made to fly the body back to Nebraska for burial with dad and her relatives. This was her wish. She had left a letter expressing her last wishes and who she wanted to speak at her funeral. She kept everything simple yet it was all spelled out. For one who worried and had a hard time understanding insurance and medical forms she had her funeral well organized. She always paid her own way and never left a burden for her children.

Services were held in Provo at the 5th ward. Howard gave the family prayer. Bob gave the opening prayer for the service and Jon gave the closing. Joe was appointed to dedicate the grave in Nebraska. Jean made the arrangements in Nebraska for the graveside services there.

Had mom lived two more weeks she would have been 92 years old. She was interned in the West Lawn Cemetery in Gering, Nebraska. Dema said Joe gave a very good prayer to dedicate the grave. All the relatives were impressed with it.

Mom was probably not lonely in one sense as she always had friends and her children but they do not take the place of a loving spouse - one in whom she could share her inner most thoughts and cares with. Dad complained of not having a companion or as he put it, "a good woman to help him". But, mom wrote, "He made the choice me or the drink. Where was he when I needed help and someone to give me direction?"

How we all need to live the gospel principles and remember that nothing can compensate for failure in the home.



One day in November of 1986 all of us, except for Jim, were sitting in Dema's living room reminiscing. Dad had been dead for over 25 years and I was trying to draw out some memories the others had of him. I did not know dad in his prime. He was 46 years old when I was born. Howard had less to remember and he seemed more like a grandfather to him than a father as dad was 55 years old when Howard was born. Howard remembered dad always having his pockets full of candy for the kids when he came to church.

Dad loved to go home teaching. Sam Boyer was in charge of home teaching and towards the end of the month when he found it was not done he would call dad and they would go do it. Howard said there were times that dad did not feel like it but he would grab a handful of aspirin, gulp them down, put on his hat and go.

He very seldom let things get him down for long, being an extravert by nature. When Joe became bishop he said he had a hard time getting the priesthood to do their home teaching because they were in the habit of relying on dad and Sam Boyer to get it done.

Dad probably reached his prime during his Denver days as a realtor, having an office in the big city. He is listed in the 1924-26 city directory. He also sold insurance and mentioned in passing in one of his letters that he, "dealt a little in oil and was vice-president of an oil company". Mom did not know he was a vice-president of an oil company but did know he was buying a lot of oil leases while they were there. "It took all of our spare money," she said. But then he was making a lot of money at the time.

In the 1920's there was a big Florida land boom going on and dad got caught up in it. He invested a considerable amount of his funds there. In 1925 he decided to make an excursion there to take a look at the property he bought.

On his way to Florida dad stopped in Kearney to see his father and some of his relatives that lived there. His brother, Frank, had recently sold his laundry business in Iowa and was staying there for awhile. Frank was separated from his wife, Anna, at the time.

His father, Joseph Cooley Goodell, was not well. His civil war wounds were so painful in his old age that they were affecting his mind. When he seen dad he grabbed him by the hand and went to singing which dad had, "never remembered seeing or hearing him do before."

After staying a few days dad left early on the morning of the 6th of October for Florida. The same day his mother and

Frank left for California with his father. He was so bad they decided to take him to the veteran's hospital there. Twenty four days later on the 30th of October he was dead. He is buried in plot number 2 of the V.A. cemetery in Los Angeles. Dad complained that he did not receive notice of the death until a week after it happened.

Frank had returned to his wife at 529 W. Broadway, Long Beach, California and wrote the following letter dated 31 October 1925: "Dear Brother, Poor old dad died last night - I can see now that he was failing fast before we left Kearney and believe if we got here six months before we did that he would of been good for a long time. Dr. Strong said he could not live long. Well, we did the best we could. Yours lovingly, Frank." "P.S. Father will be buried at the soldiers home Monday November 2nd at 9 a.m. Mother and I are going out tomorrow and stay until it is over."

When dad arrived in Florida it did not take him long to find out that his property there was nothing but swamp land. He had been taken in by the big Florida land swindle of the '20s. Dad lost all the money he had invested there. He returned to Denver but now had very little working capital and things were not the same. Mom had been wanting to return to Nebraska to be near her folks and now that dad had run out of money and things looked bleak they decided to move. This was in the year of 1928.

Grandpa Bales had a large farm home in Morrill and dad put us up with mom's parents until he could negotiate for us a place to move to. This proved to be some time as things were tightening up considerably. Dema, Joe, and Bob attended school in Morrill that year. When dad finally traded for a place it was a large lot with a converted garage. We moved into the converted garage and Dema stayed in Morrill another year to finish the 7th grade. There really wasn't room for her until dad built an addition to the garage.

While living at grandpa's home I was four and remember playing by the garden when a snake slithered under my foot. I ran for the house and told grandpa as I was scared. He came with a hoe, found it, and killed it. It was a small garter snake but I did not know the difference. Grandpa smiled as he told the others of it. Dema tells of an earlier time when she was gathering eggs for grandma. There was a big bull snake curled up in a nest eating the eggs. "I really ran for grandma," she said.

Dad never did recover back to his earning capacity and prime the family enjoyed in Denver. The country was in a depression. As we talked at Dema's home brother Bob stated, "Dad took the loss of the real estate business hard and when he lost his earning opportunities it affected his ego."

Dad started drinking sometime after this and we continued to be poor. Brother Joe told how he and Bob went up and down the railroad tracks looking for coal to burn in our pot bellied stove. There were some coal storage buildings by the tracks where they could glean some fine coal dust. Coal was sorted through a wire mesh screen by workers and anything small enough to go through the screen was left on the ground. Joe and Bob would gather up this fine coal, put it in gunny sacks, and pull it home in a wagon. I used to go with them sometimes and help. Joe had some resentment about this when he knew dad was drinking up what little money he had.

Still dad was not laying around doing nothing and drinking all of the time. He still maintained high hopes of bringing in an oil well. Grandma wrote to Josie about 1934,... "Charlie was feeling pretty good when he got back. He got money enough to pay off his debts and gave the children \$5.00. He always gives them some when he has it. He fetched about two bushels of walnuts from Iowa and we all enjoyed them..." Anna and Charles were over a while Saturday and she swept and scrubbed for me, then hunted up my washing and took home without my permission like she often does. Little Howard is getting sweet, not afraid of anyone, the best one she ever had... Mom"

She wrote again, date unknown, ..." A man that owed us brought us a 90 lb pork. I gave Anna some of that... I know they don't have much but they don't complain. That would be against their religion. I help them what little I can. The oil man that lives in Iowa sent Chas \$50.00 at Thanksgiving time. We are hoping that things will soon turn for the better... They have faith in Charlie or they wouldn't let him have the money. They are looking for a Chicago man now before they can get to work. I was so glad Anna got to go (this must have been the world's fair in Chicago). She was going to take Jimmie but I said no. He never cried - they were gone just two weeks. I got pretty tired but they were all good to help and mind." (They brought me back a fire truck with battery run lights. I really liked that)

Emma wrote to Josie 9 Aug 1935, and tells of our family being quarantined for Scarlet Fever. Jimmie came down with it first, then Joe. Dema was given an anti toxin shot but it made her just as sick as if she had it. Bob was living with grandma and working as a messenger for Western Union. He would ride his bike from Gering to work in Scottsbluff. Then he would bring word back to grandma how the family was. Emma wrote... "Chas gets back once a week for one night - so it is awful hard on Anna and their house is so hot her feet swell so she can hardly get around. Chas has made arrangements for her to go to the hospital but she can't go now. If I was younger I could take care of the kids but as it is I just can't do it... Chas came home last night and fetched her an electric fan." (Howard was born Aug 15)

Satan seemed to have great power over dad for many years

until he was separated from mom and family. When he came back in the church he tried to make amends, but he just could not bring himself to a full repentance and say he was sorry. Mom recalled as she was taking care of him the day before he died, he said, "They are here again!" meaning the evil spirits. These could have been the evil spirits that were bothering him during his encounter with McKinnon.

Bob had some early memories of growing up with dad and in 1984 he put the memories on paper as follows: "My earliest recollections are of Haig, Nebraska. I must have been about four years old. We had a rather nice home there. Haig was not a very large place but it was located in a fertile valley and lots of farmers did business there. Dad worked in the bank which was owned by our neighbor, Mr. Redfield. Dad also dealt in real estate and used cars.

"He had about 25 cars parked in a vacant lot next to our home. Joe and I had great fun playing in those cars pretending we were driving, etc. One day Joe thought he would drain the radiator on the car we were in. The petcock would not turn so he got a hammer and just knocked it off. The radiator drained all right and we got a good going over when dad got home.

"Dema and Joe went to a country school located several miles away. I was too young for school but did go part way sometimes and walk home with them in the afternoons. We ran when we came to the farm owned by Mrs Haig since everyone said the place was haunted.

"Joe was always in trouble as a kid it seems. He threw another boy's coat up on the schoolhouse roof and had to stay late for punishment. Then he was often in a scrap of some kind with the other kids.

"Dad had an 'Overland' touring car that he liked and we used it pretty much as a family car. I recall traveling to grandpa and grandma Bales' farm in Mitchell Valley in this car one day. Grandpa had a good work horse that got tangled in barbed wire and was all cut up. He was lying in the corral, bleeding and had to be shot. I've always remembered how bad everyone felt about this.

"From Haig we moved to Denver, Colorado. Our first home there was at 2445 South Clayton street. It was a stucco home in a modest neighborhood but nice and very adequate for our needs. Dad was in the real estate and insurance business. We didn't have a car for much of the time and depended on street cars for getting around. I do remember a model T Ford in the yard off and on. We walked just a few blocks to catch a street car and could then go anywhere in the city.

"One day Joe and I went alone on the street car to visit a

friend who had previously lived in our neighborhood. He had moved to a distant part of the city. I don't know why mom let us do this but she did. We got there O.K. and spent the day, then his mother put us on the street car for home. Somehow we got concerned along the way and was sure it was the wrong route. So we went to the conductor and asked for a transfer. He asked, 'Where do you kids live?' We said, "Clayton street." He said, 'You're on the wrong car alright,' and gave us a transfer. We got off and caught the car he told us to.

"After awhile we started to cross a large viaduct that we had never seen before and knew for sure we were going the wrong way this time. So back to the conductor to ask for transfers again. This time we had sense enough to say South Clayton street (which is on the opposite side of town from Clayton street). We got our transfers for the same car we were on originally and finally got home just after dark. Mom was frantic and I don't remember ever going anywhere alone after that.

"We went to the University Park School. I can remember being the calico cat in one of the school plays. Can't remember Joe doing much at school other than getting in fights with other kids. Dema and I would try to get him to come home with us but he preferred to hang around until later and look for some action. I think mom nearly gave up on him a time or two. I came home with good grades and Joe came home with torn clothes and battle scars. But he was a happy boy and seemed to know early in life where he was going and that was important. He always had lots of friends. I admired him and always wished I could be more like him. But it seems we all have different natures and walk different paths through life.

"Next we moved north of town on Federal Blvd. It was near the community of Westminister and I would guess it was 6 or 8 miles from the Denver city limits. Broomfield was only a few miles further north and this was where grandpa and grandma lived. They had several acres and raised strawberries, raspberries, etc. We went out there often and had fun. Grandpa must have been in his seventies but still working hard and making the farm pay.

"Our home near Westminister was brick and quite nice. It was a country home with no close neighbors. Westminister college was located a mile or two away. The college had closed and a church group (pillar-of-fire) had taken over. They had an elementary school in one of the buildings and that is where we went. The kids were not supposed to eat meat (it was a part of their belief). We could trade a bologna sandwich for anything they had. The principle was a large lady with red hair. Her name was Mrs Cinnamon and she had a temper to go with it.

"One day Joe and I and another kid were in a basement room having fun with chairs. We were sliding them across the floor



and colliding them in the middle with a loud bang. I happened to see Mrs Cinnamon coming by the window and just had time to hide in the closet. She got Joe and the other boy and they were really in for it. I was on Joe's black list for awhile for not giving him any warning.

"Dad had a 1926 Chevy at that time. He let me sit on his lap and drive it at times. He was doing well financially and we had the best Christmas I can remember. Seems everyone got all the gifts they wanted. This is where the fourth child of the family was born (Franklin Irvin Goodell). Also dad's brother Frank visited us and stayed for several weeks.

"We lived in another home in Denver. One was at 733 Virginia street and we moved at this address from Westminster. Dad had traded for this house and it was in a rather rich neighborhood. It was a two-story brick home and quite nice but we were out of our element. Mr. Gates (who owned the Gates rubber co.) had a summer home about a block away. Mr. Walton was a wealthy architect and lived in a large home also about a block away. We got on good terms with his son and stayed friends as he always had money to spend.

"We went to Steele School. People were snobbish and I hated the place. (I think Dema did too) Joe did not seem to mind as nothing bothered him too much. One night as I was waiting for someone to walk home with a big overweight teacher came up to me and asked what I was doing. I told her and she wanted my name and address. That presented a problem since I couldn't say three very plainly. I think it came out 'seven furty free'. She grabbed me and said, 'I see you have a speech problem' and took me to a room where there were other kids who didn't talk too good. I had to attend that dumb class until I could say three a little better. It wasn't all bad since we had some good times too. But I was glad when we moved away from that part of town.

"It seems that our next move was back to South Clayton. We stayed there until 1928. Dad had invested in Florida real estate and things went bad. It was a great disappointment to him. He had hoped to make a lot of money and instead lost heavily. That was when hard times started for us, somewhat before the 1929 crash. Dad had a 1928 model T Ford roadster. It was a nice little car and we drove it to Morrill, Nebraska and moved in with grandpa and grandma Bales. They had a large two-story home on several acres of land. The top story was vacant so that is where we lived.

"I enjoyed it at Morrill and think Joe and Dema did too. We

walked 3 miles to school round trip but so did lots of other kids. No one complained. We had lots of fun on the farm and always had ideas for entertaining ourselves. Joe got his first football here. He got it by selling subscriptions to Cappers Weekly. Dema got acquainted with Jean Phinney while at Morrill and they became good friends.

"We stayed at Morrill for one year and then moved to Scottsbluff. Dad bought a lot there and built a garage on it. He intended to build a house later. Everyone was optimistic about the depression thinking it would soon be over. However, things got worse and the house never materialized. So we lived in the garage and dad added to it later to provide more room. We weathered the toughest part of the depression while here. Everyone helped out and we got by but there wasn't much money. It was about this time that the Elders visited our home and everyone old enough were baptized."

Dema has put these memories on paper to add to the story: "I recall riding on a train to Missouri - it was a long ride. While living there we enjoyed black walnut trees and spent hours shelling nuts for mom. We also had a play house in the back of our home. I remember grandma Bales' home made rug. It was stripped with many colors and I thought it was very pretty. In fact the memory of it caused me later to buy a rug similar to that.

"Grandma and grandpa Bales had a lot of cats on their farm and we would play with them by the hour. I would dress them up, rock them, put water in their eyes with an eye dropper (playing hospital and doctor). But grandma said there were too many cats so grandpa was suppose to put them into a couple of sacks and dump them into a canal. I mourned for those cats and watched day after day at the window for them to return. Grandpa did not have the heart to drown them and merely turned them loose so they did return.

"On this farm there were some sink holes. We would crawl up as close as we dared and throw rocks in - you could never hear them hit bottom. I also remember dad and grandpa cranking the old Ford car. While living here I had some dolls and a doll buggy that I enjoyed strolling with. I think I pretended they were real babies.

"Before beginning school we moved to a little town called Haig, Nebraska. The school house was two or three miles out in the country so that it would be close to the farmers. I had to wait a year to begin school so that Joe and I would be in the same grade and we could walk together to school. I recall that we sat in the same row but I sat in front and Joe was in the back. Often I would creep back to see if he was getting his lessons as I worried about him. I imagine the teacher saw me

doing this but at the time I was sure she did not.

"It was a great treat when dad came to pick me up after school, especially when we had to stay late because Joe had thrown a boy's hat on the schoolhouse roof. I would beg him not to, reminding him of the consequence but the boys would urge him to do so and they always won. He was always truthful about doing it whenever the teacher asked him. I was probably a big tattletale about all of these things to mom when I arrived home because it made an interesting story to tell her.

"On our way to school there was a farm house that had a lot of big dogs and we were really scared of them as we knew they sometimes got loose. Dad had told us to beware as they were supposed to be quite vicious. Since I was the oldest and wanted to protect Joe I would walk on the side where the dogs were, thinking they could not see Joe. Later when we lived in Denver, there were some large boys that we had to pass while going to school and Joe seemed to be concerned about them so I would again walk on the side next to the boys thinking they would not see Joe, it seemed to work.

"Bob, Joe, and I would walk to the bank, which was not far, where dad worked and we would get pennies. This surprised us and we thought it was a great way to get pennies. Mrs Redfield, a neighbor, was always good to us. One day a house next to her became vacant. We were told not to go in it. But one day all of us went in and had lots of fun running through all the rooms. We were discovered and I being the oldest got a spanking. I had to wait on the back porch while mom chose a switch from a tree.

"While living in Westminster I taught my brothers how to ride a bike. Frank was born while we lived here. I had hoped he would be a girl and had his name picked out - Elizabeth. What a disappointment. Never again did I wish for a sister.

"The lady that owned the cafe there would bring up bowls full of ice cream which was a great treat. Also I remember fighting a prairie fire there with gunny sacks. It was hard work and I remember the panic that everyone felt.

"Sometimes I could go on the streetcar to dad's office up town, go to lunch with him and then a show and then home alone on the streetcar. I recall seeing my first talking film this way and did not like it. The voices were not very plain.

"In school if you knew all your vowel sounds you could go home ahead of the other students. I disliked this as I was always one of the first to go and had to walk home alone. We went to school in Washington Park. It was not a happy experience. However, our nice big house was enjoyable. Grandma Goodell visited us while we lived here. She was always dressed

to perfection and reading her bible. We were never allowed to disturb her. I never really thought of her as a grandma but rather someone to beware of.

"Grandpa and grandma Bales lived in Broomfield which was close to us. We visited a lot and helped pick strawberries. The reward was to eat all we wanted. We took the cherries and strawberries and tried to make soda pop. We worked hard to make it fizzy like the kind you buy. We never managed to do it even though we put soda and everything else we could think of in it. We also spent hours making mud pies and cakes decorated them pretending that we had a store to sell them in. Grandma also had a victrola and I spent hours listening to records as, 'I'm forever blowing bubbles'.

"While living on Clayton street dad always took us to a Saturday night movie. These were usually serials and would be continued. Dad would say, 'How terrible, now they have to stay in this situation for a whole week'. Although he was joking I was concerned.

"About this time I began to notice a change in our life style. We left Denver in a model T Ford coupe and went to Morrill, Nebraska. Grandpa and grandma had moved there in a two story house about a mile from Morrill and we moved in with them. They had a windmill. We stayed there for about a year and then my folks moved to Scottsbluff. I stayed with my grandparents for an extra year as there wasn't room for me in the small converted house in Scottsbluff.

"Grandma always had a big kitchen, a clock that would strike the time, a stove to keep warm, and a cot. Jean and I would come home from school and grandma would lie in the middle of the cot and we would each choose a side and snuggle up to her. She would talk to us and tell us pioneer stories. One story I recall was some Indians coming to her door when grandpa was gone. They were ready to eat their evening meal. She gave it to them and they left. She was scared. The one thing she hated was to give up the warm biscuits she had just taken out of the oven. I really liked grandma Bales. She wasn't the least bit pretentious and she gave me a good philosophy of life.

"Living in Morrill we had to walk three miles round trip to school. I remember how cold it was because girls had to wear dresses. No one ever thought of giving us a ride even though they had cars. Grandma lived on a big hill and we would go sledding on it. We played here by the hours. Also we would make parachutes and jump off the roof of a garage to see if they would work.

"There was a river and lake close by where we would go fishing early in the mornings before the rest of the family was

up. Once Joe got a hook caught in his hand and had to go to the doctor to get it removed. Buster Craig once dived in the lake and hurt his neck. We three were a pretty good unit most of the time and enjoyed playing together.

"When Bob and Joe went to high school in Scottsbluff they worked in a bakery to help the family. I worked for Lucille Flynn and sometimes Leona Allison. Sometimes I would work as late as one or two o'clock in the morning. Most all of my friends dropped out of school because they did not have any money for clothes or school supplies. What a blessing it later turned out to be that I graduated. I often did not have five cents for a school paper and it was embarrassing.

"In the summer we would walk to a sand pit and go swimming. It was dangerous and we were often warned not to but it was the only place we had to go. We witnessed one drowning there. In the winter we would walk down by the river and find places that had frozen so we could ice skate.

"Bob was always working on an old car trying to fix it up. Otherwise he and I were usually inside studying and Joe would be outside playing. One day Joe came home after being in a fight and had both eyes swollen and black. Mom was really upset but I laughed at him he looked so funny. I also tried to help him with his poor eyes.

"We went roller skating three times a week and really became quite experienced enough that we could waltz on skates. The depression seemed to be forever. While living in Denver grandpa and grandma Bales took us on a roller coaster in Eliches Garden. I was really scared and never wanted to go again but they seemed to enjoy it. They were in their seventies.

"In Morrill grandpa always had a lot of watermelons. He also raised pigs and I enjoyed watching the little ones. While living here I first heard about the Mormons. Grandma told me that dad was involved with some Mormon missionaries and that they believed in polygamy. They would sometimes come after me for meetings. Later we went to cottage meetings for two years, often walking two miles. This was an enjoyable time. Our family was baptized 17 March 1931 in a cold sand pit. Elders Hatch and Wilde were the missionaries.

So ends the reminiscing of Bob and Dema and we glean from it a little broader and clearer picture of our parents lives as well as some insights to Bob and Dema.

Dad, after his struggles to overcome the nicotine and coffee habits remained faithful in the church and knew something of what it means to, "Endure to the end", as all who are faithful must do.

For the last 10 years of dad's life I carried on a fairly



regular correspondence with him while I was in the Air Force. We corresponded mainly about genealogy. He got real interested in it and later was appointed genealogy chairman of his ward. We also found and corresponded with several long-lost relatives. Alice Goodell Booth and Vinnie Vandling were in Kansas; Linnie Goodell Japhet in Washington, Ross Nance in Illinois, etc. Dad made contact with his sister Jessie just before she died. Had she lived a little longer he believed she would have accepted the gospel. Her daughter Sylvia is a member now.

Dad loved to get letters as people in their old age do. I saved a few of his letters he wrote to me in that span of time. By quoting some excerpts from them during those 10 years I think it would reveal some of his character.

In 1957 he wrote,... "Now as to my sister Jessie, yes she knows I am a Mormon. I sent brother Bair into her approx a year ago and he took her to church once. Yes, she wants to know what it is all about."

Later in 1957, "Frank, my boy, I sure had a wonderful Xmas. I would say the best I ever had. I've had my room full of well wishers and eats of all kind. Letters, cards, presents. Just about got a fellow down. Made me full clear up to the neck, with Joy I guess. A new year around the corner. Hope you have a good one. I've been on 3 oil wells just drilled dry. Two more in sight so will see what they do."

In 1958,... "I have three brothers, Frank, Fred and Joe. The work is done for Frank and sealed to his wife, Anna. Fred is still living and Joe disappeared from the face of the earth as far as I can find out." (I wrote and told dad, the only way are going to find Joe is for you to die and come back and tell me. He thought that was funny)

Also 1958,... "Your uncle Frank was living with us when you were born and you were named after him. I was in the real estate and insurance business at that time plus a little oil- was vice-president of an oil company."

In 1959,... "I received a long letter from Elder Bair. He broke his leg. It was a straight break and should not bother him too much or shorten his leg. Mine broke right at the socket and of course it is hard to stay put. That is what makes me approx 2 inches shorter in that leg." (He had to wear a built up shoe)

In Apr 1961,... "It has been a miserable time for me the past three months. Got all smacked up in the hospital. They let me roll out of one of those high oxygen tank beds and struck my back and I was sore and scabs all over. They used 21 tanks of oxygen on me."

In May 1961,... "It's been 4 months now since I was stricken, during that time I have written 3 letters, such as they were. I have been to Sacrament meeting twice and the bishop called me to

come up front and sit on the easy seats. Then he called on me to close..."I don't know what to tell you about myself. Most all of them had me dead before I left the hospital. But I am still around and taking care of myself...I expect to get back to ward teaching in another month...Joe has been fine. He comes in on Wednesday nights to see me and up until just of late shaved me and also on Sunday mornings...Mom has been coming about twice a week and keeps my floors clean as I have three rooms to look after."

In June 1961,.. "For two days I was sure in bad shape and practically helpless. However I am up and around again and now I believe that the way everything is now acting that these female hormones are doing something with the cancer I have. Anyway there is a change of somekind as the pains shift more often and do not stick around as long as they did."

Again in 1961,.. "I am going to scratch off a few lines to you in long hand. The typewriter jerks to many joints that hurt aplenty without any help...I am starting now on my second 300 units of female hormones. My hopes are in them retarding or slowing down the cancer. It went right for my left shoulder and then the hip. So I know for sure that a bear had hold of me and never lets up. The attack on the stomach was the most awful of all. A T-bone steak tasted like manure smelt. Oranges tasted like mud...."I would eat things I knew would throw my stomach, just trying to overcome the poison. Then I would be sick for a day and night and not eat anything. Then go after it again. Today I had a good hunk of fish (trout Joe caught and brought to me) and two good sized baked potatoes. Everything tasted good and no back fire!... I think I will weigh 100 lbs and Joe thinks the same..."I am living on borrowed time now by over 10 years and the Lord has blessed me a lot. He makes it plain that we have to stand up under chastisement or else we are not his."

In Oct 1961 he spoke of being lonely,.. "So you are getting lonesome for your family. (I was in Newfoundland) Well, I don't blame you one bit. How would you like to be in my shoes? ALONE PRACTICALLY ALL OF THE TIME. (I know more about the feeling now)

He looked forward to receiving letters. If I did not write often enough for him he would write, "Guess I do not rate with you any more, NEVER HEAR FROM YOU ANYMORE, and I wrote you quite sometime ago besides!"

Again in 1961,.. "I still have a bad time in getting around, still wearing crutches. I do practically all my work, cooking etc., shaving myself and still cut my own hair like I have for over 30 years, only with one arm now..."The last nine months have had a lot of people wondering how in the world I ever made it. Bishop Reading is the only one that stood pat for me. He said from the start that I would pull through-that my faith would bring me out of it. Adolph would come right out to my face and

tell me that I would never pull through...well, he took sick to his stomach and was dead in a week. He died last August the same day as my brother Fred. I could not go to either funeral. So no one know when their time comes. The main thing is to try your best to always be ready when the call comes. But I will say this, there are times that it takes all the guts and strength I've got to stand up and take it."

14 Febr 1962,.. "One year ago last Friday sometime after midnight was when I got struck and the prostate trouble was aplenty for any one man to handle. But I was hit with a cancer of the prostate plus asthma, bronchial, arthritis in my back, plus a pair of extra ruptures. Now I am just getting started to really going to work again and by being careful I think I will be going on high again by warm weather time. With what I have planned to do for myself and with what the bishop has assigned me I'd say I'm loaded. (that's what my whole body is-loaded with drugs, works on my fingers and the skin is gone on the inner side)" He tells of Sylvia having her brother take a picture of Joseph's grave at the V.A. cemetery in L.A. but they never did. He talks about his brother Joe and said, "When mother passed away that was the finish of Joe."

28 Febr. 1962 (8 days before he died, this was the last letter I received)... "Now it is getting pretty regular with me as it is 1:30 a.m. and of late for some reason my eyes pop open at approx 12 midnight and no more sleep. My hands and the left side of my face have taken on a job of hurting a plenty. I use medication on my hands but no go for my head, so just take it."... "If a man like me ever needed a good woman at his side that man is me... Keep me posted in what you have in mind. I've still got that fighting spirit - even fought my way out of the hospital. Called the Doc in and fired him."

Besides these letters dad kept a diary in 1960 for several months which will give some additional insights. For Christmas of 1959 Dema gave dad a daily reminder book. He used it as a journal from January 1960 until he took sick and then it stops after July 1960. There were several pages torn out at intervals before mom gave it to me. Mom said she did not tear them out so no one knows who or why it was done. The entries were usually routine, talking about his physical ailments, what he ate, church work, and his oil deals.

In 1957 dad wrote to me in a letter that 1957 was the best christmas he ever had. He starts off this daily reminder book by saying that 1959 was the worst christmas he ever had. No one called on him and he ate christmas turkey dinner all by himself at the Eagle Cafe. This gave him gas and cramps and later turned into a bad case of flu.

In many of his entries he would tell of cooking a "Mulligan

Stew", for himself and his friend Adolph Martichewski. They would usually devour it in one setting as Adolph was a heavy eater. Sometimes dad would have enough left over for another meal.

Adolph would do a lot for dad, fix his radio, toaster, hearing aid, bring him medicine, take him to the grocery store, etc. Dad would cut Adolph and his brother's hair.

Several times he would write in the winter months, "Looks like another lonesome, dreary day for me." Then write, "However, I did receive a bunch of mail from Frank and Bob so I will have several letters to write." He carried on correspondence with relatives about genealogy.

John Mead, who owned the Mead Ranch, had dad chart his land for oil. John Mead liked dad and had faith in his hazel or divining rod. He would call dad many times to go with him over to Banner county in his jeep or sometimes flying in his airplane. Dad would go no matter how he felt, just swallow some aspirins and go. On one flight he wrote, "O Boy was it hot, I thought my old broken hip was going to break over." Dad set the stakes where the driller was to drill for the well in Bridgeport.

Once John drove dad to a location where they were going to drill and dad said it would be a dry well. They drilled it 5 March and it proved to be a dry well on the 8th of March.

On the 23rd of March dad was sick with emphysema and could not sleep or get air down. He called the bishop and Sam Boyer who gave him a blessing and by 5 a.m. he slept some. He said he felt so strange and at times would go to jerking. He would sleep in a big chair with an electric pad on his chest. John Mead and another oil man arrived at dad's apartment for a conference as dad was not well enough to leave it. John took notes of what dad said to take to the driller.

On the 18th of June dad ran five locations for John Mead and John put them on his map. Dad also located 2 water wells for him. On the 25th of June he recorded that he went to the Midwest theater and seen a show- something he had not done in 12 years. On the 27th of June John Mead scheduled some electronic experts to bring in equipment to check dad's work with radio waves. John told dad it cost him \$1,200 for their work. It verified what dad told him, there is oil where dad said it was.

Dad loved to go home teaching and visit with people. He records in the reminder book of going about every week, mostly with Sam Boyer but also with Howard and sometimes Howard Bradsey.

During this time dad went to mom's for dinner at lot. He would have Adolph drop him off after buying his groceries and usually have mom prepare a steak or something else he bought.

Then he would take a taxi home around 3p.m. He always took a spoonful of honey in a glass of hot water before going to bed. He said it settled his stomach and made him feel better.

Joe would come in from the farm and bring him eggs and at times some steak or a nice fish, if he had been fishing. When dad was sick Joe would come more often and shave him. Joe said dad was real frugal. Dad cut his own hair, shave, and take care of himself almost to the end of his life.

The ward had a special dinner in February for the senior citizens of the ward. Someone picked dad up in a car as an, "Honored Guest", as he was the oldest active member at age 80. There was a lot of work done by the wives of the bishopric and Relief Society to make this a nice occasion. Mom and dad, being the oldest active workers of the ward were seated first. They presented mom with roses and a book for dad. Joe took them both home afterwards. Dr and Joyce Purtzer were chairman and had charge of this affair.

So ends the daily reminder book. In the back dad kept his monthly expenditures and income. Like Joe said, he was very frugal. His monthly income averaged \$100 and his expenditures about the same. Joe and Jean gave him \$50.00 a month to help with his expenses for several years. He received \$15-20 a month from the Fowler Oil company, \$50 a month from Joe and Jean, \$33 a month from S.Security. His rent was \$27.00 a month and the rest went for groceries and tithing. His one luxury was \$1.50 a month for the daily paper.

So ended a fiercely independent and proud soul who had a hard time doing it his way. It seems that we all have trouble with this to one degree or another. Joseph Smith once said, "I am a rough stone. The sound of the hammer and chisel was never heard on me until the Lord took me in hand. I desire the learning and wisdom of heaven alone."

Someone else said of Joseph Smith, "He did more to perfect his divine nature and attributes of kindness, temperance, patience, charity, long suffering, godliness, virtue, and meekness in his short life span than most men accomplish in a life time."

Wouldn't it be nice if we could learn from history, and the mistakes of others, to be good stewards and utilize our probationary time wisely.

Dad died 8 March 1962. As one can see from his last letters that he had a tremendous desire to live and pulled through two strokes that would have felled less strong willed persons. He died of cancer of the prostate, emphysema, a double rupture and other complications.



Dad never feared much anything unless it was hospitals. He would never submit to an operation of his own free will. For some reason he dreaded the surgeon's knife. As far back as I can remember he wore a truss for a double rupture, rather than submit to an operation.

I was stationed in Newfoundland when he died. Jan, Dema, and Mom wrote to me about his last hours and funeral.

