

The Story of our Family



Doris Van Niekerk Ferwerda

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Family*

by

Doris Van Niekerk Ferwerda

During the last several years of her life my mother spent countless hours researching the genealogy and history of the Van Niekerk family, seeking out the names, places, and stories of the people that link us to the past. I know that it was very meaningful for her to be able to remember and honor these men and women, whose perseverance created the prosperity and opportunity that we, their descendants, are the beneficiaries of, and whose wisdom built the strong foundation of family that has nurtured each of us. This book is a gift, given with love, from her, to them, and to us.

James A. Ferwerda
December 7, 2014

A word of explanation is due to anyone who reads this book.

With the exception of the family stories, everything is written from my point of view. Now, I realize that my experiences as a child were very different from those of my sisters and brother, since I actually lived in the house on 26th Street longer than I did on 22nd Street, so most of my growing-up years were spent there.

When they first came to Paterson with their children, my Connors grandparents, (Richard John and Bridget Hanifin) rented a house. They liked the area and neighbors so much that my grandfather built a house next door. Soon after I was born, my parents moved upstairs. My grandparents and two unmarried uncles were downstairs. For this reason, I never heard my grandparents called anything but "Mother" and "Father", which is how I refer to them in my writing.

There was no zoning as we know it now. We lived in the Eastside section, and there were many prosperous people who had very large homes in the area. Mixed in, were substantial one and two family homes where the owner conducted his business as needed from his home. This was very evident when we moved to 22nd Street where the former owner of our house built his home three lots from his factory. When we first moved, there was a large peach orchard across the street, which gradually disappeared as the factories expanded.

Our home on 22nd Street was a happy one, and we all look back with fond memories of our years there.

Doris V.N. Ferwerda

As I've continued writing, this book has evolved into two parts.

The first, is the Connors, Hanifin, and Van Niekerk Genealogy, and stories about their lives and times.

The second, stories about our early years, the war years, and our lives since then.

IRISH IMMIGRATION

More than a million Irish came into the United States and Canada during the first major immigration period from 1815 to 1845. Among them were John and Willian Hanifin, who applied for citizenship in 1838 and became citizens in 1844.

These immigrants were generally more prosperous than the later "Famine Immigrants". If married, they came with their families or sent for them as soon as possible. Many of these men were experienced laborers who'd worked building the English canal system. They were eager to find a new life and good jobs when the United States began building it's own system. Many canals were being built in the northeastern part of the country. Among them, the Erie Canal with all it's feeders, and the Morris Canal which contributed so much to life in New Jersey. There was also work to be had on the rapidly expanding railroad system.

Farmers were drawn by the Homestead Grants which encouraged the development of rural areas. Many came because of the English Laws of Inheritance (which of course, applied to Ireland too). These gave all inherited property to the oldest son, with no options for younger sons. So they too, looked to establish a new life.

Some farmers were able to escape from the system of tenant farming which prevailed in Ireland during the early 19th century. Tenant farmers lived and worked on land which was mostly owned by absentee English landlords. Few farmers could ever hope to escape from the virtual slavery under which they lived. Some however, were lucky enough to have a good "master" who had a fair manager who ran the farm and slowly were able to put away money for the passage to America.

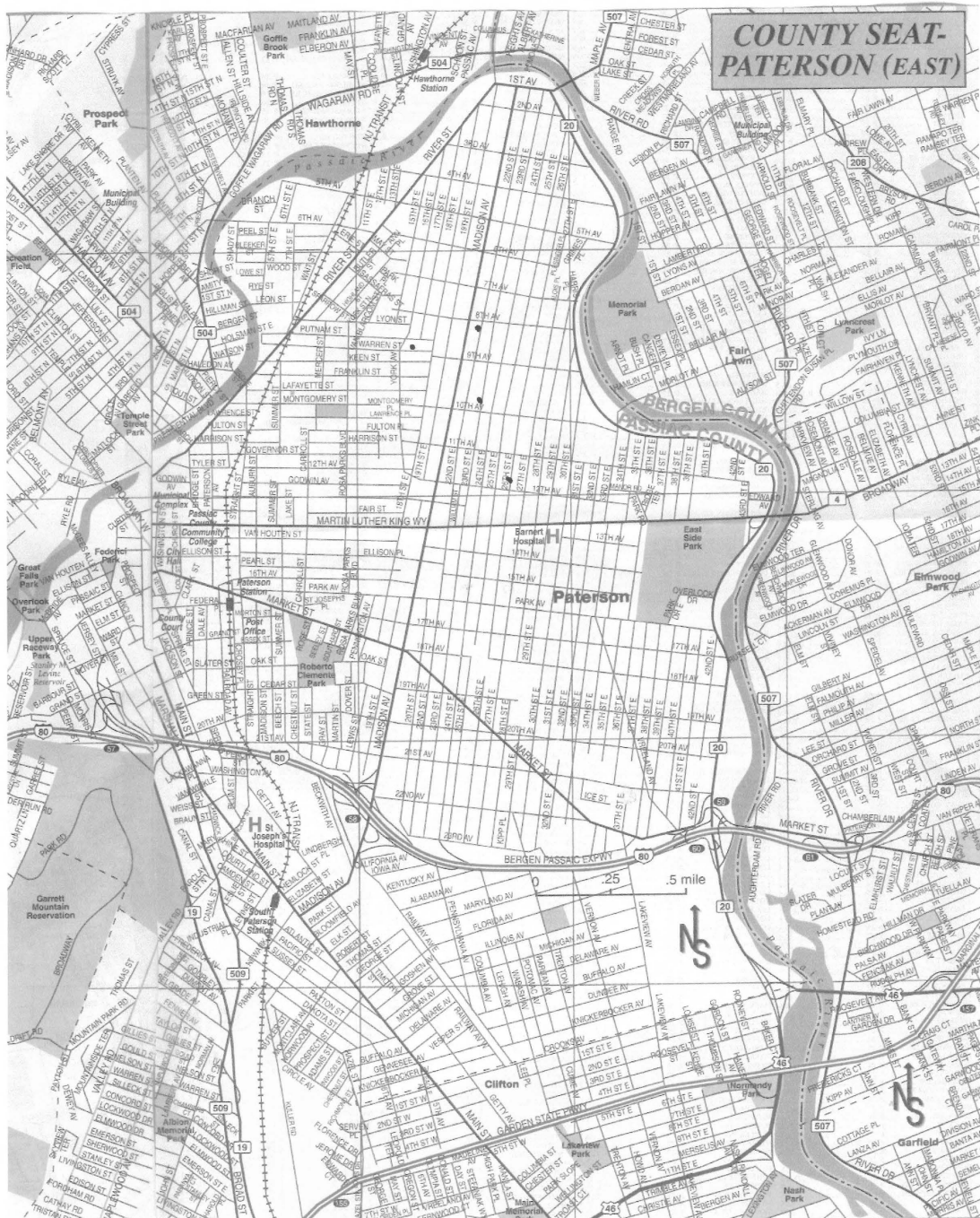
Children were expected to work on the farm as soon as they were able. There was no provision for schooling, so most farm workers were illiterate.

The second wave of immigrants who came during the Famine Years (1846-1850) were usually young, uneducated and unskilled. Almost of them were completely destitute. They had no money, so for the most part they remained in the slums of the cities where they landed. With no work skills, they took any kind of a job they could get. I've read that wealthy plantation owners would come north and recruit workers to clear their malaria-laden swamps. They wouldn't use their slaves, because slaves had "value", and "There were always more Irishmen coming over!"

As always, the acceptance of foreign nationals was influenced by the economic conditions at the time they arrived. During prosperous times, they were welcomed, or at least tolerated, because they were needed to do the hard physical work which no one else wanted. However, during periods of depression, they were blamed for every problem which arose in the country.

Eventually, with the start of modern manufacturing, there was the need for cheap labor to work in the factories. The Irish and succeeding waves of other immigrants satisfied this need. They valued education and were able to blend into "Anglo" society and slowly overcome the prejudice which existed even into the early part of the 20th century.

The dots show where we lived on 26th St., 23rd St., and 22nd St.
I also show Warren St. where I was born. (I don't know the address.)





THE HOUSE ON 26th ST. IN THE LATE 1990's.

BERNARD CONNORS - BRIDGET MC DONALD

We had no idea how or where to start tracing the Connors family. We knew that "Father" - Richard John Connors, was born in the United States, and that he and "Mother" Bridget Hanifin were married in Yonkers, N.Y., and had lived there before moving to New Jersey. It was always said that Father never knew when his birthday was. There were stories about his having grown up somewhere around Dover and Hibernia. That's all we knew.

Then one day, Barbara told me she had a patient named "Connors". On the off chance that some of the family had remained in the area, I went to the phone book, and sent letters to anyone who seemed to be a likely prospect. I got lucky when "Peg" Connors, who lives in Wyckoff, replied. She put me in contact with her father-in-law Bernard Connors, who was Father's nephew, and was living in Yonkers. He was able to give me the names of Father's sister and brothers. With that information, Joan and I started checking census records and found the Barney Connors family living in Rockaway Township in 1870. At that time, Father was six years old. We tried going back to 1860, but couldn't find them in Morris County.

In recent years, our cousin Dick Connors has also become interested in genealogy. With his own efforts and that of his brother Father Bob Connors, he has been able to obtain some Church records of the period which are not readily available to the layman.

One of these shows that "Father" Richard John Connors was baptized on January 31, 1864 by the Pastor of St. Mary's parish in Dover. We can assume then, that the Connors lived somewhere in the area before they first showed up on the 1870 census.

NEW JERSEY STATE CENSUS, A. D. 1885.

County of *Warren*

Enumeration made by *William O. Payne*

Charles D. ...

Order of the Census Bureau, Division of Census and Statistics

Dwelling houses, numbered in order of visitation. Families, numbered in order of visitation.	No. of	NATIVE BORN				FOREIGN BORN				AGE OF MALES BY CLASSES			AGE OF FEMALES BY CLASSES				
		White Males.	White Females.	Colored Males.	Colored Females.	Males, Irish.	Females, Irish.	Males, German.	Females, German.	Males, all other nationalities.	Females, all other nationalities.	5 Years of age and under.	5 to 20.	20 to 60.	Over 60.	5 Years of age and under.	5 to 20.
1248	<i>133</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>134</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>135</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>136</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>137</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>138</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>139</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>140</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>141</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>142</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>143</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>144</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>145</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>146</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>147</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>148</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>149</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															
	<i>150</i>	<i>Richard Bonner</i>															

Age No. 56
 supervisor's Dist. No. 7
 numeration Dist. No. 135

SCHEDULE I.—Inhabitants in Upper Ashmun, in the County of Warrick, State of New Jersey, enumerated by me on the 14th day of June, 1880.

Edward Ashmun

Note A.—The Census Year begins June 1, 1879, and ends May 31, 1880.
 Note B.—All persons will be included in the Enumeration who were living on the 1st day of June, 1880. No others will. Children BORN SINCE June 1, 1880, will be OMITTED. Members of Families who have DIED SINCE June 1, 1880, will be INCLUDED.
 Note C.—Questions Nos. 13, 14, 22 and 23 are not to be asked in respect to persons under 10 years of age.

