

The following letter was received by Nell from her father George Albert Goodrich who was on a mission for the LDS Church in Tennessee during this time, which gives parental advice to daughters of matrimonial age.

Indian Creek, Fentress, Tennessee
Feb 12th, 1893

Nell, My Daughter Dear,

Yours of the 8th of January I received several days ago. Do not feel slighted because you do not get letters as often as some of the rest of the folks. It is because I think you safe and able to look out for yourself, therefore I'm not concerned about you. Sorry the time is lonely without your father, but the time is crawling along. It will be ten months tomorrow since I left home. I hardly think that they will keep me here two years, but I do not know how long they may keep me here. But two years will soon roll around.

Am sorry the schoolmaster is so cross the children do not like to go to school. I hope you will try to have Abbie and Leslie go as much as they can, for now is the time for them to learn. Glad that you have enough to eat and do not suffer for anything.

I am sorry that Enoch's friendship did not last any longer than to know you did not want to marry him, but I always liked Enoch. He will make some woman a good husband, but she should love him, of course. Your friend, Mr. C. I do not know anything about, but have always heard him well spoken of. You girls must be your own judges. You are the ones most interested. But do not be afraid of dying old maids.

You say that I never express myself in regard to your beaux, but I have more anxiety than you think. But want you to suit yourselves and get good husbands, too. I do not think Dode old enough to know what she does want, and you tell her that she had not better be in any hurry to get married. If she gets a good man by waiting she will be glad, than if she gets a bad man she will have long enough to live with him.

Thanks for the nice song you sent and the Sunday School cards. I gave them to some little girls who never saw a Sunday School in their lives.

We have had the coldest winter here that the people can ever recollect. I have frosted my feet a little. I am traveling all the time visiting the people, preaching when I can find a house that is warm enough to hold a meeting in, which is not very often. Have met with quite a few friends. We do more visiting and talking to the people than most any other way. We leave them tracts and read to them and try to explain the Gospel truths to them. It is rather slow work.

I dreamed of being at home last night, thought I planted the farm all to corn. Going to send you two or three kernels of corn in this letter if I can. It is much better corn than we have there, but I expect the season too short there. If it gets there try and see if it will do anything. This is all for this time. You must remember that I have a good many to write to. But always remember your loving father,

G. A. Goodrich