

A Tribute to ...

# John L. & Hazel Carlisle Atwood

May 26, 1889 - March 12, 1954

June 10, 1888 - July 6, 1970



John L. Atwood - 1939



Hazel Carlisle Atwood - 1955



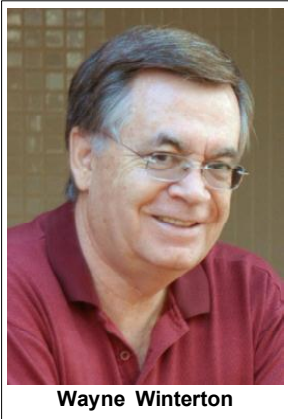
The Atwood Family - 1944

Back: Millen, Royal, and John R. Seated: Ava, John L., Hazel, and Nell

Online Version

Atwood Family Reunion - June 2, 2012, Salt Lake City, Utah

## Preface



Wayne Winterton

On March 6, 2012, following the comforting funeral service for John R. Atwood, and with a large number of relatives close at hand and willing to participate, Marie Atwood Haws set a plan in motion to honor the memory of our grandparents, John Leslie and Hazel Carlisle Atwood with a family reunion.

Unable to attend, I decided the best way for me to participate would be to prepare a small booklet based on a few of the memories recalled by my mother, Ava Atwood Winterton, in her autobiography titled *Homemade*. There is also

some material included in this booklet that had not been uncovered at the time of the publication of *Homemade*, such as the Bill of Sale on page 2.

*Homemade*, is no longer available in print, but it is freely available for reading, downloading, saving, and printing at: [www.winterton.us/family](http://www.winterton.us/family). A companion volume titled *No Regrets, the Autobiography of Allen M Winterton*, is also available at the above website, as is this booklet.

This little book wouldn't have been possible without the help of some wonderful cousins who delved deep into the musty archives of their family vaults and dusted off some rarely seen photographs of John and Hazel and their family. The finishing touch, and one that moves the booklet from the early and mid-1900s to more contemporary times, are the photographs of John and Hazel's twenty-three grandchildren and their spouses.

To achieve all of this within a handful of pages, I wish to acknowledge Jay and Arnell Atwood, Richard and Kathleen Atwood, John and Janene Atwood, and Drew and Rhonda Pearce, all of whom made contributions to the finished product on behalf of their respective branches of the family tree. Thanks so much to everyone!

Wayne Winterton

## Growing up an Atwood

Excerpts (and more) from *Homemade*  
by Ava Atwood Winterton



Annie Sheppard Carlisle (Hazel Carlisle Atwood's mother) with Ava Atwood (age 2). Outside the Atwood Grocery Store in Pleasant Grove, Utah 1921.

I don't remember much about living in Pleasant Grove, but I do remember daddy and his grocery store and I can remember playing with my brothers, Millen, Royal (Tommy), and Johnny.

When I was six years old (1924), daddy made a deal with Archie Boren to trade his grocery store in Pleasant Grove for Archie's farm in Charleston, Utah.

I remember the day we packed our belongings and started up Provo Canyon for the little farming community of Charleston. I was excited about moving, but my little brother Johnny had different ideas. He was only three years old, but he was certain he didn't belong in Charleston.

While the family was busy unpacking and preparing to settle into our new home, Johnny waited for the right moment, then took off on his trusty tricycle, pedaling furiously down the dusty dirt road from which we had just arrived.

It was several minutes before someone realized Johnny was missing. The hubbub of carrying and unpacking boxes, cleaning cupboards, scrubbing, arranging furniture, and all of the myriad tasks associated with moving - had given Johnny a promising head start on his quest to return to his roots and his friends, twenty-five miles to the south.

Everything came to a stop while we searched everywhere. We looked inside every closet, behind every shrub, inside the barn and other outbuildings, on top of



Ava and Millen - 1921

Agreement Pleasant Grove, Utah, May 26, 1924

I, Archie Boren of Charleston, Utah, party of the first part, do hereby agree to trade to John L. Atwood of Pleasant Grove, Utah, party of the second part, my farm located at Charleston, Wasatch County, Utah, consisting of 60.69 acres of land together with 22 shares of water in the Charleston Irrigation Company and 20 head of stock, 2 hogs, 100 chickens, 4 head of horses and all machinery now on the place, the valuation of same to be placed at Sixteen Thousand Dollars (\$16,000.00). For the butcher business, home, pasture and slaughterhouse belonging to the party of the second part and situated in Pleasant Grove, Utah County, Utah, the valuation of same to be placed at Nine Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$9,500.00) the same to be free from all indebtedness. The party of the second part agrees to assume the mortgage of Six Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$6,500.00) now held by William Daybell of Charleston, Utah.