Jan wrote, "Dad had a stroke. Tuesday he wasn't feeling good and hadn't for a couple of days. His prostate was at it again so he called the bishop and Mom. Howard stayed all night Tuesday and Mom stayed yesterday (Wed) a half a day and Joe the other. Last night he was feeling better so Mom decided not to stay all night. At one a.m. Dad called and said he was pretty bad so Mom and the bishop went down. After the bishop left Dad got up to go to the rest room and fell, hitting his head on the dresser. Mom called Howard and he went down and stayed the rest of the night. This a.m. (Thurs) just after Howard went to work Dad sort of screamed and then was lifeless. Mom sent the neighbor over to the post office to get Howard. Dad had had a stroke and they called the doctor. He woke up after a few minutes but couldn't talk and his right side (the good side) was paralyzed. He suffered a lot. He died between one and two p.m. Thursday afternoon. He fought for every breath but after he was gone Mom said he looked peaceful. Mom and the bishop were with him. Joe was on his way down."

Mom wrote, "I know you are anxiously waiting. I'd forgotten how much there was to do and still to do, and I am too tired to think good. Dad suffered a lot so we can't wish for him back. The last week was real bad and he stood up under it real good. I was with him all day Tuesday and Howard stayed that night. Wednesday Joe was there but couldn't get doctor Hannah and his bladder wouldn't work so pressure built up and he was in pain all the time. At 10:30 he called me and after talking awhile he decided he'd rather wait until morning and I would come down for the day. At one o'clock p.m. he called and said, "Come quick!" I called the bishop and he took me down. I never left until he died at two p.m."

"That morning Howard stayed from 4 a.m. to 7:30 a.m. when he had to go to work. Jean came before school and called the doctor. He drained him and he got so much relief that he went right to sleep. We thought he would get better as he had not slept for 36 hours. But in two hours he was in pain again. Howard came just as I thought he was dying so Howard called the doctor again. He said Dad had a stroke. He was in sort of a coma but he revived again and Howard left. At 1:30 he was real bad again and wanted to be lifted. When I did, it sounded like something in his back broke. His right side was sweating and the

left side was cold as death. The bishop came and called Joe but Dad died before Joe got there. He kept saying, "I'm suffocating." The cords in his neck got huge. He wanted up so the bishop lifted him but he said, "I can't", and slumped over into the bishop's arm and went into a coma for 5 or 10 minutes before he died. He looked so peaceful, so different than when he was in pain."

"Joe got him a temple robe, paid doctors, Purtzer, Kreige, the funeral home and bought a cemetery lot for him by my father and mother's grave. He also bought one for me. The seats were all full in church and we received several checks for the cancer fund. I'm sure he is happy about it all. Bob said he would put in \$60 for a marker and we could put in the rest. Joe says that can be our part, bless his heart. I hope the Lord will bless him for his goodness to his parents. His days should be long in the land. He has done so much." (Joe and Jean also gave dad \$50 a month for several years to help with his living expenses)

Dema wrote, "Dad had a very nice funeral. He would have been happy with it. There seemed to be the right amount of flowers. He looked rested except perhaps for his eyes. They had a real tired expression."

"Bishop Reading gave a well thought out and sincere sermon. He talked about dad not being perfect and of his coming back into the fold-- of his good works and his sickness. He also spoke of mom and of the burden and responsibility of rearing the children. Of how dad reminded him of his own father. To begin with he cried."

"Boyers came from Illinois through a blizzard. Dad was buried by grandma Hise and fairly close to grandma Bales."

"I had so many thoughts to convey and now they seem to be trickling down the drain. Perhaps this is what mixed up emotions do. The tears I felt were not because someone old had died, for this is what we expect. They were given of course, for the part of future missing, but mostly for his suffering and for all the time and potentiality wasted and for the lovely homelife that might have been that he could have so greatly enjoyed and partook of."

"There are some paths that we trod upon that lead us so far away from the true joys of life that it is too late to redo that which we have by-passed. My tears were for his regrets that couldn't replace what he desired - at least in this life. But eternity is a long time and I'm sure many things will be worked out there if we have a great enough motivation and will power. No one can doubt dad's determination and will power once he decided."

"But my tears were also for the fact that I might have made his last days a little more comfortable and enjoyable. For the letters I did not write, the visits I failed to make."



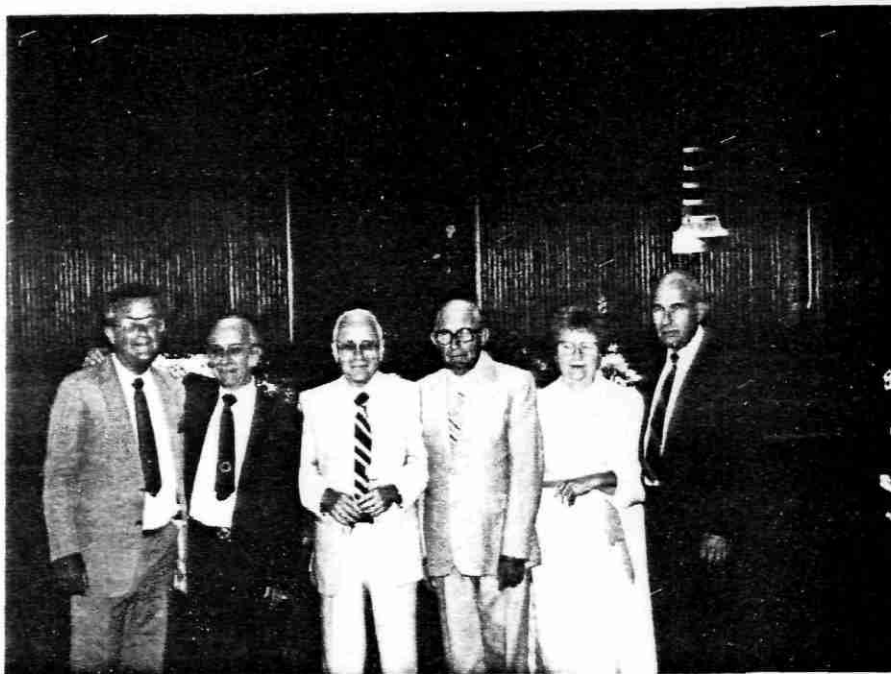
Above L-R Ft row: James, Howard; Back row, Robt, Frank, Dema, Mom, Joe

Children of Charles and Anna Bales Goodell are:

1. Dema Irene b. 13 Oct 1916 in Burwell, Nebr.
2. Joseph Charles b. 22 Nov 1917 in Burwell, Nebr.
3. Robert Arthur b. 19 Oct 1919 in Wewela, So. Dakota.
4. Franklin Irvin b. 7 Apr 1926 in Westminster, Colorado.
5. James Allen b. 8 Jun 1930 in Scottsbluff, Nebr.
6. Howard Eugene b. 15 Aug 1935 in Scottsbluff, Nebr.

Below: same picture taken in 1941 with Dad in it.





Howard, Jim, Frank, Joe, Dema and Bob in the Provo 5th Ward chapel after the funeral services for Mom.

Below, picture of Mom taken at Lori Goodell's wedding in Salt Lake August 1982.





Anna Hazel Goodell had the following paper in her files:

Dear Children,

"If I can do anything to make it easier for you in case of the inevitable should happen to me I would like to help. I just pray that I won't live long enough to use the money I have worked hard to save so Dema won't have to worry about my expenses. I am sure her brothers will help what they can."

"I always thought my place of rest would be by Charles and close to mama and papa, but if it is too expensive what does it matter? On the morning of the resurrection it is only a flash until you are where you want to be."

"A few suggestions; I want nothing elaborate, keep it simple and plain as I have lived. I love so many songs, it is hard to choose. Maybe, 'I Need Thee Every Hour' ; 'The Lord is my Light' 'Whispering Hope', (Mama's favorite); 'I Stand All Amazed', 'O My Father'. Your choice will be better than mine."

"For talks: Ask Janet if her father still wants to; Patriarch Parker at the D.I. , or Dean Christenson."

"I have so many grandsons; Jon, Joe, Mark, Gary, Mike - the oldest of each family. I love them all so choose as best for pallbearers."

"Divide my few treasures as you wish. Dema should have first choice."

Love, and thanks to all, Mother."

In Memory of  
**ANNA H. BALES GOODELL**

Born: August 3, 1895

Died: July 18, 1987

**SERVICES**

Wednesday, July 22, 1987 - 2:00 P.M.  
Provo 5th Ward LDS Chapel  
Provo, Utah

**PALLBEARERS**

|               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| Gary Goodell  | Mike Goodell    |
| Eric Goodell  | Jason Parberry  |
| James Goodell | Wendell Roberts |

**SERVICES**

Officiating . . . . . Bishop Ronald Smith  
Family Prayer . . . . . Howard Goodell

Prelude & Postlude Music . . . . David Keller

Opening Prayer . . . . . Patriarch Robert Goodell

Musical . . . . . Cherie Murray  
"Whispering Hope"

Accompanied by David Keller

Speaker . . . . . Bishop Burt Horsley

Musical . . . . . David Keller  
"O My Father"

Speaker . . . . . Patriarch John Waite

Speaker . . . . . Bishop Ron Smith

Musical . . . . . Cherie Murray  
"In My Father's House Are Many Mansions"

Accompanied by David Keller

Closing Prayer . . . . . Jon Parberry

In Memory of  
**ANNA H. BALES GOODELL**



*May God within His loving arms  
Protect and comfort you,  
And Nourish you,  
And love you,  
Forever as I do.*

**Anna Goodell**

PROVO, Utah — A graveside service for former Scottsbluff, Neb., resident Anna Hazel Goodell, 92, of Provo, who died July 18, 1987, at Provo, will be at 2 p.m. Friday in West Lawn Cemetery at Gering with Bishop L.R. Whitaker officiating. A funeral will be held at Provo.

Friends may call from 1-2 p.m. Friday at Gering Memorial Chapel.

She was born Aug. 3, 1895, at Ord, Neb., to James and Emma (Bailey) Bales. They lived in Burwell, South Dakota and Denver before moving in 1928 to Scottsbluff.

Survivors include her daughter Dema Parberry of Provo; sons Joseph of Lyman, Neb., Robert of Idaho Falls, Idaho, Frank of Springville, James of Fairfield, Idaho, and Howard of Salt Lake City; 33 grandchildren; 92 great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandchild.

She was preceded in death by her parents, three sisters, four brothers and a grandchild.



AUG 64



Top left: George Hise's grave. Josie is standing behind the Bales stone to show how close the two plots are.

Middle: Dad's original stone marker. It was replaced by the larger stone when mom died as shown below.





Dema Irene Goodell, the first born child of Charles and Anna Bales Goodell, was born 13 Oct 1916 in Burwell, Nebraska. She married Harold William Parberry 29 Sep 1941. He was born 29 Sep 1912 in Morrill, Nebraska and was the son of Gustavus Adolphus Parberry and Marylan Elizabeth Kelley. Gus and Marylan were married 4 Aug 1897 in Fredonia, Kansas. They later moved to Morrill, Nebraska where he ran a motion picture theatre. They were neighbors and Harold would sometimes play with Dema and her cats. Contact with the Parberry's was lost as both families moved from Morrill. It wasn't until much later that both families moved to Scottsbluff, Nebraska where they became neighbors again. Harold then re-discovered Dema and a courtship began.

Their children are:

1. Jon Harold Parberry born 22 Jun 1942 in Scottsbluff. He married Janet Dianne Gunderson 6 Aug 1965 in the Salt Lake Temple. She was born 24 Mar 1943 in Missoula, Montana, the daughter of Arden Brinton and Valoise Stewart Gunderson. Jon served a mission to New Zealand for the church.

2. Beth Irene Parberry born 21 July 1943 in Sidney, Nebraska. She married Wendell Lee Roberts 6 June 1960 in the Salt Lake Temple. He was born 10 Aug 1933 in Tremonton, Utah, the son of Thomas and Hazel Anderson Roberts.

Dema writes this about herself, "From pre-existence I tumbled into this life 13 Oct 1916 in Burwell, Nebraska. I was baptised into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints 17 March 1931. At this time there were very few Mormons in Scottsbluff. We held our meetings first in the Odd Fellows Hall and then for many years in the city library. Before we joined the church we spent two years studying the gospel.

Twice a week we walked to meetings - often two or three miles. In the winter it was very cold. Our membership was small so the church and the missionaries played a big part in our lives. Elder Hatch and Wilde baptized us.

"In November 1946 Harold was killed in a trucking accident. Our children were three and four. I guess I still try not to think about it.

"Before Harold's death we were living in the basement that he built. We were living here while he was putting a house over it. There was a farm surrounding our basement and everytime the farmer irrigated, the water would find a gopher hole and run into our dirt basement steps and into the basement. I cleaned up thirty water messes that summer. I would have to pick up the furniture and pull the rugs outdoors to dry then get a bucket and dip all the water out. Then I had to get a shovel and scoop all the mud out.

"Seems like Harold was always away on a trucking job when this happened-except for once and he immediately wanted to give up and move. One night when he was gone, as we were tucked into our beds, it began to rain. All of a sudden the tar paper on the roof gave way and dumped a tub full of water on my head. It took some doing to try to fix it for the night. I think I finally had to move the bed and run through the basement putting buckets everywhere water was dripping. Many times I did my summer canning walking around in overshoes because of the depth of water in the basement. At the top of the stairs I kept a pan of water so I could wash and dry my feet before going to Relief Society. I was mother's first counselor and needed to be at all the meetings.

"Harold always told me that I would have to get use to being alone because he would die young. Shortly after his death I saw him at my window trying to tell me something. His mother also had a dream just before Harold's death of he and his little niece. They were on an island with leaping waves coming upon the island. She asked him if he was afraid and he said, 'no, we are together,' he was holding her. The day of Harold's funeral they took his niece to the hospital and a week later I went to her funeral.

"Jon deeply missed his father and would often ask if he could have something from his dresser. Sometimes he would say he was going to let a rattle snake bite him so he could go see his daddy. Then he would ask why his daddy could not have taken him with him. There were times he would ask me to tell him the end of the story that Harold had told him-but I did not know the story. Beth was younger and would stamp her foot and say my daddy is not dead-he's here --pointing to his picture.



"After Harold's death we moved to a farm out by Joe. It wasn't a good farm but no one seemed willing to advise us about it until after we were on it. Here I ran down two flights of steps to the basement to get my wash water which came out slowly, carried it up stairs and lifted it into a boiler and go down a flight of steps to my washer outdoors. It was cold washing that way in the winter.

"While living here the great blizzard of 1949 came. We drove home in it. The children and I did not have coats. It was impossible to turn around and go back to town. I got as far as Joe's and he helped us home as our car stopped. When I got home I had to catch all the chickens by hand and put them in the chicken house. It was so cold they just sat.

"One horse I could not find. It was impossible to feed the rest as the wind would blow the hay off the pitch fork. Our water froze and I had to go out into the barnyard where there was an artisan well that dripped very slowly to get drinking water. The snow covered the chicken house and the children could walk on top of the clothes line. To get inside the chicken house I had to get on top of the building and shovel down to the windows and then crawl in.

"We nearly ran out of fuel so I turned the heat down so low that the children had to wear their snow suits all the time-even in bed. We closed off all the rooms and lived in the front room and slept on the couch. Bob was feeding cattle over to Mr Phinney's. He finally made it over to our house-we had no communication with anyone until then.

"I waited until the children were in school full time and then moved to Provo, Utah to enter Brigham Young University as a freshman. Here I was impressed with the surroundings. I was delighted to see the streams of soft water running down the gutters--even in town.

"It was a big decision to come to college after being out of high school for 16 years. Financially I did not have enough money to budget my expenses so finally I tore up the budget paper, threw it away, and said to myself, I'll go and try. When we arrived I had enough money for rent and tuition and two dollars left for the month for groceries and other expenses. Most of the four years we had one meal a day. I had two dresses and the children had very little. But we had fun searching all our pockets for another penny to buy a loaf of bread. When we arrived we had to spend a lot of time cleaning the apartment. We had an old ice box that an ice man put in ice every week. We lived in two rooms. Bob took care of the yard and the furnace and I oversaw the 20 girls living upstairs. This way we got our rent cheaper.

"I began teaching first grade in 1954 at Joaquin School in Provo. Joaquin was named after a little Indian boy who acted as

a guide to Father Escalante. By teaching summer school I was able to teach from the first to the ninth grades. First grade is the most difficult. I liken it to a father who is willing to take his child on an outing after the mother has properly trained him so that he can follow directions on his own. But first grade holds a special compensation besides the special love there is also the special joy of seeing the new academic growth.

"I did my student teaching at the lab in the BYU school under Mima Rasband. She became a very special friend. Through her recommendation I received my teaching position in Provo. The superintendent also gave me the choice of a school and a grade. Mary Irons did her student teaching with me under Mima. We became close friends and later she married my brother Bob.

"I have had many interesting workshops and I have worked under four principals. They have all been good and had their special strengths. Floyd Brienholt was like Abe Lincoln; Glen Brown always praised and supported the teachers; Ned Allred was loyal and appreciative but perhaps John Bone extended my thinking process the most. There was always new ideas, probing--sometimes frustrating but always leading to a growth pattern.

"Stay out of conflicts - how often does the Lord argue? He does lay out consequences. Do it with the spirit of love in your heart. Develop and design a beautiful home - a Zion home.

"A big adjustment for me came with Beth getting married to Wendell Roberts, Jon leaving for the reserves, and all the returned missionaries that lived in my apartment graduated from BYU and were leaving. One of them, Jerry Smith, now works at BYU and we still see him quite often.

"All of a sudden I was alone, but not for long. Four girls were sent to me from Scottsbluff that needed help. Then Frank went to Newfoundland and I invited Cara Le and their six children to come and stay until Frank got quarters in Newfoundland. In November of 1967 Howard and family of five children moved from Scottsbluff to stay for the summer while he went to BYU. That year I was teaching at Edgemont so Howard's Jana and I drove to school together. We would go early and play the piano. Mom moved from Scottsbluff with Howard's and she stayed with Bob in Idaho for a few months. Elizabeth Anderson and Jonathan came and stayed until she found work. We had many enjoyable conversations.

"Some memorable experiences were also spent with Mary Ann Goodell and her college room mates. We spent many evenings eating hamburgers and discussing topics that seldom had solutions. I enjoyed Kathy's dancing and karate. Jana spent her first year of college living in my apartment with two of her friends- until her marriage to Gary Pehrson. In 1979 my oldest grandson, Kenny Roberts, lived in the apartment for the first year of college. Lee and Barbara Warthen spent some time there one summer. Ann Marie Goodell lived there in 1978. We went

swimming together and had talks of boy friends.

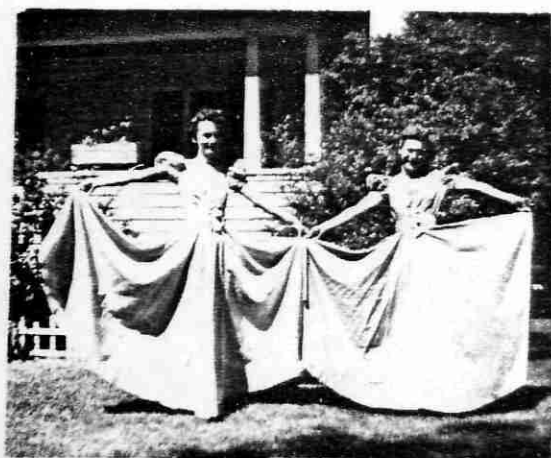
"Jon went on his mission in 1962 to New Zealand. He represented the first missionary in our family. He married Janet Gundersen the 6th of August 1965. He graduated from BYU in 1968 in accounting and economics. He held several executive positions and is now in business for himself. He is first counselor in the bishopric and has four children. Beth has eight children (two adopted).

"After Harold's death time passed slowly like a bitter cold winter evening. Memories are engraved and I sometimes yearn for it not to be so. Sometimes I would like to have a crystal ball to know why--then I realize if I knew all the answers there would be no need to develop faith."



Above, Dema walking in downtown S-Bluff and right, by the Bales home in Gering.

Below, Posing with Virginia Warrick by her home in Scottsbluff.





Harold and Dema's wedding picture. Virginia Warrick is between two Elders. Harold's father, Gus Parberry is sitting.

Below: Dema with her children, Beth and Jon after Harold's death.







Above - Dema and Harold's Wedding pictures

Below - Left, Bob and Harold at Harold's home in Sidney, Nebr.

Right - Harold and son Jon.



# Teacher to Retire At Joaquin School

The Joaquin PTA will hold an open house Thursday, Dec. 1, 6-8 p.m. at Joaquin School for Dema Parberry who is retiring from 29 years of teaching.

After graduating from Brigham Young University in 1954 she started teaching at Joaquin School. She left for a time to help open the new Edgemont School.

She spent one summer studying in Greeley, Colo., and has taken graduate classes from the University of Utah, Utah State and BYU. She also taught some summers.

She served two years on the Provo School merit study and has had membership in ACEI, Alice Louise Reynolds, Delta Kappa Gamma, Daughters of the Revolution, and AAUW.

A member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, she has served as first counselor in the Relief Society, first counselor in MIA, Stake Speech director in MIA for 11 years, Stake Sunday School, Stake Laurel director, In-Service teacher in Primary, and as a teacher in Relief Society, Sunday School, Primary and MIA.

Her two children are Mrs. Wen-

dell (Beth) Roberts of Richfield and Jon Parberry of Salt Lake. She has 12 grandchildren.

Although retired, she will be working with computers and doing private tutoring.

Dema Parberry



Dema Parberry

Dema retires in 1983. Below: Some pictures of her early marriage with Harold. Jon and Beth shortly after Harold's death.





Top left: Dema and Ruben Bullock abt 1952 while Dema was attending BYU.

Top right: Dema as a young lady.

Bottom: A birthday party for Sister Muir at Maude Perkins' basement apartment in S-Bluff. L-R Beth, Dema, Sister Irene Barrett, Elder Bullock, Jon, Sister Muir, Bob and mom. 1947





Above left, Dema's high school graduation picture and right, as a teacher at Joaquin school in Provo, Utah.  
Below left, Dema with Jon & Beth by Parberry home in S-Bluff in 1946. Some other pictures of Jon & Beth.



Jon Dema Beth





Joe's graduation  
picture from  
Scottsbluff High  
School in 1937

Joseph Charles Goodell, the second child of Charles and Anna Goodell, was born 22 Nov 1917. He married Florence Jean Phinney, 5 August 1945 in Sparta, Monroe Co., Wisconsin shortly before he was discharged from the Army after World War II. She always went by Jean and was the daughter of Daniel Zina Phinney and Francis Guardene Lackey and was born 1 January 1918 in Morrill, Nebraska. She was previously married to Eugene Roland Coleman and had a son, Gene Roland Coleman, born 16 October 1937 from that marriage. Gene married Linda Pearl Friedman 31 December 1969 and they have one daughter, Heather, born 4 December 1979.

Children of Joseph C. and Florence Jean Goodell are:

1. Mary Ann Goodell born 1 November 1946 in Scottsbluff, Nebr. She married Ernest Clark Jenkins 31 August 1967 in the Salt Lake City temple. He is the son of Max Fredrick and Helena Cooper Jenkins.
2. Joseph Phinney Goodell born 31 May 1948 in Scottsbluff, Nebr. He married Kathleen Elizabeth Mortimer in the Los Angeles temple 24 June 1972. She is the daughter of Raymond and Lucille Mortimer.
3. Elizabeth Diane Goodell born 14 Dec 1951 in Scottsbluff, Nebr. She married Richard Lee Snelgrove, divorced. Married Richard Anderson.
4. Katherine Sue Goodell born 28 Jan 1953 in Scottsbluff, Nebr. She married Markel Donovan Massey 11 July 1978 in the Manti temple.
5. Thomas Clark Goodell born 10 October 1955 in Scottsbluff, Nebr.





Top: Joe, always hungry yet  
always had an upset  
stomach when a baby.  
Grandpa Bales held him a  
lot to help mom.

Middle:

Bob, Dema and Joe.

Bottom:

Bob, Joe and a friend Dale  
Evans in Washington for  
the apple harvest.



Anna Hazel Goodell wrote the following about her son Joseph C. Goodell in 1986: "He was born 22 Nov 1917 and I am sure it was on Thanksgiving Day. My mother was there to care for me and him. She got me up to eat dinner with them and I was glad for in those days a mother was suppose to stay in bed for ten days after giving birth.

"I heard the doctor say, 'I wonder why she is having such a hard time, I didn't think she would as the second birth is usually easier.' He found that the cord was wrapped around his neck and we nearly lost him."

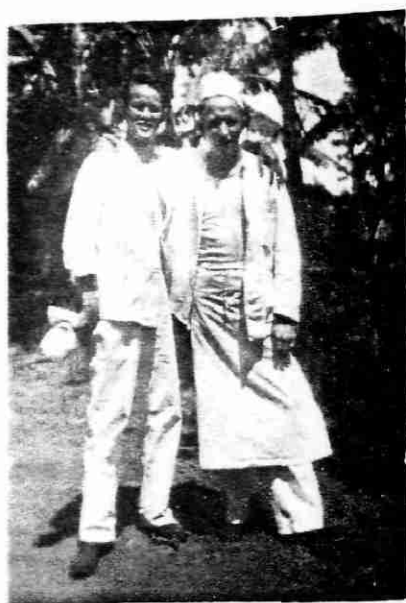
"We continued to have trouble with Joe. My milk did not agree with him and in those days not much was to be had in way of prepared food. A brand by the name of 'Melons' worked O.K. for Dema so I put Joe on this but it didn't work for him. He was very constipated so doctor said to get a good Jersey cow and put him on that milk. I rubbed him for hours on his hips over his bowels. He cried all most constantly or whimpered so I walked the floor and did what work I could with him over my shoulder. At times my Dad would come over and hold him while I would catch up. What would I have done without good parents."

"Then the doctor said to buy a herd of cows and maybe one would have a milk Joe would tolerate. Charles was a good trader and even traded his beloved mandolin for a cow. We got several cows and we were really kept poor."

"I had to watch his diet closely. One time when we moved from South Dakota to Morrill he ate too many apples and got real sick. He also had to be real careful with eggs even until he was 10 years old. He also had the croup. I am sure he would have died if Mama hadn't been there. I found him about midnight on his hands and knees grasping for breath. Mama melted lard and poured it down his throat, then she made an onion poultice for his lungs."

"All of the deceases school children bring home he always got them much worse than anyone else. He was not one to complain he would just crawl off to a corner and it was hard to know what to do. He also had severe leg cramps. Mamie called them growing pains but they were too severe for that. (Dema remembers this.)"

Of his later life she wrote: "He is known as far as Denver for his wheat. He was asked by authorities to pay his tithe in wheat as it is fine hard Red Winter wheat and will keep well. He also offered wheat free to anyone in the ward who wished to come and get it. One lady said that is the way they met their welfare assignment by making bread from Joe's wheat."



Top: School at Haig, Nebr. where Joe, Dema & Bob attended.  
 Middle Left: Joe, Howard, Jim, Dema, Bob by Bales stone in Gering.  
 " Right: Joe with fellow Army cook in Hawaii during WW II.  
 Bottom: Joe standing on Congress street in Portland, Maine while he and Jean were on their mission there.



Joe and Jean's children and grandchildren presented them with a wonderful 40th wedding anniversary program which showed their love they had for them. This is what it is all about. If you can have your children and grandchildren love you like this after 40 years you have accomplished your work on earth. Jean sent a copy of the program to mom and it is worth sharing to all.

NARRATOR: What you are about to see is how Joe Goodell and Jean Phinney met, fell in love, married and lived happily together for 40 years. This is the life story of Joseph and Jean Goodell

JEFF AND MATT (Goodell) CARRY A BANNER WITH THE WORDS "Life story of Joseph and Jean Goodell" WRITTEN ON IT. THEY PLACE IT ON THE FRONT OF THE STAGE SO THAT IT SHOWS DURING THE ENTIRE SKIT.

LIGHTS OUT IN AUDIENCE. ON STAGE MISSY JENKINS HAS HER HAIR IN CURLERS AND IS WEARING A BATHROBE. THERE IS A TABLE WITH SEVERAL DISHES ON IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. THERE IS A CHAIR TO LEFT OF STAGE. MISSY IS DUSTING WITH A FEATHER DUSTER.

NARRATOR: Delightfully independent Jeannie Phinney didn't know if she wanted to think about getting married right away! She was content to live life the way it was, and wasn't sure if she wanted to commit to anything as serious as marriage.

One fateful morning, however, there came a knock at the door.

JONATHAN ANDERSON KNOCKS LOUDLY ON DOOR. ( BAM BAM BAM)

MISSY (Goes to door and acts surprised and embarrassed)  
SCOTT JENKINS: (Enters)

NARRATOR: Joe Goodell, you see, had different plans for Jeannie. He was on a 30 day leave from the army and decided to look her up.

SCOTT: (Speaks to Missy) Hi, Jeannie!

NARRATOR: I was wondering if you'd like to go to a family picnic with me, Joe said politely to Jeannie. "You see, we're having a family reunion down at the Craigs, and I sure would like to have you come along!!

MISSY: (Puts hands to her hair. Acts stunned)

NARRATOR: STUNNED SILENCE!! Poor Jeannie!! Standing there with curlers in her hair and in her bathrobe! Here was this young man that she had met in grade school when she

was only 11 years old standing there asking her to go to a family reunion.

MISSY: Ahhh. Welllll. I guess I could. Sit here while I get ready.

(SCOTT SITS IN CHAIR. MISSY WALKS AS THOUGH SHE IS GOING OUT OF ROOM. LIGHTS OFF.)

NARRATOR: And that's how the first date happened between Joe Goodell and Jean Phinney.

(LIGHTS OUT. JON TAKES TABLE AND SCOTT TAKES CHAIR OFF. MISSY TAKES DUSTER, etc.)

ROB JENKINS PUTS BOWLING PINS UP. DAVID & KALI MASSEY CARRY PLASTIC BOWLING BALLS.

NARRATOR: One of their most remembered dates was when Joe decided to take Jean bowling. Jeannie was all for that!! She was going to show Joe how good she could bowl and make such a good impression on him! She eagerly picked out a ball just the right weight and just the right size for her. They put on their bowling shoes and they got ready to bowl.

(LIGHTS ON STAGE) DAVID MASSEY HAS HIS ARMS AROUND KALI MASSEY WHO IS HOLDING ON TO HER BALL. AS THE NARRATOR TALKS THEY ACT OUT WHAT IS BEING SAID.

NARRATOR: Joe decided to show her a few little pointers. He put his arms around her and guided her arms as she swung the ball forward and backwards. She took her first step. (David follows closely.) She took her second step. She took her third step and dropped the ball on Joe's toe.

DAVID: Ouch!! Ouch!! (Jumps around a little holding his foot)

KALI: (As lights fade) Oh, Joe!! Are you alright? Oh!! Oh!! I'm so sorry!!

(Lights out. Kali and David carry their balls off. Rob takes bowling scene down. Jon, Scott, and Mark carry on train. They stand behind it and move it off stage when narrator indicates train leaves)

NARRATOR: During the time Joe was on leave, he kept asking Jeannie to marry him. He even bought her a ring, but she just wasn't ready for marriage. He kept saying, "That's all right. We'll get married in time." But then, his leave was up. He was sent to Wisconsin and after several months, Jean had a two week vacation Joe begged her to spend it in Wisconsin. She wasn't



sure that was the best thing to do, but she got on a train and went.

(LIGHTS ON) HEATHER COLEMAN AND STAN GOODELL STAND BEHIND TRAIN.

NARRATOR: When Jeannie got off the train, it was quite late at night.

HEATHER: (Step through door of train and look around. Carries HEAVY luggage--at least two and maybe another one)

NARRATOR: Oh, how nervous she was. She sure hoped Joe would be there to meet her in this strange town. She got off the train and looked all around. There wasn't any Joe. Her heart sank down to her toes. What was she going to do if he didn't meet her? She frantically looked around some more and thought about getting back on the train and going back home.

The train started to pull out.

(TRAIN SLOWLY MOVES ACROSS THE STAGE)

NARRATOR: The faster it started going, the more Jeannie's heart pounded in her chest. As the last car pulled away, she started to look in her purse for some money

(Heather looks in purse)

When she looked up, she noticed a young man in a uniform standing way on the other side of the station.

HEATHER: Thank heavens! There he is!!

STAN: Thank heavens! I was beginning to think she wasn't coming!

NARRATOR: Joe and Jean just stared at each other. Neither one budged from their spot for several minutes and then Joe started across the tracks to help his Jeannie.

(Lights off. Stan and Heather carry some of the suitcases off stage.)

ROB, JON, JOE PULL CURTAINS OPEN QUIETLY. SCOTT PUTS UP BRIDGE. ROB HIDES OFF STAGE RIGHT WITH BIBLE. ROB WEARS SUIT AND TIE. MARK AND AMY STAND CLOSE TO STAGE LEFT. MARK WEARS SUIT. AMY WEARS DANCE OUTFIT.

