



Walter Neitzel

FEB 1, 2009 - FEB 1, 2009



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
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Walter Ervin Neitzel, also known as Pete by close relatives and friends, passed away on February 22, 2009 at the home of his daughter after a long battle with cancer. Walter Pete Neitzel was born on June 8, 1926 in the town of Holway, Wisconsin to the late Charles and Caroline (Reid) Neitzel. He attended the town of Holway Elementary School and worked on the family dairy and as a milk hauler. Later Walter moved to Rockford, IL where he worked construction and trained as a professional boxer. In 1955, he met Linda Jane Beasley. They were united in marriage on July 21, 1956. Together they raised 2 sons, Wesley Brian and Tracy Steven; 2 daughters, Kay Diane Stone and Jessica Caroline Rex. Walter worked farming the land, working in construction for Guy King Concrete and Drake Backhoe Service in Mt. Home, AR. He was preceded in death by his wife Linda Jane Beasley Neitzel on Feb. 14, 2006, a granddaughter, Sarah Michele Neitzel, his parents, his brothers, Charlie, Ernest, Elmer and Clifford and three sisters, Edna Smith, Hilda Borshi and Lily Sann. He is survived by his children, his 2 sons, Wesley and wife Sue, Tracy and wife Tina all of West Plains, MO; his 2 daughters, Kaye Stone and husband Mike of Bolivar, MO and Jessica Rex of Mt. Home, AR. His 2 sisters, Mildred Hamm of Curtiss, WI and Ann Hamus of Colby, WI. 12 Grandchildren and 13 Great Grandchildren. Dad was always whistling and happy. He could be covered in sweat, hay seed, or dirt and be the happiest person. He worked hard. Very hard everyday all day. I don't remember a day where he didn't work at something. Dad was always busy. He knew if he didn't work then we wouldn't be taken care of. Work ethics was very important in our raising. It did not matter how old or big you were, you can contribute. He didn't care what your disability was, you can do something. Even up until his death, he was attempting to be busy and work. Dad couldn't stand alone, but kept insisting, he had to go to work. Dad had his priorities in order to have a happy life. He needed after good work and family, was ham-n-beans and pie. When he had



his stroke on December 22, lying in the E.R. at St. John's, he was worried. I asked him why are you worried? Well, I guess I won't be home for Christmas. No, I told him. He looked very sad. We will bring you Christmas here, what do you want? Well, I want pie he said, I said Pie? Yes, pie, I was really looking forward to the pies I told him, OK, we will bring you pie. So Christmas day we brought 1/2 Pumpkin and 1/2 Apple pie as well as 1/2 dozen cookies. While visiting with him, he ate all the pies, and after we left his granddaughters and friend Dave stayed. As soon as I was out the door we worked that baggie of cookies open and proceeded to eat every single crumb. That was a good Christmas.....Pie. Dad also got in the habit of talking to himself. One day curiosity got the better of me. Dad, why are you talking to yourself.? Well, I don't have anyone interesting to talk to so I talk to myself. Gee, Thanks,! No matter what he said or did, he tried to do what was best for all of us. From 1953 to 1954, Dad (before he met our mother) trained as a professional boxer. He was supposed to fight 11 fights. When it was over, Dad would have earned 1 million dollars. A lot for that time, a lot more now. The first fight, Dad had said his trainer taught him to watch for the muscle twitch, duck inside, and throw your punches. My Dad had huge hands and very muscular. Like John Cena, the wrestler. Anyhow, the opponent came out, a big, tall black man. They stepped up, the bell rang sparring began, feet dancing, little punches and dodges, then the twitch, duck, punches, upper cut, etc. The big, tall black guy hit the mat, he didn't move. Everyone clustered about in chaos, 5 minutes the downed man still didn't move. He's dead they kept saying. Dad was in shock, they raised his hands above his head and declared him the winner of the fight. Dad didn't feel like a winner. He had taken a man's life for the chance for 1 million dollars, it wasn't worth it! Later Dad found out his opponent was alive. He praised God and ended his boxing career. It just wasn't worth it. A visitation will be held from 1-2 PM on Saturday, February 28, 2009 at the Butler Chapel with a memorial service for Mr. Neitzel to be held at 2:00 PM in the Butler Funeral Home Chapel with Dr. Linda Milholen officiating. Musical selections will be It is well with my soul by Robert Beaman, Amazing Grace by The Statler Brothers, and Go Rest High On That Mountain by Vince Gill. Memorial contributions may be made to the Transitions



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Hospice, 315 S. Main, Bolivar, MO 65613 Friends may sign the guest book or send private condolences at www.butlerfuneralhome.com Return to top



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