/s/ Archie Boren  
party of first part

Wm L. Van Wagoner  
Witness

/s/ John L. Atwood  
party of second part

Agreement  
Pleasant Grove, Utah, May 26, 1924.  
I, Archie Boren of Charleston, Utah, party of the first part, do hereby agree to trade to John L. Atwood of Pleasant Grove, Utah, party of the second part, my farm located at Charleston, Wasatch County, Utah, and consisting of 60.69 acres of land together with 22 shares of water in the Charleston Irrigation Company and 20 head of stock, 2 hogs, 100 chickens, 4 head of horses and all machinery now on the place, the valuation of same to be placed at Sixteen Thousand Dollars (\$16,000.00). For the Butcher business, home, pasture and slaughterhouse belonging to party of second part and situated in Pleasant Grove Utah County, Utah, the valuation of same to be placed at Nine Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$9,500.00) the same to be free from all indebtedness.  
The party of the second part agrees to assume the mortgage of Six Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$6,500.00) now held by William Daybell of Charleston Utah.  
Archie Boren  
PARTY OF FIRST PART  
John L. Atwood  
PARTY OF SECOND PART  
Wm L. Van Wagoner  
WITNESS.



**The Atwood Grocery Store in Pleasant Grove, Utah (about 1923)**  
L to R: lady customer, John L. Atwood, owner; Ernest Ash, butcher, and Bert Garner, helper.

everything he might have climbed on to, under everything he might have burrowed into, and inside every empty box, but the elusive three-year-old was nowhere to be found. Dad called out in his booming voice, deep, resonant, and as full of meaning as any father that walked the face of the earth, but there was no response from Johnny. Mom was frantic!

Finally, as the search expanded beyond the newly acquired property, the truant toddler was found, vigorously pumping the pedals of his sturdy three-wheeler in a vain attempt to avoid capture. He had peddled far enough to round a bend in the road, but not far enough to escape the long arm of the law. The exhausted little fellow was returned home with his tricycle riding privileges indefinitely suspended.

Johnny had taken one look at the old house and dilapidated barn and knew at once that farming was not in his future.

The farm had forty acres of the most beautiful black soil you can imagine. A small creek named *Island Creek* and the larger *Provo River* ran right through the lower half. The beautiful soil and the abundance of water must have been what prompted daddy to purchase the property.

The house was quite old and in need of repair. Mom was less than enthusiastic, but daddy consoled her by saying that Charleston would be a good place to raise a family and everything would work out fine.

Life was not easy in those days and money was not plentiful, especially for an unestablished family in a small rural community. There was at least one occasion, perhaps others, when we nearly lost the farm.

My brother Johnny relates the following story in his autobiography, and it is such a wonderful story about the character of our dad that I am including it here:

During World War II, I found myself aboard a large ship headed for Okinawa, an island off the coast of Japan. The year was 1945 and I had been away from home since 1942. I was lonesome and daydreaming about home, my wife Norma and the family I loved.

I wasn't happy to be on board a slow-sailing naval vessel. I was a pilot and I much preferred travel by air. Besides, this ship was called the *Liberty Ship*, a name that didn't really fit. The last thing I thought this ship had to offer was any kind of liberty.

Three days earlier we had sailed out of Subic Bay, the capital of the Philippine Islands.

I was aboard because I was among the newest members of the 500th bomber group called the Air Apaches. All of the veteran pilots had flown our B-25 bombers to Okinawa, while we rookie pilots were confined to a slow-moving ship.



The Atwood Home in Charleston (1924)  
Ava, Royal, and Johnny



John R. Atwood - 1944

Honest John. To my astonishment the article was about my father and how he had found a wallet with a large amount of money inside, and how he had returned the wallet, including the money, with interest!

As I started reading, my mind traveled nearly 20 years back in time. I could remember most of the incident, at least the part about dad finding the wallet.

It was a hot July day and we were headed to Pleasant Grove to visit grandma. Dad was driving his first car to have windows that rolled up and down. The car he had traded in had old-fashioned isinglass windows that didn't open, and old-style mechanical brakes.

A family custom on any trip to grandma's was a stop at Wick's Inn in Provo Canyon where dad would treat us to a frosted mug of A&W root beer.

On this trip, however, dad said we would not be stopping at Wick's, but rather at Bridal Veil Falls to freshen up with a drink of water. Dad told us that there was

However, I could be content as long as I had something to read. Unfortunately, I had read all of the paperback books I had stuffed into my B-4 bag before leaving Clark Field.

As I searched around the ship for something to read I found several copies of the *Stars and Strips*, the official newspaper of the armed forces. The *Stars and Stripes* was widely circulated to military personnel around the world.

Out of boredom I picked up the copy laying closest to me. I had read a few pages when I came to an article titled,



John L. Atwood and 1934 Ford

no money available for treats on this trip. He explained as best he could that the bank was on the verge of foreclosing on our property and he didn't have the money to bring the loan up to date.