NARRATOR: After such a bad start, it was pure pleasure to spend time together. They spent as much time together as possible. They took long walks, sipped raspberry malts, went to shows that (can you imagine) only cost 50 cents, and talked and talked together. Finally Joe asked Jean to marry him one more time. And this time, Jeannie said yes!! Joe knew he would have to act fast

before she changed her mind, and sure enough, the closer the time came, the more nervous Jeannie became.

(Lights on) THE AUDIENCE CAN SEE AMY AND MARK JENKINS, BUT NOT ROB. SCOTT STANDS BEHIND HILL AND PULLS "heel marks" OUT WHEN NARRATOR TALKS ABOUT THEM. AMY AND MARK ACT OUT NARRATION)

NARRATOR: They crossed a bridge to a stream running down through town and Jean stood at that bridge and debated about whether this was really the right thing to do. They walked up a hill and the closer they got to the church, the more Jean pulled back. She was so afraid that this young man who was so kind and so thoughtful in every way would change after they were married. Joe says she dug her heels in all the way up the hill and if you were to visit the place today, you could still see their imprints.

(AMY AND MARK HAVE NOW PASSED THE CHURCH AND ROB GREETES THEM SILENTLY.)

NARRATOR: The kind minister brought his wife and another woman as a witness into the church.

(ENTER KERRI AND KALI. STAND BEHIND THE MINISTER)

NARRATOR: As he started the ceremony, Jeannie began to cry.

ROB: Do you, Joseph Goodell....

AMY: Boo Hoo. Boo Hoo. Boo Hoo.

ROB: (Looks shocked. Takes a step backwards so audience can see his face) ...take...this...

AMY: BOO HOO. BOO HOO.

MARK: (Puts his arm around Amy and pats her)

AMY PRETENDS TO CRY AS NARRATOR CONTINUES. MARK KEEPS TRYING TO PAT HER SHOULDER AND ROB, ALTHOUGH A LITTLE RELUCTANT, SILENTLY ACTS AS THOUGH HE IS READING THE WEDDING SERMON.

NARRATOR: Jeannie sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Vocally and loudly. Joe didn't know what to do except put his arm around her and pat her and say, "It's all right", and the poor minister didn't know whether this brute was forcing her into marriage or what!! Finally, he pronounced them man and wife.

ROB: I now pronounce you man and wife.

NARRATOR: As soon as those words were spoken, Jeannie felt as though a big weight had lifted from her shoulders and

she went from a sobbing, scared girl to a wonderfully happy woman.

ROB, KERRI AND KALI SLIP OFF STAGE. MARK STEPS TO STAGE RIGHT. AMY BEGINS DANCE TO THE ROSE. (Jean's comment, "This was beautiful! Amy dances very well and was dressed in white with a veil. Angel Crandall sang, 'the rose' in a swell accomplished voice.")

AFTER DANCE, LIGHTS OUT.

ROB AND JOE SHUT CURTAINS ON CHURCH. OPEN CURTAINS ON OUT-HOUSE. SCOTT CARRIES BRIDGE OFF. JEFF GETS INTO PICK UP AND IS ON STAGE LEFT.

NARRATOR: Times were not always easy for this young couple. That first year, they moved a tiny house to their farm and fixed it up. They converted a closet into a kitchen and went without the "necessities" of our day.

LIGHTS ON OUT-HOUSE. JEFF DRIVES PICK UP ACROSS STAGE WHEN NARRATOR TALKS ABOUT IT. (Jean comments, "This was a hit! Jeff pulled a wagon with flapping doors across the stage and then turned the wagon over with Matt in it")

NARRATOR: They had a pick up that was so old the doors wouldn't close. Flapping like a bird, they puttered back and forth to town for the things they needed.

LIGHTS OUT. ROB AND JON SHUT CURTAINS, JOE TAKES TRUCK OFF. FRONT OF STAGE RIGHT, KATHY, MARKEL, NATALI, MICAH AND DAVID HUDDLE IN BLANKETS.

MIDDLE STAGE (on stage) MISSY POUNDS NAILS WITH HAMMER. BELOW HER ON FLOOR, MATT BAILS OUT WATER.

FRONT STAGE LEFT, JON AND KERRI HAVE DISH TOWELS AND ARE TRYING TO BEAT OUT FLAMES.

WHEN EACH IS TALKED ABOUT, THE LIGHTS GO ON THEM AND THEY ACT OUT THEIR PART.

NARRATOR: Yes, their love endured many difficult and trying times such as: THE BLIZZARD OF '49, WASHING CLOTHES IN FREEZING WEATHER AND THEN HAVING THEM BURN AFTER THEIR WOOD STOVE CAUGHT THEM ON FIRE. They even endured the well-known trial of building their dream house. It took them 4 long years to complete during which time, they had 3 children and 2 rain storms that flooded their basement.

LIGHTS OUT. ALL MOVE QUIETLY AWAY.

They had several ways of dealing with their problems. The best way for Joe was to go to his shop and work until things seemed better. Two of the most famous ways for Jean to cope was: 1. To go to a distant telephone pole and cry her troubles away, and 2. To

play the complicated "Claire de'Lune". Joe still hates to hear this beautiful song played because he knows it means his sweetheart is not happy.

MARY ANN PLAYS "Clare de'Lune."

CORAY JENKINS GETS ON STAGE WITH A TRACTOR. CLARK IS NEAR BY TO HAND HIM AN UMBRELLA AND BOX WHEN THEY ARE NEEDED.

FRONT STAGE: MIDDLE: Kerri is in graduation gown and cap.

LEFT: LINDA COLEMAN, JON ANDERSON, KRISTE, STAN GOODELL, AMY JENKINS, HEATHER COLEMAN AND DAVID MASSEY ARE GROUPED TOGETHER. LINDA IS SHOWING OFF HER BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

NARRATOR: Why has their marriage been so successful? One of their secrets has been that each has given the other the things they wanted most in life. Joe wanted only to farm.

LIGHTS ON COREY. HE DRIVES THE TRACTOR IN A BIG CIRCLE. (Jean's comments, "The tractor started plain; developed an umbrella and finally a cab. Neighbors say the significance of this immediately.")

NARRATOR: Jean had always wanted three things out of life. She wanted a large family.

LIGHTS ON LINDA AND GROUP.

NARRATOR: She wanted a college education.

LIGHTS ON COREY. HE DRIVES AROUND STAGE WITH UMBRELLA. LIGHTS OFF HIM.

QUICKLY LIGHTS ON KERRI.

STAN: Congratulations on your bachelors degree!

KERRI: Moves tassel on cap to left side.

STAN: Congratulations on your masters degree!

KERRI: Moves tassel on cap to right side.

STAN: Congratulations on...your almost doctorate degree!

KERRI: Starts to move tassel, but stops in mid-air

LIGHTS OFF KERRI

LIGHTS ON COREY WHILE HE DRIVES AROUND THE STAGE WITH A CAB ON HIS TRACTOR. LIGHTS OFF HIM.

NARRATOR: AND SHE WANTED TO SEE THE WORLD.

SLIDES OF TRIPS.

NARRATOR: In conclusion, we would like to introduce you to their family the way it is today. (1985)

EACH FAMILY COMES ON STAGE AND BOWS OR CURTSEYS.

NARRATOR: GENE AND HIS WIFE, LINDA LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY WITH THEIR DAUGHTER, HEATHER. GENE IS A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

MARY ANN AND HER HUSBAND CLARK LIVE IN LONGMONT, COLORADO WITH THEIR SEVEN CHILDREN. CLARK IS A COMPUTER PROGRAMER FOR AT&T.

JOE AND HIS WIFE KATHY LIVE IN FT COLLINS. THEY ARE THE PROUD PARENTS OF 6 CHILDREN. THEY OWN TWO BUSINESSES, A COMPUTER HARDWARE COMPANY AND "PAPA KELSEYS PIZZA"

LIZ AND RICHARD YOU ALL KNOW. THEY LIVE ON THE FARM

WITH THEIR SON JONATHAN. RICHARD IS THE MANAGER OF VIDEO KINGDOM.

KATHY AND HER HUSBAND, MARKEL, LIVE IN VERNAL, UTAH. THEY HAVE 4 CHILDREN AND MARKEL KEEPS BUSY AS A SELF-EMPLOYED CONTRACTOR.

TOM LIVES IN HOUSTON, TEXAS WHERE HE IS A STUDENT AND A SELF-EMPLOYED ARTIST AND POTTERY SCULPTURER.

ALL BOYS PUT ON GREEN SIGNS THAT SAY "Joe" ON THEM.

ALL GIRLS PUT ON ORANGE SIGNS THAT SAY "Jean" ON THEM.

The families come on stage and made a circle as they joined hands. CIRCLE OF OUR LOVE, was sung.

Jean said, "Elizabeth was in charge of this and did an exceptional job with it. It was funny and yet ended on a serious note without being preachy."

In November 1983 Joe and Jean left their farm to embark on a six month mission for the Lord. They were sent to Portland, Maine. While on their mission they drove their van over 6,000 miles, made over 1,000 visits and had some success with inactive members. Some of the members there started coming to church that did not attend before.

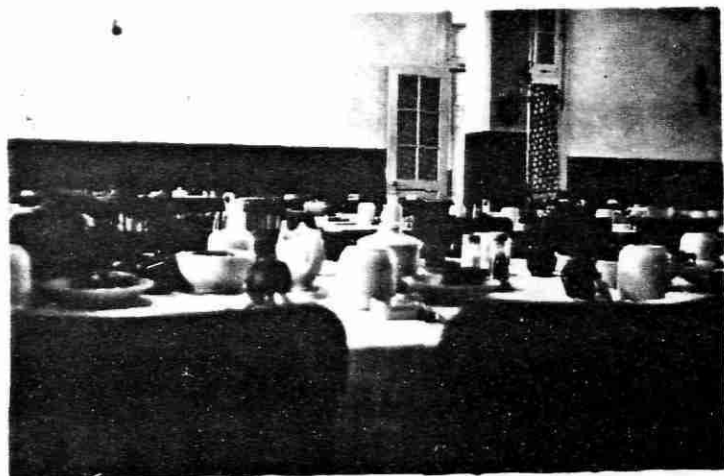
They would take as many as thirteen to church on Sundays in their van and would take more if they had room. Most of the people there were on welfare, very poor, and had no transportation.

As they completed their mission and left Joe wrote, "We will miss the people of Portland and will always remember them. We came in contact with many wonderful people. We did not know how to solve the problems of the poor who were on welfare and had no transportation but we enjoyed visiting with them and trying."

In January of 1989 they went on another mission for the church. This time it was for three months to the Denver temple. While serving on this mission their farm home was destroyed by fire. They now live in a retirement village in Gering, Nebraska.

Joe and Jean were sealed in the Salt Lake City Temple 3 Oct 1950.



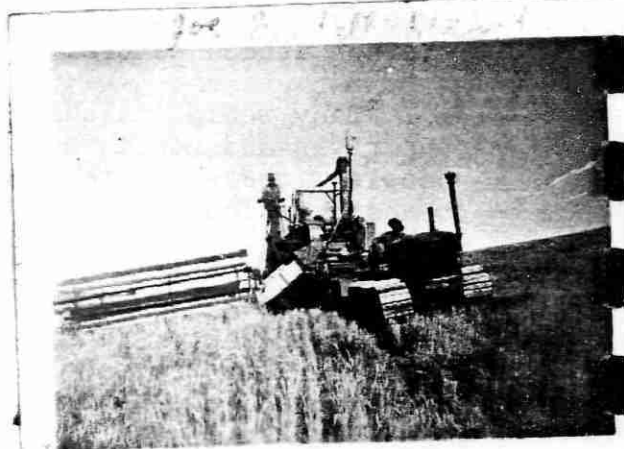


Above, Joe's mess hall in Hawaii, decorated for Xmas 1944. Right, Joe in Hawaii, 1944.

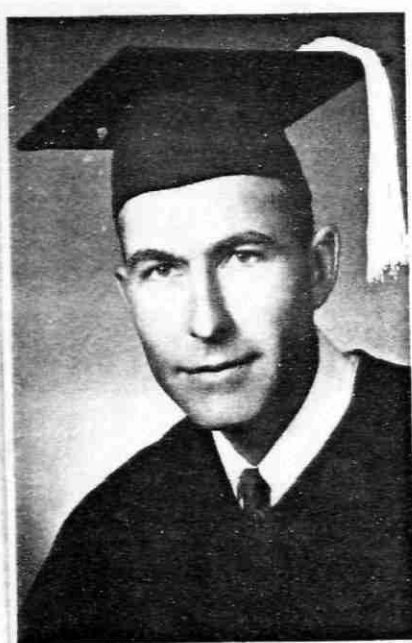


Middle, Joe standing on a combine about 1951.

Below, left, Joe & Jean as a young married couple. Right, a family gathering for Xmas 1952.



Robert's graduation picture from Scottsbluff High School in 1937 and from BYU in 1956



Robert Arthur Goodell, the third born child of Charles and Anna Bales Goodell, was born 19 Oct 1919 in Wewela, South Dakota. He married Mary Lind Irons 8 July 1958 in the Manti Temple. She is the daughter of Amos George and Beulah Pearl Hoyt Irons. She was born 22 June 1931 in Nephi, Juab county, Utah. She received her BS degree at BYU and taught school. Robert received his BS degree in Mechanical Engineering at BYU in 1956 and a Master of Science degree from the University of Idaho in 1960. They are the parents of four children.

1. Ann Marie Goodell born 9 March 1960 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. She married Gerald Ondricek 12 Oct 1982 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

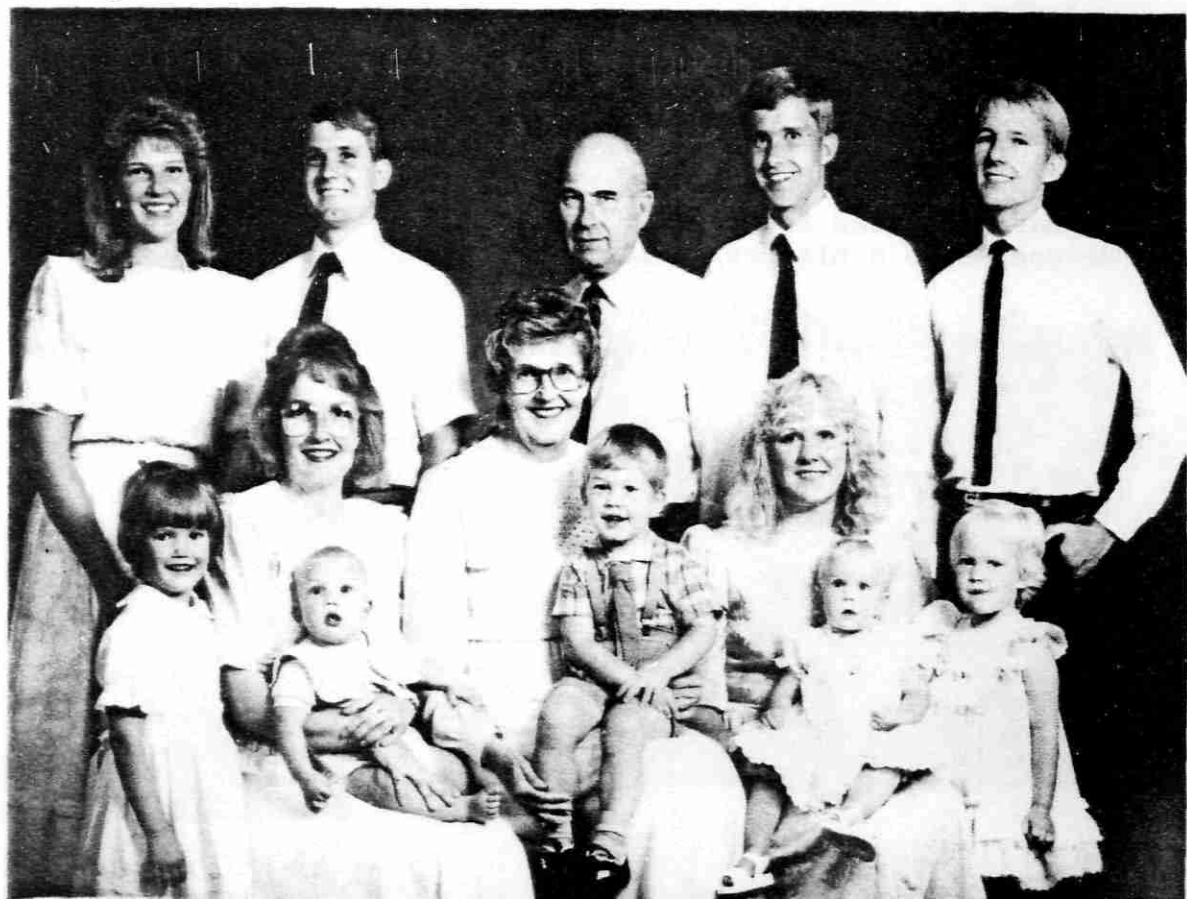
2. Mark Robert Goodell born 29 July 1961 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. He married Susan Sechrest 28 April 1983 in the Salt Lake Temple. He completed a mission in Italy for the church.

3. Eric Lynn Goodell born 15 Feb 1964 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Graduated from BYU in Journalism. Completed a mission to Guam for the church.

4. Jennifer Goodell born 11 Nov 1966 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Graduated from BYU and completed a mission to French Canada.



Above: An early picture of the Robert Goodell family.  
 Below: Family picture taken in 1988 at the first Robert Goodell family reunion.





Above, Robert Goodell's Army AF picture, about 1942. Below, During his college days and right, about age 13



# European Meeting To Hear ANC Paper



Robert Goodell

Robert Goodell, Stress Analyst with the Applied Mechanics Branch, will attend the 2nd International Conference on Structural Mechanics in Reactor Technology to be held September 10-14 at Berlin, Germany. The purpose of the conference is to exchange information of both a practical and theoretical nature as related to nuclear-reactor structural mechanics problems.

Goodell will also attend a post-conference meeting at Stuttgart, Germany, September 17-18. This meeting will consider "Computational Aspects of the Finite-Element Method". He will present a paper at this meeting entitled "Experience With Out-

of-House Developed Software in the Evaluation of a Nozzle-Shell Junction."

| WESTMINSTER SCHOOL   |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|--|------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| (In case of transfer, this card must accompany Transfer Card.) |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Name   | Robert Goodell         |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| School   | Westminster            |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Grade  | First                  |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| September  | 1925 to May 1926       |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| SUBJECTS   | 1                      | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 |
| Arithmetic   |                        | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  |    |
| Drawing  | B                      | B  | B  | B  | B  | B  | B  | B  | B  |    |
| Geography  |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| History and Civics   |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Language   |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Music  |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Penmanship   | B                      | B  | B  | B  | B  | B  | B  | B  | B  |    |
| Physical Training  |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Phys. and Hygiene  |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Reading  | A                      | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  |    |
| Spelling   |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Phonetics  | B                      | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  | A  |    |
| Department   | 95                     | 95 | 94 | 94 | 92 | 94 | 94 | 95 | 95 |    |
| Times Tardy  |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Half Days Absent   |                        | 2  | 4  | 8  |    | 4  | 8  | 4  |    |    |
| Promoted to  | Second Grade Sept 1926 |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Teacher  | Mary E. Stewart        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Teacher  |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Teacher  |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Teacher  | Elsie Cinnamon         |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Principal  |                        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |

Above; article telling of Robert's conference in Germany and his first grade report card from Westminster school near Denver.



Robert joined the US Army Air Force in Fort Logan, Colorado. He signed up 21 January 1942 shortly after Pearl Harbor, together with his brother Joe. They were separated soon after with Bob going to Sheppard Field, Texas for basic training and Joe going to McChord Field, Washington. Bob wrote the following summary of his experiences in the Army Air Force:

"My memories of Sheppard Field have mostly to do with tired and sore feet, as we marched eight hours for a period of several weeks. "Deep in the Heart of Texas" was a popular song at that time but we had no love for it, everyone was happy to get a new assignment and leave.

"My assignment was to Chanute Field, Illinois, which was so much better that I actually enjoyed army life for awhile. I attended the airplanes mechanics school at this base and was then sent to Buffalo, New York to attend the Curtis Wright factory school. This was another pleasant assignment for we stayed uptown at the Elks Lodge and were extended many courtesies by the town people. We also had every evening free but all good things must end and soon I was on my way to Fort Wayne, Washington by way of the Great Northern Railway. After a week or so there, a group of us were driven to Seattle and boarded a ship bound for Alaska. It was about 8 p.m. and I remember waiting up until late as I wanted to watch as we pulled out of the harbor. Finally I gave up and went to bed, however at 5 a.m. I was awakened by the engines as we were just then leaving. I got up and witnessed our departure after all. This was 20 May 1942.

"The trip was fun for the first two days, we had staterooms and ate in the dinning room just like first class passengers. Our messboy had apparently been on the sea for some time, but he didn't know much about the army. He came down the deck for the first few times, tinkled his little bell and said, 'luncheon is being served' - he was nearly trampled to death. After that he would just give the thing a clang or two, shout 'chow' and then jump back out of the way.

"We soon hit rough water and everyone suddenly lost their desire to eat or to do anything other than lay in their bunk. The water was extremely rough, and one poor guy, who was more seasick than the others, was tormented constantly by his 'buddies'. They would stand by his door and remark, 'Oh look at that wave, it's higher than the deck. It must be twenty feet high, hang on here we go!' He would groan and change color and no doubt felt as if he would never live through it all.

"We arrived at Anchorage 26 May and immediately disembarked. Our breakfast was regular army fare but was very good as we had suddenly regained our appetites. Just a mile or two from Anchorage was our new base called Elmendorf Field. It was quite large with airplanes every where you looked. They were also hid out in the woods in small revetments. We were all surprised when the first practice alert took place for they came swarming out like mosquitoes.

"My stay at Elmendorf was again a short one and in a few weeks a number of us boarded planes enroute to Umnak Island on the Aleutian chain. The flight took about six hours and wasn't very interesting since we couldn't see much of the terrain due to fog. We did pass an active volcano which was smoking slightly. It was raining when we landed at Umnak and somehow it just continued to rain. One of the first things issued to us was a rain suit and it sure saw a lot of service.

"Umnak was at this time the last outpost and of course we heard stories about how the Japanese were ready to invade the place, etc. It turned out to be quite secure even though it was very primitive. Our planes were flying 1,000 miles to bomb the Jap held island of Kiska. This was a hazardous mission as the weather was so bad that finding the way back home was a major problem. Probably more ships were lost due to weather than to enemy action.

"This was my first permanent assignment and it lasted 18 months. During this time we had several minor scares due to Japs coming close to our island but no attacks we actually made. Our forces were soon well entrenched and new bases were established further down the chain. Improvements were begun on our base as to living quarters etc., which were welcome but along with it came an increase in army discipline. Umnak was a small island completely covered with tundra but no trees. Someone brought one in and had the distinction of owning the only tree in all that area.

"During this period two of us applied for a short furlough and went to Mt. McKinley. The army maintained a resort there for just that purpose. When we flew back to Elmendorf I was never colder in my life. The ships heating system was not working and I was not dressed warmly. Six hours of that was more than enough. The trip as a whole was enjoyable as we saw a lot of new country and had a good place to stay.

"After returning to Umnak a rotation plan was initiated as new men came up from the states some of us returned. My turn soon came and in October 1943 a group of us got on a boat bound for the U.S. We had another rough crossing but no complaints as everyone was glad just to be on the way back. I remember there was an awful lot of money changed hands during the quiet spells as gambling was the main diversity.

"Upon arriving in Seattle everyone was given a two weeks furlough. I spent mine at home in Scottsbluff, Nebraska and then left for Wright Field in Ohio. I saw many of my old friends there and found that we were going to Miami Beach, Florida for a rest period. Just the right thing, we thought. This turned out to be a months vacation as we had no work to do and lived in some of the best hotels with the ocean at our back door. Mine was the President Madison and it had every convenience including a private swimming pool.

"My next assignment was at Drew Field located by Tampa, Florida. This was in January 1944. I was placed in a bomber training squadron using B-17's and began to get accustomed to army routine which was difficult for awhile. The balance of my service was spent here, my job being that of a crew chief of a B-17. Our group as I remember had one of the best safety records and accidents were very few during my stay. Frank came to visit me here on his way home on furlough from the Navy. He caught a flight on a C-47 from our base to Wright-Patterson Field in Ohio, which saved him a little traveling expense home.

"Shortly before my discharge I was transferred to McDill Field which was only a few miles away. They had a squadron or two of B-29's which were the latest in Bombers at that time. I worked on these ships for awhile and was then discharge 30 October 1945. I then returned home to Scottsbluff, Nebr.

A number of years intervened before Bob decided to continue his education and in 1956 he graduated from BYU with a BS degree in mechanical Engineering. He later received a masters degree at the University of Idaho.

He accepted employment with Phillips Petroleum where he worked at the National Reactor Testing Station near Idaho Falls, Idaho. He designed equipment needed for operation of nuclear test reactors. Later Phillips sold out and he was employed by the Idaho Nuclear Corporation as a stress analyst. Later on he was employed by Aerojet Nuclear Co. in the same capacity. In 1973 he was recognized for his work as a stress analyst and was invited to present a paper on stress at the International Conference on Reactor Technology in Berlin, Germany. Mary accompanied him and they enjoyed a vacation after the conference. They traveled in Germany, Switzerland, and England. One month later he presented a similar paper at the annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in Detroit, Michigan.

In 1983 Mary sent this brief description of Bob's work: "He is a mechanical engineer and has the title of Engineering Specialist. He is assigned to the Applied Mechanics Branch of EG&G Idaho, Inc. This branch is responsible for verifying the structural adequacy of various components and systems for nuclear reactor facilities."

"EG&G operates and maintains a number of reactors at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory (INEL) located about 50 miles from Idaho Falls, known as the site. (formerly the National Reactor Testing Station). The company also does a considerable amount of work for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC). This work consists of evaluating commercial nuclear generating plants and performing additional analysis if required. Bob worked at the INEL site for a number of years but is now located at the willow creek building in Idaho Falls."

"On Friday 28 Oct 1983 there was an earthquake measuring 6.9 on the Richter scale which centered near an unpopulated area west of Mount Borah, Idaho's highest peak. Bob's office building started to sway and was evacuated. Nuclear reactors in the INEL shut themselves off automatically and there were no radiation leaks or major damage."

Bob retired in 1986 after 30 years on the job but still likes to work when the opportunity arises. In 1987 he went to Tennessee to work for TVA at the Watts Bar Nuclear Plant located about 50 miles from Knoxville. While there, plans were made for others to come down for a visit and to see the country. So before long Mary, Eric, Jennifer and Dema arrived. They were soon followed by Ann Marie and her family. Mark was in Alaska and could not join the group. Everyone had fun together and attended the annual "Dog-Wood" Festival in Knoxville. They also

visited some of the Civil War battlefields, including one at Missionary Ridge where our Grandfather Joseph Cooley Goodell was wounded in 1863.

Bob met Mary Lind Irons while attending BYU. Dema was the "Match-Maker". She and Mary were doing their student teaching together and Dema casually mentioned that she had a brother who knew how to figure income taxes. Bob and Mary met for the first time when Mary showed up at their apartment with tax forms in hand.

Mary graduated with a degree in Elementary Education. She taught for two years in Springville, Utah, a year at Pepperrell Air Force Base in St. Johns, Newfoundland, and a year in Morenci, Arizona. Summers she worked as a waitress in Grand Teton National Park, and as a Clerk Typist in Washington, D.C. She also traveled in Europe.

Bob and Mary were married 8 July 1958. Bob was working at the site for Phillips Petroleum and Idaho Falls, Idaho became their home. Mary continued teaching for four years and then became a "full time" wife and mother.

A disaster occurred when the Sand Creek overflowed and it affected their lives. Mary described some of what happened in a letter: "A neighbor called to tell us that an announcement on TV said to evacuate immediately. Bob thought she was just being hysterical so he called the police. They said for us to leave as soon as we could or we might not be able to get out. We bundled the sleepy babies up in snow suits and extra blankets, put formula, diapers and shoes in the car and left. We stopped at Scott and Leona's. The water was very close to their house. They said they had a place to go to so we chugged thru the water and about in the middle the car stalled. Bob had his fishing boots on so he left the car and went to get help. There was a long line of cars behind us. Bob got a big truck with a logging chain to pull us out of the water. Then he worked on the car and another truck pulled us. All the cars were going in just one direction - we went to Susanna's. She and Darrell were just getting home from church.

"After we were settled down Bob and Darrell came back to the house by walking about a mile and wading through water. They carried most of our food up out of the basement. Monday Bob and I walked in to get some more clothes. The house was high and dry. We were one of the lucky ones. Scott stayed and worked to keep the water out of their house. They got some water in their basement but not too much damage since they moved a lot of things upstairs. Their neighbors across the street had basements filled. The Mitchells carried buckets of mud up and out.

"We stayed at Susanna's until Tuesday afternoon. Then Bob got a man with a high truck to pull us out if we needed to be



pulled again. But the car got through O.K. For three days Bob had to drive a mile to catch the bus. As soon as the water was pumped out of the street then more people came back and the bus came to Falls Valley.

"A week later I helped clean the basement of the church. The water came within aprox. two feet of the ceiling of the kitchen and junior sunday school room. The dishes, cupboards, stove-everything was coated with mud. We scrubbed all day long.

"The doctors gave Bob a shot of penicillin. He was allergic to it so he had hives and swollen feet. The reaction made him more miserable than the infection...."

The first Robert A. Goodell Family Reunion was held in 1988 in celebration of Bob and Mary's 30th Wedding Anniversary. Thirteen family members gathered at Colter Bay in Grand Teton National Park for a camping trip. Bob and Mary were presented with a beautiful quilt made by Ann Marie and a book containing letters of appreciation from family and friends.

Bob and Mary have a mutual interest in Scouting. It was with pride they saw Mark and Eric attain the rank of Eagle Scout. Bob served as Chairman of the Eagle Rock District three years. District Advancement Chairman, and other administrative positions. Currently he is a member of the Teton Peaks Council Advisory Board. He received a District Award of Merit. Mary has been an enthusiastic Scouter for many years. She has been a leader of Cub Scout Dens and 11 year old Blazer Scouts.



Frank Irvin, the fourth child of Charles and Anna Goodell, was born 7 April 1926 in Westminster, Colo. He married 30 Jun 1950 Cara Le Campbell, the daughter of Orval LeRoy and Bertha Pearl Howland Campbell, in Rapid City, South Dakota at the Air Force Base. Their children are:

1. Glenn Gary b. 9 Apr 1951 in Rapid City, S. Dakota.
2. Robert Wayne b. 3 Aug 1952 at Ellsworth AFB, S. Dakota.
3. Boni Lu b. 28 Apr 1954 at Ellsworth AFB, S. Dakota.
4. Stephen Michael b. 21 Jul 1956 at Lajes Field in the Azores.
5. Franklin Irvin Jr b. 28 Feb 1958 in Milton, Florida.
6. John Calvin b. 18 Jun 1961 in Amarillo AFB, Texas.
7. Charles LeRoy b. 7 Mar 1964 at Harmon AFB, Newfoundland.
8. Rebecca Lee b. 7 Jun 1966 in Lincoln, Nebraska.

We lived in Rapid City after our marriage until our first child was born then we moved to housing on the base. We stayed here for five years, driving the 300 miles plus to Scottsbluff to see our relatives whenever we could, especially on the holidays and special occasions. Robert and Boni were born on the base with military doctors assisting. Then I received orders in 1955 to transfer to the Azores.

We enjoyed the Azores for the most part. It was a new and unique experience living on foreign soil and getting to mingle somewhat with the Portuguese people. Cara Le was baptized in the LDS church before she joined me (I had to go first and get housing) and we developed a testimony together with the little group of saints that were there. We also got active in genealogy and did quite a lot through correspondence.

After we returned to the states in 1957, with Stephen another addition to our family, we took a train ride down the Eastern Seaboard to our new station in Florida. We were stationed at Hurlburt Field or Auxiliary #9. It was a small base and a shortage of housing existed in the area. We finally found a house to rent about 15 miles from the base near a town called Milton. I joined a car pool but I was the only Mormon and had to drive 30 miles to church and longer distances to home teach. I

bought a 1954 Ford Ranch Wagon that was good on gas.

In the summer of 1958 the Wing at Hurlburt AFB transferred to England and I received orders to report to Ellsworth AFB back again to Rapid City, So. Dakota, with another addition to the family, Frank Jr. We looked forward to being stationed close to home again. It did not last long, by 1960 we were in Amarillo, Texas where I helped form a new command post in a new wing. One year later we were on our way to Newfoundland and by this time we had John Calvin join the family. Cara Le liked Amarillo and our new home there and hated to leave.

Newfoundland was enjoyable even though the winters were hard. There were plenty of wild strawberries, blueberries, moose and lobsters. Charles LeRoy was born here and it was the only birth I missed. I was in Washington, D.C. with Robert who had developed a form of regional ileitis.

In 1964 we said good-bye to Newfoundland and hello to Lincoln, Nebraska. I bought a nine passenger station wagon in New Jersey and we seen the sights across country again on the way. Next year I retired from the service in December 1965. I tried working as a dry cleaner in Lincoln but did not like it so we decided to move to Utah.

