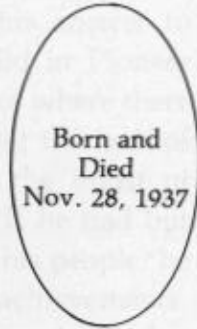




Carl



Larry



Born and  
Died  
Nov. 28, 1937

Tony



Duane



Michael



Mark



Dick



Beth



Joe



Johnny

# Special Memories 9

**B**eth wishes that her Dad were here because of his strength in the Church and in the Gospel. She says that she isn't strong enough to teach her girls to remain faithful and true to the end of their days here upon the earth. Joe used the Gospel as a guideline to live a righteous life, and he didn't change. I believe that we could count on the fingers of one hand the times that he missed his priesthood meeting each week, and he never broke his fast on Sunday morning until he had partaken of the sacrament, if the Sacrament was available. Only by renewing his covenants with the Savior could he maintain his strength throughout the following week. They even gave him the sacrament when he was in the hospital.

Joe practiced what he preached. The Bible counseled men to fill their quiver full of arrows, meaning have children. Joseph and I decided before we were married that we would have a large family. He wanted to obey, to the best of his ability, that great commandment of multiplying and replenishing the earth. He was compassionate to those large families in his ward, especially when he was the Bishop of Poplar Grove Fourth Ward, and to any other large family with whom he came in contact. He believed in taking care of them when and if they

needed help. He always gave a helping hand to the poor and to the needy, always giving special care and attention to children.

As I have mentioned previously, Joe's mother, Elizabeth Nemelka, suffered a great deal from arthritis in her knees. During the last few years that she was alive, she was forced to stay in her room all the time. If she wanted to go downstairs and back up the stairs again, she had to walk up on her hands holding her knees stiff because they wouldn't bend. Joe was so good to her during that time when she couldn't leave her room. He went to visit her faithfully every week and sometimes more than once. No matter what she wanted to eat, he would take it to her. When she died, I asked him if he missed her and he replied, "Yes, I miss her, but I was as good to her as I knew how to be, so I have no regrets because I was a faithful son."

Larry hopes that the grandchildren will learn to enjoy life as his father did. No matter what kind of a trip he had, Joe was carefree and happy, thoroughly enjoying doing all the things that everyone wanted to do. Larry said that one time he was standing in the ocean waiting to ride the waves when a huge wave caught Joe, swept him up, and flung him right up onto the beach. He laughed and said how much fun it was.

The grandchildren who remember Joe remember him most for his false teeth and for his knife swallowing trick. Joe had some false teeth which he could quickly flip out at his unsuspecting grandchildren. At first this frightened them, but after a while they began to enjoy it and would urge Joe to flip his teeth out for them. Joe loved to please his grandchildren so he would try to catch them off guard. It was surely an attention getter.

The only bit of magic that Joe knew kept the boys, Beth, and all of the grandchildren curious for many

years. In fact, what I am about to tell now was the one secret that he managed to keep from them.

When Joe decided to fool us at the dinner table, he would first clear back his plate, fork, spoon, and glass and leave the table bare in front of him. He then took the knife, laid it flat on the table, and moved it around and around in a circle. Next, he would lift the knife up toward his mouth with both hands and pretend like it was going down his throat. He did this same thing several times until he had the interest of all the family. They would watch him, fascinated, never taking their eyes off the knife. Around and around it would move on the table, time and again he would pretend like it was going down his throat, until all of a sudden it was gone. He would give a big gulp, and lo, where was the knife? Suddenly it would appear in his hands again.

The secret was simple. While everyone watched him, his hands became quicker than their eyes, and he would drop the knife onto his lap. Because everyone was watching his hands, no one suspected that he had nothing in them when he was swallowing. When the boys started to investigate where the knife was hidden, it was always in my lap. Of course, they couldn't find it anywhere near their father. Then, when the excitement would die down a little, I would slip it over onto his legs, and he would suddenly have it in his hands. His trick was quite simple, the hands were quicker than the eyes.