Age No.	Sex	Name	Relationship of each person to the head of the family, or to any other male individual in the family	Color	Married within the census year	Married during the census year	Profession, occupation or trade of each person, male or female	Health	Education	Place of Birth, of the father, mother, and of the person, if born in this State or Territory, or of foreign birth
430	29	6	ma	42	1	1	Blacksmith helper	1	1	Ireland
431	20	21	16	16	1	1	Blacksmith helper	1	1	New Jersey
432	21	21	13	13	1	1	Keeping house	1	1	New Jersey
433	27	17	17	17	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
434	20	21	9	9	1	1	Kept house	1	1	New Jersey
435	20	21	7	7	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
436	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
437	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
438	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
439	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
440	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
441	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
442	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
443	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
444	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
445	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
446	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
447	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
448	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
449	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
450	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
451	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
452	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
453	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
454	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
455	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
456	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
457	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
458	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
459	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
460	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
461	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
462	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
463	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
464	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
465	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
466	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
467	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
468	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
469	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
470	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
471	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
472	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
473	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
474	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
475	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
476	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
477	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
478	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
479	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
480	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
481	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
482	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
483	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
484	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
485	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
486	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
487	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
488	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
489	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
490	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
491	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
492	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
493	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
494	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
495	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
496	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
497	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
498	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
499	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland
500	21	21	5	5	1	1	Kept house	1	1	Ireland

BARNEY CONNORS - BRIDGET Mc DONALD FAMILY

1870 Census Rockaway Township, New Jersey

Barney Born in Ireland, 1835 He was a Miner
Bridget (McDonald) his wife, born in Ireland 1842

All children were born in New Jersey

Richard John - Our grandfather Born 1864
Alexander In subsequent census records, he was always
 listed as Andrew Born 1866
Mary Ann Born 1868

* 1880 Census Upper Hibernia, New Jersey

Barney Was listed as a widower
Richard Then age 16, was shown as a blacksmiths' helper
Andrew Age 13, was also a blacksmiths' helper
Mary Ann Was then 12, and shown as "housekeeper" on the
 census. We couldn't figure that out until we
 realized that since her mother was dead, she
 had the job of caring for her father and six
 brothers!

Bernard Born 1871
Patrick 1873
Joseph 1875
Thomas 1877

Most of the Federal Census of 1890, has been destroyed, so we went to the State Census of 1885. We found all of them listed in the Southern District of Rockaway Township. We couldn't find them in the 1895 State Census.

Bridget was born in Ireland, and was the daughter of Patrick and Ellen McDonald.

We noted that on the 1880 Census the family was listed as O'Connors.

A long time ago I wrote to Aunt Catherine, and she told me that some of the family who lived in Yonkers, used the name O'Connor.

CONNORS FAMILY MORRIS COUNTY 1870 - 1885
IRON MINING

In the 1870 census, we found "Fathers" family living in Rockaway Township. At that time, his father Bernard, was a miner. There were pages and pages of miners and their families living in the area. I've always heard about the iron mines in Ringwood and South Jersey, but from what I read now, the major Iron producing industry was centered around the Rockaway River, particularly in the area around Hibernia and Mt. Hope. The proximity to ore, was combined with water power, and forests for fuel for smelting furnaces.

Iron was introduced to the settlers as early as 1700, by the Lenni-Lenape Indians. During the Revolution, Washington depended on New Jersey mines to provide the shovels, axes and cannon balls needed by his troops. During the Civil War, these products were so important, that Miners were exempt from service!

Early iron workers used ore from a mine near Succasunna. The ore was close to the surface, and required little digging. This was later named the Dickerson Mine. However, the high cost of transportation to markets, and the misuse of forest land for fuel, kept the manufacture of iron products from fully developing until the Morris Canal was completed. This canal, which was dug completely by hand labor, linked Easton (coal), to Newark (transportation to markets). This encouraged the expansion of allied industries in the area, and led to development of cities and towns in Morris County.

Morris County was the third largest producer of Iron ore in the United States. Quick transportation to markets via the new Morris and Essex Railroad, encouraged the exploration for new deposits of ore. There were more than 50 mines operating in the area from Long Valley to Hibernia.

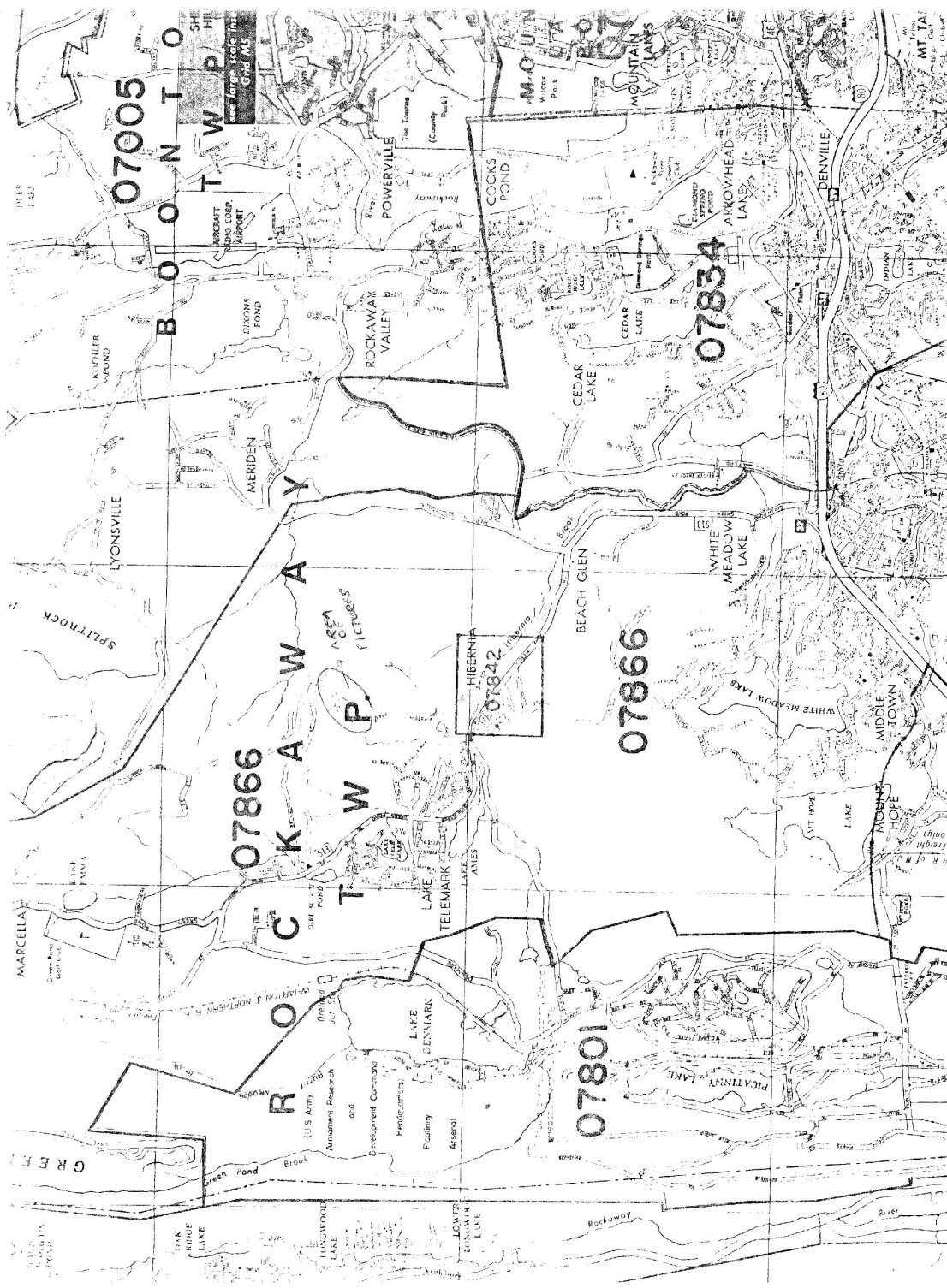
Then iron ore was discovered almost on the surface of the Mesabi region near Lake Superior. By that time, the Morris mines were being dug down as much as 2600 feet, which of course became very costly. This caused the virtual end of the iron industry in New Jersey and caused a severe economic decline in Morris County.

The Dickerson Mine closed in 1880, with others following. The mines are now completely dormant, although there are over at least 600 million tons of ore in the closed mines. In the 1940's, the Mount Hope mine was said to be the deepest mine shaft east of the Mississippi. The industry was revived briefly during WW II, and for a short time thereafter, but it proved impractical to operate.

Very few of the Irish immigrants who came over during the early 1800's could read or write. There was no opportunity for schooling due to the poverty and repressive social system under which they lived. However, it's interesting to see they made sure that their children went to school. When "childhood" ended at age 12, the boys acquired a skilled trade to enable them to move up in the world. In the 1880 census, Father age 16, and his brother Andrew, age 13, were shown as "blacksmiths helpers." Blacksmiths skills are needed even today. Art has said the he's worked in manufacturing plants where the only one who could make a special part that he needed for a machine, was the company blacksmith.

I've also read that the daughters in second generation Irish families were the ones who, if possible, were given the opportunity for further education. They were thought to be less capable than the boys to cope with the harshness of the world. Nursing and teaching were particularly favored occupations.

Their skill as smiths was probably why the Connors decided to move to Yonkers when the mining industry declined. At that time, Yonkers was a leader in the manufacture of all kinds of products, especially rugs and carpets.



07805

07834

07866

07866

07824

07801

MARCELLA

LYONSVILLE

MERIDEN

POWERSVILLE

MOUNTAIN LAKES

DENVILLE

MIDDLE TOWN

HOPE

GREEN

OAK RIDGE LAKE

LAKE DENMARK

LAKE DENMARK

LAKE TELEMARK

LAKE AVES

BEACH GLEN

WHITE MEADOW LAKE

WHITE MEADOW LAKE

PIATINN LAKE

ROCKAWAY VALLEY

COOKS POND

CEDAR LAKE

ARROWHEAD LAKE

KUFILLER POND

DIXONS POND

SHEPLEY HILL

MARKHART

AREA OF VICTORIES

Scale: 1.5 Miles

Connors Family Genealogical Memo

From: Dick Connors, Nov 12, 1994

Following through on the letter from Fr. Kupke, I contacted St. Cecelia's Church, and the secretary went through the old St. Patrick's records for me. The only notation showed that we had an additional great uncle, William Matthew Connors.

Notation in St. Cecelia's records: William Matthew Connors, born August 3, 1879, son of Bernard Connors and Bridget McDonald Connors. Baptized at St. Patrick's on August 10, 1879. Sponsors: James Connolly and Bridget McDonald.

One implication is that the McDonalds may well have lived locally; Bridget was probably a niece. Could Bernard and Bridget have been married locally?

Tying this to the 1880 census, which shows Bernard as a widower, and makes no mention of William, it would appear that both mother and son died during the winter of 1879-80.

I went up to Hibernia (see map) and located Old Hibernia Road (there is no street sign; a neighbor directed me). I then climbed the road (a tough climb-- very rocky and steep) to a long summit plain - the site of the old mine and mining community. There is virtually nothing there -- some stone fences and cuts in the hillside where, I assume, the village homes and mine buildings were located. The proverbial ghost town, but with almost no traces of human settlement.