øBridal Veil Falls, one of America's most scenic waterfalls, is beautiful and



Royal, Ava, and Johnny - 1934

stopping there that day took our minds away from the money problems facing our family. Nell and I ran across the swinging rope bridge, stopping just above the place where the falls enter the Provo River and here we knelt to get a drink. Dad continued up the trail until he was alongside the falls. As he leaned over to drink, he saw a man's wallet.

øHe picked it up and opened it to discover a large sum of money. The wallet and the money belonged to a man from Oregon, probably a tourist who had stopped for a drink at the same spot.

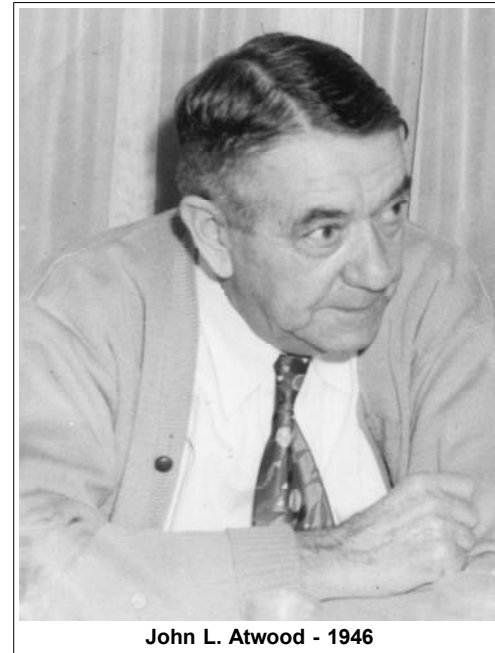
øOn returning home, using the address from inside the wallet, dad wrote to the man who had lost the wallet. He told the man it appeared that everything, including the money, was still in the wallet. Dad ended by asking the man how he preferred to have the wallet and money returned.

øSurprisingly, there was no response to the letter. Dad tried to contact him by telephone, and again by Western Union, but none of the attempts were successful.

øBefore the bank started foreclosure proceedings, dad used the money in the wallet to breathe life back into the mortgage. Thus the money from an unknown benefactor had saved the farm for our family.

øThat had been in the 1930s and it was now 1945, and here I am, 10,000 miles from home and I pick up a copy of the Stars and Stripes and I'm reading about my dad. Now, what are the chances of that happening?

øThe article brought my mind back to that day at Bridal Veil Falls, the foot race across the bridge with my sister Nell, and dad's chance discovery



John L. Atwood - 1946

of the wallet. But according to the article in the paper, there was more to the story and it was all new to me.

øDad eventually sold the farm to the state of Utah where it was later covered with water when they filled the newly constructed Deer Creek Reservoir. By now, Millen, Royal, and Ava had all married sweethearts they had courted in Wasatch County.

øNell was living in Salt Lake City with mom and dad at 1773 South 3rd East. Dad was working at the air base in Kearns, Utah, where he managed the Post Exchange and

bowling alleys used by the servicemen.

øDad always loved to meet new people and to find out where they were from. He enjoyed his job and the opportunity it gave him to meet new soldiers. On one occasion he met a young soldier from Oregon. As was his custom, he asked the soldier where he was from. The young man told him the name of a small town in Oregon.

Dad's ears perked up! It was the same town as the man who had lost his wallet years earlier.

øRecalling the name of the man who had lost the wallet, he asked the soldier if he happened to know him. The soldier replied, "I sure do! He's my uncle and he lives in San Francisco now."

øDad got the address from the soldier and wrote to the man, telling him about how he had found his wallet many years earlier, how he had been unsuccessful in contacting him, and that he had used the money to save his farm. Dad went on to explain how the money had come at a most fortuitous time, saving his farm from foreclosure by the bank.

øDad calculated the amount of interest owed on the money for all of the years since he found the wallet, then he sent a letter with the money and interest to the soldier's uncle.

“The man wrote back, explaining that when he lost the wallet, he was financially secure. He explained that he had been on vacation, and like anyone else, didn’t enjoy losing his wallet and the money, but at the time, it was more of an inconvenience than a disaster for him.

“He went on to say that he had fallen on hard times, saying, “The money you have sent me has made it possible for me to pay my debts and to continue to live in my apartment. I thank God for your honesty.”

John concluded the story in his own autobiography by saying, “At my father’s funeral in March of 1954, I was thrilled to hear dad’s former bishop, Wayne Whiting from Charleston, comment that “John Leslie Atwood was the most honest man I have ever known.”

That concludes the story from my brother’s autobiography.

My daddy was a leader and a highly respected member of the community. Of course, I never thought of him in those terms when I was growing up. He was just my daddy.

After I grew up and left home, and even now as I am writing this nearly fifty years after his passing, I have come to appreciate him all the more. He had a bearing about him that commanded respect from others.