We went to Lagoon in June 1971, with the LDS Church Employees. We took Jason and Lesa with us. Dad wanted to go in swimming so we stopped at Westside Drug so he could get some baby oil so he wouldn't get sunburned. We laughed all the way home because when he rubbed the baby oil on himself in the shower, it foamed all up. He had bought Baby Shampoo instead.



New York—Sightseeing—Joe, Mark and Dick met Larry and me when we arrived from Europe.

Joe was also very human. He once told Ron Westerman, Beth's husband, that he thoroughly enjoyed going to White's Ball Park on North Temple because for one reason it was located across from the Fisher Brewery. When, in the late afternoon the warm smell of cooking beer would drift across the street to the park, Joe said that he loved the smell and that if he weren't trying so hard to be a good Latter-day Saint, and striving to live the Word of Wisdom, he would have quite honestly enjoyed a glass of beer. He knew that he could have become. a beer drinker because of that yeasty odor of the freshly-brewed beer.

As far as my knowledge went, Joe never did taste any alcoholic drinks, tea or coffee and certainly he had never smoked. He did once try smoking some cornhusks behind his dad's barn when he was a young boy, but he was quite ill from inhaling the raw smoke and he decided against smoking. He wanted to always obey the commandments of his church.

We were visiting with my sister in California one

time, and Joe was driving the car on rather a busy street corner. All of a sudden a driver from another car honked loudly, made Joe pull over to the curb and yelled and hollered at him for being such a poor driver. Poor Joe was so bewildered and confused, we never did figure out what the guy was hollering about. Joe wouldn't drive anymore in that city.

Chris always loved to go with grandpa to the Little League Ball game at Sorenson Park. He told me that I would give him a dime to spend at the refreshment stand and he felt that he was on cloud nine because he was with grandpa and could spend his money on whatever he wanted.

Joe was a 'ham' actor. He delighted in imitating Stan Laurel of the Laurel and Hardy comedies. He was a perfect Laurel, even to the scratching of his head and getting the stupid look on his face. I used to enjoy laughing at him and his impersonation.

He couldn't tell jokes, he nearly always forgot the punch line, but one time he brought home a story about some fellow who drank up bottles of whiskey rather than throw the liquor away, and when the guy was finished he was all twisted with what he was trying to say. Joe would start to giggle and laugh and could never finish reading that particular story aloud. He was also the Master of Ceremonies of a Ward Banquet in the old Poplar Grove Ward. He was so shy and bashful that he had a hard struggle trying to be a good MC. He somewhere got hold of a joke about a Sears & Roebuck catalogue and told that joke over and over again to anyone who would listen.

Kimberly and Joe stayed together sometimes, with Joe being the baby sitter, and when he had to feed her the baby food, he often ate more of it than he gave to her. She actually grew up with the idea that if Joe didn't like the bottle of baby food, then it wasn't any good for her.

Johnny, as a teen-ager, would sit on the back row in the corner of the Ward Chapel with his friends and during the meeting he would keep a close watch on his dad. When

there was a particularly uninteresting speaker, dad would always close his eyes. When Johnny asked him why he closed his eyes, he would always tell him that he was just resting his eyes. However, when Johnny made too much noise, he would see his dad open one eye and glance down at him, he knew full well that dad has been a little sleepy and maybe had even taken a little nap. Of course, resting one's eyes and sleeping are two different things, at least they were to Joe.

There was also the time when Joe was sound asleep, as he had worked all night. I opened the bedroom door quietly but quickly and lo! a mouse was running all over Joe's face. I let out a yell and poor Joe jumped like he had been shot out of a cannon. It was quite a trick to let a mouse run over one's face without doing anything about it.

When Joe would go to visit Carl and Sue, Tracy, as soon as she saw him, would climb up on his lap and stay there until it was time to go home. Joe would say to her, "How's my little Tracy Lee?"

She would answer back, "I'm not Tracy Lee, I am Tracy Steele." Tracy Steele was the name of a popular detective on the radio and Joe would tease her about her name.