Taking a side path, I located the cemetery referred to by Fr. Kupke. It was in sad shape -- really just some grave stones in a rocky spot, overgrown with trees and bushes. There were no readable stones with dates before 1888; no stones dated after 1910 -- the year the church burned down. Most of the readable stones have Slovak names and inscriptions in slovak, suggesting that they replaced the Irish in the late years of the mine's existence.

It was an interesting nostalgia trip, but I wouldn't suggest it to you. One really has to use one's imagination to realize this forbidding slope was where the Connors clan was born and raised.

My next step is to contact Mt. Carmel in Boonton, to see if there is anything in their records. St. Patrick's was really a mission church of Mt. Carmel for many years.



Memorandum on the Connors family, June, 2000

The death certificate of Bridget Connors, my great-grandmother, was found in the state archives in Trenton. It tells a tragic story, but fills in a number of details.

Bridget was born in Ireland in 1838, daughter of Patrick and Ellen McDonald. She came to this country circa 1850. She married my grandfather probably in 1862. Bridget died on August 4, 1879 in Upper Hibernia. Bridget bled to death after giving birth to a son, William Connors. The doctor blamed an unlicensed "incompetant" (sic!) midwife for her death. My great uncle, Willie, lived for only 5 weeks, dying on September 6, 1879. Since the family was too poor to afford a wet nurse, and since Similac did not yet exist, Willie did not get the nourishment his young body needed, and died "of infantile marasmus due to an artificial diet." Willie was buried in St. Cecelia's Cemetery in Rockaway; I assume that Bridget was buried there also. I am still working on that angle.

21 JUNE

A DEPRESSING "FIND", BUT
IT DOES HELP FILL OUT THE
BANNIE/BRIDGET STORY.

BEST TO ALL

Jim

FORM

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH.

C 29

PENALTY FOR NON-REPORT, \$10.

1. Full name of deceased... Briget Casseres
(An infant not named, no state, and give sex.)
2. Age... 41 years... months... Color... White
3. Single, married, widow or widower... (Cross out all but the right one.) Occupation... Housewife
4. Birthplace... Ireland... { State or county. If of foreign birth, give how long in United States. }
5. Last place of residence... Hibernia Morris Co. N.J.... { If a city, give name; if not, give county and township. }
6. How long resident in this State... 29 years
7. Place of death... Hibernia Morris Co. N.J.
(If in a city, give name and street and number; if in township, give name and county; if in an institution, so state.)
8. Father's name... Patrick McDonald Country of birth... Ireland
9. Mother's name... Ellen McDonald Country of birth... Ireland
10. I hereby certify that I attended... Saw Briget Casseres just as she breath her last
during the last illness and that she died on the 4 day of August, 1898; and
that the cause of death was... fast parturition hemorrhage

Requested, but Optional.

a. Primary disease.....

b. Secondary disease, (how long).....

c. Remarks... Attended by Michayl that is incompetent to so license

Length of sickness... 2 or 3

Residence... Rockaway N.J.

Date... Aug 5th 1898

Medical Attendant.

Name and residence of Undertaker... P. B. White, Rockaway N.J.

Place of Burial... Rockaway Morris Co. N.J.

PORT C

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH.

PENALTY FOR NON-REPORT, \$10.

1. Full name of deceased Willie C. Conner
(If an infant not named, so state, and give sex.)

2. Age..... years months 5 Weeks Color White

3. Single, married, widow or widower. { Cross out all but the right one. } Occupation.....

4. Birthplace Madison, Hackensack Township, Hudson County, N.J. { State or county. If of foreign birth, give how long in United States. }

5. Last place of residence Mount Hope, Hackensack Township, Hudson County, N.J. { If a city, give name; if not, give county and township. }

6. How long resident in this State 2 yr

7. Place of death Mount Hope, Hackensack Township, Hudson County, N.J. { If in a city, give name, and street and number; if in township, give name and county; if in an institution, so state. }

8. Father's name Barnes C. Conner Country of birth Ireland

9. Mother's name Elizabeth C. Conner Country of birth Ireland

10. I hereby certify that I attended Willie C. Conner at home during the last illness, and that he died on the 24th day of Sept, 1879, and that the cause of death was an acute inflammation of the lungs due to influenza

Requested, but Optional.

a. Primary disease.....

b. Secondary disease, (how long).....

c. Remarks.....

Length of sickness 10 days

James S. Myers Medical Attendant.

Residence Hackensack, N.J.

Date 24 Sept 1879

Name and residence of Undertaker Thomas W. Heath, Hackensack, N.J.

Place of Burial St. Cecilia's Cemetery, Hackensack, N.J.

County of Westchester.

STATE OF NEW YORK

Form

No. of corresponding entry in
Register Book of Deaths to be
marked here by the Registrar.

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

193

FOR GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH ONLY

City of Yonkers, Yonkers

Full Name of Deceased (If an infant not named, give parents' names.) Bernard Comstock

Age 48 years _____ months _____ days. Sex Male, Color (Race, if other than the White) White

Single, Married, Widowed (Cross out words not required in this line.) _____ 4. Occupation Printer

Birthplace (and State or Country) Yonkers (How long in the United States, if of foreign birth) 30 years

Father's Name and Birthplace Bernard Comstock (State or Country) NY

Mother's Name and Birthplace Mary (State or Country) "

Place of Death (If an Institution, state its name.) 15th St. Hospital (How long resided here.) 5 mos (If dying away from Home, give Home Residence below.)

Date and Hour of Death:—Died on the 28 day of Nov 1885, at about 11 P M.

I hereby report this Death, and certify that the foregoing statements are true according to the best of my knowledge.

(Signature and residence of Reporter.)

W. Comstock

I hereby certify, That I attended the deceased from Nov 27 1885, to Nov 28 1885, that I last saw Nov 28 1885 that he died on the 28 day of Nov 1885, about 11 o'clock P M., and that to the best of my knowledge and belief the Cause of his death was as hereunder written :

Chief and contributing	Duration of Disease in Years, Months, Days, or Hours.	FOR GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH ONLY	
		Description of Disease	Duration
<u>Erysipelas</u>	<u>4</u>		
<u>Menigitis Simplex</u>	<u>2</u>		

Other observations _____

FOR GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH ONLY

Witness my hand this 1st day of Dec 1885

Permit Joseph S. Comstock (Signature,)

Registrar W. Comstock

Valentino Brown M.D.
Residence, 106 Schurten Ave.

Official of Vital Statistics CAUTIONS ALL PERSONS against ACCEPTING or USING this Certificate for any purpose except that of delivering it for a Burial Permit and Registration.

W. Comstock

April 10, 1996

Dear Doris:

BINGO! I had the Yonkers Department of Health search their records from 1885 to 1900 for Bernard's death. This seemed to be a good "box" since we know he was alive in New Jersey at the time of the 1885 state census, and that he was not listed with the rest of the family in the 1900 census.

His death in late November, 1885, as recorded in the enclosed, "fits." Occupation listed as miner; birth in Ireland; address on Orchard Street; time in Yonkers 5 months (the family must have moved over in mid-summer); age as 48. This squares with the 1880 national census, which listed him in Upper Hibernia as 42 (probably had a late summer or early fall birthday). Erysipilas (if diagnosed correctly) was a rare infectious disease, usually picked up by handling bad fish or meat. That combined with meningitis to do him in.

The death certificate also enables us to push the family back a generation: we now know the names of his father and mother. Probably that's going to end the back-tracing.

All the best

P.S. We now know
that he was buried in
St. Joseph's Cemetery
on December 1, 1885.
I'll follow through on
this next time I'm in
Yonkers.

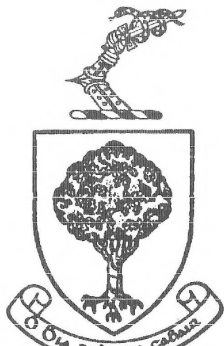
D.J.

O'CONNOR.

O'Connor, or O'Conor, is perhaps the most illustrious of all Irish surnames, though this view would, no doubt, be disputed by the O'Neills, the O'Briens, the O'Donnells and one or two other great and famous septs. It is borne by six distinct septs located in different parts of the country of whom four survive in considerable numbers. The most important are the O'Connors of Connacht—the main branches of this sept being O'Conor Don, O'Conor Roe and O'Conor Sligo. These are descended from Conchobhar, King of Connacht (d. 971), and the last two High-Kings of Ireland were of this line, viz., Turlough O'Connor (1088–1156) and Roderick O'Connor (1116–1198), both of whom were progressive monarchs. Their direct descendant, as certified by the Genealogical Office, Dublin Castle, is the present O'Connor Don: he is a Jesuit priest, and it is interesting to note that this important and aristocratic family consistently maintained its position notwithstanding the fact that they remained inflexibly Catholic. Evidence of this is abundant in all the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century manuscripts.

In dealing with the landed proprietors of Connacht, among the distinguished members of the O'Conor Don stock four O'Connors of Belnagare are outstanding in the field of culture: Charles O'Conor (1710–1791), antiquary and collector of Irish manuscripts; his two grandsons, Rev. Charles O'Conor, D.D., P.P. (1764–1828), librarian at Stowe and author, *inter alia*, of *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*, and Mathew O'Conor (1773–1844), author of *History of the Irish Catholics* etc.; and Charles Owen O'Conor, O'Conor Don (1838–1906), President of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Society for Preserving the Irish Language and author of *The O'Connors of Connacht*. In the military sphere Cabrach O'Conor (1584–1655) and Hugh O'Conor (d. 1669), respectively son and grandson of O'Conor Don, took a prominent part in the 1641–1652 wars. Three of this sept were outstanding in the Irish Brigade. More recently, one of the Roe branch, General Sir Luke O'Connor (1832–1915), who had enlisted as a private soldier in the British army, won the V.C. and a commission for his remarkable bravery at the battle of Alma.

O'Connor Kerry, as the chief of the Munster O'Connors was called, derives his name from a different Conchobhar. He was lord of an extensive area in north Kerry, but after the invasion of 1170 Anglo-Norman pressure pushed the O'Connors northwards towards the Shannon estuary. However, they still retained a considerable territory, in fact the greater part of the modern barony of Iraghticonor, which is an attempt at a phonetic spelling of Oireacht ui Chonchobhair, i.e. O'Connor's district or government: their chief stronghold in Iraghticonor was Carrigafoyle Castle. From this sept came a number of distinguished officers of the Irish Brigade in France, the best known of whom was Arthur O'Connor (1763–1852), United Irishman and later a general in Napoleon's army; his brother Roger O'Connor (1761–1834), an erratic character who was also a member of the United Irishmen, and the latter's son, Fergus O'Connor (1794–1855), the chartist. Some of this family changed their name to Conner. The three most notable Irish-American O'Connors were of this sept: the brothers Michael O'Connor (1810–1872), and James O'Connor (1823–1890), both Catholic bishops in U.S.A., and Patrick Edward Connor (1820–1871), pioneer, Indian fighter and soldier in the Civil War on the Confederate side. The O'Connor sept of Kerry is at the present day much the most numerous of them all. It is estimated that there are almost 30,000 persons of the name in Ireland to-day—it comes ninth in the list of commonest surnames and the vast majority of these are from Kerry or from the adjoining counties of Cork and Limerick.