I wanted to work at the genealogical library in Salt Lake but then so did a lot of other people. Qualifications were high, they were not taking anyone without a degree or knowledge of a foreign language.

We moved in with Dema in Provo until her real estate friend found us a home in Springville. It was an old pioneer home but sufficient for our needs. Here we put our roots down and one-by-one our children grew up and left.

Cara Le and I were divorced 1 Oct 1979 and I then married Lois Catherine Schrick Storch 24 May 1980. She had 8 children, 7 living. All had left home except her two youngest, Bill and LaVerne. I also had two at home, Charles and Rebecca. I found how hard it is to mesh two families together.

After everyone was gone I quit my job with the Post Office so Lois and I could go on a mission. We were called to go to Kirtland, Ohio which I really enjoyed because so much church history originated there. We were appointed directors of the Newel K. Whitney home and store.

After the mission we were able to tour the eastern church sites visiting Joseph Smith's home, sacred grove, Peter Whitmer home where the church was organized. We also got to visit our daughters who were working in the east. Then on the way home we visited the Liberty jail and Adam-ondi-Ahman.

We were assigned as stake missionaries after our return

home. Signs of paranoia started to appear in Lois. As she started to offend people we were released. I made an appointment to have her examined by psychologist and she went for the first time but that was all. She put what clothes she wanted in Steve and Theresa's car and took off.

She went to live with LaVerne in Washington, D.C. for awhile and finally ended up in Kirtland, Ohio where she had been on a mission. Doctors say people with paranoia like to go back to places where they have had pleasant memories. Here they were able to put her in a hospital but were unable to make her take any medicine so they released her after two months. She has been with me ever since and has improved. We enjoy life together by reading scriptures in the morning, going to the temple on Tuesdays, doing our genealogy assignment in the ward, and helping each other with our individual talents.



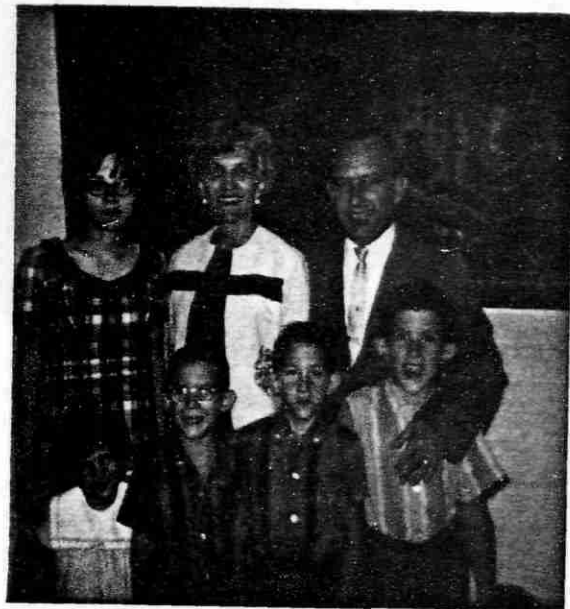
Frank and Lois Goodell of Springville have been called to serve an LDS mission in Akron, Ohio. Their farewell will be held February 24, 1985 at the Springville Stake Center at 1:50 p.m. They will enter the Missionary Training Center on March 6.

Above; Our mission call to Kirtland, Ohio.

Below; With the other missionaries in the School of the prophets in the Whitney Store, Kirtland.







James Allen, fifth child, married Beverly Calano 15 Jul 1957 in Phoenix, Arizona. She was born 3 Oct 1928 to Thomas R and Sylvia Terrance Calano. She had a daughter, Beverly, by a previous marriage. Jim and Beverly were divorced 31 August 1979. Their children are:

1. James Allen jr. born 19 Feb 1959 in Phoenix, Arizona. Married Maria Cox 10 Sep 1982 in Fairfield, Idaho. Divorced March 1987.
2. David Charles born 5 July 1960 in Iremenach, Germany at Hahn AF Base. He married Susan Hupfer 2 Jan 1983 in Fairfield, Idaho. She died Jan 1989 leaving two children.
3. Donald Clark born 18 July 1962 in Iremenach, Germany at Hahn AF Base. He married Noreen Matilda Zapada in Brooklyn, New York.
4. Patricia Jane born 20 Jan 1964 in Fargo, North Dakota. She married Paul Fazekas 30 Apr 1984 in Phoenix, Arizona.



James Allen Goodell was born 8 June 1930 in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, the fifth child of Charles and Anna Goodell. He attended Scottsbluff High School.

Frank was four years older and sometimes they got in fights. When Frank was discharged from the Navy after WWII James put on his uniform and went around town as a Navy man. This caused a fight.

Jim always wanted to be in the service so he joined the Army Air Force as soon as he was 17. He was sent to Lackland AFB, Texas and Kelly Field for 10 weeks of training.

Jim writes of his life, "Upon graduating from basic training I was sent to Lowrey Field near Denver, Colorado for a Military Police school. This lasted eight weeks and it was tough, a lot of spit and polish. I was then assigned to March AFB, California until March 1948 when I received orders reassigning me to the Panama Canal at Albrook Field, Canal Zone.

After two years in Panama I was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey to be discharged having completed my three years service. I returned home and went to work for the Gering Taxi company for about two months but just could not adjust to life in a small town so I re-enlisted in the Air Force in June 1950. I was sent to Lackland Texas again for training but this time it was only for two weeks. I was then assigned to Westover AFB, Mass. I stayed at this base until January 1951 when I received orders for an overseas assignment to Dhahran Air Base in Saudi Arabia. I did not like Westover.

In Saudi it was a different kind of life. You could not fraternize with the population, etc.

They only kept the enlisted troops for one year in Saudi so in January 1952 I was assigned to Rapid City AFB, So. Dakota. My brother Frank was stationed here at the same time and we got together once in awhile. I did not stay here very long though as I soon got orders to report to Brize Norton RAF station in England. This was in November 1952.

" In June 1956 I was relieved from assignment in England and received orders to report to Luke AFB, Arizona. Here I met Beverly Lucille Calano.

" I married Beverly 15 July 1957 and we had four children. A little over two years after we were married I received orders for Hahn AFB, Germany in November 1959. Two of my children were born there, Donald and David.

" After my tour in Germany was up I was lucky enough to get assigned back in Arizona where Beverly's people were. I received orders for Mt Lemon AF Station in Oct 1962 near Tucson, Az.

" I was here for almost 4 years until I had orders to report to Fargo, North Dakota on K code assignment to the Air National Guard. (What is that?) This was a terrible place as far as weather is concerned. Here my daughter Patrica was born.

I left Fargo in July 1966 for Clear AFB, Alaska. I could not take my family here.

" I now had enough time in the service to retire which I did at McCord AFB, Wash. 1 Sep 1967. I went back to Arizona where my family was and bought a house.

" I went to work as a deputy sheriff for Air Research (Garrett?) in Phoenix. I worked there several years. I took an early retirement from this company because the heat was causing leg problems. I retired 30 July 1978.

" I left Arizona 1 Aug 78 and went to Idaho Falls and went to work for the Police Dept there. I wasn't there long when an offer became available as police chief in a small town called Hagerman, Idaho. I filled this position until I got tired of being called at all hours of the night about barking dogs and resigned Aug 79. I was also going through a divorce from my wife as she did not want to come with me to Idaho. I returned to Az and waited for the divorce to become final. In the meantime I worked as a shipping and receiving foreman for Lou Register furn. co. in Az until June 80. I then traveled for a few months. I got a job and went to work for Chevron oil as security for 6 months and then returned to Idaho. I parked in Fairfield 1 Jan 1981 and have been here ever since. I work for Bill Stewart as manager of the mining co. restaurant where I cook and bartend.

" I had many TDY assignments while in the service. I have been to the Caribbean, Korea, Japan, Azores, Goose Bay, France, etc. where I have had to go after prisoners. I have been knifed, shot at, hit in the head with a tire wrench and almost lost my right eye as I was checking out a parking lot for a suspect. I have only 5% vision in that eye and it will never get better.

All of my life I had been a law enforcement officer and I got tired of all the troubles it brought so I am now just a retired civilian." James Allen Goodell 1989.



Jim and Frank by Dad's  
new Pontiac about 1935



Frank, Howard and Jim  
taken in Dec 1941



Jim with Pat and  
Valarie in England



Howard Eugene Goodell, sixth child of Charles and Anna Bales Goodell, born 15 Aug 1935 married Janice Ann Dean 2 June 1957 in Downey, California while he was in the Marines. She is the daughter of Keith Partridge Dean and Wilma Dorothy Onstoft. She was born 11 July 1939 in Gering, Nebraska. They were later sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. Their children are:

1. Joni Ilene Goodell born 17 Jan 1958 prematurely - lived five and one half hours.
2. Jana Lynn Goodell born 2 Mar 1959 in Scottsbluff. She married Gary Pehrson 1 Aug 1978 in the Salt Lake Temple.
3. Michael Howard Goodell born 11 Apr 1960 in Scottsbluff. He served a mission in Newfoundland for the church. In June 1983 he married Jana B. Carson.
4. Jeffrey Alan Goodell born 3 Dec 1961 in Scottsbluff. He married Lori Hiatt 22 Jan 1982 in the Salt Lake Temple.
5. Lori Ann Goodell born 5 Feb 1963 in Scottsbluff. She married Jeffrey Vance 10 Jul 1982 in the Salt Lake Temple.
6. Andrea May Goodell born 11 Oct 1966 in Scottsbluff. She married 22 Mar 1985 Darrell Ray Armstrong.
7. Juli Ann Goodell born 5 Jul 1972 in Murray, Utah.
8. Cathi Lynn born 7 Jun 1974 in Salt Lake City, Utah.



Howard was always a happy child and helpful. Grandma Bales said in one of her letters to Aunt Josie, "He was the best one yet." Yet he grew up in troubled times with the family. It was a time when dad sank to his lowest ebb. The depression was causing hard times, then World War II started when he was six years old. With his three older brothers gone to serve their country in the war, Howard was left with his brother Jim to help his mother through some difficult times.

When the war was over Bob, Dema and mom decided to buy a farm near Lyman in 1948. It was a bad move in more ways than one. Howard was then 13, had to change schools, make what new friends he could, and start living a country life. One year of farming on a bad farm and sustaining the blizzard of '49 was cause enough for everyone to return to the "city life".

Bob and Dema went to college at BYU, Frank and Jimmy were in the service, mom stayed and either worked in a cafe or ran one. She relied heavily on Howard to be the "man of the house" and they became close friends.

During Howard's high school days he was active in sports. He lettered as a lineman in football, sang in the choir and was popular. He had an excellent voice for radio and announced several baseball games.

Then the Korean war started and the nation began to draft young men again. When Howard turned 19 in 1954 he came home one day and announced to his mother that he had enlisted in the Marines. "It about broke my heart," she said. Howard did a lot of things for mom, making life more enjoyable for her and now she would be without him. But Howard didn't want to be drafted by the army and since the Marines were, "Looking for a few good men" he joined.

Just before he left Howard took mom on a memorable trip to the Black Hills of South Dakota. Mom related, "We drove all over Gering and Scottsbluff in hunt of a cook to take my place so I could go. Howard would not give up. He said it might be the last time for us to go alone and it was. We stayed at my son Frank's place a night in Rapid City and then went to Deadwood and seen a play about Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickock. We had a good time."

In the Marines Howard took radio and telegraph courses, graduating with honors. He quickly rose to the rank of Sergeant. He had met a cute little girl during his high school days in Gering and just five months before his discharge from the Marines he married her. They lived in a trailer home on the base.

After his discharge they returned to Scottsbluff where Howard got a job in the Post Office. They eventually bought a home on the east side of town and started fixing it up the way they wanted it. He even put a hand pump in the basement to have

water in case of an emergency. They were putting their roots down. They were both active in the church and after holding several positions Howard was called to be the Bishop of the ward at age 28, a job that called for wisdom beyond his age in dealing with people. He was very conscientious about his responsibilities and worked diligently to be a good Bishop, relying on the Lord in difficult decisions. Nevertheless it caused stress enough to the point where it brought ulcers and after three years he was released.

Mom stated, "After being Bishop Howard knew he wanted more education." That probably wasn't the only reason but at any rate in November of 1967 Howard and Jan decided to give up their home, friends and security of a good job and move to Provo where Howard enrolled at BYU. It was a very difficult re-adjusting period in their life. They moved in with Dema for a few months, then mom followed and moved from Scottsbluff too in December. Dema's house was too small and the crowded conditions brought on more stress. The situation improved when Howard became eligible for housing at BYU.

To support himself and family Howard got a 20 hour a week job in the evenings and night at the Post Office. He also had some G.I. Bill of Rights but even so the money was tight with five children to support. Jan proved to be a good manager. They stuck it out and Howard graduated August 1971 with a BS degree in accounting.

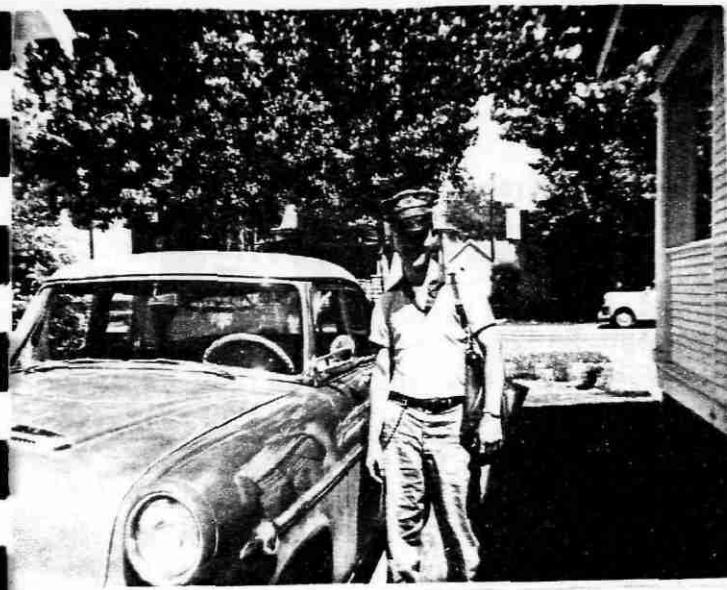
He got a job right away as an apprentice accountant with the V.A. Hospital in Salt Lake City. They bought a home in Granger and moved in. One year later he got an executive position in Tucson, Arizona, sold his home at a loss and moved there. They did not like it - among other things the school system was bad for the children. When an executive position opened up again in Salt Lake City Howard took it and moved back. They took another loss on their home but considered it worth it to get back to Utah.

He has been with the V.A. Hospital ever since and is now the associate director of operations. He handles all the fiscal, budget, and daily operations for the RMEC. This includes supervision of all the secretaries. RMEC is an acronym for Regional Medical Education Center. Each RMEC provides educational services to each of the VA Medical centers within its geographic boundaries. The RMEC's bring the latest concepts in medicine, nursing, allied health, management and patient education to the VA Medical Centers around the country.

Specifically, Howard's work in administrative operations included all of the fiscal, budget, and daily operations for the RMEC. He travels for the RMEC and has been to most of the continental united states. Howard has a few more years before retirement which they both are looking forward to. All of the children are married except for his two honor students, Juli and Cathi.



Top, Howard with Dad, Mom and Grandma and by himself at age 5.  
 School picture at about age 15.  
 Bottom, Howard with Mom before leaving for the Marines.  
 A three generation picture.



## Gering Girl Weds Scottsbluff Man

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Dean of Gering announce the marriage of their daughter, Janice Ann, to Howard E. Goodell, son of Mrs. Anna Goodell of Scottsbluff.

The wedding was performed June 2 at 2 p.m. in Gretna Green.



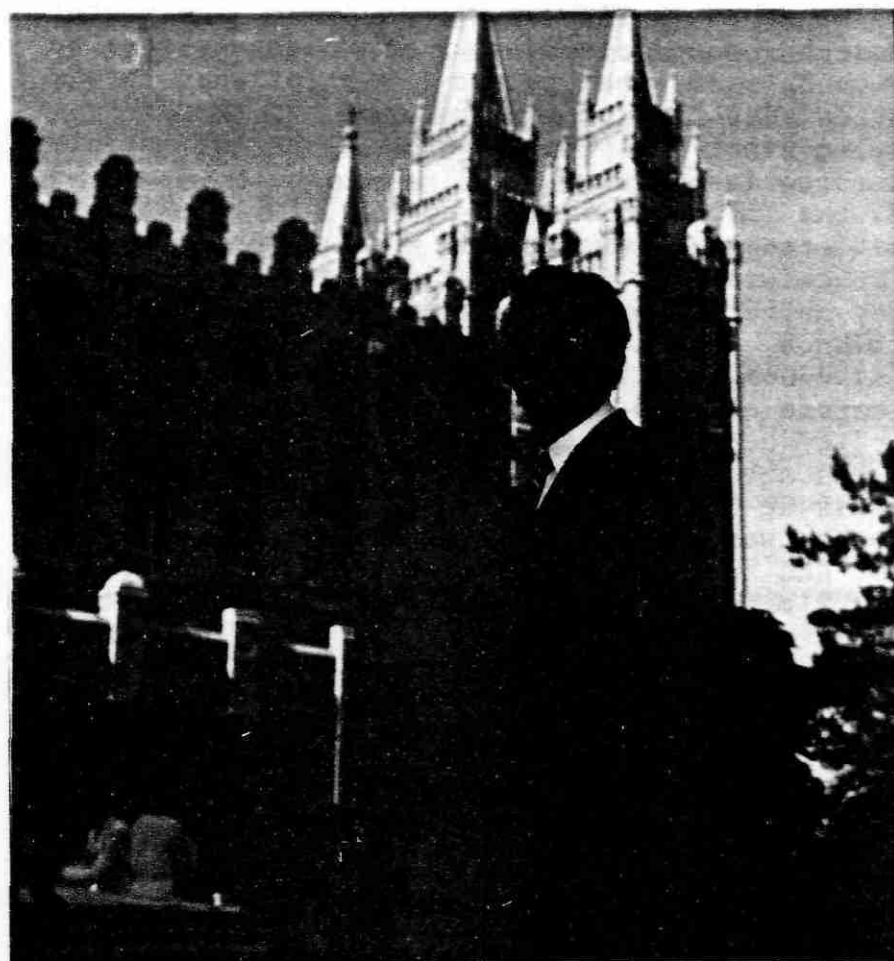
Mrs. Howard Goodell

Wedding chapel at Downey, Calif.

Attendants for the bride and groom were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Henderson of Downey, uncle and aunt of the bride.

A blue sheath dress, pink accessories and orchid corsage were worn by the bride. She carried out the tradition of something old, new, borrowed and blue.

Goodell is stationed with the Marine Corps at Twentynine Palms, Calif. The newlyweds are living at 7305 Rio Hondo place in Downey.



Top left, Howard as a letter carrier in Scottsbluff. Middle, with Jan. Right, Jan's wedding announcement. Howard and Jan by the Salt Lake Temple in 1982.





Joseph Cooley Goodell  
and  
Elizabeth Ann Nance  
(By Frank Goodell, 1989)



Joseph Cooley Goodell, my paternal grandfather, died six months before I was born. I never knew him in the flesh. I would have liked to. All I have to form a picture of him in my mind is some bits and pieces related to me by my mother. He told her she was his favorite daughter-in-law.

When Joseph and Elizabeth would visit their children they would usually stay a month at a time, especially in the winter time. Mom said Joseph would stand over the heat register to keep his Civil War wounds warm. They pained him a lot when it was cold. I imagine they were part of the cause of his temper too. Mom recalled Dad saying that he once threw a halter at him because Dad wasn't moving fast enough.

There were some letters that would have told something about him. His daughter Grace wrote in 1963 that, "I have a lot of old letters from Nellie, Mother, and Jessie which I shall keep for reference." I don't know what happened to the letters after Grace died. I do have some letters Joseph wrote to Dad in the 1920's a few years before he died. His mind was starting to be affected by the pain he had endured over the years from his wounds. He was worried about money and was always asking Dad for some, so he could fix up his house. Dad would send him some at different times. Joseph was getting a pretty good pension from the war by this time and he had money from his farm so he really did not need to ask for money.

I have less information about Grandma Goodell. Mom said she was an excellent seamstress. She sewed some nice clothes for them at the time Mom and Dad's house burned down in Burwell. When she stayed with our family after Joseph died and we lived in Denver she would give part of her pension money to Dad. But then she would have a tendency to dictate how it was to be spent as she thought the household could be run a little tighter. This sort of offended mom. Perhaps this was one of the reasons she did not stay long with us and went to live with her daughter, Nellie.

Dema's recollection of Grandma Goodell was that she was not to be disturbed, especially while she was reading her bible. Dema always felt closer to Grandma Bales than she did Grandma Goodell. I am sure if I could of asked Gramdma Goodell's children while they were still living, for a characterization of her I would get a different picture. She was a pioneer woman and went through many of the hardships of frontier life. This was especially so in Kansas where they suffered a great grasshopper plague that descended upon them in black clouds destroying everything in



their path. Then Joseph got sick and had to go to Colorado for his health. From there they moved to Nebraska where they started their life anew in their middle age.

Grandma Goodell's granddaughter, Sylvia Cramer Torkelson, wrote, "Grandma Goodell was such a special person to me. I loved her dearly. She was such a cute little grandma and full of fun. I was given the privilege of choosing my middle name and it couldn't be anything but Elizabeth after Grandma."

I vaguely remember Grandma Goodell. When I was about 10 my parents took my brother Jimmy and myself to Pueblo, Colorado to visit her. I don't know why they went at this time, perhaps Dad had a little extra cash from one of his oil deals and wanted to see his mother. She lived with her daughter Nellie and I remember her telling Mom that she would have to get permission from Nellie before we could take a bath in her bath tub.

I don't remember Nellie at all but Dad's brother Joe made an impression on my mind very vividly. He came in the house that evening, unbuttoned his suit coat, exposing a gun belt that had a .38 colt in a holster. He took it off and laid it on the table and said, "That's what you have to wear around here!" He was in some kind of trouble over the new car he was driving. Some of the locals were trying to take it from him. He got a court order to carry a gun to see that they didn't. I was also impressed with how much he looked like Dad. I could hardly tell them apart.

Remembering the gun kept me awake that night. I kept listening for someone that might come and take the car. It didn't bother Jimmy though, he was soon snoring away.

It seems like most families have at least one renegade in the bunch, if they have a large enough family. Dad's brother Joe seems to be the one here. He was always in hot water. When he was younger his brother Fred was helping him financially to go to college. Fred found out he was skipping classes and spending his time in the poolroom. That ended that.

The last time Fred heard from Joe was in El Paso, Texas. Then he just disappeared. No one could find a trace of him. Fred thought he might have drifted over the border and was killed by a Mexican gang. Dad spent some time trying to find him also as he wanted to have the ordinance work done for him but he could not find him either. I told Dad the only way we are going to find out what happened is for you to die and then come back and tell me. He thought that was funny.

On the 29th of January 1989 I had retired to bed early and was going over some old letters and material to re-write Dad's life story. I was thinking about Dad and Joe when I felt the bed shake, not once but twice. "Maybe Dad is trying to tell me

something about Joe," I thought as the hairs on the back of my head started crawling. Lois yelled from the front room, "Boy, did you feel that earthquake?" "Oh, is that what it was," I said relieved in someways. Dad's brother Joe still remains a mystery.

Grandpa Joseph C. Goodell was born 24 June 1845. He was the fourth child of Schuyler and Malinda Sowell Goodell. His three older sisters all married into the Clark family of Illinois. His parents had 92 acres of land in Loami, Illinois when he was born but by 1853 had sold out at a profit and purchased property in Menard county. It was located across the Sangamon River just East of Petersburg in section 13. Later they bought additional land near Atterberry in section 26 in township 19 range 7 west.

This was good productive land and they prospered on it. Joseph, along with his brother Robert Willis, was growing up learning how to farm by helping his father Schuyler. The McCormick Reaper had been invented and improved upon. This saved the back breaking work of reaping with a cradle scythe. They also had other inventions, such as the thrasher, that helped increase the productivity of the farmer's products.

From a deed we find that Joseph's uncle, Calvin jr, bought from his father, Calvin sr., the following things in order to start his own farm: "One McCormick Reaper, one sorrel mare with a star on her forehead about 10 years old, one two horse wagon, one log wagon, two sets of harnesses, one mare mule 3 years old, one black mare 3 years old, one prairie plow, one two horse plow, one two horse sled, one thrashing machine." He also got 50 acres of growing wheat on Calvin sr's farm.

The farmer could now, with inventions and improved methods, cheaply produce more for foreign markets. The railroads, by the 1850's, had extended their lines into Illinois which provided the farmer with cheaper means of getting their products to markets. The average price for shipping goods was 2 cents per ton mile. But now industry and agriculture began to expand and overextend themselves. Some began to speculate, principally in land.

During the Crimean War of 1854-56 there was a demand in Europe for American food. When the war ended the demand for food fell and so did the prices. Joseph, at age 12, got his first taste of what it was like to go through a depression. This one was called the, "Panic of 1857." Banks were closed and panic did set in. Some financiers in Wall Street were ruined. It was short lived though as the Civil War was soon to start. However, the effects of it were felt by farmers everywhere.

One of the neighbors of the Goodell's in Menard county was the Nance family. The Nance, Sowell, Wood, Clark, and Alysworth families had all moved to Illinois about the same time. It was natural that they would intermarry. Simeon and Amanda Wood Nance

had a farm near Petersburg. Simeon employed men and I have a couple of notes he signed so that they could buy merchandise. These were found when an old building in Petersburg was torn down. They were to a local merchant stating, "Mr. Wright and Hickam, Pleas let the bearer have two dollars fifty five cents in merchantdizing and charge the same to my account." signed S. Nance 13 Nov 1849. The other one was dated 16 July 1951, "Mr Wright and Hickam, Pleas let the bearer have one dollar in merchantdizing and charge the same to me and obliged." Simeon Nance. He wrote in a good clear hand.

Simeon and Amanda had a daughter named Elizabeth and although she was four years younger than Joseph I am sure he could not help but notice how cute she was. They probably did not meet very often due to the heavy work load on a farm, still there was the usual Saturday night socializing that went on.

Circumstances beyond their control were about to change their lives. A series of events was fast leading up to the South wanting to secede from the union. The Kansas-Nebraska act was passed which destroyed the Whig party and by 1856 a new party was created that was sectional. It was called the Republican party.

When Kansas and Nebraska opened up for settlement by this act few entered Nebraska. Kansas became a race between Northern and Southern settlers to determine who could control the territory and make it a slave or free state. The struggle for Kansas dramatized the struggle of the nation between freedom and slavery.

During the panic of 1857 the south thought they would be better off out of the union as the world demand for cotton continued. This allowed them time to recuperate from their losses during the depression while the north was still struggling. It sharpened sectional differences.

When Joseph turned 16 the war between the states had been going on for a year. Most everyone had thought it would be of short duration. The first battle of Bull Run changed that notion. President Lincoln had originally called for 75,000 volunteers to put down the rebellion. Now he seen the need for an army of some strength so he ordered a draft of 300,000 troops on the 4th of August 1862. It was the first conscription act and caused some controversy especially in New York.

The war fever was growing before Lincoln issued his draft. The call for all red-blooded men to rally around the flag had been sounded. The glory of fighting for your country and it's cause was strong. The nation still had heroes and young Joseph was caught up in it. Today you have the Stokey Carmichael's who chant, "Hell no, we won't go!" Then they slink away after their influence wears out. Today we have no more heroes to hold up and

admire. The veterans who returned from Viet Nam were ridiculed and spat upon because of the unpopularity of that war. The Soviet troops were cheered as heroes when they returned from Afghanistan, an equally unpopular war.

One month before his 17th birthday Joseph ran away to another county and joined the Union Army. He was ready to fight the Rebels. I can relate to this situation. During World War II when our country was at it's strongest and greatest the desire to defend it was great. I had just turned 17 when I signed up to help fight for our country. I can remember my mother's worried look as my train pulled out of the station. No doubt Joseph's mother felt the same way to have her son go at so young an age. But you have no fears when you are young and the world is your oyster.

Joseph enlisted as a private in Company F, 51st Illinois Infantry at Bath, Illinois. The company was just forming when he signed the enlistment roll 10 June 1862, fourteen days before his 17th birthday. His uncle, William Goodell, was already serving as a Lieutenant under General Grant and this probably had some influence on him. One of Joseph's enlistment records shows his height as 5'5 and one half inches, another shows it as 5'7". Both records agree that he had black hair, grey eyes, and dark complexion. After a month of dogging and drilling there was enough men to muster in the company. This was done 18 July 1862 with Captain George L. Bellows in charge. Before that it was called Captain Bellow's company.

The 51st Regiment had already been organized at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, in December 1861. Company F joined them at Decatur, Alabama. Here they guarded the railroad from Hillsboro to Decatur until 4 September 1862. The regiment then joined the Army of the Cumberland under General Buell and marched to Nashville from Decatur. They arrived on the 12th of September and participated in the siege of Nashville until the 6th of November. During this time the famed Confederate Calvaryman, Nathan Bedford Forrest was raising hell behind their lines. They repulsed him and drove him from the area. The regiment moved into Nashville and had duty there until 26 December 1862.

Major General Don Carlos Buell was relieved of command of the Army of the Cumberland because he failed to pursue the Rebel General Bragg fast enough. This was done in October 1862 and he was replaced by Major General William S. Rosecrans (called old Rosey by his troops and was well liked). On the 26th Rosecrans ordered his 45,000 troops to march to the little town of Murfreesboro. The Confederate Army was camped there behind Stone River under General Bragg.

As Rosecrans moved down to Murfreesboro Bragg waited for him and on 31 December their armies fought an inconclusive battle.



Bragg struck first crushing Rosecrans' right and for awhile it looked like the Army of Cumberland would be routed but General George Thomas, who commanded the center, withstood the attack until the right could reform.

When night came it looked like the South had won but for some reason Bragg failed to renew the attack the next day. Throughout all of 1st January both armies were inactive. Late in the afternoon of 2 January Bragg attacked the Federal left but was repulsed by artillery. The next day there was sporadic firing but no real activity. Then at dark Bragg retreated to Tullahoma, some 36 miles south.

Rosecrans moved into Murfreesboro but could go no further, his losses were great. No one really knew who won the battle. The Federals lost 13,000 and the South 10,000. Both armies were inactive for 6 months and were less than 40 miles apart.

Finally Rosecrans moved the Army of the Cumberland around Bragg's right flank and got into Chattanooga from the southwest without firing a shot. After trying to outmaneuver one another the two armies faced each other at Chickamauga 19 September 1863. Again General Thomas proved to be the main force for the union and earned the name "Rock of Chickamauga."

At Chickamauga they experienced their first defeat. Joseph had now been in two major battles and at age 18 the war had lost some of its glamour and glory for him. General Sherman's statement, "War is Hell," took on new meaning. For the first time he experienced what it was like to retreat in confusion. One northern officer wrote, "No order could be heard above the tempest of the battle...fugitives, wounded, escort ambulances all thronged through narrow passageways." The routed yankees streamed toward Chattanooga carrying General Rosecrans with them. He believed the day was lost but again Bragg never followed up and let them escape. Bragg had won a victory but he was not so sure after counting his losses of 17,800 troops.

The Federal troops regrouped at Chattanooga under General Grant. Bragg finally moved his army near and positioned his cannons and crack troops at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. These were two strategic positions that gave him an advantage.

As the two armies again faced each other General Grant ordered an attack by having General Sherman advance on the right. General Thomas was ordered to have his regiments take the Rebel rifle pits at the base of Missionary Ridge. The men were so eager for the chance to redeem themselves from the defeat of Chickamauga that even clerks, cooks, and servants found guns to get in the fight.



The Rebel rifle pits fell quickly but the 51st regiment now found themselves exposed to deadly fire from above. Without orders they charged up the steep face of the ridge. A Union officer described the charge, "a color-bearer dashes ahead of the line and falls. A comrade grabs the flag and he too falls. Then another picks it up, waves it defiantly and as if bearing a charmed life he advances steadily towards the top." Another soldier remembered, "Amid the dim battle sounds the battle cry of 'Chickamauga!, Chickamauga!', could be heard."

General Bragg's Rebels fired their cannons desperately from the ridge. They poured musket and grape shot balls into their pieces and fired them like shotguns. When they could not point their cannons steep enough they lit fuses on the balls and rolled them down the hill. Joseph was charging up the ridge next to Captain Bellows when one of the cannon balls exploded between them. The shrapnel killed Capt Bellows and severely wounded Joseph. This happened late in the afternoon before darkness came. Joseph recalled that he was lucky to be found by the medic stretcher bearers otherwise he would of died. His left hip and arm had the flesh tore off to the bone and it dislocated his thigh.

This ended the war for him. He was to spend a year in hospitals recuperating. Months later some skin grew back over the bones but an indentation was left in his hip and arm where the skin did not completely cover. They were adherent, sensitive to the touch and always painful. He now walked with a limp. The medical report stated that one leg, "was about an inch longer than its fellow."