Kim was such a shy, bashful little girl that she would not let Joe hug her nor would she sit on his lap. However, when Becky came along, Becky was so outgoing and loving that she had no problems at all loving Joe. Kim would watch her closely until one day when Becky was having fun with Joe, Kim finally hugged him, too, and then the two girls would invariably try to decide who could hug him the hardest. Kim's dad called her his little princess, and Joe said one day that Kimberly did remind him of a little princess she was so tiny and dainty.

Every Friday without fail during football season, Dad would call Beth and say, "Is this my one and only, are you going to come and take me to the game?" and it didn't matter who was playing on the West team, Dad would still go with Beth once a week. She would wait for him out at

the Historian's Vault on Redwood Road while he took off his brown working coat, and then he would be off with her to go to the game. She still remembers this association with her father and appreciates the time that she had with him as his "one and only."

Dorothy told me that she loved to take him shopping because he would wander up and down the aisles, buying all kinds of foods, just to enjoy the experience of shopping with her. When he would travel with me, especially on an airplane (he enjoyed not having to drive) he was so interesting to observe and talk to because he would talk about anything and everything. We didn't do much traveling until the children were older and able to stay by themselves, but in later years we visited the Mesa Verde and the Pueblo Indian artifacts, and went through the Black Canyon of Colorado. We also went to California nearly every year—sometimes Joe went twice a year as he loved Dorothy's cooking. I believe she spoiled him with the good things that she gave him to eat.

We also took a trip to Hawaii in June of 1970. Joe took some Books of Mormon to try to give to the people on the S.S. Lurline (we came home by ship), but the people just weren't interested so he brought them all back home. We didn't fit in too well with people on board the ship—they drank, gambled, and fooled around, but Joe would never waste his time that way. He walked around the deck several times each day and went swimming in the pool. We enjoyed the food, but we talked with very few people. We were assigned to a group when we left Salt Lake and Joe was the only man. When we all ate dinner at a hotel, Joe, knowing that the ladies were supposed to all be Mormons, told the waiter that we didn't want any cocktails, but one of the ladies told the waiter that, yes, she did want a cocktail, and she proceeded to drink one. We didn't bother much with her after that--we just didn't want to be with her when she didn't observe the Word of Wisdom. We were also scheduled to go on a river trip on one of the islands, but, because it was Sunday, Joe elected to go to church on the

island instead of going on the trip. He asked one of the native girls to take us where they served Hawaiian food. She consented and took us to a Harmon's Kentucky fried chicken. Joe decided that she had wanted to eat the chicken herself so that's why she took us there. She really ate with enthusiasm too.

Once, when we were first married, we were walking through the Kress Store and stopped by the Ladies' Lingerie table. Before I knew what Joe was doing, he had taken a "bra cup" and put it on his head. He thought it was a "trick hat." He surely blushed when I told him what it was.

He enjoyed relaxing at a ball game. In fact, when he died, he had already bought a season pass to the Salt Lake Gulls' games at Derks Field. He also enjoyed going to Ward and Stake parties; as you will all remember, we were at a party when he died on the fifteenth of July. Life with Joe was exciting because he loved to have a good time no matter where he was but he never forgot that he was a Latter-day Saint. He always observed the Word of Wisdom and our doctrine of the good life.

Michael appreciates and appreciated his Dad's wisdom. Joe was one of those persons who related his spiritual ideas to our temporal life. He lived in the world but was not a part of the world. He could keep the spiritual a part of his life in the right perspective. He maintained his relationship with his Lord and Savior and still was a good Latter-Day Saint, an excellent husband, a kind and understanding father, and, as I have already written, a thoughtful and caring son to his parents. He had compassion toward people. We will never know, nor could we ever tell, the number of people he helped both spiritually and monetarily. Even on the Sunday before he died, he made a special effort to visit all of the widows in the ward.

Special blessings were very important to Joe, and he gave Tony, Cynthia, and Tricia each a grandfather's blessing. He also gave each of his sons a father's blessing when one left home. He didn't appreciate an anointing with

oil over and over again for the same blessing. He thought that if the anointing was done once, then that was sufficient. The last time he was in the hospital in December of 1970, I wanted the Elders to bless him, but President Drechsel had already done so, and that was enough for Joe. President Drechsel was the president of Pioneer Stake to whom Joe had served as counselor for six years.