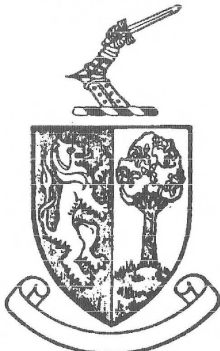
O'CONNOR DON



O'CONNOR FALY



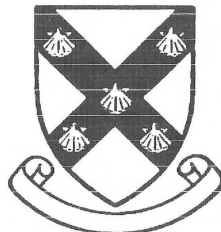
O'CONNOR KERRY



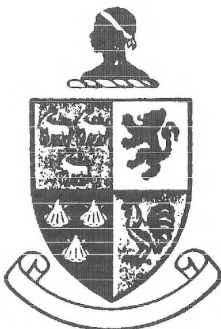
O'CONNOR SLIGO



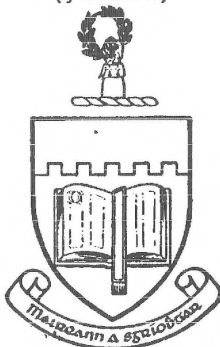
O'CONNOR
(of Corcomroe)



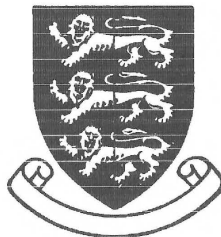
O'CONOLLY
(Co. Kildare)



O'CONRY
(Offaly)



CONROY (O'MULCONRY)



MACCONSIDINE

O'CONNOR DON

Argent an oak tree vert.
Crest: An arm embowed in armour holding a short sword entwined with a serpent all proper.

O'CONNOR FALY

Argent on a mount in base vert an oak tree acorned proper.

O'CONNOR KERRY

Vert a lion rampant double queued and crowned or.

Crest: A dexter arm embowed in mail proper garnished or the hand grasping a sword erect proper.

O'CONNOR SLIGO

Per pale vert and argent, in the dexter a lion rampant to the sinister or, in the sinister on a mount in base vert an oak tree proper.

Crest: An arm in armour embowed, holding a sword all proper.

O'CONNOR

(of *Corcomroe*)

Vert a stag trippant argent.

Crest: A hand in a gauntlet erect holding a broken dart all proper.

O'CONNOLLY

(Co. *Kildare*)

Argent on a saltire sable five escallops of the field.

O'CONRY

(*Offaly*)

Quarterly: 1st, Vert three goats passant argent; 2nd, Argent a lion rampant gules; 3rd, Gules three escallops argent; 4th, Vert a cock statant proper.

Crest: A blackamoor's head in profile couped at the shoulders sable and bound round the temples with a ribbon argent.

CONROY

(O'MULCONRY)

Azure an ancient book open indexed edged or, a chief embattled of the last.

Crest: A dexter arm vested or cuffed ermine grasping a wreath of laurel proper.

MacCONSIDINE

Per pale sable and gules, three lions passant guardant in pale per pale or and argent armed azure.

The blazons for arms depicted on Plate V (opposite)

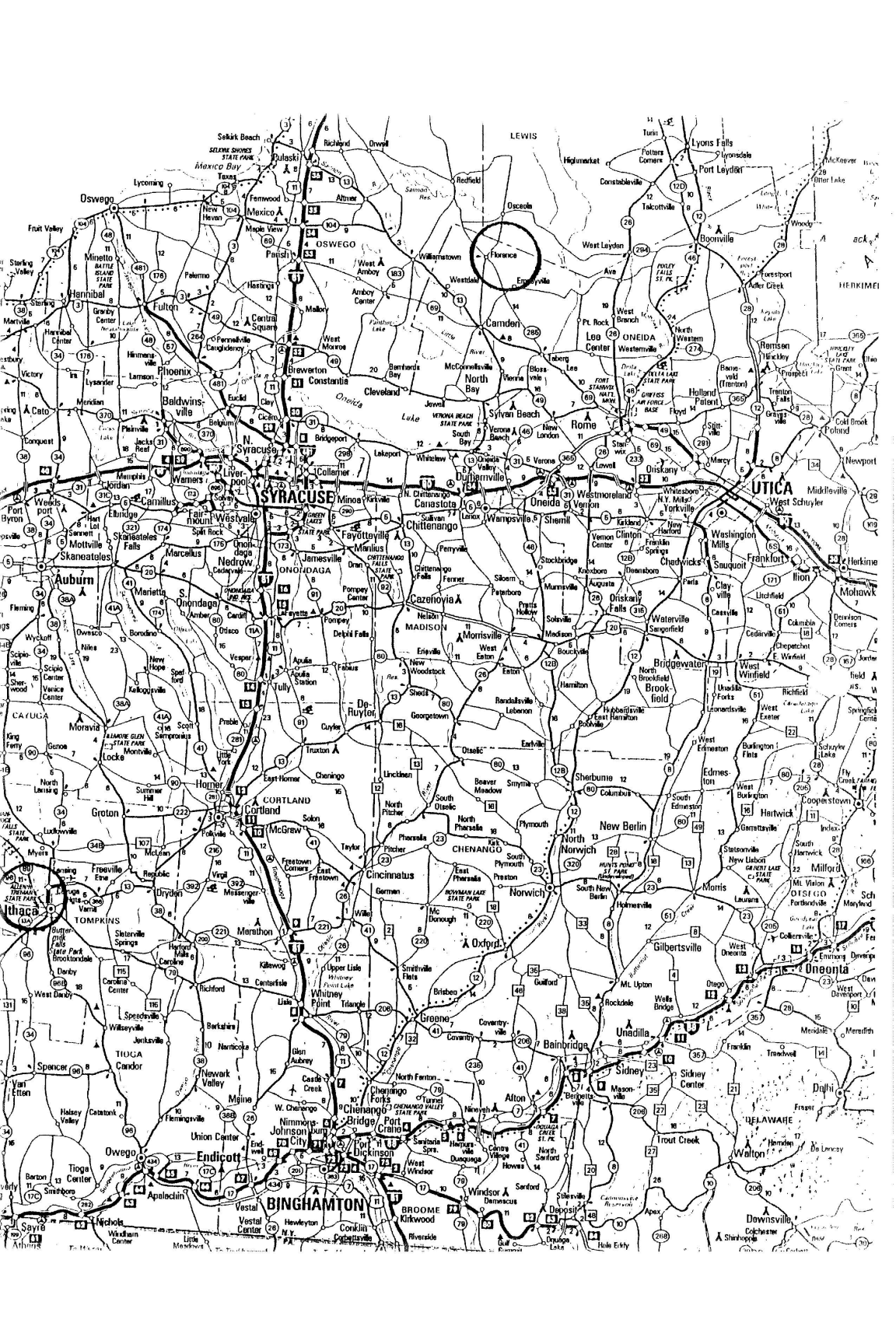
WILLIAM HANIFIN - ELLEN MALONE

My grandmother Bridget Hanifin Connors, was the youngest child of William Hanifin and Ellen Malone. It's only recently that I actually learned the maiden name of our great-grandmother Ellen. Although in 1850, there was a 70 year old woman named Ellen Malone who lived with William and Ellen Hanifin. It must have been her mother!

As a start, we knew that "Mother", Bridget Hanifin Connors, was born in Florence, N.Y. in 1864. So last Fall, Joan, Rudy, Art and I went to Bayonne where there was a branch of the National Archives. To our dismay, we found that they were in the process of transferring the census records to New York.

Some time later, Art and I went to New York, and were able to get the census records from 1850 to 1880. It was interesting to note that the name "Hanifin" was spelled several different ways, even within the same year.

I wrote to the County Clerk of Oneida County, and got a copy of Williams Naturalization Papers. He applied on November 3, 1838, and became a citizen on September 6, 1844. His papers say he was born in County Kerry, Ireland, and sailed to the United States from the port of Tralee. During that period, there was so much social unrest and poverty in Ireland that we will probably never be able to trace our roots back further than that time. I would love to find out at which port in the United States he arrived! It was interesting to note that in addition to the usual requirements, William had to swear that he had never borne any hereditary title, or have been any of the degrees of Nobility in the Kingdom of Great Britian. So much for our claim to the Throne!



THE HANIFINS AND THE TOWN OF FLORENCE

Last summer while Art and I were visiting Jim, we took a ride to see if we could locate the town of Florence, which was the home of the Hanifins. From what I've been able to find out, Florence was typical of the small towns which were scattered through the thinly populated sections of this region. This land was originally owned by the Oneida Indians who were members of the Iroquois Confederacy. The State of New York "bought" the territory in 1788.

According to Oneida County records, the largest group of white settlers came to the area between 1830 and 1850. Our great-grandfather William, and his brother John, were among that group. These immigrants wanted above all to own their own piece of land. They left Ireland to escape from the system of tenant farming which gave them no hope of ever bettering themselves. Both John and William came from County Kerry, as did our great-grandmother Ellen Malone. County Kerry was one of the poorest and most backward Counties in Ireland, and it was the sheer need to survive that brought them here. Very often, the men would come over first, and get laboring jobs on the Public Works projects which were starting all over the country. (Canals, Railroads, Road building, etc.) The working conditions were bad beyond belief, but their goal - their own land - was worth any price they had to pay. When the men had accumulated enough money, they would send for their families, and they worked together to clear the land.

By the late 1850's, Florence had become an area of prosperous Dairy Farms. Then it began to decline, mainly due to the lack of good transportation. The railroad which at that time was all-important, went to Camden and bypassed Florence completely. The roads (if any) were bad and poorly maintained, and low prices for farm products caused the young people to go to the cities, where factory jobs provided more money, with shorter hours, than did farm work.

In our family, the only one who stayed on the farm was the oldest son William, my grandmothers brother. Mim would visit there during the summer when she was a girl and would tell us stories of the life and good times she had there. It was very different from Paterson where she lived.

There are few if any farms left in Florence today. The stores and industries which supplied the town are gone, and we found only one tavern and a couple of houses to indicate that anything was ever there. Most of the land is owned by New York State, and has been reforested with evergreen trees.

The Hanifin farm has reverted to woodland, and is being used by the family as a camp. It is a beautiful area. While we were driving thru, we passed several huge log cabins (more like small motels) and noticed discreet signs at the driveways, which bore the names of some major corporations. We found later, that these are used by the company "brass" as hunting and fishing lodges, -aka "Conference Centers".

From Florence, most of the family moved to Yonkers where there was plenty of work in the thriving manufacturing industries.

Williams family who remained, now live mostly in and around Oneida, Utica and Syracuse.