Joseph was able to go home on a medical furlough 17 July 1864 after seven months of hospitals. He was now nineteen. The next day his father, Schuyler, returned from the war as discharged disabled veteran. They must of had a joyous reunion and no doubt had many war stories to tell and share. It is too bad they were not written down and preserved. Schuyler's brother, Calvin jr, did not come home. He died of fever in Arkansas and they mourned his loss. Uncle William, Schuyler's other brother, had received his disability discharge 3 April 1863 due to being shot in his leg by a drunken soldier. The war ended early for all the Goodells.

Joseph was finally released from the Army 29 October 1864 with a total disability discharge. He returned to Petersburg and tried to adjust to his physical limitations caused by his wounds. He either required or just took two more years to regain his strength and recuperate enough to face the world 's challenges. Since he could do no real heavy work that farming required he went to buying and selling stock.

About one month after Joseph returned home Elizabeth's

father, Simeon, was drafted in the union army. He was mustered in the 9th district of Illinois Infantry the 14th of November 1864. This was at Sand Ridge, Illinois and he was to serve one year. According to Dad, "Simeon was just over 45 years of age when drafted and he was not well. He was just past the draft age and had no business being in the army but before they could get papers to prove his age he was sent to New York." He died 23 days later at Governors Island, New York of, "acute dysentery", probably a catch all phrase at the time. Dad said he had cancer of the throat. Now Elizabeth was fatherless.

Shortly after this Joseph paid more attention to the cute daughter of Simeon and Amanda or she paid more attention to him. Whatever the case they were attracted to each other and this became his courting years.

While Joseph was riding around the country buying and selling stock he had several experiences. This one was told by his son Charles: "Dad, being pretty much crippled for quite a time after the war, did a lot of riding on horseback dealing in cattle. I recall him telling of buying a bunch of cattle close to some town, put down a payment and was to come after them later. When he did go after them it was late on a Sunday and he was tired so he put his horse in the livery barn then got his supper and a room at the hotel. He went right to sleep. He had 8-900 dollars with him to pay for the cattle. He said he had the money in his pants pocket and put his pants under his pillow. Early in the night he woke and everything was on fire. He was in an upstairs room and people were yelling for him to jump. He could not find his pants, they said they had his pants so he got out. They did not have his pants and he always thought the fire was a cover up. So there he was a stranger in town and no money."

"He went out the next morning and told the farmer he could not take the cattle as his money was gone, cleaned out by the fire. He said the farmer looked at him, chewed on a straw, and then said to go ahead and take the cattle he would trust him. He drove the cattle right to a market, sold them at a profit, went right back and paid off the farmer."

Joseph and Elizabeth were married 21 November 1867, Grace said in Elizabeth's grandmothers home. At this time Grandmother Wood was a widow and so was mother Nance. The Menard county Axis, the local newspaper, printed the announcement as, "Married-on Thursday evening 21 Nov 1867 at residence of A-----Esquire, by Rev. Pleasant Clark, Joseph Goodell and Miss Bettie Nance." The A. could stand for Elizabeth's uncle, Alexander Wood, who had a nice home in town.

Rev. Pleasant Clark was a brother-in-law to Joseph, having married his sister Adella A. Goodell. No doubt she attended the

ceremony and probably Joseph's parents and his brother and sisters. Those attending on Elizabeth's side besides her mother, grandmother and uncle were her sister Julia and her brothers William, Milo, and Robert Nance.

Joseph was 22 and Elizabeth 18. After the ceremony they went to Bloomington, Illinois for their honeymoon. Grace wrote, "Mother's wedding dress was a blue poplin and Dad dressed in black broadcloth. They were said to be a handsome couple. They started housekeeping in rooms over a grocery store in Petersburg."

If Joseph continued to buy and sell cattle he must have used part of his father's land to fatten them up while he lived in town. Their first child, Nellie, was born 27 Sep 1868 in Petersburg. Grace said they moved to Hillsdale, Kansas when Nellie was 14 months old. That would make the date of the move sometime in November 1869. They probably took a train as it was so late in the year. The Union Pacific had completed it's lines in Kansas by 1868 and was heavily advertising for passengers.

His father Schuyler had moved to Hillsdale sometime before because his wife Malinda had relatives there and because of the Homestead Act. This act passed in 1862 allowed them to homestead on 160 acres of land free. They had to cultivate and improve it for three years and then they could obtain a patent for the land, and then the U.S. would issue a full title and unrestricted ownership.

It was still a fool thing to do in hindsight. They left the fertile and rich land by the Sangamon River for the frontier barren prairie land of Kansas. Before the new settlers could transform the country into farmland they had to overcome many obstacles. Without trees the first homes were made out of sod. With the lack of wood, prairie grass and buffalo chips were burned for fuel. The invention of the steel plow by John Deere was a great improvement as the cast iron plow would break in the tough prairie sod.

Joseph homesteaded 160 acres next to his father's farm in Hillsdale. As Joseph could still not do heavy work it was hard on him to break ground and improve his land. He put in what crops he could, mainly feed for stock he would continue to buy and sell for a living. Their second child, Frank Eli was born 21 June 1870; the third, Lula A born 11 Mar 1872; the fourth Evaline born 29 Jun 1874 and died 4 Nov 1877 living only three and a half years.

Although Congress passed an act which provided that all Indians be removed from Kansas they still continued to be a problem. Mr. Z. Jackson, an enumerator for the 1870 census of Barton and Rush counties wrote, "I have traveled this country

with a strong escort of U.S. Soldiers to protect me from hostile Indians who roam at will over these prairies which ought to be the home of our people in the over crowded cities of the East."

If Indians, dry weather, lack of trees and grasshoppers were not enough to hassle and harass them, then what happened in 1874 should have made them wish they had never left Illinois. After a partial drought there came a visitation that old timers referred to as "The Grasshoppers". They had come before but never like this. Big black clouds filled the air as hordes of them came and then descended, devouring every particle of vegetation in their path. They even ate the paint off buildings. Joseph told of making deep furrows around his buildings and then drag a railroad tie over the furrows killing them. He would then put them in sacks for chicken feed that winter.

Something good did happen that year though. A colony of Mennonites arrived from Russia and brought with them a hard "Turkey Red" wheat. Attempts to grow wheat in Kansas before this had failed. The Russian wheat proved to be very adaptive to conditions in Kansas.

Joseph and Elizabeth had one more child in Hillsdale, Fred Ormal, born 1 Dec 1876. Shortly after this Joseph's health, never very good, started to deterate from the hard work and conditions in Kansas. He started having financial troubles and was sued. The probate court records of Paola, Kansas dated July 1877 show, " J.C. Goodell was sued for \$638.38 by the firm of Barse and Snider , amount claimed to be due for monies advanced to purchase cattle, hogs and other stock." It was probably settled out of court as there is no further mention of it.

Joseph finally had to be taken to the hospital in Iola, Kansas, in 1877. He kept getting worse and after they did all they could for him the doctor told Elizabeth to take him to mineral springs in Manitou, Colorado. How she managed to do that with a very sick husband, no one has said. They did move to Monument however which is close to Manitou and Palmer Lake and after awhile he did get better. Grace and Charles both said it was the water that seemed to help him.

He soon felt well enough to trade for 10 acres in Colorado Springs which had a lot of buildings to take care of the cattle he would be buying and selling again. It also had good improved land in the back where he could grow feed. Here Charles A. was born 14 Oct 1880. They had two more children, Grace E. b. 5 Sep 1882 and Mona b. Feb 1884. Mona lived one month before she died.

In 1885 Joseph felt well enough that he got the moving fever again. He bought some land in Nebraska, why he chose that place no one living now knows. Elizabeth's mother, Amanda and her family were living in Colorado City, not too far from them. I am





Goodell family picture taken in Colorado Springs, Colo. in 1882. Frank and Nellie are standing, Seated; Elizabeth with Grace on her lap, Lulu, Fred, Joseph with Charles on his lap.

This reproduction was given to Dad by Fred 25 Feb 1959.



sure Elizabeth would of liked to stay in Colorado. Nevertheless Joseph employed her brother, Milo to look after the land in Nebraska until he could close up his business and move the family.

Joseph's son Fred wrote, " In 1885 as I recall, mothers brother Milo Nance went to Nebraska to look after land father had bought near the Platte River about 5 miles southeast of Buda. Milo had rented the land on one third crop share basis and it all had been planted to corn, and as I recall several years of crop share corn had been stored on the land. Milo built a small house and father shipped steers from Colorado. Milo fattened them on the stored corn and locally purchased hay which was selling for around \$3.00 per ton, rather course hay. About 1886 Frank took part of the family in a covered wagon from Colorado Springs to Buda, Nebraska. Later that year father shipped a few carloads of cattle to Buda with Charles, myself, and father riding in the caboose."

They were all together again and starting life anew in Nebraska. They did not stay on this first farm very long. Joseph bought a grain and livestock business in Buda. He also bought another farm close by the railroad station for easy shipping of his cattle.

His business prospered right from the start as the crops were good and the country well settled. His son Charles tells of the blizzard that came in 1888, " Dad had a car of hogs loaded ready for the train to pick them up when the storm struck. It so happened that the depot was built on stilts, that is it had underpinning about four feet high. This was for easy loading from the platform into the cars with no lifting. This left a space approximately 4 feet high and the length of the depot. The men pushed the car of hogs to the depot siding, opened the door and got all the hogs out, safe under the depot. They had to stay there for several days. Lots of stock and some people froze during this storm."

Joseph stayed in this place and in business until he sold out the Buda farm and the grain and stock business about 1903. In 1910 he sold out all his farm land and cattle. Charles wrote, "After he closed up all of his business he and mother would spend their winters in California and then back to Kearney for the summer and fall. They would take little trips to visit relatives but only for a short duration. Their last home in Kearney was 403 west 25th street. Father was a good man. He had a real reputation around Kearney and Buda. He was strictly honest in his dealings with the public. He helped many a farmer over the hump during the dry years. They called him uncle Joe."

About the last five years of Joseph's life his mind started slipping and he required constant care. Someone had to be with

him at all times. Due to the efforts of his lawyer, W.E. Flynn, an attorney from North Platte and his doctor Judd Strong his war pension was increased to \$72.00 a month. When he was discharged in 1864 it was \$8.00 which continued until 1873. At that time Congress passed a law increasing all Civil War pensions to \$14.00 a month. This continued until 1908 when it was increased to \$24.00 a month, then to \$30.00 by 1912.

In June 1924 Mr. Flynn and Dr. Strong both wrote to get Joseph's pension increased, "Don't wait until he dies," pleaded Flynn, "From 1920 on he could do nothing physically," he said. Dr. Strong wrote the same year, "I have known him for more than 5 years. By my own personal knowledge he requires constant care and attention night and day for the past 4 years. I have treated him at his home and further state that his pain and suffering has affected his mind." Upon receipt of these two letters the commissioner granted the increase to \$72.00 commencing 31 May 1924.

Charles related, "Dad was active practically all his life. Pretty much at the last of his days he wanted to fight the war over again. I was living at Denver in Oct 1925 and was on my way to Omaha to take an excursion to Florida as the big land boom was on there. I stopped in Kearney and visited with the family. It was in the evening when I arrived, my sisters Grace, Dema, and Nellie with their husbands stopped in to see me. My brother Frank was there too. Dad came out of the bedroom and stopped. He looked them all over and said, 'I'll be damned.' Then he came over to me and said, 'Young fellow I see that you are all right if these other birds will leave you alone.' Then he would want to fight the war over again."

"Nellie lived next door to the folks. She, Grace and Mother stepped out the back way to Nellie's and let Dad alone. Grace came back first and let out a squawk. Dad had piled up all the furniture against the front door and window. Grace started right in to straighten up everything but she only got started and Dad took over. He had all the Johnny Rebs shut out until Grace wrecked his fortifications. Grace came out of the house a lot faster than she came in and Dad right after her with his old cane working."

"Dad's mind though was always keen on things when he was young. He could tell of happenings over and over again and would always tell the same things the same way. His brother Willis and his sisters as well as the war, he was always the same on these matters."

"On the 6th of Oct, in the morning, I was in the kitchen with my Father bidding him good-bye. He went to laughing, grabbed my hand and went to singing, which I never remember of hearing him do before. Mother and my brother Frank started to

California with him the same day. They were going to place him in the Old Soldier's home in Los Angeles. They had to get a drawing room on the train as he got so hard to handle."

"I left for Florida that morning before they did, I never saw Dad again. He died 30 Oct 1925. Mother and Frank were the only ones there. From what I am told he passed away in his sleep."

Charles saved some of the letters his dad wrote to him in 1920-22. Here are some excerpts:

Kearney, Neb Feb 9th 1920. "Dear Charlie, Your letter with the \$50.00 draft received. I am sure thankful to you it will help if I can get \$50.00 more soon. It will help me out of the strain. I have written to Fred for \$200.00, I don't hardly look for it, but he may send me \$100. I will let you know if he does. He is over at Phoenix now the legislation is in session and will be for the next month. I am going to write to him more fully and tell him how I am hooked up. I have helped him out several times and it is about time that he returned the compliment. I am very sorry that I commenced to fix up the house. They hold you up at every turn of the road. Just as soon as I get done what has to be done I am going to quit. I would like very much to come and see you and Annie...Continue to make good deals but be careful and don't get in too deep. One can never tell what is ahead it is best to stay near the shore...Write often, J.C. Goodell.

Kearney, Neb Mch 31st 1920. "Dear Charlie, Your letter received and glad to hear from you....I think it was framed up that Vandercar gave Ed \$100 dollars and between them they got the money. I am thankful to get a little of it back. It has put me on short rations but we will try to live through it. I look for the pension to come today. You go ahead and get all you can and give me half of what you can afford. I am sure glad to get a little. We are getting the little place to look fine, you mother helped to furnish it...Frank Winslow is painting my house, he lives here in town and does alright...Joe is making it, he talks like he will soon get a big lift but I think he had two partners that absorb all the money"...yours, J.C. Goodell

Kearney, Neb Jan 27, 1921

Dear Charlie,....I am getting my little place fixed up so your mother and I will not have to be shoved around so we can come and go when we want to. I want to see that country of yours....I think we have moved around enough but if we both live we will likely come and see you. I am glad to get the \$25.00 with the prospects of more for it will nearly clean us out by the time we fix up the house. We have two men working on the inside now. Charlie, be careful and lay by some while you can for we will get some hard times along with the good. I am very thankful to get what we did. It might be that my brother can put you on to some good trades as he is getting old but is quite stout for his age. Now be careful as you can...You must keep all our

business of our own to ourselves as that one will want to know and then that one so we will keep all we know to ourselves. I can't do any trading myself as my head has got out of fix, it pains me so all the time. I think if I change climates it would be better...Yours, J.C. Goodell.

Kearney, Neb Feb 22, 1921.

Dear Charlie, Glad to hear from you hope you are all well and making lots of trades. We have finally moved to our house next to Nellie's. Your mother is as happy as she can be. I am sorry now we did not move to ourselves long ago. Our house is not fine but it is lots better than changing around like we have been...Nellie has not come back from California yet we look for her any time now that the house is empty. She held the rent up so high I thought we had better get to ourselves then we can go and come as we like....I hope you are still feeling good. I wish I could say the same still I don't feel any worse....If you see it will be any better for Frank to move down there try to persuade him to go down, if not don't persuade him. He is satisfied where he is, he will not make any more than a living anywhere he goes, that woman of his will keep him down...Good luck, write me and send me some money when you can...I wrote Fred for \$200 but he said he did not have it. I told him you sent me \$100. Good luck, J.C. Goodell."

Elizabeth wrote in 1921, " Dear Children, your letter arrived this morning. I sure am glad you like West Plains, Mo. but you haven't lived there long enough, it takes a year to find out about the climate but I hope nothing turns up in anyway to change your minds about West Plains, Mo.

The papers for our house are locked up in my trunk, Dyden never had them. The check you sent your father sure pleased him, he said hurrah for Charlie and thank the Lord. We are getting our house fixed up so it is going to look real nice. New windows and floors so it will look like the other house when it is finished.

Sure, just go on writing to your father, just so we hear from you and I am glad to get someone else to do the writing. But I wish you would continue to write real often and as many \$25 dollars as you find rolling up hill. Just grab them and if you should get more than you know what to do with then just remember us...Lots of love to you all from Mother."

In all the letters received from Joseph he never signed any of them Dad, it was always J.C. Goodell.

Elizabeth stayed with Frank and Anna awhile in Long Beach after the burial of Joseph. She had an apartment in town that she had rented while Joseph was in the hospital. Then she went home to Kearney to settle the estate, I don't know how it turned out or who got what. Dad always wondered what happed to Joseph's money. He wrote, "Dad made a lot of money during his life time



and he did not smoke or drink. But he was always pretty secretive as to his business affairs. I know he quit the Kearney banks and was doing business with the banks in Omaha. I know he had several farms and financed the irrigation dam and canal. We irrigated in Buda for 1 or 2 years and then just let it drop. He bought the right of way through all the farms for ditches."

Elizabeth lived 13 more years after Joseph died. She probably had the money from the farm and the house in Kearney put into some kind of a fund and used it to live on for the rest of her life. She stayed with our family for awhile in Denver then she went to live with Nellie and died there 28 Feb 1939.

Charles wrote, "My mother Elizabeth Ann Nance Goodell, died in the Glotner Hospital at Colorado Springs, Colorado 28 Feb 1939 at the age of 89 years, five months, and 14 days. She happened to be left alone at the summer home in Palmer Lake, Colo (approx 25 miles from Colorado Springs) where she and my sister Nellie usually spent their summers."

"She was sweeping off the porch steps and fell, broke her hip and several ribs. She lived approximately two weeks after that. Up to that time she was hale and hearty and always doing something. The last time I saw her alive was early in the summer of 1938. She was alone with her dog Rex. I stayed all night with her and most of the following day. My how she tried to stuff me with all kinds of eats. She only weighed 87 pounds but she sure was plenty spry for her age. She told me she was planning on living to be 100 and only for the accident she may have done it."

"Mother knew what a pioneer life was the first few years of her marriage and life was pretty rugged. I knew only of what was told me before my advent into the world, but after I was old enough to remember I can recall many events that made her a wonderful person to me, and also to others. She was always trying to do something for someone. She liked to see people happy. She was always right there when one of us children were hurt or thought they were. Many is the time she tucked me into bed and taught me to say my little prayers. Mother was a praying woman although she never did affiliate with any church. I thank God for such a mother."





Top left: Joseph Goodell and his dog Teddy about 1914. The girl is Elizabeth Brown.

Top right: Oliver and LuDema Goodell Brown with their daughter Elizabeth on the Goodell porch in Kearney, Nebr. Oliver and Dema lived with her parents for awhile. Oliver had a wonderful voice and used to sing at funeral's and church choir.

Below: Joseph and Elizabeth Nance Goodell's home in Kearney. Grandma and Joe are sitting, grandpa is standing on the porch.





Top left: Elizabeth, unknown person, Nellie and Joseph in Calif.  
 Top right: Jessie with her daughter Vergene.  
 Bottom left: Joseph and Elizabeth about 1918.  
 Bottom right: Jessie, Elizabeth and Nellie about 1932.

Joseph Cooley Goodell b. 24 Jun 1845 d. 30 Oct 1925 in the Pacific Branch National Home for disabled Volunteer Soldiers in Los Angeles, Calif. of Mitral Insufficiency and Arteriosclerosis. He married 21 Nov 1867 Elizabeth Ann Nance who was b. 12 Sep 1849 and died 28 Feb 1939 in Colorado Springs, Colo., of Lobar pneumonia and fracture of right hip. They were the parents of 11 children:

1. Nellie Marie b. 27 Sep 1868 in Petersburg, Ill. d. 10 Oct 1957 at Colorado Springs, Colo. m. (1) William Moses Clark 11 July 1887 in Colorado Springs. (div) They had two children:

I. Charles August Clark b. 7 May 1888, m. Myrtle Leon Avery 29 May 1915. Children:  
a. Charline b. 25 Feb 1916 in Denver.  
b. Beverley b. 18 Jun 1917 in Denver.  
c. Muriel b. 16 Jul 1922 in Colo Springs.

II. Bertha Eloise Clark b. 26 Aug 1890 in Palmer Lake, Colo. m. (3) James A. Starill 14 Feb 1928, no children.

Nellie Goodell Clark married (2) Simeon Landis 5 Jun 1895. He was b. 27 Nov 1845 in Sumner, Lawrence co., Illinois. He died 27 Jan 1920 in Kearney, Nebr. They had one child:

I. Francis Marion Landis b. 16 Feb 1904 in Kearney. He married Ruth Murphy 26 Apr 1926. and they had three children:  
a. Shirley b. 3 Dec 1929.  
b. Claudie Louis b. 12 Jul 1933.  
c. Donald b. 12 Jul 1933 (twins).

Nellie married (3) Dr. Judd Strong b. 28 Dec 1868 and d. 15 March 1933 at Hot Springs, S.Dakota. There were no children.

2. Frank Eli b. 21 Jun 1870 near Hillsdale, Kansas. He d. 17 Jan 1934 in Long Beach, Calif. He married Anna Pearl Williams 27 Sep 1898 at Kearney, Nebr. She was the daughter of David James and Sarah Jane (Harris) Williams. Anna was b. 7 Mar 1879 at Kearney and d. 14 Apr 1943 in Long Beach, Calif. They had two children:

I. Algy Franklin b. 4 Nov 1900 at Buda, Nebr. He m. Evelyn Yaskey 17 Mar 1920 (Div)

II. Dororthy Arlene b. 1 June 1909 in Atlantic, Iowa. She d. 14 Mar 1915.

3. Lula Amanda b. 11 Mar 1872 near Hillsdale, Kansas. d. 24 Jun 1904 in Colo Springs, Colo. She m. William A. Davis 22 Oct 1888 in Buda, Nebr. William was b. 11 Dec 1854, the son of Isaac

and Sarah (Pease) Davis. He died 12 Jan 1932 in Colo Springs. Their children are:

I. Mildren Goodell Davis b. 9 Sep 1889 in Colo Springs. She m. Oscar Reinhardt.

II. Miriam Augusta Davis b. 1 Jul 1895 in Colo Springs. She m. 16 Jun 1920 Percy Murry.

III. Grace Aillen Davis b. 8 Sep 1898 in Colo Springs. She m. George Gerry 9 Dec 1920.

IV. Lula Agnes Davis b. 11 May 1902 in Colo Springs.

4. Evaline b. 29 Jun 1874 near Hillsdale, Ks. d. 4 Nov 1877

5. Fred Ormal b. 1 Dec 1876 near Hillsdale, Kansas d. 6 Sep 1961 in Tucson, Ariz. He m. (1) Gertrude Humphrey abt 1905. She d. 10 Jan 1906 in San Antonio, Tex. They had one child:

I. Rolland Joseph b. 10 Jan 1906 in San Antonio, Texas. He m. Marybelle Afton Darrow 5 Oct 1930. She was the daughter of Lemuel D. Darrow and Blanche Grace Morgan. They had three children:

a. Fred Dewitt b. 4 Jul 1931 in Santa Monica, Calif. He m. Gloria Luna Jul 1955.

b. Leonard Joseph b. 29 Jul 1932 in Tucson, Ariz. He married Constance Abbott 11 Jan 1958.

c. Clara Eileen b. 30 Apr 1933 in Tucson. She m. William B. Fisher.

Fred m. (2) Josie Lemon abt 1906. She was b. 23 Jan 1882 in Sheridan, Oregon. They had two children:

I. Fred Ormal jr. b. 18 Nov 1910 in Los Angeles, Calif. He d. 24 Jul 1928.

II. Howard Elbert b. 10 Sep 1915 in Palo Alto, Calif. He d. 24 Jul 1928. (both died in an auto accident)

6. Charles Arthur b. 14 Oct 1880 in Colo Springs. d. 8 Mar 1962. He m. Anna Hazel Bales 19 Dec 1915 in Burwell, Nebr. She d. 18 Jul 1987 in Provo, Utah. They had 6 children.

7. Grace E. b. 5 Sep 1882 in Colo Springs. d. 1 Jan 1971. She m. (1) Edward E. Piper 4 Aug 1900 in Kearney, Nebr. They had three children:

I. Edgar G. Piper b. 24 Mar 1902 in Harlem, Iowa. He m. Fredia Huegli July 1930.

II. Don Joseph Piper b. 23 Nov 1906 in Avoca, Ia. He m. Kathryn Drowd Jun 1931. She d. 1945 no children. He m. (2) a French girl in Spain in 1958.

III. Eugenia Piper b. 23 Oct 1912 m. Robert L. Graham 23 Jun 1938. Two children:

a. Michael G. b. 22 Aug 1940

b. Ann G. b. 9 Apr 1948.

8. Mona b. Feb 1884 in Colo Springs d. March 1884.

9. Jessie V. b. 29 Jun 1888 in Buda, Nebr. d. 30 Dec 1957. She m. (1) Vey Cramer 31 Aug 1907. He was b. 6 Jun 1886 the son of Don and Henrietta (Phelps) Cramer. He d. 7 Nov 1950 in Sacramento, Calif. They had six children:

- I. Veydon b. 17 Jun 1908 in Brighton, Colo. m. Wanda Overstreet 14 Nov 1937.
- II. Sylvia b. 8 Feb 1910 m. Richard Torkelson 28 Jun 1928.
- III. Kendon b. 11 Jul 1911 in Roseville, Calif. m. Evelyn Fixmer 17 Jun 1937.
- IV. Jessie Vergene b. 2 Nov 1915 in Orangevale, Calif. m. William Walker 19 Oct 1934.
- V. Cameron Phelps b. 5 Feb 1917 in Orangevale, Calif. m. Edith Holverstatt 22 Apr 1940.
- VI. Frederick Dale b. 28 Jan 1920 in Orangevale, Calif. m. Mildred Machado 27 Oct 1940.

Jessie m. (2) Paul Opdyke 9 Jan 1957.

10. Joseph C. b. 29 Jun 1888 (twin) in Buda, Nebr. m. Alice Ketner about 1908. (Div) They had three girls.

11. LuDema M. b. 18 Mar 1891 in Buda, Nebr. m. Oliver Brown 24 April 1911. One child, Elizabeth.



Nellie Marie Goodell, first child of Joseph and Elizabeth, was b. 27 Sep 1868 in Petersburg, Illinois and d. 10 Oct 1957 in Colorado Springs, Colo. She m. (1) William Moses Clark, they had two children and later divorced. The children are:

1. Charles August Clark b. 1 May 1888 m. Myrtle Leon Avery 29 May 1915, in Denver. Their children:
  - a. Charline b. 25 Feb 1916.
  - b. Beverly b. 18 June 1917.
  - c. Muriel b. 16 July 1922.

(Dad wrote, "I understand that Charles Clark moved to Colo Springs and turned over the store he ran for years at Palmer Lake to his daughter and son-in-law. Charles is all crippled with arthritis.")

2. Bertha Eloise Clark b. 26 Aug 1890 m. Three times, the first two unknown. (3) James A. Starill 14 Feb 1928. No children.

Charles was b. in Colo Springs and Bertha in Palmer Lake, Colorado. William Moses Clark was b. 7 Mar 1860 in Newton, Sussex, N. Jersey and d. 24 Dec 1914 in Palmer Lake.

Nellie married (2) Simeon Landis 5 June 1895. He was b. 27 Nov 1845 and d. 27 Jan 1920 in Kearney, Nebr. They had one child:

1. Francis Marion Landis b. 16 Feb 1904 in Kearney, Nebr. He m. Ruth Murphy 26 Apr 1926. They had three children:
  - a. Shirley b. 3 Dec 1929.
  - b. Claud Louis b. 12 Jul 1933.
  - c. Donald b. 12 Jul 1933 (twin)

Nellie married (3) Dr. Judd A. Strong. He was b. 28 Dec 1868 and d. 15 Mar 1933 in Hot Springs, S-Dak. No children.

Nellie seems to have been the genealogist in the family. At least she furnished more information on the Nance, Wood, and Sowell lines than anyone else. She had greater opportunity to do so since Grandma Nance lived with her so long.



Frank Eli Goodell, the second child of Joseph and Elizabeth, was b. 21 June 1870 near Hillsdale, Miami, Kansas and d. 17 Jan 1934 in Long Beach, Calif. He m. Anna Pearl Williams 27 Sep 1898 in Kearney, Nebr. She was the daughter of David James and Sarah Jane Harris Williams. Anna was b. 7 Mar 1879 in Kearney and d. 14 Apr 1943 in Long Beach. Services were held 17 Apr 1943 and she was interned in the Sunnyside Mausoleum in Long Beach next to her husband Frank.

Anna was evidently a head strong woman whereas Frank was more docile and easy going. This caused some difficulties in their marriage as she got tired of the long hours required to run their laundry business in Iowa with little return and went to California to open up a millinery shop on her own.

Dad wrote about them, "Now as to Frank's wife Anna, she was a swell person. After they were married they lived in Buda and Kearney for three or four years. Then Frank got a steam laundry at Atlantic, Iowa and they moved there. Frank was not doing too good with the laundry as Atlantic was full of retired farmers that did their own laundry, etc. Anna had some friends in Long Beach, don't recall the circumstances, but anyway she had a chance to get into a little business- millinery or ladies goods of some kind and did. As I understand it went pretty well, anyway she stayed with it and bought a home in Long Beach. Frank was a fine boy but not much of a money maker. He was too easy. He did get an interest in what turned out to be a pretty good gold mine. He had 200,000 shares. Anna wrote to me about it after Frank died. The company wanted her to change the stock for other stock. I don't know how it came out."

Frank's dad, J. C. Goodell, wrote to Dad in 1921 and had this comment about Frank, " If it will be any better for Frank to move down there with you, try to persuade him to go down-if not don't persuade him to go he is satisfied where he is. He will not make any more than a living anywhere he goes. That woman of his will keep him down."

Anna wrote from Long Beach 1 Nov 1935 to Dad the following:  
"Dear Charles and family,

Having found your last letter this afternoon made me realize that I had never answered it. As this is Sunday and I am alone, I will try and answer...I hope you and family are all well. We have not heard from your mother for some time and I am anxious to hear how she is. I sent her a birthday card and a letter but addressed it to the ranch as I was at the Shoppe and did not have her town address with me.

Nellie wrote me some time ago that mother had failed so in the last year. Poor little dear, I hope she is not ill. I had a nice letter from Aunt Janie right after Decoration Day, telling me how she had been over and decorated little Dorothy's grave..

Well Charles we are all stepping along in life and it wont be long until we join our loved ones who have gone before us. I often feel that the time cannot come too soon for me. Life has been one hard struggle for the last few years. Then again when I see so many that face so much worse than I, that I feel ashamed to think I have been so ungrateful, but I miss poor Frank so much. I must go on for the children's sake.

Now Charles you asked me to send you a list of Frank's mining stock and I should have done so long ago, but you cannot realize how little time I have to think of writing to anyone. It will take me nearly a year more to get poor Frank's bills paid up as I am doing it alone. The children have all they can do to live and pay the payments on our house each month.

Now Frank's stock was 200,000 shares in the Silver Queen Mining company and that was sold to the Associated Metal mines, Inc. before Frank passed on. They sent a man out here to see his stock at the time they made the change and that is the company that I have to pay assessments on. Now Charles those certificates are all still under the name of Silver Queen Mining co. and I feel that they should have given him new certificates under the new name. What do you think?...Frank made a remark shortly before he passed away that he was not going to pay any more assessments, so I think he did not have much faith in it but Nellie told me if it was her she would keep it up as the mines are all being worked again and some were paying out good.

I am such a terrible writer anymore I am afraid you will have a time to make this out. I get so nervous I can hardly write. I wish you and Anna could take a run out to see us some time. I want to make one more trip back home to see my folks and when I get out of debt I am going. I will close by sending my love to all. Anna Goodell , 337E 4th, Long Beach"

Frank used to visit Dad and Mom a lot. When he was staying with the family in Denver he sold wine he imported from California in Dad's real estate office in downtown Denver. He smoked a pipe and would put a spool on the top of the bowl so he could blow perfect smoke rings. He would put Bob on his lap when he did this as Bob like to watch the rings. He also brought Bob a big red ball of string for his kite and after that Uncle Frank could do no wrong, he was his hero.

Frank was not well the last years of his life. He had arthritis and had to sit up in a chair to sleep.

Fred Ormal Goodell, fifth child of Joseph and Elizabeth, was born near Hillsdale, Kansas 1 Dec 1876 and d. 6 Sep 1961. Probably the most prominent of the children of Joseph and Elizabeth was Fred. He was a state senator for three terms, a 33rd degree mason, and active in civil affairs. He helped his mother get her pension increased and assisted her in any way he could.

Fred spent most of his life in Arizona and on page 292 from the "History of Arizona" is the following:

"One of Arizona's best known citizens is Fred Ormal Goodell, of Phoenix, who is serving in an able and acceptable manner as collector of internal revenue. He was born in Kansas on the 1st day of December 1876 and is the son of Joseph C. and Elizabeth Goodell. Mr. Goodell was educated in public schools of Colorado Springs and a military school in Nebraska. He entered the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad, with which concern he remained until 1902 when he went to the Southern Pacific. He held various positions with this company until 1912 when he was made assistant to the President of Southern Pacific de Mexico, which position he held until 1927, when he resigned in order to accept the appointment to his present position as collector of IRS. He was a resident of Tucson for a number of years while engaged in railroad work, but now resides in Phoenix."