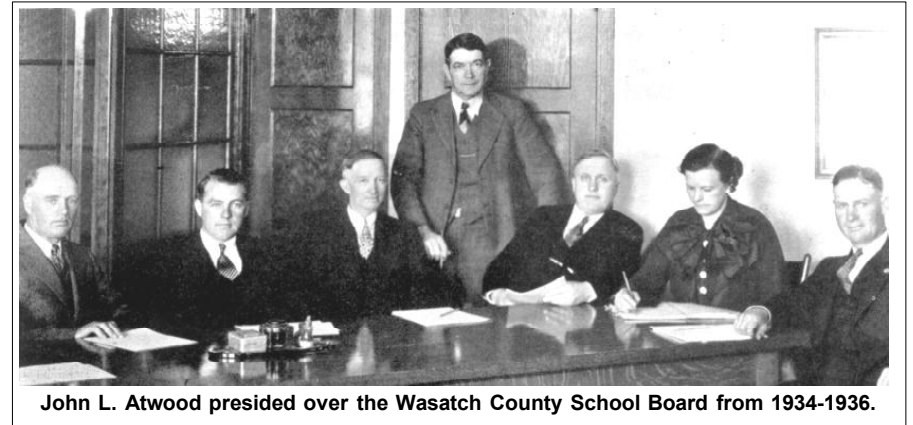
If it was his physical size, deep resonant voice, and caring quality that made him a gentle, but no-nonsense giant within his family, those same attributes coupled with a genuine concern for his fellow man contributed to his stature as a community leader.

As I look back with my adult eyes to the time I was growing up, I can see that daddy was one of those men from whom others draw strength. He had the kind of personality that encouraged others to desire his leadership and to trust his judgment.

John L. Atwood served as president of the Wasatch County School Board. He was also selected by the townspeople of Charleston to travel to

Washington, D. C. to represent them in seeking redress for lands taken by the government in the construction of Deer Creek Reservoir.

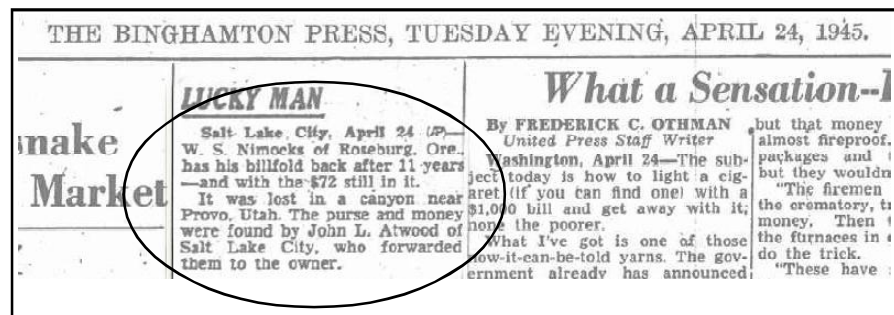
It was said of John Atwood, “You never had to guess where he stood on an issue, when asked.”



John L. Atwood presided over the Wasatch County School Board from 1934-1936.



Back: Hazel and John L. Atwood (holding Marie Atwood)  
Front: Joyce Winterton, Ronald, Mary, and Karen Atwood, Wayne Winterton, Bonna Sue, Jay, and Richard Atwood





**Hazel Carlisle, 1905 - about 17 years old.**

My mother was a very loving, kind, quiet person. Allen said he married me because he knew my mother was a nice person.

Mama loved all of the beautiful things of nature and she could see something pretty in everything. Everyone can see the beauty in a lovely sunset or a bouquet of flowers, but she also saw beauty in the weeds or stalks of wheat that might sprout casually alongside the irrigation ditches.

As the two of us would walk along a ditch bank, she might gather a bouquet of wild flowers and weed blossoms, add a sprig of tumbleweed or a leaf or two from a tree and

we would have a bouquet to grace our home that evening.

Mama was constantly sewing something for me or Nell, or making shirts for the boys. She knew how to add a feminine flair to the clothes she made for me and Nell and she knew how to sew boys shirts so they had a masculine touch.

She would drop everything at a moment's notice to go somewhere in the car, or on the hay wagon to play with a child or to just have fun.

She was a tiny person, but she could be strong and decisive when needed. I remember the time when the two of us hiked down to Round Hill by the Watson place to look for red currants. As we were picking currants, we heard something rustling in the bush. Mama whispered for me to stand very still. I did.



**Ava Atwood, age 10 - 1928**



**Millen (seated) and Royal (Tommy) - 1916**

She picked up a stick as a rattlesnake slithered from the bush. She beat the snake severely, not allowing the hapless creature time to think or coil for a strike. Instead, the snake beat a hasty retreat, which was exactly what we did as well. I don't know if that rattlesnake ever revisited that place, but mama and I never did.