WILLIAMS' FAMILY

1850

1860

1870

1880

HANIFAN

HANAFEN

HANOVAN

WILLIAM	Age 41	WILLIAM	Age 50	WILLIAM (HANNOFIN)	Age 60	WILLIAM	Age 69
ELLEN	30	ELLEN	40	ELLEN (HANIFIN)	50	ELLEN	60

Mary	5	Mary	15				
John	3	John	13	John	23		
Ellen	2	Ellen	11				
		Catherine	4	Catherine	14	Catherine	22

		William	9	William	19		
		Bridget	4	Bridget	4	Bridget	15

Both William and John, who were born in Ireland, became citizens in 1844

In the 1880 census, John (Williams son) age 33 was shown married to: Ellen 28

In 1880, Williams' wife Ellen was listed as being sick, and Catherine was the housekeeper Bridget and son William were shown as having attended school during the year.

With Children:
Hannah 9
William 7
Mary 5
Agnes 3
Catherine 2
Jennie 2 mos.

THE OTHER HANIFINS

1850	1860	1870	1880
<u>HANIFAN</u>	<u>HANAFEN</u>	<u>HANAFIN</u>	<u>HANOVAN</u>
JOHN	Age 48	THOMAS	Age 55
MARY	35	JOHANNA	50
		THOMAS	THOMAS
Catherine	12	Thomas	16
John	7		THOMAS
William	4		BRIDGET
Thomas	2		John
			Michael
			26
			23
			3
			2
			Age 65

November 1863

John and Mary sold their property, roughly 50 acres, to William for \$625. By that time, they had moved to Thompsonville, Connecticut.

It's an interesting commentary on the times, that the Justice of the Peace who issued the Deed, noted on the Deed, "Mary Hanifan, on a private examination by me, apart from her husband, acknowledged that she executed that same, without any fear or compulsion of her said husband".

(In each census, their name was spelled differently - I don't know when they agreed on Hanifin)

In 1880, Thomas was shown as a widower, living with his son and family



Albany County, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED,

THAT *William Hearn* formerly a resident of the County of Saratoga State of New York aged about 28 Years said to be born in the County of Kerry, said from Ireland Ireland.

late of the **UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**, appeared in the **Albany Justices' Court**, on the *Third* day of *November* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *Thirty Eight* (the said Court being a Court of Record, having Common Law Jurisdiction, and a Clerk and Seal,) and declared **ON OATH**, in open Court, that it was bona fide his intention to become a **Citizen** of the **United States**, and to renounce, forever, all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State, or Sovereign, whatsoever; and particularly to the Queen of the **United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland**.

In Testimony Whereof, the **SEAL** of the said **ALBANY JUSTICES' COURT** is hereunto affixed, this *Third* day of *November* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *forty four* and of our Independence the sixty=*Ninth*.

David Holt Clerk.



Albany County, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED,

THAT *John Homan*, then a resident of the County of Saratoga, State of New York aged about 31 years, said to his home in the County of Kerry, and from *Trillick, Ireland*, but

late of the **UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**, appeared in the **Albany Justices' Court**, on the *Third* day of *November* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *Thirty Eight* (the said Court being a Court of Peace, having Common Law Jurisdiction, and a Clerk and Seal,) and declared **ON OATH**, in open Court, that it was bona fide his intention to become a **Citizen** of the **United States**, and to renounce, forever, all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty; whatsoever; and particularly to the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

In Testimony Whereof, the **SEAL** of the said **ALBANY JUSTICES' COURT** is hereunto affixed, this *Sixth* day of *September* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *Forty seven*.
an Independence the sixty-6th year.

David Holt Clerk.

OLD LAW

Family name HANIFIN		Given name or names WILLIAM	
Address Florence, NY			
Certificate no. (or vol. and page) Pkg. 24 Rec. 90		Title and location of court Common Pleas Ct. Oneida Co.	
Country of birth or allegiance Kerry Co. Ireland,		When born (or age) 1810	
Date and port of arrival in U. S. ---		Date of naturalization Sept. 13, 1844	
Names and addresses of witnesses			
John Hanifin		Florence, NY	
Patrick		" "	
"		" "	

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, Immigration and Naturalization Service. FORM NO. 1-1P. 10-17302

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION IN COURT RECORD

Certificate canceled (date and court)-----

Why canceled-----

Expatriated----- Deceased-----

Other facts of record-----
D/I Justices' Court Albany
County NY Nov. 3 1838
Mig. from Tralee, Ireland.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, }
 ONEIDA COUNTY, } ss.

I, *William Hannigan* do swear
 that I will support the Constitution of the United States of America, and that I do absolutely and en-
 tirely Renounce and Abjure forever, all Allegiance and Fidelity to every FOREIGN Power, Prince, Po-
 tentate, State, or Sovereignty whatever; and particularly to the *Queen* of the *Great Britain*
 whose subject I was:

And further, that I never have borne any hereditary title, or been of any of the degrees of nobility
 of the *Kingdom* of *Great Britain*
 & I *have not been out of the United States*
 Sworn in open Court, this *13* day }
 of *Sept* 184 *4* } for five Years last
past
Del. D. D. D. D. D.

Wm + Hannigan
Mark

STATE OF NEW-YORK, }
 ONEIDA COUNTY, } ss.

John Hannigan and *Patrick Holohan*
 of *Gloren* in the county aforesaid, being severally sworn, depose and say, that
 we have been acquainted with *Wm Hannigan* that said *Hannigan*
 has resided within the United States at least five years last past; and within the State of New-York
 one year at least: That he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles
 of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.

Sworn in open Court, this *13* day }
 of *Sept* 184 *4* }

Del. D. D. D. D. D.

John Hannigan
Patrick Holohan

STATE OF NEW-YORK, }
ONEIDA COUNTY, } ss.

I, *John Hannifan* do swear
that I will support the Constitution of the United States of America, and that I do absolutely and entirely Renounce and Abjure forever, all Allegiance and Fide'lity to every FOREIGN Power, Prince, Potentate, State, or Sovereignty whatever; and particularly to the *Queen* of the *Great Britain* whose subject I was:

And further, that I never have borne any hereditary title, or been of any of the degrees of nobility of the *Kingdom* of *Great Britain* & I have not been out of the United States Sworn in open Court, this *13* day of *Sept* 184*4* } for five Years last past

John Hannifan
John Hannifan

STATE OF NEW-YORK, }
ONEIDA COUNTY, } ss.

Patrick Holihan and *John Grace*
of *Florance* in the county aforesaid, being severally sworn, do depose and say, that we have been acquainted with *John Hannifan* that said *John* has resided within the United States at least five years last past; and within the State of New-York one year at least: That he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.

Sworn in open Court, this *12* day of *Sept* 184*4* }

Patrick Holihan
John Grace
John + Grace
Mark

The State of New York, in the County of Oneida
 enumerated by me on the 21st day of August, 1850. The C. Torrance, Dist. Clerk.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
The Name of every Person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1850, was in this State.			Sex	Color	Profession, Occupation, or Trade of each Male Person over 15 years of age.	Value of Real Estate owned.	Place or Birth, Naming the State, Territory, or Country.	Married within the Year ending on the 1st day of June, 1850.			Whether Free, or Slave, or Servant.	
		Ellen Holahan	4	F				New York				
		Thomas "	7	M				do				
131	131	John Hamman	48	M	Farmer	600		Ireland				
		Mary "	35	F				do				
		Catherine "	12	F				New York	1			
		John "	7	M				do	1			
		William "	4	M				do				
		Thomas "	2	M				do				
132	132	William Hamman	41	M	Farmer	600		Ireland	1			
		Ellen "	30	F				do	1			
		Mary "	5	F				New York	1			
		John "	3	M				do				
		Ellen "	2	F				do				
		Ellen Malone	70	F				Ireland				
133	133	Richard Parkham	16	M	Farmer	600		New York				
		Esther "	62	F				do				
134	134	Stephen Simpkins	58	M	Farmer	1000		do				
		James "	52	F				do				
		John "	17	M				do	1			
		Lupha "	13	F				do	1			
		David "	11	M				do	1			
		Stephen "	8	M				do	1			
135	135	Abel Simpkins	27	M	Farmer	1500		do				
		Harriet "	19	F				do				
		Lupha "	16	F				do				
		Henry H "	22	M				do				
		Lebrina "	29	F				do				
136	136	Godard Sherman	52	M	Farmer	500		do				
		Margaret "	37	F				do				
		James "	15	M				do				
		George "	6	M				do	1			
		Wm Brown	55	M	Farmer	350		England				
137	137	Benjamin Sherman	24	M	Farmer	500		New York				
		Angelina "	20	F				do				
138	138	John C Field	39	M	Farmer	800		Mass				
		Carolina "	40	F				do				
		Henry "	15	M				New York	1			
		George "	14	M				do	1			
		John "	10	M				do				
		Sarah "	2	F				do				

SCHEDULE 1. Free Inhabitants in Green of Lawrence in the County of Orinda State of New York enumerated by me, on the 15th day of July 1880. Saml. R. DeLo Ass't Marshal
 Post Office Lawrence

1	2	3	Description.			7	Value of Estate Owned.		10	11	12	13	14
			Age.	Sex	White, black or colored.		Value of Real Estate.	Value of Personal Estate.					
		Maryaret	19	f									
		Mary C.	16	f									
		Catharine	12	f									
441	415	Patrick M. Davitt	33	m		Farmer	1	700	350	Ireland			
		Eliza Cath.	40	f									
		William	20	m									
		John	8	m									
		Thomas	7	m									
		Catharine	1	f									
		John H. DeLo	35	m		Farmer	1			Ireland			
441	416	Michael DeLo	45	m		Farmer	1	500	500	I.			
		Margaret	45	f									
		Michael	15	m									
		William	10	m									
442	417	Thomas Hanrahan	45	m		Farmer	1	700	100	Ireland			
		Johanna	40	f									
		Thomas	7	m									
443	418	William Hanrahan	40	m		Farmer	1	2000	313	Ireland			
		John	40	f									
		Mary	15	f		Wid. Cashier							
		John	15	m									
		John	11	f									
		Catharine	4	f									
444	419	Patrick DeLo	46	m		Farmer	1	4000	400	Ireland			
		Bridget	46	f									
		Michael	23	m									
		John	30	m									
		Thomas	13	m									
445	420	Michael Barber	42	m		Farmer	1	4000	300	Ireland			
		Catharine	40	f									
		Edmond	17	m									
		John	14	f									
		Catharine	11	f									
		Patrick	10	m									
		John	5	m									
		Mary A.	3	f									
446	421	Thomas Barry	35	m		Farmer	1	1000	200	Ireland			
		Catharine	35	f									
		James	20	m									
		Catharine	12	f									

No. white males 25 No. colored males, 0 No. foreign born, 10 No. blind, 0
 No. white females, 15 No. colored females, 0 No. deaf and dumb, 1 No. insane, 0
 No. idiots, 0 No. paupers, 0 No. convicts, 0

SCHEDULE 1.—Inhabitants in East Windsor

enumerated by me on the 8th day of June, 1880.