"On December 1, 1906 Mr. Goodell was united in marriage to Miss Josie Lemon of Oakland, California. They are the parents of three children...Mr. Goodell is a prominent member of the masonic order in which he belongs to the blue lodge, chapter and commandery of the York rite and the consistory of the Scottish rite of Tucson. In the latter rite he has received the honorary thirty-third and last degree of Free Masonry in recognition of his active and effective service in that order over a long period of years."

...."He has for a number of years been a director of the Phoenix chamber of commerce. He has for three terms been in the state senate. A man of earnest purposes and sincere manner, he enjoys the respect of those who know him and is one of the leading citizens of his community."

Fred was also honored by the Masons and they presented him with a painting. This write-up appeared in a local paper in 1957:

"Melvin Norvelle, Worshipful Master Tucson Lodge, presented an oil painting to Fred O. Goodell on behalf of the Masonic Lodge at a testimonial dinner held May 8, 1957 at the Masonic Temple. Goodell, the oldest living past master of the lodge, was honored for his length of service with the local Masonic group. The banquet was attended by Masons from throughout the state."





FRED ORMAL GOODELL  
M. E. Grand High Priest  
1936



GOODELL HONORED BY MASONS

"Fred O. Goodell was born in Kansas. When he was one his parents moved to Colorado and when ten years of age the family moved to Nebraska. After attending public schools and a military academy, Goodell engaged with his father in the grain and livestock business.

"In 1898 he entered the service of the Union Pacific Railroad in the engineering department in Omaha, Nebraska, later being transferred to Wyoming. In 1902 he was employed by the Detroit Copper Mining company at Morenci, Arizona. Later that year he entered the service of the Southern Pacific Railroad in the division engineering department in Tucson. When the offices of the Arizona Eastern Railroad and the Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico were established in Tucson, he was for many years in the Executive Department under the late Col Randolph, and upon the death of the latter in a similar capacity under Col Randolph's successor."

"In November 1927, Goodell was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for Arizona by President Calvin Coolidge. With the election of President Hoover, he was re-appointed, from which position he resigned in July 1933 with the change in administration.

"In 1906 he married Josie Lemon. They had two sons, Fred Jr and Howard E. who lost their lives in an automobile accident in 1928. By a previous marriage Goodell has a son, Colonel Rolland J. Goodell, who suffered third degree burns in World War II from a bomb explosion in Germany. He and his wife now reside in Albuquerque, New Mexico."

"Goodell has given freely of his service to his employers and Public and Masonic work."

Grace Goodell Piper, seventh child of Joseph and Elizabeth Goodell, married second Millard Filmore Wickersham 16 May 1931. He was born 26 Jan 1874 in Zanesville, Ohio. He died 27 Jan 1960 in Wood River, Nebraska and is buried in the Cameron cemetery there. His parents were Phillip N and Rebecca Knox Wickersham. They married 5 Aug 1866. She died 28 Dec 1926 and Phillip died 19 Feb 1930. Phillip is also buried in the Cameron cemetery.

Close to the final years of her life Grace wrote a few letters to mom and myself in the 1960's. Here are a few excerpts:

"In the 31 years I have lived in Wood River I have lost all my Goodell family. No one left but Dema and myself. I don't get to see her as she is so busy with her family and also she has asthma very bad. My son Don is in West Africa on a big Navy job. My daughter Jean is in Australia. My other son I see only once in awhile so I am alone and very lonely. My husband past away over a year ago.

"He was a wonderful man, so good to me and my three children loved him. During the depression of '31 & '32 he had many losses and lost heavily in the bank failure here. In all with the farm it was \$35,000 and it was a terrible thing to go through. I had Don and Jean in the university at the time but Millard went to work and so did I and we managed to save our little home which I live in. It needs repair badly but I can't do it. He left me some social security so I manage by being careful but it is hard.

"Sometimes I wish I could pass on too but I know I shouldn't wish that as the Lord knows best what I should do...In church work I am on the executive board, membership chairman and I have played the organ for them - also taught sunday school classes but I have stopped all that. Had to give it up when my husband got so ill. He was a bed patient for over nine months. I took care of him myself, nearly wore me out but I was so glad I could do it. I miss him so.

"I am a very old lady-if I just knew where I could go or what I could do I would sell my little home (which I am no longer able to keep up) and get near some of my nieces or nephews. I am much to old to be living alone.

"As soon as I feel like getting into my old chest in which I have letters from my dear sister Nellie I will get some information for you. She told me of many things that happened in the family, dates, etc. I'll get them to you." (Wish she had been able to do this we did not receive any) In another letter she stated, "I have a lot of old letters from Nellie, Mother, Jessie, and Fred which I keep for reference."

...."I moved with my children to Lincoln in October 1925 after Dad left for Calif. My how the years have gone by in rapid succession....I divorced Ed Piper in 1923. He drank heavily, chased women and didn't support me or his family so I had to do it. Taking it all & all I have had a pretty rough life...do

appreciate your letters Frank and keep writing please as I am so very lonely and not well. Wish I lived near some of you folks...





Top left: Grace and her first husband Edward Piper.  
 Top right: Grace, her mother Elizabeth and daughter Jean. Also Grace Wickersham in her home at Wood River, Nebr. 1960.

Bottom left: Grace in 1942 taken in Falls City.  
 Bottom right: A picture of Grace taken in 1917.

# **WIVES FROM OVERSEAS VISIT MRS. G. WICKERSHAM**

and Mrs. Don J. Piper left  
 after visiting almost a  
 with his mother, Mrs. Grace  
 Wickersham.

Mr. Piper, an electrical super-  
 intendent at the United States Air  
 base at DaNang, Vietnam,  
 will leave. Mrs. Piper, who was  
 DaNang, was evacuated and has  
 been living in Madrid, Spain. She  
 arrived here about the first of March  
 and visited about 10 days with  
 Mrs. Wickersham.

After visiting relatives in New  
 York they will sail April 1 for Ma-  
 nywhere Mr. Piper will spend a  
 month before returning to Viet-  
 nam.

While the Pipers were here Mr.  
 Mrs. Ed Piper of Wahoo were  
 guests in Mrs. Wickersham's  
 home.



1967

## Longtime Resident Succumbs Friday

Funeral services for Mrs. Grace G. Wickersham, 88, a longtime resident, were held Thursday afternoon in the Chapel of the Apfel Funeral Home.

Mrs. Wickersham died Friday evening in a Grand Island nursing home.

The Rev. Robert Howard, pastor of the First United Presbyterian church, officiated. Miss Bethel Boyle, self-accompanied, sang "Beyond the Sunset" and "Abide With Me".

Pallbearers were Chas. Williams, Jerome Paulk, Wilbur McCumber, Nelson Brittin, Maurice Paulk and Art Ullstrom. Burial was in the Cameron cemetery.

Mrs. Wickersham was born Sept. 5, 1882 at Colorado Springs, Colo. She was a past president of the Woman's Club, a past matron of the Eastern Star and was a member of the First United Presbyterian church.

She was a resident of Wood River for 38 years and had been active in community affairs.

Her husband, Millard F. Wickersham, preceded her in death in January 1960.

She is survived by two sons, Edgar G. Piper of Lincoln and Donald J. Piper of Los Barrios, Spain; a daughter, Mrs. Robert (Eugenia) Graham of Miami, Fla.; two grandchildren, Michael and Ann Graham and a great-granddaughter, Erinn Graham.



Obituary of Grace Wickersham and right, Grace & son Ed in Lincoln Below; funeral program for Grace.

### MRS. GRACE WICKERSHAM

Born September 5, 1882  
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Departed January 1, 1971  
Grand Island, Nebraska

Services Conducted From  
Apfel Chapel, Wood River  
Thursday, January 7, 1971, 1:30 p.m.

#### Officiating

Rev. Robert Howard

#### Music

Miss Bethel Boyle, soloist

Self-accompanied

"Beyond the Sunset" "Abide With Me"

#### Pallbearers

Charles Williams

Jerome Paulk

Wilbur McCumber

Nelson Brittin

Maurice Paulk

Arthur Ullstrom

#### Interment

Cameron Cemetery

Arrangements by  
Apfel Funeral Home

Jessie V. Goodell, 9th child of Joseph and Elizabeth Goodell married (1) Vey Cramer 31 Aug 1907. After he died in 1950 she married (2) Paul Opdyke a prominent California contractor. He wanted to build a new house for her but she loved the one he had with it's view of the ocean so much that she did not want another house. She was traveling with him on their way to see the parade of roses in Pasadena when they were involved in an accident which killed her. Her daughter Sylvia wrote, "Paul Opdyke remarried again in October 1958 in Carson City, Nevada. His marrying again so soon will be a topic of discussion by many who don't know the facts. His grief for mom was very genuine and he was grieving himself ill. The lady he married was also a Christian Scientist and helped bring Paul out of it enough so that he could face it easier. It is primarily a marriage of comfort and companionship."

The obituary from a newspaper clipping sent to dad date January 1958 reads:

**MRS OPDYKE, 69, IS KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT**

Funeral services will be held at 10a.m. Saturday in the East Lawn Chapel for Mrs. Jessie V. Opdyke, 69, of La Selva Beach, Santa Cruze county, a resident of Sacramento county from 1911 until last year.

Mrs Opdyke, a widow of Vey Cramer of Sacramento, was killed Monday in an auto accident near Bakersfield. She and her husband Paul Opdyke, a Santa Cruze county contractor, were en route to the Tournament of Roses and Rose Bowl game in Pasadena.

The highway patrol said the accident which killed her occurred when a speeding car forced Opdyke's automobile, traveling southbound eight miles south of Bakersfield, over the dividing strip of the highway into the path of a northbound car operated by Terence Insko, 19, of Bakersfield. Officers said the driver who caused the accident did not stop.

Mrs Opdyke was killed instantly. Opdyke who suffered fractures of two ribs is reported in good condition in a Bakersfield hospital. Prior to WWII he was a contractor in the Sacramento area.

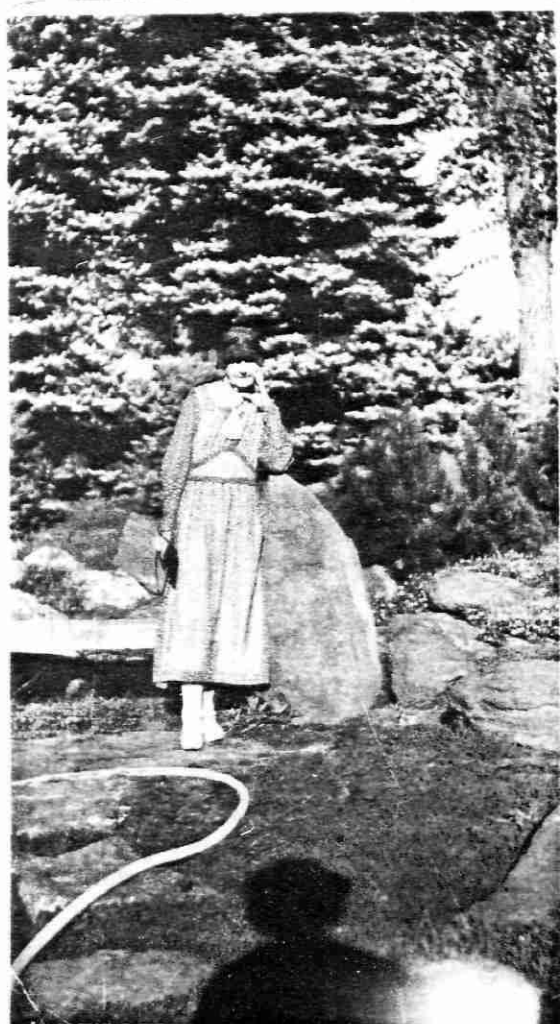
Mrs Opdyke and her first husband, Cramer, worked for the state department of motor vehicles. She was in the registration division 24 years and Cramer in the division of driver's licenses 18 years. After Cramer's death in 1950 she retired and resided with her daughter, Mrs Vergene Walker of 4205 Pasadena Ave, until she married Opdyke last January 9th 1957.

Mrs Opdyke belonged to the Lurline Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, under whose direction the services will be held and the Daughters of the Nile, Temple No. 16.

She is survived by a daughter, Mrs Sylvia Stevens of Oakland; sons, Veydon, a state division of highways engineer of Fresno; brothers, Fred Goodell of Tucson, Az, and Charles Goodell of Colorado Springs, Colo; sisters, Mrs Dema Brown, of Lincoln, Nebr., and Mrs Grace Wickersham of Wood River, Nebr.



L-R, Algy Goodell & wife, Jessie & son Fred, Elizabeth in Long Beach, Calif.  
Below left, Grandma Goodell in a Denver park 3 years before she died. right, Elizabeth and Nellie.





Dema Goodell Brown, eleventh and last child of Joseph and Elizabeth Goodell, married Oliver Brown 24 April 1911. He was in the printing business. Their daughter, Elizabeth married a Stuart who owned the Stuart building in Lincoln. They had quite a lot of money. Of Dema, Grace wrote:

..."As to Dema she never seemed to care a lot about the Goodell family. As a child mother spoiled her. Frank and Fred always said that and Nellie too and I guess her husband spoils her. They have such a beautiful home and everything. I guess she looks upon me as just a poor relative. She is good to send me clothes but doesn't keep in touch with me at all by writing. Nellie and Jessie were so close, I had many visits from them both and they were always begging me to come and visit. I stand in esteem of the Wood River people both in church and community work. Dema need not be ashamed of me. She is so engrossed with wealth and her daughter's family. She has never ever invited me to come and spend a few days with her. It has almost broken my heart but please don't say a word it would make it bad for me.

P.S. - Anna, it isn't just me that Dema is indifferent to. She always treated the rest of the family the same. She always remembers me at Christmas time with lovely gifts. I just don't understand her at all. Guess she is better or something, but please don't say a word to her-it would be bad for me. Mother always said she was very badly spoiled. Well anyway I'll just have to accept it. She never ever invites me to see her. Didn't even come to my husband's funeral - can you understand that. I can't." Love Grace.

That is Grace's assessment of Dema. I wish we had the letters of Nellie and others to get a broader picture. Oliver seemed to be a pleasant fellow from his letters to mom. One that he wrote in Feb 1970 read: "Dear Anna, Appreciate getting your letter relative to Grace.

Dema passed away March 29/1969. I have sold out my business, the home is sold and I am living in an apartment complex on the southern edge of Lincoln. Elizabeth and Chuck spend a great deal of their time in Minnesota. Young Chuck lives here in Lincoln... Dema's trouble started with an undetected cancer in 1968 and after two operations, a long siege of Cobalt treatments and several months at home she passed away.

Grace is in a home at Grand Island-Parkside Homes, Inc. Have written her several times but she does not write. She called (I don't know who Oliver refers to here) when she was here from N.Y. and said her mother received the letters.

Thankful yourself and family are getting along O.K. and my sincere good wishes for the days ahead.

Dema and I had been married for 58 years and it is hard to be alone now. I will be 80 in June, but being a skinny rascal am getting along health wise O.K. but naturally a noticeable slowing down."



Another letter was written in January 1971, "Dear Anna, So glad to get your card at Xmas time. Seems as tho the less a person has to do the less he gets done. Sorry not to keep in touch.

"Grace Wickersham passed away at Wood River the first of the month. Edgar lives here in Lincoln and Gene comes from Florida. She was buried at Wood River. I think she was 88.

"Hope everything is going well with you. My best regards to Dema, who I don't think I know." Love, Oliver B.

When Grandmother Goodell died it was Dema who sent the Western Union telegram from Colorado Springs, Colorado to dad. It was dated 28 Feb 1939 and read: "Mother passed away tentative funeral arrangements Thursday. Wire by Western Union if coming. Dema Brown care Swan Funeral Home. Dema"

Dad wrote in pencil, "Sure one heck of a note. Couldn't even go to my own mother's funeral."

I was station at Lincoln AFB for over a year in 1965 but never went to see them. I let the thoughts and stories of others influence me when they told of being received with a cool reception. I wish I had visited them now.

Oliver F. Brown was born in Kearney 11 June 1890 and died in Lincoln 19 April 1976. Dema died 29 Mar 1969. They were parents of one child, Elizabeth. She married Charles T. Stuart. He was born in Lincoln and came from a wealthy family. They had two sons and one daughter; Charles T. III, John H., and Mrs Kenneth Hahn.

When Oliver Brown died his daughter Elizabeth sent mom a card and a copy of the memorial services. The card read; "Dear Anna,

"A little remembrance card to let you know of Oliver's death. He hadn't been well for the last two years and it is a blessing he doesn't have to suffer anymore.

" It seems strange not to make my daily trips to visit him but know he is far happier now than he has been for a long time. Fondly, Elizabeth B. Stuart."

# HOLIDAY GREETINGS

Dec 1970

Having suffered my second stroke and having lost my ability to write, am sending this year this card to wish you a Happy Holiday Season and to express my best wishes for the coming year.

I appreciate our former pleasant associations and will always remember your friendship.

My best wishes for the future. May it bring prosperity and happiness.

Oliver F. Brown  
Madonna Prof. Care Center  
2200 So. 52nd Street  
Lincoln, Nebraska 68506



Above: Dema as a young lady. Right: Oliver Brown's Christmas greeting 1970.

Bottom: Jessie, Elizabeth, Grandma Goodell, Dema taken at Lincoln, Nebraska.



Jessie Elizabeth Mother Dema 1938

*Died Mar 29/1969*

## Services Set

## Monday for

## Mrs. Brown

Mrs. Oliver (Dema) Brown, 78, 2121 Sheridan, died Friday after a long illness. She and her husband were married 58 years.



Mrs. Brown, a native of Kearney, lived in Lincoln 38 years. She was a member of the Order of the Eastern Star,

Mrs. Brown Daughter of Union Veterans of the Civil War, St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Kopper Kettle Club, University Club and the Lincoln Country Club.

Survivors include her husband; daughter, Mrs. Charles Stuart, Lincoln; three grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Services will be at 11 a.m. Monday at St. Matthew's church. Burial will be in Wyuka. Memorials to St. Matthew's Church.

**BROWN** — Mrs. Oliver J. (Dema), 78, 2121 Sheridan Blvd., died Saturday. Born Kearney, Lincoln resident 38 years. Member OES. Daughter of Union Veterans of Civil War, St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Kopper Kettle Club, University Club, Country Club. Survivors: husband Oliver F.; daughter, Mrs. Charles T. (Elizabeth) Stuart, Lincoln, three grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren.

Services: 11 a.m. Monday, St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, 24th & Sewell. Father James Stillwell. Burial Wyuka. Memorials: St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Roper & Sons' 4300 O.

In Memory of

OLIVER F. BROWN

Date of Birth, June 11, 1890  
Kearney, Nebraska

Date of Death, April 19, 1976  
Lincoln, Nebraska

### MEMORIAL SERVICES

Thursday, April 22, 1976, 11:00 a.m.

St. Matthew's Episcopal Church  
Lincoln, Nebraska

Clergyman, Father James Stilwell  
Organist, Miss Maryalice Macy

### Honorary Pallbearers

Dr. William Rotten, Dr. Harold Morgan  
Blanchard Anderson, Dr. John McGreer, Jr.  
Dr. Norman Carlson, Dr. N. R. Miller  
Dr. William Carveth, Emmett Junge, James Ellis  
Ed Walt, Walter Nolte, Carl Olson

Final Resting Place, Wyuka Cemetery  
Lincoln, Nebraska

Memorials may be given  
to the Church or the Madonna Home

ARRANGEMENTS BY  
ROPER & SONS' MORTUARY  
4300 "O" ST., LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Obituary of Dema Goodell Brown and funeral service for Oliver F. Brown.

Simeon Nance  
and  
Amanda Ann Wood

Simeon Nance was born in Green County, Kentucky about 1821. He married Amanda Ann Wood 12 June 1844. Amanda was born near Petersburg, Illinois in January 1825. She was the daughter of Milo and Elizabeth Telford Wood. The Wood family had been in Illinois since 1820, the Nance family came later from Kentucky about 1832.

The Nance line is an illustrious one and well documented. However, nothing much is known about Simeon or his father James. Ross Nance, a full cousin to Dad and a long time resident of Petersburg, came into possession of some hand notes Simeon had written for his hired help to enable them to purchase items from a local merchant. They were found by some workers as they were tearing down an old building in Petersburg. They gave them to Ross as they knew he was related. He sent them to Dad in 1962 stating....

"A red building was torn down here and the papers enclosed were on file with other papers of the 1850 period. The Mr. Wright mentioned was a man who ran a store in Petersburg. There was not a bank at the time and Wright the merchant was sort of a clearing house. Those customers of his with a high credit rating could give orders drawn on Mr. Wright which he would honor with cloth or merchandise as the case might be, and the customer would then settle with Mr. Wright. You can imagine how scarce paper was at that time. I consider these signatures of Simeon Nance of great interest. They show signs of culture and some education. At that early date more of the population was illiterate. You can see the holes in these items where they were stuck on the file so long ago. The lot had gone thru a fire and much ruined. It is by only the rarest chance that these items were found. I feel your family might treasure them as they are closer to you than anyone else. Now it may be that you do not care for them and if you do not want them I would be grateful if you will return them. Wishing you good luck and health I am cousingly yours." signed Ross A. Nance.

A couple of these notes reads as follows: "Mr. Wright and Hickham. Pleas let the bearer have two dollars fifty five cents in merchantdizing and charge the same to my account. Nov 13, 1849 S. Nance." the other is: "July the 16th 1851. Mr. Wright and Hickham. Pleas let the bearer have one dollar in merchantdizing and charge the same to me. Obliged. Simeon Nance."

Simeon's father James died in September 1842. His mother Hepzibah was appointed administratrix of the estate and had a lot of trouble getting it settled as there were a lot of debts. Simeon appeared before Judge James Adams in probate court and

filed this affidavit in October 1842, "Simeon Nance being duly sworn depose and saith that he is with the situation of the personal property of the estate of James Nance deceased and that he verily believed these will be a great loss to the estate in keeping the same 21 days that there is danger of some of the stock straying off. Further the deponent saith that he verily believes a sale in 10 days notice will be an advantage to the estate of said deceased. Simeon Nance, sworn and subscribed to me this 24th day of Oct 1842."

The sale was authorized to take place 4 Nov 1842 if Hepsey posted notices in five of the most public places in the vicinity of the late residence of said deceased.

On the 17th of Nov 1842, "Hepzibah Nance administratrix of James Nance deceased filed for recording her inventory and appraisement which on examination appeared to amount to the sum of \$655.44 and 3/4 cents and on the same day...filed for recording her bill of sale which on examination appeared to amount to the sum of \$561.62."

One year later Hepzibah again went before the probate court to ask for an extension of time as she was unable to make settlement of the estate. She had trouble collecting on some notes. It was finally settled in 1844.

Simeon mortgaged to Hepzibah 25 Aug 1845 for \$50: "One two horse wagon now owned by me and one two year old sorrel filly, one hip knocked down, and one two year old bay filly both of which is now in my possession .... To have and to hold the same property from the said Simeon Nance to the same Hepzibah Nance her heirs and assigns forever..."

Simeon and Amanda now became involved with raising their own family. They eventually had eight children from 1845 to 1862. Simeon accumulated property in section 9 and 14 around Petersburg and must of employed some men to help him as referenced the notes found which granted credit to the bearer.

As the Civil War progressed Simeon was drafted 25 Nov 1864. He reported for induction at Mount Sterling, Illinois. Dad always said Simeon was just past the draft age of 45, if so this would put his birth date at 1819. However, the 1850 census shows his age as 29, and in the 1860 census his age was 39. If these dates are correct then his birthdate would be in the year 1821. In this case he would not have been past the draft age of 45. The pension papers do not state his birth date or his age at death. This is probably because he had not been assigned to any particular company when he died on Governor's Island, New York 7 Jan 1865. What probably happened was that Simeon was very sick (Dad said of cancer of the throat) when he was drafted but before they could get proof from a doctor he was inducted. Once that happened the



wheels of red tape turned very slow and they could not get him out before his death. He left a widow and seven children. One child, James P. had preceded him in death.

Amanda had a tough time raising the children by herself. Her oldest daughter, Mary Jane, was now married to George Berry and they had a farm close by. When Amanda's oldest boy William was 15 she sent him to work for the Berry's for wages. He is shown as a laborer with the Berry family in the 1870 census report.

How Amanda managed to keep body and soul together and still maintain her farm is unknown. By 1870 her next two daughters were married, Sarah to Jacob Mackey Martin and Elizabeth to J.C. Goodell but what assistance these two were able to give her, if any, is unknown. Amanda's 4th child, Julia, was a cripple at birth and never married. She lived with her mother until Amanda died in 1908. Julia then went to live with her brother Milo and his family until she died.

The 1870 census report shows Amanda, at age 45, the head of the household and she had Julia, age 20; William, age 16; Milo, age 11; and Robert, age 8 to take care of. Sometime after this date she sold her property and moved to Latham, Kansas. Her obituary stated she resided there in the fall of 1871. No indication was given as for her reason to move to Kansas. Her father, Milo Wood, died in 1866 but her aged mother was still living in Petersburg with her daughter Jane and husband James Estill. There must have been some strong reason for her to leave her mother and her kinfolk in Illinois and move to Kansas. Her daughter Elizabeth had moved to Hillsdale, Kansas with her family but that was over 150 miles away from Lathan.

After a few years in Kansas she moved the family to Colorado for a couple of years for her health. Her daughter Elizabeth was living nearby in Colo Springs. The 1880 census shows Amanda in El Paso county, Colorado City township with Julia, Milo and Robert. By this time her oldest boy William had married and stayed on a farm in Kansas. While Amanda's family was here Joseph Goodell hired Milo to take some horses and cattle to a farm in Nebraska Joseph had traded for. Milo was to stay there and fatten the cattle, put in crops, and look after the farm until Joseph could close up his affairs in Colorado. Milo built a small house there as he was married. His first child, James Nance, was born there in September 1883.

His mother had returned to Latham. I don't think she liked Colorado much as she had been sick with neuralgia and Julia had the measles.

The 1885 state census of Union township, Butler county, Kansas shows Amanda head of the household at age 63 on a farm with her son, Robert, now age 23 and his wife Mary. Amanda owned

160 acres valued at \$2,000. Her son, Robert, had 130 acres next to it valued at \$600. At that time Amanda had 35 acres of corn growing and 1 acre of Irish potatoes. Her older son, William had a 160 acre farm near by worth \$1,000.

In 1895 it was reported that wheat in Butler county was selling for 50 cents a bushel; corn 45 cents; fat cattle 4.00 a pound; stock cattle, 3 cents; milch cows per head \$20.00; fat hogs, 4 cents per pound; stock hogs, 3 cents. Farmers paid laborers \$15.00 per month with board, carpenters in the city got \$1.50 a day; house painters, \$2.00; Blacksmiths, \$2.00; Clerks, \$25.00 a month. Domestic servants \$1.75 per week.

Number of acres of winter wheat sown in 1894 - 162; Rye-156; corn, 2,185; oats, 491; Irish potatoes 28; Sorghum for sugar, 6; Sorghum for seed or forage, 200; flax, 1,335; Millet, 321; Kaffir corn, 311.

Shortly after 1885 Amanda and Julia moved to town from the farm and stayed there until 6 March 1905. By this time Milo had moved back to Kansas and was farming her land. Amanda was now 80 years old and needed someone to look after her so Julia and Amanda moved back to the farm to live with Milo and his family. Three years later, 2 January 1908, Amanda died. Milo continued to look after Julia until she too passed away. Amanda had a lot of friends around Latham. They called her Grandma. She remained a true friend to all of her children to the end.

The children of Simeon and Amanda Wood Nance are:

1. Mary Jane Nance b. 3 Apr 1845 in Petersburg, Ill. She married George H. Berry 27 Feb 1862 in Petersburg. His parents are unknown, they could be related to Rev. John Berry. Of their seven children, six are known:

- a. Marion b. (age 7-1870) 1863 in Petersburg.
- b. Robert S. (age 4-1870) 1866 in Petersburg.
- c. Dalcina b. (age 2-1870) 1868 in Petersburg.
- d. Joseph Jasper b. Oct 1869 in Petersburg.
- e. Unknown.
- f. A. M. (male) b. July 1873 in Petersburg.
- g. Theodore Alfred b. 3 Nov 1878 in Concord, Ill.

Mary Jane Nance Berry was called by her middle name, Jane. Dad wrote that he remembered seeing, "Aunt Jane of Atlantic, Iowa. They had quite a number of children, all boys except one girl." This family was found in the 1870 census of Petersburg and 1900 census of Garden Grove, Cass co., Iowa.

2. Sarah Adlaide Nance b. 26 Sep 1847 in Petersburg. She married Jacob Mackey Martin 20 Jul 1865 in Petersburg. Known children are:

- a. Annie b. (age 3-1870) 1867 in Petersburg.

- b. Harry b.(age 2-1870) 1868 in Petersburg.
- c. Josephine b. (age 9 mos-1870) in Petersburg.

Jacob was called Mackey. According to Dad," Sarah was a large woman. They had all girls except one-Rue Martin. Most of the girls died off young with consumption. One girl, Grace, refused to take care of the sick and sleep with them."

3. Elizabeth Ann Nance b. 12 Sep 1849 in Petersburg. She married Joseph Cooley Goodell.

4. Julia Nance b. 6 Jul 1851 in Petersburg. She was a cripple at birth and never married. She d. in Latham at the home of Milo Wood Nance.

5. William Finis Nance b. 30 Sep 1854 in Petersburg. He married Amelia Tryphenia Sherar 30 Sep 1874 in Latham, Kansas. He died there 26 July 1933, and was buried in the Latham cemetery 29 July. Amelia d. 28 Jan 1935 and is buried beside her husband. Nothing is known of her parents. Their children are:

a. Harry Hardin Nance b. 28 Aug 1875. He married Elizabeth Harwick 22 Feb 1898 in El Dorado, Kansas. She was born 8 Oct 1880 and died 8 Jan 1915. Harry died 6 Aug 1952 in Kansas City, Mo. Elizabeth was the daughter of Oscar and Sarah Harwick. They had two children; Minnie and William.

b. Dora May Nance b. 2 Jul 1878 died 2 Jul 1910. She married Arthur Doll 25 Dec 1898.

c. Roscoe Conklin Nance b. 13 Aug 1880 Married Bessie Harwick.

d. Frank Elmer Nance b. 13 Feb 1883 d.24 Oct 1961 in Wichita, Ks. He married Maude Harris daughter of George and Jessie Duncan Harris. She was b.21 Oct 1886 d.30 Sep 1933 in Gate, Okla. They had seven children:

I. Marion B. b. 8 Aug 1905 d. 1958 m. Mable Cheatam.

II. Virgil W. b. 20 Jul 1907 d.12 Dec 1980 m. Nora Owens.

III. Leona M. b. 12 Jan 1914 m. Everett Bagshaw.

IV. Henry J. b. 17 Oct 1911 m. Grace Radcliff

V. Earl E. b. 29 May 1921 m. Margaret Harris

VI. Franklin J. b. 11 Jan 1923 m. Dorothy Cowan.

VII. Opal M. b. 20 Nov 1925 m. Johnnie Raulerson.

e. Fred Finis Nance b. 2 Mar 1886. He married in Vigo county, Indiana Marcia McKinney 2 June 1907. She was born 6 March 1884 and died 27 June 1959. They had three children.

f. Everett Roy Nance b.25 Aug 1892 in Latham d. 30 Sep 1973. He married Hazel Frances Clark Prosser.

Frank Elmer m. (2) Maude Reynolds 23 Feb 1935, they were later divorced.

6. James P. Nance b. 31 Dec 1856 in Petersburg and died

there Dec 1859.

7. Milo Wood Nance b. 18 Dec 1858 in Petersburg. He married Mary (Mollie) E. Akers. She was born in Iowa Aug 1866. Milo died 2 March 1946 in Latham, Ks. They had seven children:

a. James W. Nance b. 11 Sep 1883 in Buda, Nebraska. He died 2 Apr 1932 in Denver, Colorado from pneumonia. He married 18 Sep 1910 but the name of his wife is unknown.

b. Dullicena Nance b. 18 April 1885 in Irwin, Nebr. She d. 27 Mar 1887.

c. Maude B. Nance b. 18 Sep 1886 in Monument, Colo. She m. (1) Mr. Reddick, (2) Mr. Brockbank.

d. Mable A. Nance b. 31 Mar 1888 in Colo Springs, Colo. d. 5 May 1943. She m. Clarence Wright 14 Jun 1913.

e. Minnie Nance b. 3 Jul 1890 in Colo Springs, Colo. She d. 20 Jul 1890.

f. Edward S. Nance b. 7 Oct 1891 in Colo Springs, Colo. He m. Ruth Edwards 8 Mar 1915.

g. Milo Theodore Nance b. 19 Apr 1903 in Norwood, San Miguel co., Colo. d. 23 Aug 1972. He m. Wanona Grow 12 Jun 1937.

