

INEZ'S STORY

I was named Inez Cornelia Goding, pronounced “Goding,” and I married John Schuyten, pronounced “Shoyten.” Schuyten is a Dutch name, and this is as close as the English pronunciation comes to the name, and so that is the way I have been called, and the way the Schuyten family has been called — unless you come from Holland, and then you say it differently. Anyway, it



was quite a name to add to Goding, which should have two “d’s” in it to be pronounced that way.

My heritage is really a long one, coming from the colonies in America. I have no immediate immigrants of any kind in my family. We first pick up my father’s family in a genealogy in the early days of the colonies — the Puritans, and so on. An ancestor of my father was complaining

about the boundaries where a cow was coming over into his side. I imagine that the people who came to those colonies were hard-boiled and difficult to get along with, and that's somewhat of an independent characteristic that showed itself in that entire family, as far as I can see.

I don't know too much about any of the intermediate people. We have a genealogy that shows all kinds of people who belong to the family, but it's a very small family. As far as I know, I'm the last one in my father's family, and the name ceases with me. There were no boys to continue the name.

It seems that my father's grandparents settled in Maine. His grandmother was an Irishwoman by the name of Annie Spellman. We don't know any reasons — we have no literature, no letters, no anything — but the father in that family, William Judson Goding, left his wife and son and sailed around Cape Horn, at the southern tip of South America, and sailed into California around 1851, 1852. He was here about three years, apparently made enough gold to finance his trip home again, and he went back — again by ship, all the way around the Horn, into Maine. He stayed there long enough to father another son, and then the family of four left Maine and came out to California, going across where the isthmus is by donkey. Imagine how much fun that must have been, with a small child!



*Earl G. Goding, Inez's father.
Below, a card signed by Earl
Goding in the town of You Bet,
Nevada County, California.*



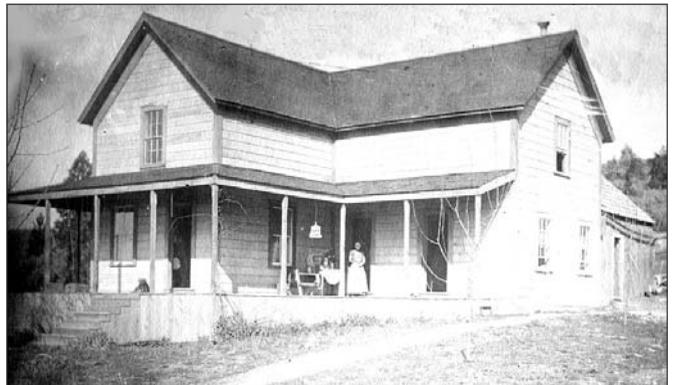
They arrived on the west side, caught another ship, and ended up in the Nevada City part of the California countryside, where they took up a farm, I guess you would call it. I know that they raised all kinds of fruits and vegetables. My great-grandfather was in the timber business; he provided timber for the railroad trains that went through. After they arrived in California, they had ten more children; altogether, they had 12 children. A lot of them were girls — pretty girls, really pretty girls. I know that my father was very attached to his grandfather, and just went everywhere he went.

My father's father, my grandfather, Thomas Francis Goding, was the oldest boy in that family. He married my grandmother, whose name was Martha Joanne Warren. He was quite a tall man for the time — sparkling, beautiful blue eyes. I only met him for about a month in my entire life, when I was about ten, but I remember what beautiful eyes he had. He was quite a handsome man.

Grandma was very small, very petite. She was



Above, Grandma Martha Goding (Earl's mother), right, with her three daughters, Fay, Dora, and Josephine, on the lawn of the family home (below) in the early 1900s.



INEZ GODING SCHUYTEN

about 4'11". She had blue eyes and blond hair, and rather a large nose. She was real cute. She came from a very educated family, for the time, in Illinois. Her mother and brother had both graduated from the Academy in Oberlin, Ohio. Her father, I think his name was Charles Warren, was a graduate, as well. He lost his life in the Civil War.

Grandma was an only child. She and her mother — I don't know all the background information —

came out to Nevada City and lived at the hotel, which is now a museum. My great-grandmother apparently was an outstanding seamstress. She seemed to have come there because her brother was an engineer on one of the trains, and it came through to Truckee. So that's what brought this young mother and her young daughter out here.

My great-grandmother was not too well; as a result, my grandmother didn't go to school as regularly as she should. That plagued her all of her life, that she had a



*Benjamin Franklin Gilbert and Inez Jackson Gilbert,
parents of Cora Fay Gilbert Goding.*



mother who was a graduate, and yet she herself had very little training, which was always a drawback. I have a letter written to my grandmother by her grandmother, which is horrible to read in today's light, about being a good Christian girl, and do this and do that, and be good in God's name, and so forth — just the joyful little kind of note you like to get! [*laughs*]

Anyway, Grandma survived all of that. She married very young; 17, going on 18. She and my grandfather lost their first child, and then my dad came along when Grandma was just 20. She lived to be 92, so my father had a mother for 72 years, which is pretty remarkable. My husband also had a mother for 72 years, which doesn't happen very often.

Anyhow, Grandma and Grandpa Goding had my father, Earl, and then they had three daughters, Fay, Dora, and Josephine. About five years later, they had another son, by the name of Warren. The three girls were really beautiful women. They all married young — I can't go into all of their lives, but they were interesting lives.

My father, being oldest, was terribly spoiled by his mother. I always told her that she spoiled him. She just spoiled him rotten, even up to the time he was 72 years old! He was a smart man. He needed more education than he was ever able to get. He was a tense, nervous man who lived through a lot of terrible times, and like a lot of the rest of us, it was hard going. You go through a couple of wars, and a couple of Depressions — life is not easy.

The only trouble with Grandma Goding and with most of the Godings that I have met is that they lacked a sense of humor. I mean a real sense of humor. As one of my uncles, married to one of my aunts, said, "You have to have a sense of humor to be married to any of the Godings, because they don't have any at all." Now,