Sta

69	71	Nicolaus Edward	W M 65	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
70	72	Harriett Brown	W M 65	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
71	73	Michael W M 4	W M 26	Son	Staten	Staten	Staten
72	74	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
73	75	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
74	76	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
75	77	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
76	78	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
77	79	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
78	80	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
79	81	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
80	82	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
81	83	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
82	84	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
83	85	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
84	86	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
85	87	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
86	88	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
87	89	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
88	90	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
89	91	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
90	92	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
91	93	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
92	94	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
93	95	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
94	96	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
95	97	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
96	98	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
97	99	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten
98	100	Harriett W M 3	W M 23	Wife	Staten	Staten	Staten



BRIDGET HANIFIN CONNORS

RICHARD CONNORS - BRIDGET HANIFIN FAMILY

Richard John Connors
Bridget Frances Hanifin

Married on February 16, 1890
at St. Josephs' Yonkers

Viola May	B Jan. 20, 1891	Yonkers, N.Y.
	D Mar. 4, 1972	Paterson, N.J.
Raymond Patrick	B Mar. 1, 1893	Yonkers, N.Y.
	D Nov. 1981	
Lila Frances	B Mar. 17, 1895	Bellville, N.J.
	D 1896	
Richard John	B Feb 2, 1897	Bellville, N.J.
	D Mar. 17, 1986	
Mary Ellen	B July 4, 1899	Bellville, N.J.
	D Oct. 11, 1920	
Bernard Arthur	B 1901	Little Falls, N.J.
	D 1901	
Veronica Hazel	B 1906	Paterson, N.J.
	D 1907	



CONNORS FAMILY 1913

DICK FATHER RAY

MAZIE MOTHER MIM



MIM AND HER SISTER MAZIE, ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THE HOUSE
ON 26TH STREET, PATERSON 1918

VIOLA CONNORS VAN NIEKERK

Mim was in the second graduating class of Montclair State Normal School. We enjoyed her stories of how she and her friends went from Paterson where they lived, to Little Falls by trolley, and then either walked, or got a ride from a kindly truck driver, to the school. (Mim hitching a ride from a truck driver ???) ! She also told us that her entire education was free. Mim, her sister Mazie (Mary Ellen), and her brothers Ray and Dick, all graduated from Montclair. This was almost unheard of in those days when very few young people were able to go beyond the sixth grade. (They went to work) It is a tribute to our grandmother Bridget Hanifin Connors that they were able to do this. Mim and Mazie taught, and after their service in the Navy, both Dick and Ray became school Principals. Later they both went with the Telephone Company.

Mim taught until she was married in 1920. She told the story of how she lost her first teaching job before she started, because the School Board found that she was an "Irish Catholic". That sort of prejudice was still very common in those days. Even when I first started working, all application forms required you to state your religion!

She, of course, had to resign after her marriage. Married women were not allowed to be teachers! But when WWII came along, there was a severe teacher shortage, and Mim was contacted by Montclair to see if she would be interested in going back to the classroom.

She would joke, and say that they took a list of graduates, compared them to the obituaries, and if you were still alive, they offered you a job! She taught in the Passaic School system for many years, and got to the point where she could choose her schools, and became almost a permanent substitute in the ones she liked best. We were very proud of her.

(

She had to take at least two buses each way to work, because she never learned how to drive. The story goes that when she was learning how to drive, on one of her first back-up lessons, backed down the driveway, and took out the entire picket fence. The end!

For a few summers when she was in school, Mim and some of her friends worked as waitresses at a summer hotel. Room and board were included as part of their pay. It didn't take long before the "regulars" showed the "summer" girls how to double-order from the kitchen, and where to stash the good food that was served to the guests, so they could enjoy that, instead of the leftovers which were served to the help. There are tricks to all trades!

During the summers of WWI, she and other teachers took jobs at the Picatinny Arsenal. I don't know what they did there, but she said there were escape chutes (like big slides) from the floor where they worked, if at any time there was a problem with the explosives. . . Can you imagine how much good they would do?

Mim was loved by everyone who knew her. She was a good sport and I never remember her complaining about anything. She was a very independent person. One day, I went over to 22nd Street and found her mixing up some cement which she then used to patch the front steps. (She was in her 80's at the time).

She loved children and had infinite patience with them. She was fun to be with, and kept a lively and bright outlook on life. Anyone whose life she touched, was happier for having known her.

New Jersey State Board of Education

PERMANENT NORMAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

ELEMENTARY

THIS CERTIFIES THAT Viola M. Connors
IS A GRADUATE OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT MONTCLAIR,

General
COURSE, AND, HAVING HAD TWO OR MORE YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE,
IS GRANTED A PERMANENT LICENSE TO TEACH IN ANY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL;
TO SUPERVISE TEACHING IN ANY ELEMENTARY BRANCH OF STUDY; TO SUPER-
VISE ANY ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT; TO BE THE PRINCIPAL OF ANY
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL THAT IS UNDER A CITY SUPERINTENDENT; TO BE THE
PRINCIPAL OF AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL OR THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS OF
A DISTRICT EMPLOYING NOT MORE THAN NINE ASSISTANT TEACHERS AND
NOT UNDER A LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR SUPERVISING PRINCIPAL.

DONE AT THE CITY OF TRENTON THIS first DAY OF July 1914.

Ch. Keenan

STATE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

Charles S. Chapin

PRINCIPAL OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT MONTCLAIR.



DICK V.N. MIM

We became interested in our family history, when Mim was contacted by Dad's distant cousin Theodore (Dick) Van Niekerk who lives in Holland. Dick has made genealogy his life-long hobby. They wrote to each other occasionally, and when he and a colleague were sent by their employer KLM, to Canada, they came to Paterson for a week-end visit. We had a great deal of fun showing them around the metropolitan area. Both Mike and Art took their cars and we all enjoyed seeing how excited our visitors were. They took pictures of everything---even the Turnpike signs! They could hardly wait to get out of the car when we crossed into Manhattan on the Staten Island Ferry, and almost ran when we stopped so they could see Rockefeller Center.

We are indebted to Dick for sharing his work on the Van Niekerk family.

Paterswolde, November 27th, 1968

Dear Great Aunt Viola,

(It is probably the best term I can use)

Many thanks for your letter which I received and I can tell you that I was very pleased with your letter because your sister-in-law Anne wrote me about your activity to make a history of the Van Niekerk's. So I thought a contact with you would be fruitful for both of us.

About our relation to each other - it is as follows:

Our common ancestor	Dirk Willem	(1804-1871)	Father
My great-grandfather	Dominicus	(1845-1897)	Brothers
Your father-in-law	Adrianus	(1850-1907)	
My grandfather	Theodorus Wilhemus	(1874-1935)	Cousins
Your husband	Cornelius Jacob	(1892-1952)	
My father	Dominicus	Born 1905)	2nd Cousins
Your children)		
Myself,	Theodorus Wilhemus	Born 1920)	3rd Cousins
Your grandchildren)		

After this is finished, I will start to make a copy of all the complete information of our ancestors and their families for sending to you. Otherwise it takes for long time before you hear from me.

So I like to start with some interesting points.

11/27/68 (1)

11/27/68 (2)

Our name Van Niekerk will be found in the old times in different variations even for the same person, until the year 1811, when by decree of Napoleon, everyone must take a name and hold in that spelling. And every municipality had to start a register of birth, marriages and deaths. Before the year of 1811 the registration was by the church with a register of baptism, marriages and burial. Marriage was also due for the Court of Justice which also held a marriage register.

I have found that in the first half of the 16th century, lived a Thomas Van Niewkerche. His name was also written as Nieuwekirch and Nykerchen. He was a Cannon in the city of Utrecht. In the year 1536 he built a Gothic chapel in junction with the St. John Church in Utrecht. He had two natural children that have been legitimized by Emperor Karel V (Charles V) on April 23, 1556.

Thomas died on August 19th 1556 and was buried in the Chapel which he built.

This Chapel and his grave have been restored and are still in good condition. His epitaph is in Latin:

12/22/93

I just got a translation of the epitaph, courtesy of Dick Connors, and he said it basically says that in the casket lies the remains of the venerable Thomas Nykerke who died on the 19th day of August, in the year of Our Lord 1556.

11/27/68 (3)

Another story is about the South African Van Niekerk's.

In the year 1671 came to South Africa from Holland as colonists, two brothers named Dirk and Jacob Van Niekerk. With them was a child named Cornelius. This Cornelius was the ancestor of the present Van Niekerk family's in South Africa. Now there are a lot of Van Niekerk's and the name is very common. All of this is noted in a genealogical register of the old Cape family's by C. C. de Villiers.

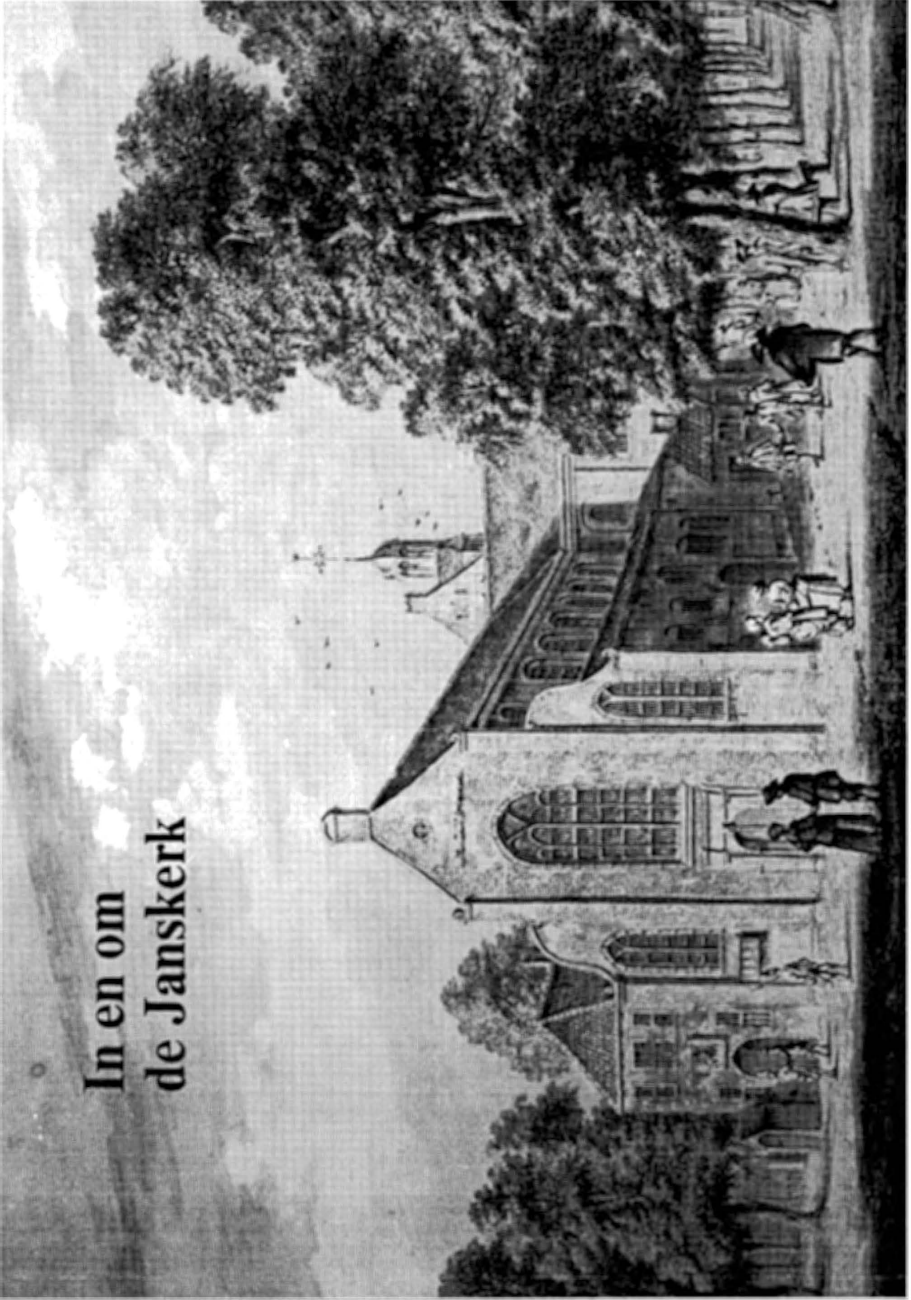
In the History of South Africa 1854-1872 by George Mc Call, there is a story that the first diamant was found in 1867 by Schalk Van Niekerk, a farmer. The weight was 21 carat and the diamant was later sold to Sir Philip Wodehouse for L500.

