

A Summary of What I Have Learned Through The Years About My Uncle Ray B Nelson

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The twin brothers, Ray 'B' and Rex 'M' Nelson were born September 8, 1912 to the parents of Henry Ernest Nelson (father) and Euphemia "Famie" Miles Nelson (mother).

I was told the middle initial in Ray's name, the letter 'B', the origin of, the intention therein, stemmed from their maternal grandmother's maiden name, 'Bell'.

Moreover, I was told the middle initial in Rex's name, the letter 'M', the origin of, the intention therein, stemmed from their mother's maiden name, 'Miles'. Furthermore, I was told that neither of the two, be it initials, be it names, have ever been officially recorded as such.

Accordingly, at least to my understanding, the aforementioned initials, or names, have merely been assumed and accepted by family members and relatives.

Ray B Nelson The Oil Well Incident of March 6, 1936 What Was Explained To Me Personally

My paternal grandmother Euphemia "Famie" Nelson Whipple Prince, never discussed the loss of her twin son Ray 'B' Nelson. Moreover, my father Rex 'M',

Ray 'B' Nelson's twin brother, never discussed the loss of his twin brother; however he did mention that Mr. Bert Covington had left the site of the oil well only minutes prior to the explosion. Furthermore, I was told the concussion from the explosion caused Covington's vehicle to leave the road; that it also broke, or severely damaged Covington's eardrums.

My mother, Cleo Higgins Nelson Waite, said body parts of the victims were scattered; identification was, for the most part, practically impossible. She said body parts were gathered and carefully placed in bags, based upon their efforts toward accurately identifying each victim.

However, she did say one of Ray 'B' Nelson's hands, or perhaps a finger, was found and identified; based solely upon a ring on one of the fingers.

I've never known very much about my uncle Ray 'B' Nelson, except for four or five pictures of Ray, along with the aforementioned comments about the tragedy that occurred at Escalante Well #1.

Moreover, I suppose the most I've ever learned about my uncle Ray came one day following Rex's funeral services in August of 1968. My family and I were preparing for our return to our home in Powder Springs, Georgia.

I drove to a service station at the southwest corner of Main Street and 100 North to have our car serviced. The attendant that afternoon was, as best I can recall, a gentleman named Burke Seegmiller.

As Mr. Seegmiller was servicing our car, he shared his memories of Ray and Rex from earlier days, as well as a profound difference in their individual demeanor, individual personality(s), personal character; their ambitions, goals, and what seemed a natural, inherent desire to be accepted and admired, based solely upon one's individual merits or personal achievements.

Mr. Seegmiller also described how everyone admired Ray, as well as his nature to befriend, to remain calm, tolerant, courteous, and respectful in all aspects of relationships, be it conscious of protocol, conscience, or a basic human need known as friendships.

He then began to explain how Rex was entirely just the opposite. And for all intents and purposes, this is profoundly accurate.

My father Rex seemed to be twins within himself, displaying two opposing demeanors, or personalities, that were based upon events and moods of the day; a quest for personal achievements; and above all, a personal quest for public recognition, and no matter the cost in personal insults and broken hearts.