Papa tried to teach mama to drive a car. It wasn't a good idea. He was so demanding in his instructions that mama was a nervous wreck. She might have been able to master the automobile if she had been taught by a regular driving instructor, but his expectations were beyond her

ability to perform so she never learned to drive.

Since she couldn't drive she was never very far from home. Papa liked having her close by. If she was a few minutes late walking home from Relief Society, papa would leave the house and walk toward the church until their paths would cross. He wanted her right by him, or at least in sight.

During normal conversation Papa had a deep resonant voice that was very pleasant to listen to. When his voice went up a pitch or two, it boomed and there was no misunderstanding that he wanted something. We all understood him and his booming voice and we could always tell if he was upset or just wanted to get our attention.

I can remember him calling my mother with a big, booming HAZEL. She would come on the run and he would say, "I just wanted to know where you were."

Mama and Papa had a wonderful love for each other and the love between them carried over to all of the family members. I never heard a harsh or angry word spoken between my parents.

We were together as a family nearly every night. We would sit around the big oak table in the kitchen or, if the temperature was below zero as it often was in the winter, we would gather in front of the Heaterola stove in the front room.

I started first grade soon after we moved to Charleston. It was a long walk, especially in the winter. On the coldest days, daddy would hitch up the team and wagon and take us to school, picking up our friends as we rode along. School was a mile away and that is a very long walk for a little girl just starting school. I can remember walking to school in the winter and the snow would be so deep it went right over the tops of the fences. It was cold enough to crust the snow and we could run on top of the frozen snow.



Charleston Elementary School - 1926

On really cold and snowy days we would walk as far as Bill North's store. Here we would stop for a few minutes to get warm by his coal stove. It was wonderful!

I can close my eyes today and follow the path I took going to and from school in Charleston. After going past the Carlile home, I would walk along the irrigation ditch next to the edge of a canal, then I would walk the railroad tracks to Verdell's Lunch Stand. Next I would go past the Latta's, the Richie place and past the post office (which was in someone's home). Then I would cut kitty-corner, as we called it, through the Charleston church yard and along the gravel road until I arrived at the tall, red, square school house. I walked this same path for all eight grades.

There were ten of us in our class. Our number stayed the same for all eight years.

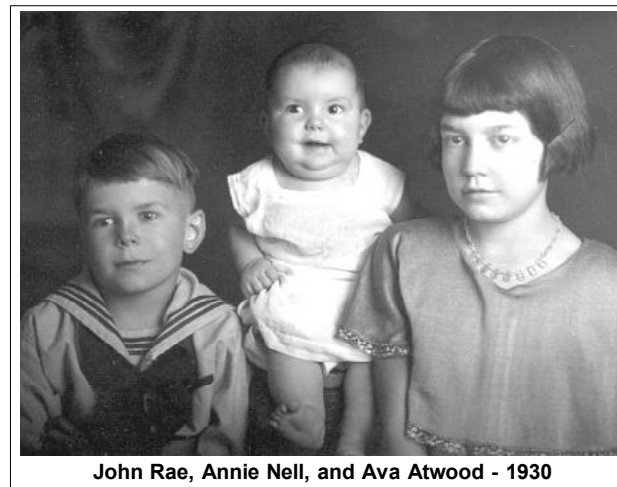


John R. Atwood, age 9 - 1930

Ten of us started together; ten of us finished together. When we finished the elementary grades in Charleston, we all rode the bus to Heber for our high school days.

The most exciting time of my early years was when Nell arrived at our home. I was certain she had dropped in from heaven. She had the most beautiful auburn-colored hair you can imagine.

She was such a very small soul and I can remember thinking, "Now I have a sister of my own!"



John Rae, Annie Nell, and Ava Atwood - 1930

The story of how Nell came to be named Nell is worth telling because it provides more insight into our family and how Papa was always in charge - sometimes to the surprise of everyone.

Papa was very proud of his team of horses, Ol' Maud and Nell.

When my little sister was born the family was in agreement that she should be named Annie, which was a family name.

When Papa took our new little family member to the front of the church to receive her name and a blessing, he gave her the name of *Annie*, and then he paused for a few seconds before adding the name of his favorite horse, *Nell* - and Annie became Annie Nell.

I thought Mama could have asked Papa why he did that, but it was done and no further discussion was necessary. From that day on she was Annie Nell, or just simply Nell.

Our elementary school had two grades in each room. There were four rooms downstairs and four upstairs. Grades 1 through 4 were downstairs; grades 5 through 8 were upstairs. As we sat in our first grade seats we could see everything that the second graders were doing. As a result, we either learned twice as much - or almost nothing - as we had to listen to our





**The Atwood family in front of the Lawrence Atwood home in Manila, Utah, 1912**

Left to right: Will, Ardena, Frank, John L. and Hazel, Cora and Lawrence with daughter Marvel, Sarah Wanlass Atwood holding Millen (one year old), and Sadie. [Note: Sarah Wanlass Atwood was born May 10, 1856. She crossed the plains in a covered wagon arriving in Salt Lake in the fall of 1863. She married Millen Dan Atwood (the father of John L. Atwood) on October 8, 1877. Millen Dan died November 23, 1909; Sarah on February 16, 1933.]

assignments and then to the instructions given to the second graders on the other side of the room.