I haven't a connection between Thomas Van Niekerk, the South African colonists, and our oldest ancestor I found. I believe that it will be impossible to find them because the registers are not complete in the early years.

Our ancestors are listed below:

- | | | | |
|-----|--|-----|------------------|
| I | Gerrit van Nikerchen | and | Francyn Pereloom |
| | who married January 6, 1725 at Utrecht | | |
| II | Dominicus van Nieukerken | and | Dirkje van Dyk |
| | (1727-1785) | | (1735-1801) |
| III | Gerrit van Niekerk | and | Henrica Verlaan |
| | (1764-1841) | | (1768-1849) |
| IV | Dirk Willem van Niekerk | and | Agatha Peek |
| | (1804-1871) | | (1818-1890) |
| V | Adrianus van Niekerk | and | Johanna de Lange |
| | (1850-1907) | | (1852-1925) |

In en om
de Janskerk



THE EXTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, UTRECHT, HOLLAND



THE TOMB OF OUR ANCESTOR THOMAS NEIKERKEN, WHO IS BURIED IN A CRYPT
IN THE CHAPEL HE BUILT AS CANNON OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH
THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN BY KAREN AND JEFF RUNZ

In en om de Janskerk



St. JANSCHURCH - THOMAS VAN NIJKERKEN.

The entrance, is clearly of a later period, built in the Dutch baroque style, the front bears the year 1682.

Originally Bishop Bernold has built the St. Jan as a crusiform basilica with - a novelty for that days - at both sides an arched.

The eastern choir is flanked by two chapels.

On the westside two square towers arise and also there was a chapel.

After a fire in the year 1279 and the pull-down of the north tower in 1372, the choir has got the present form between the years 1508 and 1539.

Those years points to unruly times. The reformation was coming. The criticism about the clergy increase hand-over-hand. Therefore there was trouble to finish the job.

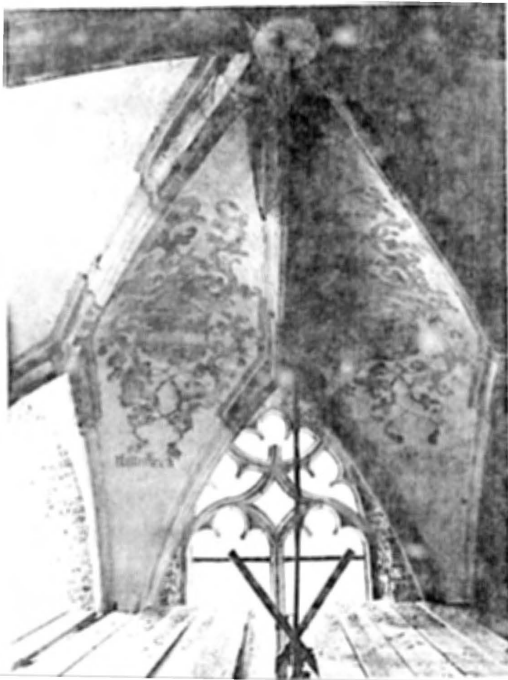
Pope Leo Xth - the man who fall out with Luther - has individual the indulgence letter who bishop Frederik van Baden for the use of the building has given once more consolidate and comprehensived.

The wealthy dean Thomas van Nijkerken paid the cost of the building of the new chapel, consecrated to St. Stefanus, which lateron also be called the Nijkerkenchapel.

Emperor Charles Vth who stays in the year 1540 at the St. Janskerkhof (kind of churchsquare) made a present to the church of a glas-in-lead window.

Also his son Philips IInd has seen the church in the year 1549.

The vault of the Nijkerkenchapel is decorated with arms of the canons. We will see also the family-arms of the dean himself. He died august 19, 1556. His tombstone lies in the chapel. Nijkerken has raised a fund called "the Kiste" what means saving-box. Four man did manage the capital of golden and silver coins which has been in a box clear away in the archives of the St. Jans basilica. After the year 1556 the gold was investment. After demolition of the westpart of the church the box was elsewhere stored in the church. Alas it's disappeared by this time.



Het gewelf van de Nijkerkenkapel is versierd met wapens van de kanunniken. Wij zien ook het wapen van de deken zelf. Hij stierf op 19 augustus 1556. Zijn zerk ligt in de kapel. Nijkerken had een fonds gesticht dat ook wel 'de Kiste' werd genoemd. Vier man beheerden het kapitaal van gouden en zilveren munten dat in een kist was opgeborgen in de 'Archivis' van St. Jan. Na 1556 werd het goud belegd. Na afbraak van de westbouw van de kerk werd de kist elders in de kerk bewaard. Helaas is hij thans verdwenen.



In een van de boeken zien wij deze engel.



On the print of C. van Hardenberg made in 1790 are we faced to the East into the northside aisle of the church. On the right we see the choir. Right in face we look into the St. Stephanuschapel named to the first martyr, later on Nijkerkenchapel or Deanchapel named to the dean Thomas van Nijkerken who on his own cost this chapel has built when the new gothic choir has been built. Nijkerken was an important man. When Philips IInd (son of emperor Charles Vth) made a visit to Utrecht he stayed with him. He was living in the minsterhouse, the biggest house on the churchsquare named St. Janskerkhof. (kerkhof means churchyard, as such used in older times.) With the present restoration the vista is restored. There are some mourning-boards. The wooden planks on the floor are probably used for a funeral. Till 1668 the chapel is hold in honour. Remarkable is that the hight of the chapel outside is the same as the hight of the southchapel, while the vault and the windows are lower. Between them there is a space which is lighted by the round windows at the front.

Paterswolde, January 14, 1969

Dear Aunt Viola,

Many thanks for your letters, fotos, picturecards and map of N.J. which I received. I was suprised with the color fotos of the different family's. That was a good idea of you.

I received your last letter when I had just finished the draught of this letter so I put some details afterwards on the family tree and changed my draught somewhat. Some other things about your letter will come later. Herewith I send you the full details as I know about our ancestors with the complete family they have got. I hope you will understand what it means. The places I noted, you will find those on the map of Holland which I send you at the same time but apart as printed matter. I wrote the names of your brothers and sisters-in-law who were born in Holland in the Dutch spelling because they are registered that was in this country. An other thing, I understand from Ann's letter that your baby Cornelius who died was your first child so I put him as number one of your family on the family tree. I'm sorry for that.

Adrianus V.N. living at Indianapolis and his sister Adriana Agatha who married Petrus Hoogeloom and live in Kwakel (Holland) who sometimes wrote with Ann are both children of Jacobus V.N. (1859-1925) and Anna Wilhelmina Wortehaas (see list).

My great-grandparents were Dominicus (1943-1897) and Wilhelmina Nieuwendyk (see list)

About Gerrit V.N. (1764-1841) I can tell you the following. In the year 1793 he bought a corn-chandlers shop and grocery at Noorden.

Later on he bought a corn-mill at Nieuwkoop. His sons Dominicus and Dirk Willem did work with him at the mill and grocery. Later Dominicus and after he died his wife ran the mill and Dirk Willem the grocery. The mill was further run by Dominicus son and grandson. Dominicus son named Willem was a very strong, self-willed and sober man and well-known in the region.

The Van Niekerks sold the mill in 1904. In 1916 the mill was dismantled and the important parts should be used for repairing some other mills. But the people of Nieuwkoop didn't like that the mill should be scattered over the country and in a night when the parts were together for transport they set it all on fire. So that was the end of the mill.

The mill is painted by an artist named G.H. Weissenbruch (1824-1903) I did hear that the painting was sold and must be in the USA but I don't know whether it's in a museum or a private possession.

From: "e. stoop" <e.stoop@hccnet.nl>
To: "Shirley van Niekerk Runz" <geegee2@bellsouth.net>
Sent: Wednesday, June 27, 2001 4:52 AM
Attach: Nieuwkoop.jpg
Subject: Windmill in Nieuwkoop

Dear Mrs Runz,

Many thanks for your question about the cornmill in Nieuwkoop, which we received through Vereniging De Hollandsche Molen. Our Foundation (Stichting Molendocumentatie) is specialised in the maintenance of the documentation of the Vereniging and we answer the "difficult" questions for them.

As far as I know there was only one grist mill in Nieuwkoop and even a picture of the mill is known. It was a mill built in stone and circular in form. The year of building is unknown, but it was demolished in 1914. The photo must have been taken shortly before that date as the mill was already in bad condition and out of working order.

A copy of the foto goes as appendix.

Yours sincerely,

Erik Stoop
Stichting Molendocumentatie

Shirley really hit
the jackpot when
she got this



These pages from the book, "In Search Of Your European Roots" explain why there are gaps in Dick Van Niekerk's study of our genealogy. It's interesting to note that they all stayed around Utricht.

THE NETHERLANDS (HOLLAND)

The Low Countries (what is now the Netherlands and Belgium) have had a very chequered history. Because of their strategic position they were almost constantly in a state of war for many centuries. Originally they belonged to the empire of Charlemagne, and later the major part of them came under the control of one of the minor German kings. After 1384 the various provinces were ruled by the Dukes of Burgundy, who acquired them by purchase, blackmail, cession, theft, and marriage (just normal real estate transactions in the Middle Ages)! In 1548 they passed by marriage into the ownership of Spain.

From 1568 to 1648 there was a succession of rebellions in the northern provinces (what is now called the Netherlands), and these were followed by similar revolts in the southern provinces (now Belgium). In 1581 the northern provinces proclaimed their independence and William of Orange became the Stattholder. Spain did not recognize this independence until the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648. From 1810 to 1814 the Netherlands were incorporated in France by Napoleon. In 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, the Netherlands and Belgium (now known as the Austrian Netherlands) were united in one country. In 1831 Belgium seceded and became an independent country.

In view of the constant turbulence in the area over the centuries, it is surprising that genealogical records exist at all. However, they do, and they are well organized and easily accessible. The major drawback to ancestor-hunting in the Netherlands is that there is no central registration of births, marriages, and deaths. Civil registration was started by the French in 1811 and each of the approximately one thousand municipalities kept its own records. From 1811 to 1892 duplicate records were kept in the various provincial archives, but these are not indexed, and so, without knowledge of the city, town, or village from which your ancestor came, it is

almost impossible to trace him or her. To make matters worse, before the nineteenth century, births, marriages, and deaths were registered according to religion. So even if you know the exact place, you will still have to check the records of each church unless you are sure about the original religion of your family.