Joe baptized and confirmed all of his children and blessed most of them. After the child's baptism (in the Tabernacle font), Joe would take him over to the Grabeteria and let him eat whatever he wanted. On their birthdays, he would buy each child a big bag of candy.

Joe showed a lot of love and understanding for his children. They hardly ever participated in a event at which he wasn't present yelling on the sidelines, arguing with the coach, or condemning the referee. One of his sons, while playing for West High, made the comment that he could always tell when his dad was present because he could hear dad over all the rest of the spectators.

When Beth was first married, she applied for a job with Betty, my sister, at Thomson McKinnon Auchincloss & Co., Stock Brokers. One morning, Betty looked up at the front door and saw Joe standing there. She greeted him and talked to him, asking him what he wanted. He looked all around, and then said, "I just thought I'd look around to see where my little girl is going to work." Betty thought that was really sweet of him to care about his daughter so much.

Joe was not a coward in teaching and interpreting the Gospel to those whom he taught. Michael recalled that his father told him that he once stood up in Stake Conference and told the people that they were not living the right kind of life if they used contraceptives of birth control. He told Michael that many people argued with him, disagreed with him, and even condemned him for being so outspoken. He always had something of the Gospel to give to people, whether it was in his testimony on Fast Day, in a speech that he prepared, or in a lesson he was teaching. He lived exactly as he preached (as can be

seen by the number of children we have), using wisdom in all things, and striving to remain true to the Gospel to the end of his days here upon the earth.

During the years previous to Joe serving as Bishop, we belonged to a study club that met Sunday evenings after Sacrament Meeting. Joe organized it with the purpose of studying the Gospel with our friends. Belonging to the club, besides Joe and me, were Margaret and Ted Crockett, Helen and Cliff Andersen, Anne and Grant Marsh, June and John Beynon. During our time we read the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, the Pearl of Great Price, and the New Testament. We would take turns reading aloud and discussing what we didn't understand. Joe and Grant Marsh guided our thoughts and we all enjoyed that time together.

As I have mentioned before, Joe was a very thrifty person. Michael reminded me that he always had money for any of his children who wanted to borrow some. However, sometimes he was just too thrifty as the following story will remind you. Joe had a brown suit that he wore everywhere—except on Sunday when he wore his nice black suit. The brown relic was periodically cleaned and pressed but it was still old, shiny on the seat, and threadbare in places. Anyway, when the Deseret Industries truck was around collecting clothing, I gave them Joe's old brown suit in the hope that I could get him to wear something else. Imagine my surprise when he came home one day from a visit to Deseret Industries carrying the old familiar suit. I couldn't imagine what had happened until he told me that he had found this good suit that "just fit him," and he had decided to buy it so he would have another one. He had bought his old suit back again.

When Joe was the bicycle man at the Police Department, he worked at the Grabeteria during his noon hour. The owner, who was a friend of Joe's, felt that the customers were cheating him. They could take what they wanted to eat, but they were supposed to pay for all they ate. They weren't all reporting what they took so Joe would

check them and watch what they ate and how much they paid for. If someone ate too much and didn't pay for it, Joe would ring the cowbell and embarrass the customer. Usually the customer would pay up. Mr. Simmons, the photographer, told me after Joe died that the new owners hadn't known what the old cowbell was for, so he, Mr. Simmons, told them how it was used. He said that Joe saved many a nickel and dime for the owner.

Joseph Jr. admired and respected his father for a virtue that he hopes his children will have. Joe, his father, was a Latter-day Saint seven days a week and not just a Sunday churchgoer. He didn't push his religion on anyone; rather, he just calmly and quietly kept the commandments to the best of his ability. His children respected him for this. He was not a hypocrite in that he did one thing on Sunday and other things on the other days of the week. He definitely practiced what he preached to others. It was not his way to say, "Do as I say, not as I do." He was an excellent example of teaching by example.