Milo Wood Nance died 2 March 1946 in Latham, Ks. and is buried there.

8. Robert Benjamine Nance b. 24 Dec 1862 m. Mary A. Thompson b. Feb 1868 in Kentucky. They moved to Logan county Antelope township, Oklahoma from the farm in Kansas. Known children are:

a. John A. Nance b. July 1885 in Kansas.

b. Edwin Nance b. July 1887 in Kansas.

Robert Benjamine Nance died 1931 in Guthrie, Oklahoma.

## Obituary of Amanda Wood Nance

Sorrow was felt by many people of Latham and community on hearing the death of "Grandma" Nance, Thursday January 2 at five o'clock p.m. She had been enjoying unusually good health all fall and winter, thus her death was unexpected. She was however suffering with a severe cold, but it was thought she was much better and would be able to be up in a very short time.

On Thursday afternoon Dr. Patterson had called and left about 15 minutes before 5 o'clock. He stated that he thot she would be well in a few days. Grandma, herself too thought she would soon be well.

Dr. Patterson left a banana which Mrs. Nance ate, and at the same time she conversed with members of her family. Suddenly, her son, Milo, who was at the bedside heard her make a queer sound, and he at once raised his mother from her pillow. Holding her in a sitting position about one minute he then let her lay down again, and in one minute more she passed from life. Thus she died without a struggle and had spoken consciously to those about her only three or four minutes before.

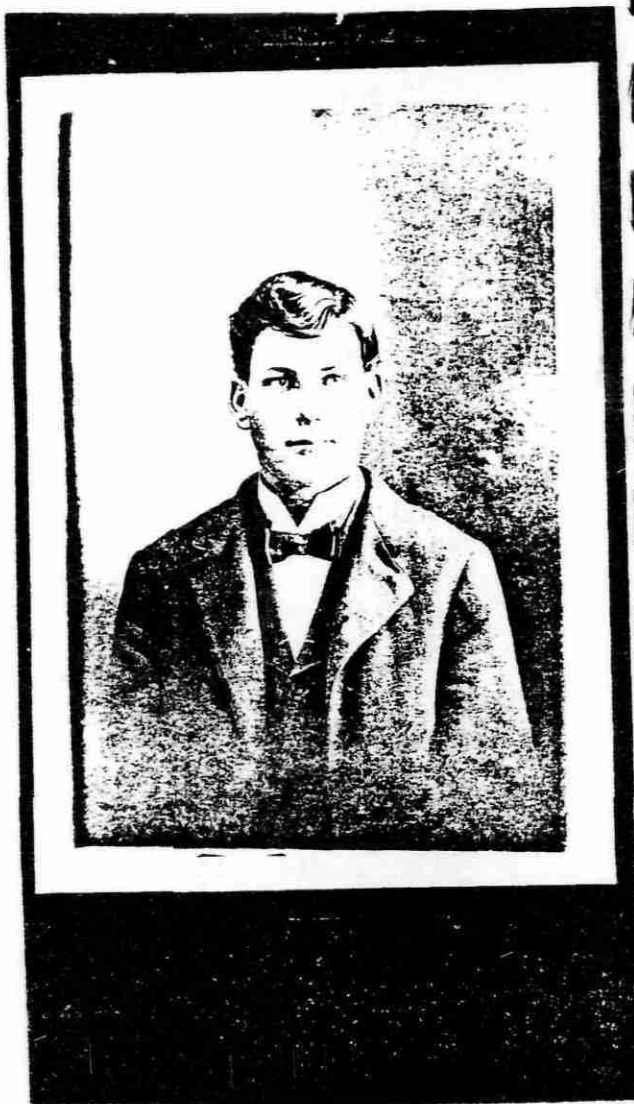
Miss Amanda Wood was born in Menard county, Illinois January 11, 1824, was married to Simeon Nance June 12, 1844. To this union were born 8 children, 4 boys and 4 girls all of whom are living except one son who died in infancy.

"Grandma" Nance as she was called, had many friends here having lived in this community since the fall of 1871, when she settled on a farm east of Latham, where she was living with her son Milo at her death.

This picture of Amanda Nance was taken by Nance & Bowman Capital Gallery North side square in Petersburg, Illinois. It is the only known picture existing. It might have been taken when she returned for the settlement of her mother's estate.







Wedding picture of Frank Elmer Nance and Maude Marion Harris.  
and a later picture of Frank Nance.

Obituary of William F. Nance from the Latham Leader dtd 27 Jul 1933.

William F. Nance, age 79 years, 9 months and 29 days, died Wednesday evening, 26 July 1933 at about 8 o'clock at his home on N. Cherry street following a lingering illness of about a year.

He came to Kansas in the fall of 1872 from Menard County, Illinois with his mother, Mrs. Amanda Nance, and his two brothers, Milo and Bob and a sister, Julia, traveling overland with a wagon and team of mules.

Mr. Nance was about 20 years of age when they arrived at a cabin on Rock Creek near the present townsite of Latham, in which vicinity they were to make their home.

His mother took the claim now owned by her son Milo and William F. took the claim joining his mother's on the east, now known as the Johnny Smith farm.

The deceased has spent most of the years since coming here in and near Latham. However, he moved to Alfalfa county, Oklahoma near the town of Ameretia where he remained several years, moving from there to Wichita where he and his wife resided for about a year. They then moved to Latham where they have since lived.

Mr. Nance was converted when a boy and united with the Presbyterian church in Illinois but later became a member of the Methodist church in Oklahoma. After moving to Latham he transferred his membership to the Latham Methodist church and in all these years has remained true to the cause of the Master.

He was a loving husband and father, a true friend and good neighbor and will be missed by the entire community where he has labored in the cause of Christ, for the community's welfare and the advancement of a good citizenship. Latham has lost a good citizen in his passing, one everyone liked to call a friend.

He leaves to mourn his death: his wife and five sons, Harry H, R.C., Frank, Fred, and Everett Nance and several grandchildren and great grandchildren, one brother, Milo Nance of Latham, two sisters, Mrs. Betty Goodell of Colorado and Mrs. Janie Berry of Iowa and a host of friends.

The funeral services will be held tomorrow (Friday) at the Methodist church at 2p.m. Interment will be made in the Latham cemetery. Stewart and Corbin Undertaking Co. will have charge.

Obituary of Amelia T. Sherar, taken from the Latham Leader dated, 31 January 1935.

Amelia T. Sherar was born near Browning, Schuyler county, Illinois February 10, 1855, departed this life at Wichita, Kansas at the home of her son, Everett R. Nance, 506 Laura Ave., Monday, January 28, 1935 following a long illness.

At the age of 14 years she moved with her parents to Miami County, Kansas and a year later, they moved to a claim near Latham, Butler county, Kansas.

She was married to William F. Nance Sept. 30, 1874 at Latham, Kansas. Six children were born to this union, five boys and one girl. H.H. Nance, Wichita, Kansas; Dora May Doll, deceased, July 2, 1910; R. C. Nance, Hinton, Okla.; F. E. Nance,

Latham, Kansas; F. F. Nance, Nevada, Mo.; E. R. Nance, of Wichita, Kansas.

Besides the immediate family, she leaves one brother, John H. Sherar, Latham, Kansas and one sister Mrs. Cary May Morian, Watonga, Okla; seventeen grandchildren, and seventeen great grandchildren.

Mr. Nance, the husband and father, had preceded her in death some eighteen months before on July 26, 1933.

The family moved to Amorita, Okla. in 1894 where they resided some years, returning to Wichita, Kansas in 1909 and later in 1910 returning to Latham, Kansas where she has resided since.

She was a devoted wife and mother to her family, sacrificing herself to their interests.

She became a Christian early in life, and was a member of the M.E. church for over 40 years.

The funeral was held from the Latham Methodist church at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon Jan. 29, conducted by Rev. Porter...

Interment was made in the Latham cemetery. The Stewart-Corbin Undertaking Co. in charge.



William F.  
AND  
AMELIA  
NANCE

# Obituary of Milo Wood Nance.

Milo W. Nance, aged 86 years, passed away Sunday morning at his home, following an illness of only five days. Mr. Nance is one of the well-known pioneers of this community. He came to Butler County with his parents in 1871 from Illinois. He was a retired farmer and stockman.

Mr. Nance was married to Mary E. Akers in May, 1882, in Colorado Springs, Colo. He was a member of the Christian Church and the Latham A.F. & A.M. Mr. Nance was interested in all public affairs and took an active part in the affairs of his community.

Mr. Nance is survived by his widow, a daughter, Mrs. Maude Brockbank, of Reno, Nev., and two sons, Edward of Ashbrook, Ariz., and Milo T. of Latham.

Funeral services were held at 10:30 Wednesday morning at the Latham Christian Church with the Rev. Cain, of Enid, Okla., officiating. Interment was made in the Latham cemetery.



Milo Wood Nance  
and  
Mary (Molly) Akers  
This picture was  
taken in 1883 in  
Colo. Springs,  
Colorado.

Milo Wood Nance  
and  
Mary (Molly) E. Akers

Milo W. Nance was born 18 Dec 1858 in Petersburg, Ill. He moved to Kansas with his mother, sister Julia, brothers, William and Robert in a covered wagon to homestead near the town of Latham in 1871 or 72. They traveled overland, the wagon being pulled by a team of mules, arriving at a cabin on Rock Creek where they made their home.

His mother was granted 160 acres and William homesteaded next to her to the East. They started farming and improving the land granted to them. However, about 5 years later his mother, Amanda took sick and they decided to move to Colorado for her health. Her daughter Elizabeth was living in Hillsdale, Kansas about 150 miles away and her husband, J.C. Goodell, was sick to the point they had to put him in the hospital at Iola. His doctor advised Elizabeth to take him to Manitou Springs for the mineral water. It is possible that they all left about the same time to Colorado for health reasons.

Mrs Milo T. Nance told of some of the things that happened on the trip. William Nance was left to take care of the farms and she relates:

"At the beginning of the long, hard and eventful trip, they camped one night just east of Great Bend, Kansas. The next morning Milo saw a band of wild horses near there and decided to catch one. He left the wagon train and chased the herd of wild horses all day finally catching a young colt late in the afternoon."

"The wagon train had gone too far ahead for Milo to reach before night-fall so he had to turn back and spend the night in Great Bend Fort, and since he had no money, was compelled to trade his newly found colt for the night's lodging and feed for his horse. Next day about noon, he finally caught up with the wagon train party.

"They had taken their dog 'old shep' with them on the journey and Amanda had written home to William that they were now camped at the foot of Pike's Peak and that old shep was missing. Two weeks later William received the letter and old shep came hobbling in home, his feet bleeding profusely from the long trek from Colorado back to Kansas.

"After a year or so in the higher elevation of Colorado, his mother's health had improved, and she and his sister returned to Kansas by train but Milo remained in Colorado with his job of driving a freight wagon (six horses) freighting supplies to the miners in Dillon and Leadville from Salida which was the nearest railroad point.

"Manitou Springs was his overnight stop and he ate his meals at the Aker's Boarding House. It was here that he met Mary Akers (always Molly to Milo) and they fell in love. They were married May 9, 1882 at Colo Sps and spent their honeymoon at the famous



'Antler's Hotel' there."

"A short time later, Milo and Mary's younger brother Clark, took their teams and wagons and went to Pocatello, Idaho to help build the Oregon Shortline Railroad which was being built from Pocatello to Bozeman, Montana. This railroad connected the Oregon territory which was being opened up at this time with the railroads from the eastern states. It is the 'historical section of railroad that helped open up the Great North-West'.

"Mary stayed with her mother helping with the boarding house during this time.

"Upon completion of the R.R. Milo and Clark returned to Manitou and Milo and Mary left for Nebraska to homestead close to a little town by the name of Benkelman. Here they set up house keeping on the prairie in a sod house that Milo built onto a dug-out in the side of a hill. A son was born and named Jim after his grandfather. (Sep 11, 1883)

"One night during a terrible electrical storm lightening struck the dug-out and baby Jim was knocked out of his little bed onto the dirt floor. Happily he was not seriously injured.

"No fuel of any kind was available except hay. This they put in a stove called a 'hay-burner'. They mowed the hay with a hand cradle or sythe, and then cured it by storing it in stacks close to the dug-out. The hay served for both cooking purposes and keeping the dug-out warm.

"After their first year, the hay fuel was supplemented by ear corn which grew in abundance on their 160 acre farm, and produced a longer lasting and more even heat. At that time it had no market value and was used only to feed the horses and fatten the hogs for winter's meat supply.

"A little girl was born to them here in 1885 (Dullicena) but was too frail to stand the winters in a dug-out on the Nebraska prairie. She passed away at age two.

"According to governmental specifications, they were to live on their homestead for three years before a clear title could be obtained. It was at the end of this period that a stranger came by the dug-out one day and asked Mary if they wanted to sell the farm. Indeed with all her heart she did! But she merely informed the stranger that he would have to talk to Milo who was cultivating corn in a nearby field. The man went to the field and talked to Milo, who said he was willing to sell if it was alright with Mary.

"Mary suffered so many hardships and heartaches on this homestead that of course she voiced no objections. So within a matter of a few minutes the deal was closed. They were in possession of \$1600.00 cash and the stranger owned the homestead. They immediately started packing their possessions in their covered wagon and the next morning started down the road.

"It was back to Manitou and they bought a small ranch and stocked it with fine horses for which they found a ready sale with rich Englishmen who had settled in Colorado Springs and loved horse racing.

"They prospered very well for quite awhile and then one day all the horses ate 'loco-weed', a poisonous drug that caused staggering, blindness and finally paralysis. All the horses had

to be destroyed. They sold the ranch for what it would bring, bought a team of freight horses and once again started back in the freighting business.

"Milo went to work for Pat Gutshell, hauling logs to his saw mill at a little place by the name of Saw-Pit which lies at the foot of the Mount of the Holy Cross. Mary ran a cook shack at the saw mill feeding the hungry loggers, most of whom were Swedes and Finlanders. Milo would haul logs from 4 a.m. until noon and then help Mary at the cook shack the rest of the day.

"Since there were no banks in the territory, they drew just enough of their wages to feed and clothe them, leaving the balance of their money with the owner of the saw mill for safe keeping. This man took bankruptcy and Milo and Mary lost three years of their savings which amounted to \$1200.

"They went back to Colorado Sps and Milo took a job as a conductor on a street car that ran from Colo Sps to Manitou. The fare was five cents. One humorous incident of this experience that Milo enjoyed relating so much thru the years was about an old lady and the twenty-dollar gold piece.

"At the start of this run each morning Milo was given \$20 with which to make change, and most of his customers would have ready their nickel for the fare. Now this particular lady would get on the street car early each morning and hand Milo a twenty dollar gold piece, knowing he would be unable to make change and therefore get a free ride. This went on for over a month.

"But one morning the old lady got the surprise of her life. Milo was all set for her. When she handed him again the \$20 gold piece, Milo calmly took it-picked up a sack containing \$19.95 in nickels and dumped the contents in her apron.

"In those days of Colorado's large gold and silver mining industry, there was very little paper money in circulation in the state. All money either was gold or silver. In fact the merchants and natives looked upon paper money rather disdainfully if not downright angrily.

"All the time Milo was working as a street car conductor he saved his money regularly, hoping to buy some land when a desirable location became available. The day came when he was offered a quarter section unproved farm near Norwood, Colo. Milo left his job and worked five days a week as a miner in the Tomboy Gold Mine and the other two days he built a log cabin on his farm. Molly remained in Colo Sps with the children until the house was finished. Then Milo sent for his family. By this time Jim was quite a grown up boy and he and Ed took care of the farm while Milo continued his job at the mine.

"Even then, they were threatened by Communism. Some Communist agitators had found jobs in the Tomboy mine. They were professionals, trained to stir up trouble. Their leader, a man named Lenin, was sent directly from the dictator in Russia to over-see it all. These agitators began to use their influence. Finally the agitators talked the men into striking and they even attempted to blow up the mine.

"The state of Colorado called out the U.S. Calvary to overthrow Lenin and his men. Milo and Mary's brother Clark joined

the U.S. Calvary in Telluride. Many of the Russians were killed and the Calvary loaded up the ones that they captured into a box car, took them to the top of Tennessee Pass and left them there.

"They captured Lenin himself and took him to Denver, where he was to be tried in a Federal court. The whole Calvary accompanied him, and when they arrived the men formed a double line for him to walk between. At the end of the line stood their Captain, Captain Bell, who was to receive Lenin and present him to the U.S. Federal Marshall. Lenin walked between the two rows of men without incident, but when he came to the end and to where Captain Bell was standing, he gave a lunge, knocked the Captain to the ground and began kicking him. The men sprang into action. They grabbed Lenin and began hitting him with their six-guns. When one man got through with him another one would start hitting him. By this time Captain Bell had regained his composure and when he saw what was happening he shouted, 'My God, men don't kill him!' They picked Lenin up, threw him to the Federal Marshall and said, 'Here is your man!' He was a mass of blood.

"Lenin was tried, found guilty and deported back to Russia. The strike in Telluride ended, the Calvary disbanded.

"Clark went back to his prospecting and Milo was appointed Deputy U.S. Marshall." Mrs. Milo T. Nance.

So ends Mrs Nance narrative. Nothing is said in her story about Milo helping Grandpa J.C. Goodell with his cattle in Buda. Benkelman is approximately 150 miles from Buda. He probably was able to farm his land and help grandpa too.

Milo moved his family back to Latham, Kansas sometime after 1900 to help take care of his aged mother, his crippled sister Julia, and work her farm. His mother and Julia both died in Milo's home.

James and Hepzibah Morrey Nance  
(By Frank Goodell, 1989)

James Nance was born 24 Nov 1789 in Charles City, Virginia. He was a soldier in the war of 1812 and the son of Zachariah and Jane Wilkins Nance. He married Hepzibah Morrey or Money (The Nance Memorial says Money; Aunt Nellie said Morrey). No record of the marriage has been found. They moved to Sangamon County sometime in 1832 or 33. Menard County was not formed until 1839. He died 25 September 1842 and as is the case with so many of the grave markers at that early date, it cannot be found. Fern Nance Pond, a sister of Ross Nance, made a search for it in 1960 but could not find it. They lived on the border between Sangamon and Menard Counties.

Nothing much is known about Hepsey. There are a few deeds recorded in her name. I have found nothing to prove her maiden name or when she died. Neither could I find a record of James for the war of 1812. He is not listed in the index for 1812 or the index for old war.

It is believed that they were parents of seven children:

1. Simeon b. about 1821 (age 29-1850) in Green County, Kentucky. He married Amanda Wood.
2. James b. about 1823 (age 27-1850) in Green County, Kentucky. He married Mary Winslow. Their children are:
  - a. Anna who m. Charles Russell.
  - b. James who m. Flora Godwin.
3. Redding b. about 1825 (age 25-1850) in Green County, Kentucky. He married Harriet M. Berry who was b. 1828 in Illinois, the daughter of Samuel Berry. The Nance Memorial does not list him as a member of this family, Aunt Nellie does. The 1850 census of Petersburg shows them with two children:
  - a. S. T. (male)
  - b. M. A. (female) they were twins born in Illinois.

While I was in Petersburg I looked at Reddings probate record located in Box 447. Someone had made off with most of the papers, there were only a few receipts left but enough to prove he died in 1854. A few of the receipts are:

"Estate of Redding Nance deceased in account, 1854 with G. W. Osborn - One coffin for self \$7.00  
Trimming for same \$2.50  
Box \$2.50 Total=\$12.00"

"Estate of Redding Nance, In acct with Taylor & Black-

|                     |         |
|---------------------|---------|
| 1 coat              | \$8.00  |
| Tobacco             | .15     |
| 2 bars of soap      | .20     |
| 20 skeins of thread | .20     |
| 1 pr boots          | \$4.00" |

"Estate of Redding Nance to Montgomery & Brahms 1854

|                      |        |               |
|----------------------|--------|---------------|
| 7 yds shrouding      | \$2.80 |               |
| 3 yds Black Domestic | .50    |               |
| 1 pr cotton socks    | .25    |               |
| 1 pr gloves          | .25    | total \$3.80" |

Redding Nance in acct with M. & A.C. Wood

|               |                |        |               |
|---------------|----------------|--------|---------------|
| June 16, 1854 | one bridle     | \$2.25 |               |
|               | one Martingale | .65    | total \$2.80" |

4. Melvin L. born about 1828 (age 22-1850) in Green County, Kentucky. He married Harriet Hornbuckle. Known children:

- a. Laura m. Lewis Clark in Madrid, Ia.
- b. Dora m. George Thomas - one child Wayne.
- c. Thomas F. m. Elsie Hopkins in Madrid, Ia.
- d. Minerva m. 1. Nelson Hardman, 2. Will Storms.

5. Franklin Carey b. about 1830 (age 29-1860) in Green County, Ky. He married first Elizabeth Houghton and second Jane Stich. They moved to Iowa in 1875. He died in Nebr.

6. D. Milton b. about 1832. He m. Anna Braham or Brahue in 1860. He m. second 8 Jan 1888 Mrs. Harriet Nance, the widow of Joshua Nance, his first cousin.

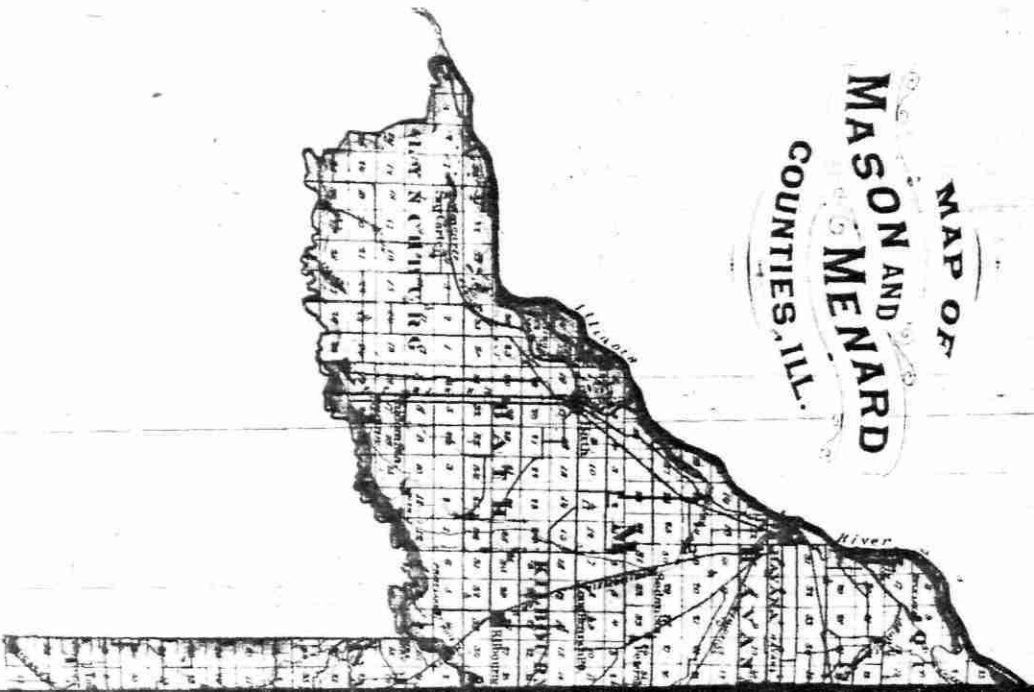
7. Mary Ann b. 1836 m. Jacob Armstrong 12 Jan 1854 (film 1311614, Marriage rcd, Menard County).

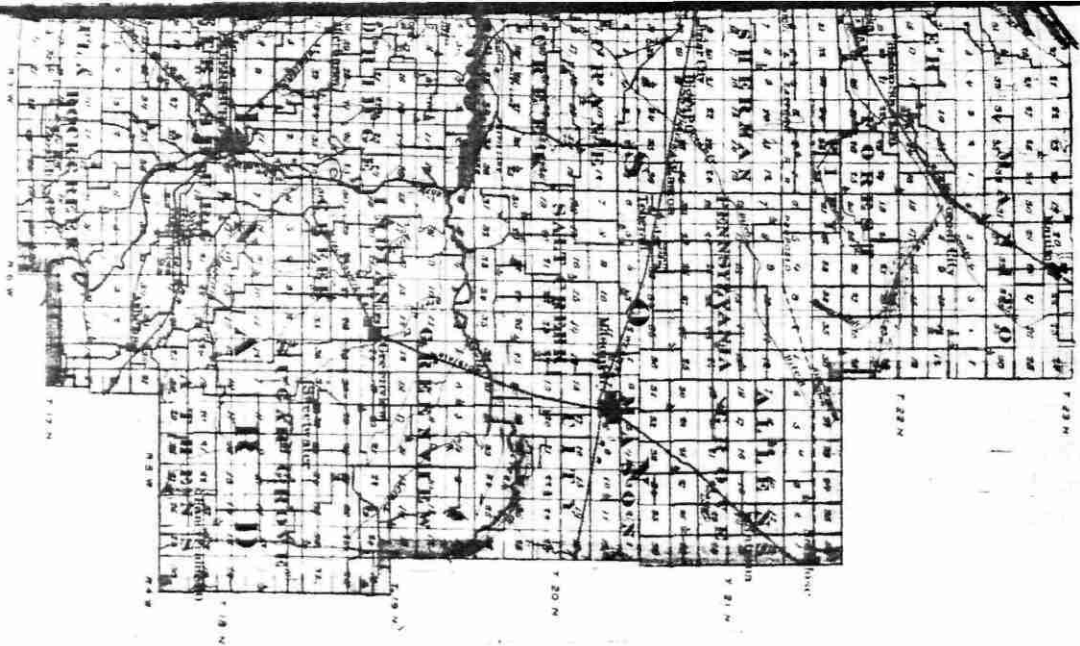
(The Nance Memorial has Cynthia as a member of this family instead of Redding but I have found no evidence)

Ref: The Nance Memorial, by Geo. Nance; Nance Register, by Martin L "Pete" Nance; 1850-60-70 census Petersburg, Menard Co., Ill.; Marriage rcds of Menard Co. Film # 1311614; Deeds Menard Co.



MAP OF  
MASON AND  
MENARD  
COUNTIES, ILL.







Milo Wood and  
Elizabeth Telford  
(by Frank Goodell, 1989)

Milo Wood was born about 1795 (age 55-1850) in North Carolina and moved to Tennessee with his parents. The move to Tennessee was probably made because of large land grants being offered in Tennessee to Revolutionary War soldiers from North Carolina. I have not been able to find who Milo's parents were or if his father was in the Rev. War but it seems likely that he was. I have searched for Rev. War records but have been unable to link any Wood that served with a Milo. The deeds for that time period in Tennessee are hard to follow. Early records of Tennessee are scarce. I did find an Alex H. Wood who sold land to Peter Martin 1 July 1819 in Davidson county Tennessee but nothing on Milo.

According to Aunt Nellie, Milo Wood married Elizabeth Telford in Tennessee. She wrote, "Grandfather and grandmother were southerners. One was from South Carolina and the other from North Carolina. Their marriage date is unknown." Aunt Nellie was usually right in her information however, in all the census reports of Elizabeth it shows her birth place as Tennessee, not South Carolina.

Their first child, Alexander, was born in Tennessee about 1820. Shortly after this they moved to Illinois. Milo is located in the 1820 census of McCords township, Bond county, Ill. This area later became part of Sangamon county. Under the act of 30 June 1821 Sangamon county was formed from parts of Bond and Madison counties.

The 1820 census of Bond county, McCords twsp lists Milo's family as: 1 male under 21 (this would be his firstborn, Alex); 1 male over 21 (this would be Milo); 2 females free and white-no ages given. (this would be Elizabeth and probably their daughter Eveline Jane, a later census shows her age as 49-1870 and born in Illinois.) Milo was one of the original owners of some land in this area and was registered as a patentee of 80 acres 24 Oct 1824. He later sold this land to William Posey in 1826. It was located in the west half of the NE quarter of Sec 15 in twsp 15N 10W.

Nothing has been found about Elizabeth's parents or any record to verify her maiden name. Aunt Nellie said it was Telford. Still searching for a marriage record in Tennessee.

The 1830 census report shows Milo and family in Morgan county near Jacksonville. In the Morgan county tax record he is shown owning 160 acres in Section 27 and paid \$2.40 county tax plus \$1.20 road tax.

Jacksonville was rapidly being built up and Pat Shireff recorded in 1835 that it contained, " About the same number of souls as Springfield but is superior in buildings, arrangements and situations. Many houses were of brick and the hotel's large and commodious." He dismissed Springfield as a small village of about 100 people and 20-30 shanties. Another writer recorded, "there were 16 stores, 2 drug stores, 2 taverns and several respectable boarding houses."

Although the town was being cleaned up by 1836, there was a severe cholera epidemic that struck Jacksonville in the summer of 1833. This might have been a factor in Milo's decision to move to Menard County. The epidemic stirred a concern for some sanitation laws to be passed by the city fathers, although there were some who thought it was brought on as God's punishment for breaking "moral laws".

By 1835-36 the city had passed a law to examine all hog pens within the city limits. Hundreds of pigs had run loose in the streets of Jacksonville wallowing in the muddy streets, foraging and snorting among heaps of garbage they could find around town. Though it was illegal many residents dumped their garbage in the back alleys and sometimes in the streets to be eaten by the wandering hogs. The hogs themselves created their own filth. There was an unimaginable stench about the town not only caused by the hogs but outhouses with shallow vaults, horses, and vagabond dogs. The editor of a local newspaper urged the trustees to require deeper privy vaults to be dug in the interest of sanitation but nothing was reported as to the outcome.

It took a while to clean up the town. A \$5.00 fine was levied against those who kept, " hogs, sheep, cattle or other animals so as to produce any unwholesome or offensive smell or annoyance to any citizen of the town." Steps were also taken to deal with offensive features of horse trading and stud service done in town. Two sites in town were chosen by a committee where horses and other livestock could be shown and mated. The more genteel citizens who did not care to watch horses mating in the street could now avoid the two locations.

Once the streets were cleared attention was now turned to improve conditions for pedestrians. In 1837 an ordinance was passed to pave the sidewalks with brick. These sidewalks became a source of pride in Jacksonville and were the envy of neighboring towns who had plank sidewalks.

Milo moved his family to Rock Creek in Menard county, Illinois approximately 1836. As Milo was principally a harness and saddle maker competition probably got a little stiff as there were now four applying that trade around Jacksonville. It might have been one of the reasons for his move to Rock Creek. The census of 1830 for Jacksonville showed a total of inhabitants of 570. White males, 319; white females, 237; Black males, 7;



females, 7. There were four saddlers.

Rock Creek lies a short distance to the south of Petersburg. When they arrived the Rev. John Berry had formed the Rock Creek Cumberland Presbyterian Church which Milo and family joined becoming charter members.

While living here an incident happened between the Berry and Wood families that is sort of amusing. It is found in a little book called, "A Piece of Time", by Laura Isabelle Nance. It seems that family squabbles were sometimes settled in Rev. Berry's church.

Mrs Nance narrates this story, " In the early days, almost every farmer's wife had a flock of geese to furnish feathers for pillows and feather beds. Every six weeks during the summer the geese were driven up and plucked. Every neighbor tried to keep her geese confined within their own boundaries, but geese are very persistent by nature and will find a way through a fence if possible. We even made goose yokes to control them for they fly as well as crawl...Now Mrs Berry's and Mrs Wood's flocks had gotten together at the branch in spite of all the owners had done to prevent it. Mrs Berry claimed that Mrs Wood had driven up and picked one of her geese. The matter was taken into church and a trial was held. Mrs Berry claimed that she knew her goose because it had a long feather in its wing. Mrs Wood knew that it was not Mrs Berry's goose because it had a long feather in its wing. I have forgotten the verdict."

I do not know how much this incident affected their lives but before 1850 Milo had moved to Petersburg where he bought some town lots. He set up a harness and saddle making shop in town. Petersburg was a growing community. Maybe they didn't have the brick sidewalks of Jacksonville but those who owned town lots were ordered by the town council to "construct a side walk of solid oak plank 2 inches thick and 2 feet wide."

It is difficult to know exactly when Milo moved to Petersburg. From the book, "Early Voters of Menard Co." we find Milo voting at an election held at the court house in Petersburg 2 Aug 1841 along with his son Alexander and Henry Clark. Among the Voters in the Rock Creek pct in August 1843 were Milo, Alexander and George N. Berry. In the Farmers Point pct of Aug 1844 Milo and George Berry voted, and again at elections of officers 4 Aug 1845.

His son had property in Petersburg as early as 1845 but the earliest I could find a recorded deed for Milo was 15 Jan 1850 for some town lots in Petersburg. The 1850 census report definitely places him in Petersburg however.

Milo and Elizabeth spent the remainder of their days in Petersburg. They were parents of ten children. Their oldest

son, Alexander, followed the trade of his father and became a saddler and harness maker in Petersburg at least until 1870 and then I lost track of him.

From the "History of Menard County", pg 232 it is recorded "Near Lloyd's place lived Milo Wood, a harness maker. He owned a small farm and had a number of boys. Alex, one of his sons, was also a harness maker. Mack Wood, another son, went to the Mexican War (I can find no record of Mack serving in this war) and after his return was elected coroner. After he was qualified, James Taylor, who was sheriff died and Wood was then sheriff but in settling up accounts they did not pan out and Wood was disposed from office."