Nell Atwood, age 5 - 1934

It was this way through all eight grades, but it never bothered us. We didn't give it a second thought because as far as we knew, everyone in the world attended classes that had two grades in each room.

Our school had an outhouse, but that didn't seem strange to us either because nearly all of us had outhouses at our homes. The school's outhouse was located some distance from the school and the walk could be miserable on cold, windy, snowy days.

Our parents took turns bringing lunch to school for everyone. The school purchased some huge kettles for the mothers to make the soup for the day. It was a great day when it was your mother's turn to bring the lunch. You got to tell everyone that your mother was making lunch for that day. That wouldn't cause much excitement these days, but we thought it was great because your mother always brought your favorite food.

If the weather was cold and the snow deep, daddy would bring the huge kettles on the big sleigh with his team of horses. Then he and mother and the teachers would fill each student's bowl and we would pass crackers around the table.

The ten of us made it through the eighth grade and we went on to high school. The high school in Heber City was about five miles from Charleston. Bill Casper, the bus driver, always greeted us with a hearty laugh. The Atwood house was the last one down the lane and I always had to hurry to catch the bus.

Sometime after high school I came to the realization that my life



Royal (Tommy) Atwood - 1935

was about to change. My childhood had been wonderful. I loved my brothers and my dear sister. My parents gave me so much love and support. I couldn't imagine what each day would be like without my dad's ever present booming voice or my mother's patience and guidance.

Of course marriage doesn't change the love you have for your parents or siblings, but it does put your life in the context of a brand new relationship and no one really knows how things will turn out until the new relationship has met the test of time.

I have never doubted the love that Allen has for me, nor me for him, and we have had a wonderful marriage.



Nina (Millen's wife), John L., Hazel, Nell, and Ava - 1934

Our beginnings were extremely modest. We didn't have much but we did have each other and the confidence that love and similar goals bring to a relationship. Those goals included the full acceptance of each other's family and eventually a family of our own.

My siblings, as I have mentioned earlier, included Millen, Royal (Tommy), John Rae, and Nell. My place was in the middle between Tommy and John Rae.

Millen was seven years older than me and the perfect big brother, someone to look up to and emulate. He was an excellent student and very bright intellectually. As we were growing up, he was a voracious reader and always had a book or newspaper in his hands.



Ava and Nell - 1933



Millen, John R., Jay (5 years old), and John L. Atwood  
1941

I remember he had a small book that he glued poetry and articles from the newspaper in order to preserve them. He was always good with math and figures and he went on to enjoy a successful career as a certified public accountant.

As he was growing up, Millen claimed he didn't like any of the local girls. Then three

years before I married Allen Winterton, whose family lived on one side of us; Millen married Nina Edwards who lived on the other side of us. We both married next door sweethearts.

This left me and my other brothers, Tommy and Johnny and my sister Nell still at home.

Tommy was older than me, but not ready to leave home. He was particularly gifted at drawing and I can remember him to this day, drawing cubes, squares, and boxes. His artwork, especially his cubes were so precise and realistic I could imagine them falling right off the paper.

Johnny and Nell were growing up. Johnny loved to tease Allen and myself. We would pretend we couldn't see him sneak in behind Allen's car when we were parked on the driveway in the dark. When Allen knew Johnny was peeking, he would lean over and give me a kiss.



John L. and Hazel Atwood and  
granddaughter Joyce Winterton - 1943

Johnny would also try to sneak up on us while we were on the sofa. At the most appropriate time, when Johnny's eyes were just above the fabric of the sofa, Allen would give me an extra big hug.

Nell loved to play games, especially Pollyanna, but she couldn't stand to lose! She would cry if she didn't win. Somehow, she ended up winning every game.



John Rae, Nell, and Ava Atwood - 1934

Nell was a tender-hearted little girl. She would cry when we sang songs, especially the song, *When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob Bob Bobbin Along*. We could never figure out what was sad about that song, but it never failed to bring tears to her eyes.

Nell and I were very close. She was my only sister and we spent hours together doing girl things. We would cut out paper dolls, sew doll clothes, play house, and dress up for hours at a time. One of my favorite things to do was brush Nell's beautiful auburn hair.