Dick's memories of his father are strongest in thinking about his dad's service to other people. He remembers that Joe had to help his mother when he was a young boy by taking care of his sister, Esther, and feeding her right from the cow. Joe would take Esther's bottle out to the cow in the barn, milk the cow into the bottle, put the nipple on, and feed his sister while his mother went off to work during the day. I don't know if that had anything to do with Joe's dislike of milk or not, but when he was an adult, he would never drink milk unless he had a large piece of very rich chocolate cake to go with the milk. He also would drink milk when he was eating a Mexican dinner at the Tampico.

Joe took excellent care of his children, always providing them with wholesome food and plenty of fruit and vegetables. He often worked three jobs, declaring that he didn't want his children to go without the proper food. He was the custodian for the Southern Pacific Office and also worked up at the Growers Market. Carl and Michael also worked at the market, and all the children down to Beth

worked at the railroad offices. He was



1950—Charletta, Betty, Joe, Virginia.

always giving of himself to the people of his ward, never turning away a person from welfare food unless that person was an undesirable person. More often than anyone else in his family, he carried the one hot meal a day that his mother prepared for his father to the Constitution Building. He usually had it there hot and waiting when his dad came back to his room after being in the temple during the day. Grandpa Carl worked at night, so he would go to the temple in the daytime, eat his hot meal in the afternoon, and then sleep for a while until it was time to go to work. Joe usually carried the meals to him. Joe often invited the widows in his ward to eat Sunday dinner in our home, and frequently gave them gifts.

Joe Nemelka gave of himself to everyone. He would not spend money on clothes for himself, but he always had money to give to someone else. After his death, many people remarked to me how often Joe had done

something for them. He spoke at every funeral where he was invited to speak. Every lesson or speech that he prepared was done to the best of his ability in his service to others. If we had a Gospel question, Joe would search the scriptures for us to answer our questions—he didn't just brush us off.

My sister Charletta has great respect and admiration for the love and example that Joe gave to her. She has written the following tribute especially for this book.

When my sister Gayle married Joe, I was a 5 year old child. Little did I realize the influence that Joe would have on my life. I remember him as a nice man who was a lot of fun. He was always good to me and didn't get upset with me.

For years, Gayle and Joe were my life. I filled two diaries with things about them and their family... about going to Gayle's house and about their coming to our house. I used to help Gayle with the children. I stayed down there a lot during my teenage years. I loved to go there as I was always treated more grown-up than I was at home, my being the youngest in my own family. They allowed me to do a lot of learning. Gayle let me cook and practice doing a lot of things...

In those days, Joe was always working at several jobs, trying to provide for his ever-growing family. Both he and Gayle were doers, not watchers. He had a cow to provide dairy products for the family. He also always had a garden in which he took great pride. The gardening was a lot of work, but he was able to produce a lot for his family.

I went with him on different times to Grand Central Market to buy lugs of fruit which he didn't

produce in his garden. Every time that we went, he always took time to explain what was happening, what was the best fruit, and what were the best prices. I must have been in my pre-teen years at this time. He could have ignored me, but he always tried to talk to me.

In later years when I was trying to garden, Joe would always take the time to sit down and explain things to me and answer my questions. When he came to California to visit, he would go to the markets, particularly the specialty markets, and look at different foods and compare prices. He had great curiosity and shared his learning with those who would listen.

I always felt very much at home at Gayle and Joe's house. Not only when Gayle was there, but when Joe was there too. I guess at that time he was a big brother to me as Gayle was my big sister. I remember being so excited because I was in charge of one of the programs at the Social Arts Club in High School. Joe was a Policeman at the time, and he had quickly consented to come and talk to the High School girls. I remember how proud I felt that we were related and that he was so friendly and gave such a good presentation. After my High School graduation, I moved to California and didn't see their family on a regular basis. It was a breaking away that was hard for me.