Perhaps Milo and Elizabeth's most prominent son was McLean (Mack) Wood. He rose to the rank of full Colonel during the Civil War and held several public office positions before the war.

Milo was a true patriarch who looked after his children and helped each one get through difficult trials when the need arose. A typical example was when his daughter Mary's husband, Dr. McAlister died and left more debts than his estate covered, Milo stepped in and helped financially. Milo and Elizabeth were living with Dr. McAlister and Mary in 1860. They had sold some of their town lots to the doctor so he could set up his practice in town. Milo was sixty five and Elizabeth 63 at the time.

Milo died 12 November 1866 of "Black cancer of the lungs" in Petersburg. I have not been able to find his grave marker. James W. Estill, a son-in-law was appointed administrator of his estate. The security bond of \$7,000 was posted by James W and W.J. Estill and A.E. Mick.

The total collected on notes was \$4,480.38 of which A.E. Mick was the largest at \$1,889. W.T. Wood had \$226.40; A.C. Wood had \$222.74. \$794.43 was paid out for expenses leaving a balance of \$3,685.95. Of the amount paid out Elizabeth received \$188.00 in property and \$42.60 cash. The crier for the sale received \$5.00; a boy for ringing bell \$.25. Amanda Nance got \$8.00 for some unknown reason.

Among the things sold at the sale of his chattle property held 15 Dec 1866 was his saddler's tools which brought \$31.40. Amanda Nance bought a dinning table, books, and a bucket for \$8.00; James Estill bought a stitching horse and table for \$8.75; Argile Berry a bridle, brace, and auger for \$4.00. Total amount of sale was \$136.00.

Elizabeth Ann Wood died 2 Dec 1874 and James W. Estill was also appointed administrator of her estate. Bond was \$1,500. Notice for adjustment of claims was put in A.E. Mick's Petersburg Democrat, a weekly newspaper, for 6 times begining 24 Nov 1877

and ending 29 Dec 1877. Final settlement of the estate was made in court 16 Feb 1880 and notice of the settlement was published in the Petersburg Republican. By the time of her death she had disposed of all her real estate and had no cash. Notes by whom owing - A.E. Mick \$651.14 at 6% interest.

Estimated value of her personal estate was \$750. Her heirs were: A.C. Wood; Jane E. Estill; Angeline N. Berry; Amanda A. Nance; heirs of McLean Wood; John P. Wood; Mary E. Mick; and R. B. Wood.

Amanda Kane  
By Commissioner  
A. E. Mickize

8,00 522 46  
26882  
315 271 97  
794 46

State of Illinois  
Menard County

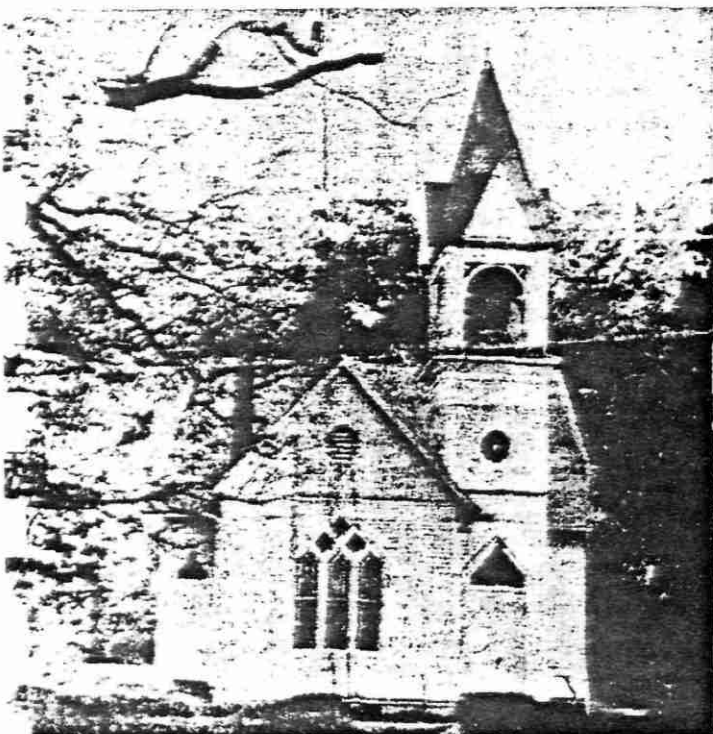
I, Elizabeth A. Wood, widow of  
Nile Wood, late of Menard County, deceased  
do hereby relinquish my right to administer  
upon the estate of my said husband, and  
request that James W. Estill, be appointed  
Administrator of said Estate

Given under my hand this 20<sup>th</sup> day  
of November A.D. 1861.

Elizabeth Ann Wood

ELIZABETH WOOD'S SIGNATURE.

## To Mark 140th Anniversary Of Rock Creek Presbyterian Church



Rock Creek Church where Milo and Elizabeth Wood were charter members.

Rock Creek United Presbyterian Church will celebrate its 140th anniversary Sunday, November 25 with a special program of services.

There will be Sunday School at 10 a. m.; morning worship 11 a. m.; basket dinner 12:30 p. m., and the anniversary program at 3 p. m.

Rev. John Neff, pastor, will preach at the morning service and special music at both services will be provided by the choirs and the organists, Mrs. L. A. Golden and Mrs. Myron Higgason.

Included in the afternoon program will be a dedication of memorials and statements of recollection from and by those who have been members of the church from 45 to 72 years. The history of the church for the last ten years, written by Mrs. Jacob Bast, Mrs. Louis Golden and Mrs. Ernest Primm, will be printed in the anniversary program booklets.

Rev. John M. Berry and his family traveled by covered wagon from Indiana, arriving at Rock Creek in October, 1822. Five weeks

after his arrival, during a meeting at a pioneer home, organized the Rock Creek Cumberland Presbyterian Church, now the Rock Creek United Presbyterian Church, on Nov. 22, 1822. Berry and his family lived at Rock Creek from 1822 until 1852 or 1853. He and his wife, as well as his son, Wm. F. Berry, Lincoln partner at New Salem, are buried in the cemetery behind the church.

For several years services were held in the different homes. A large shed was erected and used for weekly and yearly religious meetings. Camp meetings were held every year and were attended by the people of Rock Creek, New Salem and other close communities.

The first church house, a meeting house, was built in 1822 at a cost of only sixty dollars. Money, most of the material labor being donated.

The second and present church was built in 1892 and again most of the work was donated. A lay of about two thousand dollars was made this time, and the foundation rock of the old church was taken out and relaid in the new church.

With the exception of four years Rev. and Mr. George A. Wilson served the church from 1908 to 1947. Mr. Wilson's death in 1947. Mr. Wilson now resides in Bloomington.

The church is a member of the "Abraham Lincoln Country" Larger Parish. Members of the congregation invite all former members of the church and friends to share in the anniversary celebration.



### Children of Milo and Elizabeth Wood:

Alexander C. Wood, the eldest son of Milo and Elizabeth, was born about 1820 in Tennessee. He married 21 Dec 1843 in Petersburg, Illinois Martha J. Estill. She was probably a sister to James W. Estill who married Eveline Jane Wood, a sister to Alex, but I have found no proof. She was b. about 1823 in Ky.

Alex followed the trade of his father as a harness and saddle maker. He was appointed administrator of Dr. William F. McAlister's estate but resigned in 1862. He probably moved from Petersburg that year as I cannot find him in the 1870 census reports. He did buy property in February 1862 in twsp 19N 5W, this would be in the Greenvlew pct.

Their known children are:

1. Mary E. Wood b. about 1844 d. 18 Oct 1845. She is buried in the LeBanon cemetery 18N 6W in section 15.
2. Angeline N. Wood b. 23 May 1847 d. 28 Feb 1848. She is buried in the same cemetery.
3. Sarah J. Wood b. about 1849 in Petersburg.
4. William M. Wood b. about 1850 in Petersburg.
5. Louise Ann Wood b. about 1853 in Petersburg.
6. Thomas H. Wood b. about 1854 in Petersburg.
7. John N. Wood b. about 1857 in Petersburg.
8. Martha Emma Wood b. about 1858 in Petersburg.

Ref: 1850-60 census reports of Menard county, Petersburg, Ill.

Probated records of Milo and Elizabeth Wood located in Bx 474 Menard Co. ct in Petersburg. Marriage records of Menard county FHL film 1311614. Various deeds of Menard county. Cemetery records FHL nbr 977.3555 v3av2, Vol II.

Eveline Jane Wood and James William Estill

Eveline Jane Wood, the second child of Milo and Elizabeth Wood, was born about 1821 in McCords twsp, Bond county, Illinois. She married 5 Oct 1843 James W. Estill in Petersburg. He was the son of William and Mary Williams Estill. His father was a soldier in the war of 1812 serving from Kentucky. James W, according to the probate records was the oldest son and was born in Fleming County, Ky. about 1823. The Estill family moved to the Indian Creek pct in Menard County, Ill. sometime in the early 1830's.

Eveline went by her middle name of Jane. I have not found her death date nor where they moved to after leaving Petersburg. James W. was appointed administrator of the estates of Milo and Elizabeth as well as their sons, John P. and Robert B.

The known children are:

1. Amanda L. b. Nov 1843 d. 14 Nov 1847 according to a headstone in the Lebanon cemetery Menard co., Ill. Listed as a daughter of J.W. and J.E. Estill. However, either the headstone or the marriage date is wrong to have this child fit.

2. Cynthia b. 20 Aug 1844 in Petersburg. Died 13 Nov 1847. Also taken from a headstone in the Lebanon cemetery.

3. William M. b. about 1848 on Petersburg. m. Lilly M.

4. Harriet K. b. Aug 1851 d. 23 Aug 1861. Taken from a headstone in Labanon cemetery.

5. James W. b. 25 Oct 1852 d. 16 Sep 1853. Taken from a headstone in Labanon cemetery.

Ref: 1850 and 1870 census of Petersburg, Menard co. Illinois.

Probate record of Milo and Elizabeth Wood, Probate ct, Menard co., Petersburg, Ill.

Menard county cemeteries Vol I & II FHL nbr 977.3555 v3a

Angeline N Wood and George M Berry

Angeline N. Wood ,the third child, was born about 1823 in Jacksonville, Illinois. She married George Berry 18 July 1841 in Petersburg. He was born about 1815 in Kentucky and that is about all that is known about him. This family was living in Stewartsville, DeKalb county, Missouri according to a receipt he signed for their share of Milo Wood's estate. The receipt was dated 1869 but I could not find him in census reports of that place.

Known children are:

1. Benjamin b. about 1842 in Petersburg.
2. D. Kathleen b. about 1844 in Petersburg.
3. Elizabeth b. about 1846 in Petersburg.

Ref: 1850 census of Menard county pg 310 , no twsp listed.

## McLean F Wood and Sophia Loretto Carson

McLean F. (Mack) Wood, the fifth child of Milo and Elizabeth was born about 1828 in Jacksonville, Ill. Why he was given the unusual first name is unknown. Everyone called him Mack. Aunt Nellie said his name was Mack Wood and that he was a general in the Civil War where he was killed. I could never find a Mack Wood in the Civil War and it was not until I obtained a copy of his father's probate record that I learned that his name was McLean.

One enlistment paper said he was 5' 11" tall, another 5'9", with blue eyes and brown hair. A Lieutenant who was writing about him said he was cross eyed. Whether he was or not I do not know, this Lieutenant did not like him. Before enlisting in the service he was commissioned coroner of Menard county 23 Aug 1848 when he was about 20 years of age, and commissioned public administrator 16 Feb 1849.

He married Sophia Loretto Carson 22 May 1855 in Jacksonville Morgan county, Illinois. She was born Dec 1840 probably in Jacksonville, the daughter of John and Nancy Carson. John was a brickmason, living at 48E North corner of Duncan in Jacksonville. In the 1860 census report of Jacksonville, McLean is shown as a saddler and jailor, at the age of 31 he had charge of 11 convicts at the town jail.

When the Civil War broke out and Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, McLean enlisted as a Captain in Co. A of the 10th Ill Inf Reg for the required three month period. When it was found that the war was going to last awhile the regiment enlisted for three years. McLean was promoted to Lt Col and commanded the 10th regiment for most of the war. He marched to the sea with Sherman.

After McLean had served awhile he got involved in a real can of worms with the Anderson Cavalry or the 15th Pennsylvania Calvary. Information about this escapade is taken from correspondence located in chapter 32 of vol 20, pt II, of the War of the Rebellion.

The men recruited for the 15th Penn or Anderson Cavalry, as they came to be known, were not men of ordinary character. Promised special duty and privileges these volunteers were men of money, stature and means. They were doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc. and they had friends in high places. They could have been officers in other regiments but volunteered as Pvts because they were promised that their assigned duty would be to act as an escort to Major General Buell and to perform special service as an independent organization. They gave \$20.00 each to go with

the government money so they could have the best horses and \$50.00 for special uniforms.

Capt Palmer was the man detailed to go to Pennsylvania to raise a battalion of cavalry to be body guard for General Buell. After meeting with the governor of Pennsylvania, to obtain his blessing, Capt Palmer opened a recruiting office in some of the larger cities and had flowery posters printed (or "flaming and conspicuous posters") and advertized in the newspapers.

His success was so great that he continued recruiting until two more battalions were raised. It is doubtful that he had any authority to do this (because the inspector general, who later investigated could find none) but he said he did. It was a great feather in his cap to recruit so many men and would go far in getting him a promotion.

With over 1,000 men recruited they ended up with a problem of properly organizing the companies with officers. Those that were recruited first and formed the first battalion now feared that they had been deceived as they realized General Buell could not use three battalions as body guards, so they registered a complaint. Capt Palmer then had an order read to them at dress parade which stated that they indeed would all be the general's body guards, and this eased their fears.

Shortly after this General Buell was relieved from his command. Those recruited hoped for disbandment since they had no command to report to. Instead, they were all promised that they would be assigned in the same capacity to Buell's successor-Major General Rosecrans. So they left for assignment to Louisville, Ky where they expected to find commissioned officers to complete their regiment. They were disappointed and also learned that General Rosecrans refused to accept them as escorts. Consequently they signed petitions and sent them to Governor Curtin and the War Department asking that their troop be honorably discharged from the service on grounds of false enlistment. They stacked their arms and would not move.

Again they were induced to march, "On the most positive and most solemn assurance that all our grievances would be addressed on arriving at Nashville." But after arriving at Nashville they were still not officered and they were ordered to report to General Stanly, chief of cavalry, instead of General Rosecrans. This was the last straw and they wrote, "Having been inveigled (that's a neat word meaning-'won over by deceitful flattery') by our officers from Carlisle to Nashville, we deemed it our duty to make a stand here until fully satisfied of not being further deceived."

A committee from the regiment was sent to General Mitchell to solicit a court of inquiry to investigate the case. General Mitchell sent Capt Atkinson to take those who were willing to go to General Rosecrans headquarters and represent their case to



him. About 90 left to go with Capt Atkinson. Meanwhile the rest of the men were almost in a starving condition since they had received no pay and little rations. Then General Mitchell came and threatened to shoot everyone for desertion. General Rosecrans issued an order that he would not submit to their whims and if they did not come up to the front at once he will disgrace them and they will bitterly regret their folly.

They would not budge and General Mitchell was given an order to take sufficient force and move them. Rather than do so, he passed the order on to General James Morgan (Mitchell might have been pompous but he was no fool). Morgan proceed to their camp with the 10th Ill. Reg. commanded by our Lt Col Wood and a detachment of the 5th Kentucky calvary.

When they arrived Gen. Morgan asked for the officer in command and was informed they had no officer. He then ordered every man to fall in. The general then stated his orders and objective for being there with force and gave them 30 minutes to get ready to move. A few started to saddle up but the remainder refused and expressed a desire to be arrested. The general explained the folly of this course, advising them to go to the front and pledged that General Rosecrans, "would do them justice."

At length they agreed to go requesting than an officer be appointed to lead them. The general agreed and guess who got the job. Lt Col McLean F. Wood was detailed for this task and then General Morgan left with his forces. Col Wood, with about 170 rebellious men started to the front. Near LaVergne they met some federal parolled troops who informed Col Wood that the Confederate General Wheeler and his calvary had captured and was burning a supply train that was to replenish General Sherman.

The men Col Wood was leading wanted to attack but he determined his force was too small with not enough ammunition to engage General Wheeler. He ordered a retreat and selected a camp for the night. Seventy of the men camped there but the rest decided to go back to their old camp. They said they would be ready to march at the time Col Wood specified.

When the time arrived Col Wood stated in his report, " I returned to their camp but they refused all orders or attempts to induce them to go forward...I then returned to the city and reported the facts in the case to General Morgan." Col Wood was ordered by Gen. Mogan to return to camp, arrest and confine them. This he did, arresting over 200 men of the 15th Penn Regiment and confined them to the city work-house.

The reports of this action went to the secretary of war who immediately ordered a complete investigation by the inspector general. Generals Rosecrans and Mitchell had to answer personally and by telegraph. Pennsylvania Governor Curtin was applying pressure as well as a lot of Phlidelphia lawyers and

friends of the families. I do not know how it ended. These troops suffered a lot and were incarcerated for a long time.

They took a stand that was dangerous and one that was unusual for that time. Many enlisted troops were looking on with interest and the officers were afraid if they got away with it it would cause a break down in discipline. I suppose Col Wood got an unfavorable report because he could not induce them to march.

Some information on the later movements of Col Wood's regiment is gleaned from a book written by Lt. Matthew Jamison entitled, "Reflections of Pioneer Army Life" pub 1911. This Lt was a member of Col Wood's regiment and did not like him much. One reason being that Col Wood chewed him out in front of the regiment for not having his new recruits ready for drill.

When the 10th Ill Reg was first organized and signed up for a three month period, the commanding officer was Col James Morgan. McLean was then Capt of company A. Col Morgan had served with General Taylor in the Mexican War and had also been a Capt of the Quincy Rifles during "the Mormon troubles." Lt. Jamison called him, "a gallant old man who died at the age of 80 and will not soon be forgotten by the survivors of his command who claim him as the leader, par excellence." After the three month period was up the regiment was re-enlisted for three years. Col Morgan was promoted to Brig. General and Capt Wood to Lt Col. and commanding officer of the 10th Reg.

Lt Jamison evidently kept a diary, which he drew information from when he wrote his book years later. They were in the battle of Belmont (Lt Wm Goodell of the 30th Reg was also here) and then at Mound City, Ill.

The first entry that involved Col Wood is on pg 230 dtd 30 April 1864, "Officers assembled at Put's ranch for dinner today for the first time. Lt Col Mack Wood and Col Tillson guests... a thrilling future before us - men feel it, display it in their faces, and jest upon it. Played at draughts with Lt Col Wood." He describes General Mitchell as, "a little fancy man."

The entry for 15 Oct 1864 states, "Gen Ransom reprimands Lt Col Mack Wood, and justly." (he didn't say what for.)

On pg 276 is an entry dtd 12 Nov 1864 which gives an insight of why he did not like Col Wood as he states,

"The stupidity of Lt Col Mack Wood was well illustrated on dress parade this evening. My 38 recruits were in line with the veterans of company F and the other troops, Wood in command. He was putting the battalion through the manual of arms, at which the veterans were expert. My recruits were awkward as Satan among Angles although I had drilled them considerably. They could handle the guns alright but they could not order arms with neatness and dispatch. Wood couldn't see straight being cross

eyed, but he could hear like the Devil and when the guns of the recruits came down, one would of supposed that old Mack had got religion (which indeed would have been a most extra ordinary supposition.)

"He received such a shock - calling out to me to place one of my veterans out for a fogleman and show the green 'uns how it was done. The battalion rested in silence while this wonderful interpellation was gone through with."

"I had among the recruits a slick youth, expert in the handling of his gun, who had belonged to the regular Army. I answered the Col saying, 'Certainly, I will take one of these recruits and show you and the rest of these men a little sleigh of hand'. My man went to the front and did the trick as though that had been his specialty for 300 years. As for Mack Wood, I didn't care a Continental. He couldn't drill his own company when he was Captain of A Company."

On the 2nd of Jan 1865 is this entry, " Pleasant day. Night troops cheering - Lieuts Shaw and Woodward visit us on the picket line with an appeal for signatures on Lt Col Wood's case. (what that was about he did not say). Wood is an ignoramus and Tillison a plotter, as the surgeons say, by first intention. Tillison plotted against Col Morgan at Mound City, and through all years of service afterward."

I do not know what the petition was about or why the two Lt's were appealing for signatures in behalf of Col Wood but there usually was some in-fighting for position, rank, and honor among the officers. Col Tillison must have made his point with his superiors because when Col Wood's enlistment came up he was by-passed for someone else. Col Wood was mustered out of the regiment shortly after this and became a citizen. He later would re-enlist with the 154th Ill Reg as their commanding officer with the rank of full Colonel. For now though he would shortly be away from the main action of the war.

The next entry by Lt Jamison is dated 7 Jan 1865, " Majority of the men go to town on mules! Tillison having placed Gillespie in line of advancement, he will succeed to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy as soon as Wood is out of the way, an event anticipated daily. Gillespie gave a champagne blow-out this evening."

11 Jan 1865, "Learn that Lt Col Wood will be mustered out. Old Mack was a failure in some respects, but he was not a coward."

12 Jan 1865, "Col Wood in Beaufort, So. Carolina-a citizen-drunk to his health in a glass of wine - good-bye." end of Lt Jamison's book.

Col Wood (or citizen Wood) went home to Jacksonville where he united with his family for a couple of weeks. He and his wife Sophia had one child, a son named Edward D. Wood, with whom he got somewhat acquainted with. In February 1865 he enlisted for

one year as the commanding officer of the newly formed 154th Ill Reg at Camp Butler as a full Colonel.

The regiment was assigned garrison duty at Nashville, Tennessee with Col Wood commander of the Post. By August 1865 he was dead having contracted typhoid and spotted fever in camp. Had he remained with the 10th Regiment he probably would have lived to the end of the war.

His wife Sophia applied for a widows pension and received \$30 a month plus \$2 for their son, Edward. She received this pension until 1872 when she re-married.

Her second marriage was a mistake and ended in divorce in 1883. This marriage was to Samuel W. Ingalls in St Louis, Mo. He was a railroad engineer and I suppose gone a lot. They lived in Bloomington, McLean County, Illinois for awhile. The 1900 census report shows two children; Gertrude and Paul. The report also states they had 5 children. I do not know the names of the other three.

After Sophia's divorce from Mr. Ingalls she moved to Chicago. She applied for re-instatement of her pension as a widow of Col Wood. In 1904 the pension was restored which she received until her death in 1913. Her son, Edward, paid the transportation charges to have her body taken to Jacksonville for burial where Col Wood was also buried. When we were there in the summer of 1988 we could not find Col Wood's stone. The cemetery is open, it being too large for a fence, and there were a lot of stones that showed the effects of vandalism. Sophia and Edward's stones were located however.

The following letter was written by Gertrude Ingalls that was included in the pension papers:

Dear Mrs Mac

1755 Park Ave  
Chicago 16 Nov 1913

You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear from me. First, to business, then for a friendly chat.

I wish you would send me a receipt for the services you rendered us and date it June 3rd 1913. Write something like this, "Received of Gertrude Ingalls \$20 for professional services in nursing Mrs Sophia L. Ingalls in her last sickness and sign your name." We are trying to get reimbursed for mother's pension up to her death and after filling out papers 5 months ago, they write us from Washington that we have to have the doctor's, nurses and all receipts for the funeral expenses and send them to Washington. so you see how I am situated.

Got your address from the agency where Dr. Branen got you. If I had known where you lived would have been over long ago to see you. I am over on the North side every Sunday and have been over there 3 or 4 times during the week at the morning school I told you about on Wells street.

We moved here a couple of weeks ago after mother's funeral.

I couldn't stand it at the other flat. I felt so blue. We are in the same building only around the corner on Park Ave side instead of Wood street.

Mrs Eichele moved to Logansport, Indiana. Her husband got a good job down there. I went to see her about a month ago. They have a big 9 room house and have it furnished swell.

How are you? Have you been so busy you couldn't call me up? Have thought of you lots of times. I'll never forget how good you were the night mother died. I want you to come over and see me. Call me up and let me know when you can come. Phone number is the same (Seeley 1954). Come over some Sunday for dinner. I'll cook anything you want.

Please let me hear from you as soon as possible about the other.

Sincerely, Gertrude Ingalls.

#### Children of McLean and Sophia Wood

1. Edward D. b. 21 Mar 1858 in Jacksonville, Morgan, Ill. He d. 1938 and is buried in the East Jacksonville cemetery. No record of a marriage.

#### Children of Samuel Ingalls and Sophia Wood Ingalls

1. ?
2. Lula b. 1875 d. ----29, 1878\* She is buried between Sophia and Edward in the East cemetery, Jacksonville.
3. Gertrude F. b. Jan 1878 probably Bloomington, McLean, Ill.
4. ?
5. Paul Louis b. May 1881 probably Bloomington.

\*In searching for the gravestones of Col Wood and Sophia a child's stone was found between Sophia and Edward. Name: Lula d. (Month worn off) 29, 1878, age 3yrs 3 mos. The 1900 census stated there was 5 children born to this union of which 2 were living.



Mary E Wood, Dr. William F McAlister  
and Alfred E. Mick

Mary E., eighth child of Milo and Elizabeth, was b. about 1833 in Jacksonville, Ill. She married Dr. Wm McAlister 11 April 1855 in Petersburg, Ill. He died 24 Jan 1861 and she later married Alfred E. Mick in 1865.

Dr. McAlister bought a couple of town lots from Milo and opened his office in downtown Petersburg. He had a good practice but seldom was able to collect for his work. For example, there were over 300 names on his books containing a total of \$3,853.29 of unpaid debts at the time of his death. Included in the names were Simeon Nance for \$22.00 and Harrison Goodell for \$1.75. No doubt some of these bills were paid as the estate took two years to settle but it left a debt of about \$1,200 that the estate did not cover.

Mary's brother, Alexander, was appointed administrator of the estate 28 Jan 1861. When the 1863 term of the probate court started Alexander had resigned, no reason given, and Mary was then appointed administratrix 22 Oct 1862. She let her lawyer, N.W. Branson handle the paper work.

During this time a Barnhard Saal had signed a note to take over Dr. McAlister's offices to open a tailor shop. He put the following notice in the Menard County Axis paper: "Barnhard Saal, tailor, respectfully informs the citizens of Petersburg and vicinity that he has opened a tailoring establishment on his own hook on the north side of the square, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. McAlister. All work done in the shortest notice and for a reasonable price."

The following notice was placed in the October issue of the Menard County Axis: "SALE OF TOWN LOTS- By virtue of a decree of the County Court of Menard County, on the probate side thereof, made at April term, in a certain case wherein the undersigned, Mary E. Mick, then Mary E. McAlister, Administratrix of the estate of Wm F. McAlister, deceased, was petitioner, and Mary McAlister and Barnhard Saal were defendants being an application to sell land to pay debts, I shall on Saturday the 10th day of November 1866 A.D., ....offer for sale the following real estate, to-wit: Lots 1, 2, and 3 in block 45 in Taylor's addition to the town of Petersburg... Terms of sale-ten per cent cash in hand, the balance on a credit of twelve months..."

When the court ordered the sale of the town lots belonging to Dr. McAlister to help settle the estate, Barnhard Saal never appeared before the court and defaulted. He probably had little money invested, if any, in the property. Mary's father, Milo,

stepped in and made a high bid for the lots and took them back at age 68.

Since Dr. McAlister and Mary's daughter, Mary O. was a minor approximately 3 years old, the court appointed a guardian for her by the name of James Robbins. Dr. McAlister was buried in the Rose Hill cemetery in Petersburg.

Mary married Alfred E. Mick 15 June 1865. He was b. 22 Dec 1837 in Tippecanoe County, Indiana. His mother died when he was eleven. At age 21 he taught school for four years in Indiana and Illinois. He came to Petersburg in May 1862. In 1870 he obtained a license to practice law and was admitted to the bar of Menard County that year. He followed that profession until spring of 1874 when he located in south east Kansas and soon built up a practice with Wilson and Nersho Corp. He purchased the Petersburg Democrat, the oldest and largest paper in Menard County 1 Jul 1877 and moved his family back to Petersburg the following fall. (Menard Co. Past & Present, pg 95).

#### Children of Mary E and Dr. Wm McAlister

1. Mary O. b. about 1859 in Petersburg. Married Mr. Kalb. She d. 1 Sep 1916 in Petersburg and buried in the Rose Hill cemetery there.

#### Children of Mary E and Alfred E Mick

1. Leslie P. b. 1866 in Petersburg
2. Claud b. 1869 in Petersburg.
3. There is a gravestone on the Mick lot that says Willie Mick. It is not known if he is a son or grandson?

Mary E. Mick died 1 Jul 1914 and is buried in the Rose Hill cemetery next to Alfred E. Mick who d. 7 Sep 1893. His father was b. in Indiana and his mother in Tennessee.

Ref: Menard Co. Axis; 1860-70-80 Menard Co. census; Mg records of Menard Co. Film #1311614.; Probate rcd of Dr. McAlister; Menard Co. Deeds.; Hist of Menard Co. pg 698, by Rev. Miller.

Some of the debts listed in the estate of Dr. McAlister are:

|                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Amt of sale bill uncollected        | \$213.08   |
| Indebtedness expenses paid          | \$606.25   |
| Notes & book accounts desperate     | \$3,054.68 |
| Widow's specific allowance unpaid   | \$220.00   |
| Probably expenses of administration | \$100.00   |
| Interest on claims                  | \$150.00   |
| Total claims insolvent notes, etc   | \$5,971.39 |
| Amount of assets                    | \$4,250.39 |

Whitfield T. and Elihue L. Wood

I have put these two sons together as I have very little information about them. Whitfield, the seventh son, was b. about 1831 in Jacksonville and Elihue, the ninth son, was b. about 1836, probably in Rock Creek, Illinois.

Whitfield was married and appears on a couple of deeds in Petersburg but I have not found anything else about him. He does not appear in the marriage records of Petersburg. The property he bought in 1857 from Charles Goodman of Keokuk for \$1,200 is in Menard County twsp 18N 7W in Section 14. He sold the same property to Presley Rasenberger in April 1863.

Elihue signed a receipt for his share of Milo's estate when Milo died in 1866. The receipt was dated 1869 and it indicated that his address was then in Walla Walla, Washington. I checked the 1870 census report but could not find him.

John P and Robert B Wood

John P, the sixth child of Milo and Elizabeth, was b. about 1829 in Jacksonville, Illinois and Robert Benjamin Wood, the tenth child of Milo and Elizabeth was b. about 1838 in Petersburg. Aunt Nellie said that Robert, "had started for California in 1849 when gold was discovered and was never heard of again. It was supposed that he was killed by Indians." This could not be correct as Robert is shown in the 1850 census report of Petersburg as age 11. However, this does not mean that all of the story is incorrect.

John P and Robert Benjamin were declared legally dead by the Menard County Court in Petersburg 27 Aug 1873. The petition was filed by James W. Estill, a brother-in-law in behalf of the family. The place of death and time of death was unknown. It was stated instead that, "It had been more than seven years since the family had heard from either of them."

The only thing they had in their estate was money, \$245.73 each. This was divided with the family and all the heirs are listed, viz: "Elizabeth A, their mother; Alex C, Whitfield T, Elihu L, Eddie, Angeline Berry, Amanda Nance, Jane Estill, and Mary Mick, brothers and sisters. Alfred E. Mick was the county clerk at the time and signed the petitions.

No one seemed to know what happened to them and they very well could have gone to California in search of gold. If they went together in 1854 John would have been about 25 and Robert 16.

The cost of the Mexican War in 1848 did cause a financial depression, particularly along the Eastern seaboard. Business had fallen off, many farms were mortgaged, and there did not seem to be too much opportunity for young men to make a start in life. It was natural that many would look with enthusiasm for a chance at adventure and the possibility of hitting it rich in California.

The character of the men during the first year of digging for gold was such that a miner could confidently leave a can of gold dust in his tent and it would be there when he returned. That all changed when Calif Governor Mason wrote to the war dept and stated, "There is more gold in this country drained by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers than could pay the cost of the late war with Mexico a hundred times."

That made it official and it wasn't long until hard characters swarmed all over California and anything left unguarded was no longer safe. Notwithstanding the tough

characters, the hazards of crossing the desert, and the Indians thousands took off for California lusting for easy wealth and adventure.

At first it was so. Men could dig 10-30 thousand dollars worth of gold dust in a week. But the rich pockets soon were worked out and from then on many were lucky to make a living wage from a hard days work.

They had to be men of great physical strength to survive the western trek. If they did they found themselves conditioned for the hard life in the camps. Attacks by Indians along the way were very real. Still the enthusiasm continued for several years. If John and Robert did go together seeking their fortune in 1854 they very well could have been killed by Indians. Whatever happened to them remained a mystery to the family they left behind. They had no choice but to declare them legally dead in 1873.