*As I sit at my computer, having just placed the above photo onto the page, I'm going to let five-year-old Nell wave goodbye to the reader. This ends the vignettes of narrative borrowed from my mother's book. I have just enough space remaining to feature the families of John and Hazel's five children, their 23 grandchildren, and their spouses.*

*All of us who occupy a branch or twig on the Atwood family tree have much to be thankful for, not the least of which is the wonderfully rich heritage bequeathed to us by John and Hazel, and those who came before.*

WW

Millen & Nina Atwood - 1934



Arnell and Jay Atwood - 2011



Karen Atwood - 1958  
[8/4/1942 - 2/11/1995]



Karen and Bonna - 1948



John and Bonna Little - 1966  
[Bonna: 1/21/1944 - 2/23/2007]

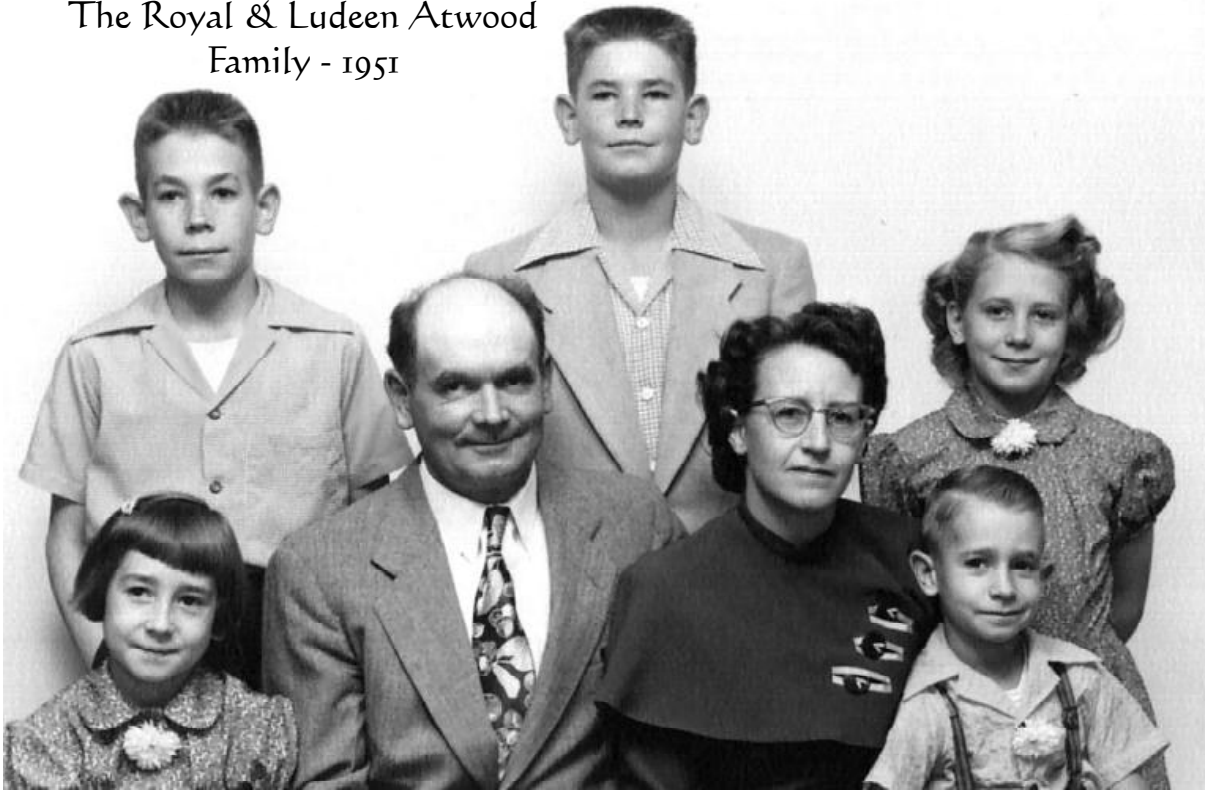


Kathleen and Don Eicher - 2003



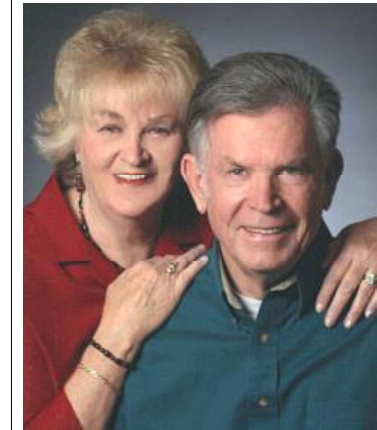
Millen and Nina - 1968

The Royal & Ludeen Atwood  
Family - 1951



Standing: Ronald, Richard, and Mary

Seated: Marie, Royal, Ludeen, and Paul



Kathleen & Richard Atwood - 2012



Frida and Paul Atwood - 2011



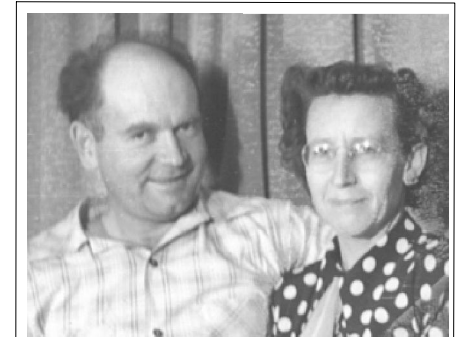