As I returned home to visit, we used to stay at Gayle and Joe's house. We always felt right at home, even after I was married and had my family with me. As I grew older, I felt that Joe was the dad I had never known. I know that he was busy with his own family, but he always took time to sit down and talk. He was the one I went to for answers to my

questions of a spiritual nature. He was so knowledgeable in Church doctrine and could explain so clearly about most any subject. He had an understanding of who he was, why he was here, and where he was going, and he acted accordingly.

He was the witness to my Temple marriage to Bruce. He represented my side of the family. It seemed so appropriate that Joe should be the witness along with Bruce's dad.

When I was having my third child, it was determined that the baby would be born breach. Gayle and Joe had brought mother down here for a visit. Mother insisted that Joe should give me a blessing. She said that he had a special way of speaking directly to Heavenly Father. My little girl was born just fine. She is a mother now.

Joe and Gayle always seemed to appear when they were needed to aid and comfort. When my mother-in-law passed away, we had to take her to Utah for a memorial service and burial. It was a comfort to see Joe come walking through the door at the service. I'm sure that he must have had other things to do, but he came.

Whenever Joe came to visit us in California, he seemed to make immediate friends. As he got out of the car at my home, he would call out a friendly greeting to whichever neighbor was around usually engaging them in a conversation.

The last time I saw Joe was when he brought Gayle to see me in California in early 1971 right after the big earthquake in our area. We drove around the devastated area. He expressed disbelief at the damage that had been done.

Not too long after that visit we received the call that Joe was gone. It seemed so strange that he

wasn't there to greet us when we went up to his funeral. Suddenly, it seemed so lonely.

Charletta Cotterell

Bell

My sister Betty wrote this letter of thanks to Joe just prior to his passing.

June 9, 1971

Dear Joe,

Gayle told me you had offered your home open to me—that anytime I needed to come down there I could. You don't know how much that token of love means to me. Sometimes I have felt sorely alone with no place to go and just knowing I have someplace in this world means more than I can tell you.

I have had quite a bad time over the last year or so, and I didn't want to burden you and Gayle because you have so many times had me and my problems thrust upon you—it seems you have always been there for me to lean upon. But you have so many trials of your own, you don't need mine also.

However, I do want you to know that the gesture you have offered me means more to me at this time than the whole world has offered, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I am trying to work things out, but sometimes things just seem too much to bear.

God bless you sweet Joe. He must surely know what a good heart you have to have put up with these crazy Cotterells and Howell-combinations all these years.

Love,



Our son John has always remembered the lessons Joe taught his sons about loyalty. Joe was loyal to *all* of his ideals, not just a few. He always taught the boys, Beth, and me that it really didn't matter if we had to pay high taxes here in the United States; that was what we had to pay to live in this great and glorious country. He was in Germany at the beginning of Hitler's bid for power, he listened to many of his speeches, he read in newspapers about other countries and how they existed under a dictatorial rule, and he thanked his Father in Heaven that his parents had heard the Gospel and came to the United States from Germany so that he could live in this land of the free and the home of the brave. He liked to see our flag waving before our porch on patriotic holidays, and he often sang our patriotic songs when he would sit at the piano with me on Sunday afternoons.

He was very loyal to his country. During World War II, or at the outbreak of it before Pearl Harbor, he tried to enlist but was deferred because of his family. We had four children—Mark wasn't born until just before Pearl Harbor. He helped me live off the ration books we were issued, and he gave sugar coupons and meat coupons to those who were rationed less than what they required. We had many ration books but not enough money to use all the coupons. He didn't mind not being drafted into the army, but he would talk on and on about those who used their religion as a means to avoid going to war. To Joe, this was unthinkable and not to be considered.

Joe was loyal to me as a husband and a sweetheart. I never was given one moment's worry about him and other women. Even though he worked at the Cloverleaf Dairy and delivered cream to the "ladies of the night" and worked 28 years on the police department, he remained true and loyal to his wedding vows that he had

made in the temple. I am sure that he had many chances but he didn't give me a moment's worry or cause for concern.

Joe loved his children and supported them in their good behavior. He always taught me that they were only spirits loaned to us while here in our mortal life, and that we had to eventually send them back to their Father in Heaven and should do so in a holy and righteous manner. As of the writing of this book, we have sent three back home: Tony, Mark, and Duane. I hope and pray that they have been able to give a good accounting of their father—his ideals, principles, and what he taught to them.

Joe also inspired loyalty in others. His family all tried to please him. On the day of his funeral, Sue and her family rode in the car with me. As we passed our home for Joe one last time, Jon Carl started to cry. He was almost eight years old, and his words were, "Now Grandpa won't get to babetize me." He remembered that the main thing to him was to have grandpa there when he needed him.

Carl agrees wholeheartedly with the idea that his father was committed to his family. The many experiences and memories shared in this chapter certainly prove that his father loved his family very much.

Joe supported the boys and Beth in all that they did in righteousness. Their discipline was a spur-of-the-moment discipline. When the older boys were little and mischievous, I would threaten to tell their dad if they didn't behave, but Joe refused to be the big bad ogre. He would admonish me to correct them—not leave it to him. When they got older and he wanted them scolded, he would always tell me to correct them because he didn't want to criticize them or embarrass them in any way. His love for them was evident in his support of

their activities. His concern took him to California and brought about numerous trips to schools, churches, and other cities.

Robin and Gary truly feel that Joe was a wonderful person, a most righteous man, and a qualified patriarch of a family. A quality that Joe possessed that they would hope that their children will learn and live is “dependability.” He was always trusted because people knew that what he said, he meant.

Another quality that Robin and Gary admire is Joe’s ability to teach his family the value of being good workers. Joe taught this by working side by side with his boys. This sort of team work not only got the many jobs and chores done, but also cultivated love, developed understanding, and created numerous teaching moments for this great father.

With Joe there were no gray areas —everything was black or white, right or wrong, good or bad.

Robin and Gary are especially thankful for the stamp of approval that Joe gave Gary. Gary appreciated the thorough interview and sharing of thoughts and ideas that he and Joe had. Robin and Gary sum up their feelings in these words: “We all love Grandpa Nemelka, but that certainly wasn’t hard either, because Grandpa loved back so much.”

Finally, I would like to close this chapter by sharing a letter that Duane wrote to me after his father passed away.

December 19, 1972

Dear Mom,

As Christmas nears I want to let you know that we are thinking of you and wish we were in Salt Lake to share it with you. We have listened to the records you sent us many times and I want to let

you know we are thinking of dad also. If there is one thing he tried to put over to those who might listen to his words at a later date, it is that he truly loved you, admired you, and wanted to let you know.

The first part of his record dealt with, among other things, the importance of names. I didn't realize how much importance he placed in a name.

When he told of the scriptures that thrilled him I can remember him standing at the pulpit in the P.G. 4th chapel expounding on these particular verses, and I could have told you he liked these.

I didn't realize it before, probably because of Walt, but I get the feeling that he thought he had a weight on his shoulders because he was the first born. Do you think he thought he failed (in his responsibilities)?

I remember all the times dad gave me a father's blessing, and I know that he wanted his kids to be men. I have met many people who knew dad, and all have regarded dad as a man and have expressed their admirations for him.

Referring to his father's blessing, it was interesting to note that he was told some of his kids would be hard to rear. As it turned out, I think he and you were successful 100 percent. I think all of us have turned out as mirrors of at least a few of his many attributes. I admire dad most because of his honesty and truthfulness. As Stanley said, "Uncompromising truth." Very few people could be called completely truthful, but dad was true to himself, his beliefs and convictions, and his relationship with others and with God. With so many liars, bigots, and scum that inhabit the earth, it is refreshing to know that my dad was a man: honest, trustworthy, and truthful to himself and others.

I want you to know mom that I love you, and I love dad, and am proud to be your son.

I know that dad loved you more than anything else, and the admiration he had for your courage is something you should cherish.

Again, we love and miss you, Merry Christmas, and we will see you soon.

Love,  
Duane

P.S. I wrote this letter after hearing the records. Thank you for getting them. I wish he had taped more.