Ronald and Barbara - 2009



Loren and Mary Evans - 2012



Marie and Mick Haws - 1966



Royal and Ludeen Atwood - 1945

The Allen & Ava Winterton Family - 1973



Wayne, Joyce Stewart, Allen and Ava, Alene Neilson, and Ann Seely

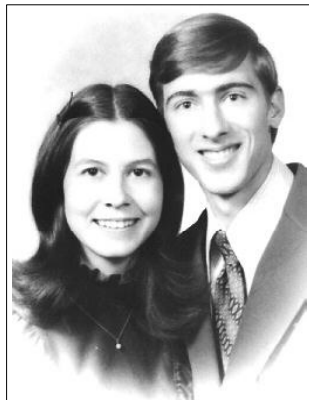
Occasion: Alene's Wedding



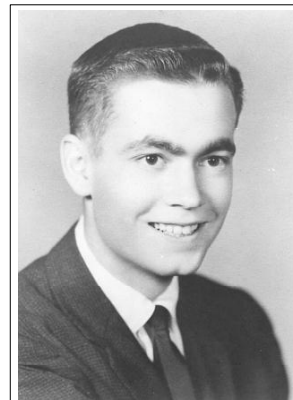
Allen and Ava - 1937



Richard and Ann Seely - 1967



Alene & Brent Neilson - 1973



Wayne Winterton - 1956



Joyce & Lynn Stewart - 1960

The John R. & Norma Atwood Family - 1998



Back: John L. and Mark  
Middle: John R., Norma, and Patti  
Front: Linda and Lisa



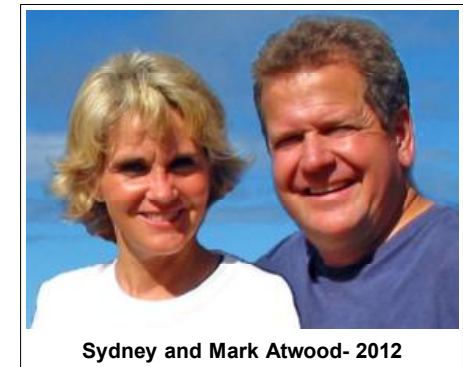
Janene and John Atwood - 2012



Norma and John Atwood - 1944



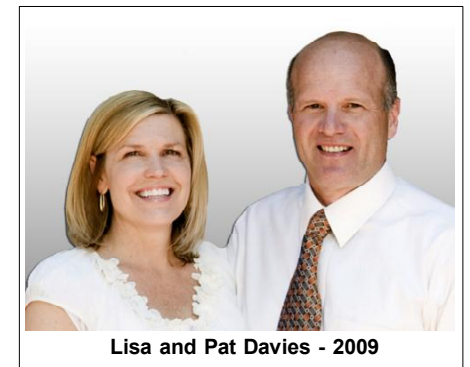
Patti Atwood - 2011



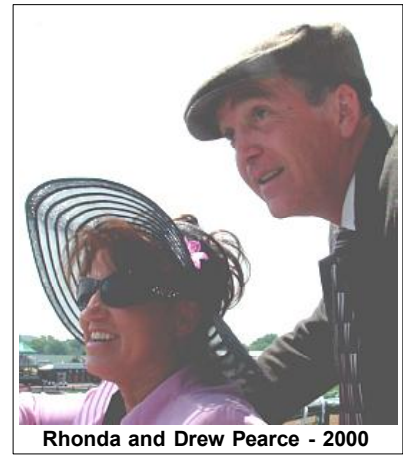
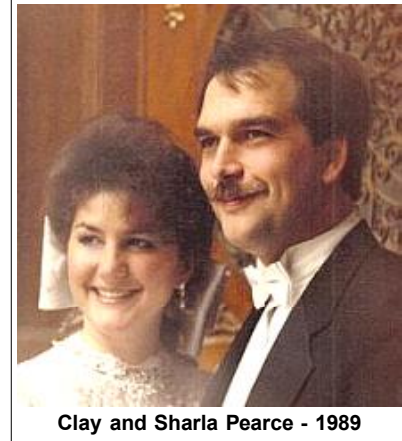
Sydney and Mark Atwood - 2012



Linda and David Winnie - 2012



Lisa and Pat Davies - 2009





Hazel Carlisle Atwood

1913



Those who do not treasure up the memory of their  
ancestors do not deserve to be remembered by posterity.

Sir Edmund Burke 1729-1797