Fifty per cent of the inhabitants were Catholic; the remainder were Protestant, divided into:

Evangelical Lutheran

Restored Evangelical Lutheran

Netherlands Dutch Reformed (Nederlandse Hervormde Kerk)

Other sects (Mennonite, Huguenot, Walloon) will be considered later in this chapter. Irrespective of your family religion, you will be searching the registers of the Dutch Reformed Church, because from 1588 to 1795 it was the official state church, and non-members had to marry in that church, or before a magistrate, as well as in their own churches. So the marriages of Catholics, Jews, and all other religions and sects will be found in the Reformed Church registers.

Catholic Church (Katholiek Kerk)

As in other European countries, the Catholic Church was the only recognized religion until the Reformation started in 1517. The Netherlands came under its influence and Protestantism developed, particularly in the northern provinces. In 1548 the country came under the rule of Spain and the King attempted to eradicate Protestantism. In 1568 a rebellion against Spanish rule broke out, but Spain quickly subdued the southern provinces, which were, generally speaking, Catholic. The northern provinces continued their resistance, uniting in 1579. Two years later they formed the Republic of the United Netherlands.

A few years earlier the cities of the Netherlands had closed their gates against Spanish troops and confiscated the properties of the Catholic Church, which were then given to the Calvinists (later named the Dutch Reformed Church). Mass was not celebrated in public for twenty years, nor were baptisms or marriages performed by Catholic priests. In 1648 the independence of the northern provinces was accepted by Spain and the Dutch Reformed Church became the state religion. The Reformed Church was quite tolerant towards the Catholics; the civil laws against them were abolished and the mass could again be read. Catholic church registers and records in the north date from this year. In the south, still controlled by Spain, the Catholic records are nearly complete from about 1580.

In the early eighteenth century a split occurred in the Catholic Church and by 1724 the Old Catholic Church was well established in fifty-one parishes in the provinces of Utrecht and Holland. If you are interested in that area and your ancestors were Catholic, remember this split, because it means that the fifty-one parishes still hold all records of the Catholic Church before the division of the church.

In 1853 the Catholic Church was officially re-established in the Netherlands with all its original rights and privileges. At the present time the Netherlands are about equally divided between Catholics and Protestants.

The earliest Catholic records (the documents of the Bishop of Utrecht) date back to 723. Apart from the registers, the churches have confirmation and communion records, and records of graves, of payments for bell-tolling, of donations to priests, and of the provision of mort-cloths for burial.

It was the Council of Trent (1545-63) which ordered the Catholic priests throughout the world to record baptisms, marriages, and burials, but very few registers in the Netherlands date back to that time. Deventer has some dated 1542, Utrecht 1559, and Amsterdam 1564, to name a few.

The entries in the registers were mostly in Latin. Before 1775 it was only the date of baptism and not of birth that was recorded. The children-naming pattern in common usage up until the latter part of the last century was that the first two boys were named after the grandfathers, the first two girls after the grandmothers, and the next boy and girl after the father and mother.

Marriage Records (Huwelijksregisters)

The laws of 1571-78 allowed marriages to be performed in the Dutch Reformed Church, and in 1584 a law gave non-Catholics a choice of either the Dutch Reformed Church or a civil marriage before an alderman or a sheriff. In 1795 it was ordained that only civil marriages could be performed, but the marriage could be blessed afterwards in a church. All these changes and variations are important for you to understand if your ancestors were Catholic, because you may find the record of their marriage in a Dutch Reformed Church or in the local municipal office.

Since 1811 civil registration of marriage has been compulsory,

but the Catholic Church continues to record vital events. These records often give you an extra check on accuracy of the civil records. The early Catholic registers are nearly all in the provincial archives, but some originals and many duplicates are in the individual churches, or in various Catholic Archives:

Archbishop of Utrecht:	Utrecht.
Bishop of Breda:	Veemarktstraat 48, 4811 ZH Breda.
Bishop of Groningen:	Marktstraat 9, 9712 BP Groningen.
Bishop of Haarlem:	Nieuwe Gracht 80, 2011 NJ Haarlem.
Bishop of 's-Hertogenbosch:	Postbus 1070, 5200 BC 's-Hertogenbosch.
Bishop of Roermond:	Paredisstraat 10, 6041 JW Roermond.
Bishop of Rotterdam:	Koningin Emmaplein 3-4, 3016 AA Rotterdam.

The Archives of the Dutch Reformed Church (Carnegielaan 9, 2502 LS 's-Gravenhage) also has some details of Catholic records.

It should also be noted that various laws against the Catholic Church resulted in variations in record-keeping in two provinces: *Overijssel*: Anti-Catholic laws did not apply in the town of Twenthe (under Spanish control) from 1580 to 1630. Also, in the years 1625-48 all baptisms had to take place in a Dutch Reformed church.

Noord-Brabant: Because of several wars in the province in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many people in Brabant had their children baptized in 's-Hertogenbosch. In addition, from 1609 to 1621, for the same reason, many children were taken to Antwerp, in Belgium, for baptism. From 1625 to 1648 Catholics were banned, and although baptisms and marriages were often performed in secret by a priest, no records exist.

VAN NIEKERK FAMILY
FROM HOLLAND TO THE UNITED STATES

ADRIAN VAN NIEKERK	B Alphen on Ryn, Holland	Oct. 6, 1850
	D Paterson, N.J.	Feb. 21, 1907

JOHANNA DE LANGEN	B Ter Mar, Holland	Dec. 16, 1852
	D Paterson, N.J.	Jan. 31, 1925

Married: Boskoop, Holland Feb. 15, 1876

CHILDREN

THEODORE W.	B Mydrecht, Holland	Dec. 19, 1876
	D Paterson, N.J.	Mar. 2, 1942

JACOBA ELIZABETH (Carrie)	B Mydrecht, Holland	Feb. 20, 1878
	D Paterson, N.J.	Nov. 26, 1949

GYSBERT CORNELIUS (Gys)	B Hazerwoude, Holland	Sept. 20 1879
	D Paterson, N.J.	1926

GERARD PETER (Gar)	B Hazerwoude, Holland	Nov. 16, 1880
	D Paterson, N.J.	Dec. 8, 1919

ADRIAN (Harry)	B Breukelen, Holland	Apr. 26, 1884
	D Paterson, N.J.	1918

AGATHA HENRICKA	B Hilversum, Holland	May 16, 1896
	D Paterson, N.J.	Nov. 20, 1956

ANTONIA (Anne)	B Schiedam, Holland	June 24, 1889
	D Paterson, N.J.	May 27, 1972

CORNELIUS JACOB	B Paterson, N.J.	Nov. 26, 1892
	D Paterson, N.J.	Apr. 14, 1958

and

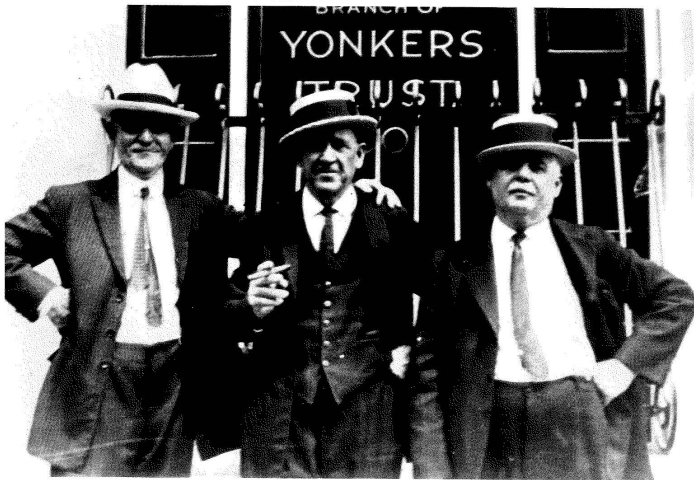
MARY LUDWINA	B Paterson, N.J.	Nov. 26, 1892
	D Paterson, N.J.	1915



BRIDGET HANIFIN CONNORS
and RICHARD J. CONNORS
(MOTHER AND FATHER)



MOTHER AND MIM



FATHER AND BROTHERS
ARCHIE AND ANDY



GARY

GYS

PA

HARRY

DICK

ANNE

CARRIE

MA

MARY

AGATHA

NEIL

THE VAN NIEKERK FAMILY ABOUT



"MA" JOHANNA DE LANGEN VAN NIEKERK
IN THE YARD ON EAST 18TH STREET
ABOUT 1924

THE VAN NIEKERKS

Dad and his twin sister Mary, were the only children in his family who were born in the United States. We are still trying to find out exactly when the Van Niekerks came to this country, where they landed, and how they found their way to Paterson. We have a date, the name of a ship, etc., but after several tries in the Archives in D.C., Joan and Rudy still haven't been able to come up with anything definite.

We do know that the family very quickly and happily settled into life in the Riverside section of Paterson. At that time it was a solid, blue-collar community of Dutch and Belgian immigrants. The brothers, Garry, Harry, and Gys established a painting business, which apparently became very successful. Their clients were from the Eastside section, where the wealthy Mill owners lived. I heard that at one time, their dining room was paneled with real leather which was left over from a job they did for the mayor. What class!

The brothers were all very much involved in the activities which revolved around the social and philanthropic clubs of Our Lady of Lourdes Church. They also belonged to the Lyceum Club which maintained a fishing camp at Greenwood Lake. I remember going there with Mim and Dad for "outings". By the time the late 30's had arrived, the membership had dwindled, and Dad could have bought a share for \$200. However, that was during the depression, and with a family to support, there was no way he could come up with \$200. I wonder what that property, which has long since been divided up and sold, is worth today!

Amateur athletics were very popular, and Garry especially, participated in all kinds of sports. At one time according to the papers, he was considered to be one of the best bowlers in the city. He also played center on the "Mercury" football team, when it held the lightweight championship of Passaic County.

When the Lyceum Club held their annual Minstrel show, Garry was always a featured member of the cast. This show ran for several days, and drew crowds from all over the area. It was a major fund raiser for the welfare programs sponsored by the church. There were no forms of public assistance in those days,----each community took care of their own.

They all became involved in local politics in one form or another. Garry was County Committeeman for the third ward and was assistant Sergeant-At-Arms in the Senate in Trenton. (No wonder he never found the time to marry) !

Dad and his brother Dick (Theodore) were the only ones who were not in the family business. Dick worked for most of his life in the Tax Assessors Office in Paterson. Dad of course, worked for Bordens.

I often wonder how they became so quickly assimilated into the community. The older three children were teen-agers when they came to the United States, beyond the age of Public Schooling for "ordinary" people. Yet they learned English and it was always spoken in the home. The only time I ever heard Dutch was when the "aunts" wanted to tease me. The goal in those days was to become "Americanized" as quickly as possible.

It must have been very expensive to bring the entire family from Holland. America was seen as the land of opportunity, worth any sacrifice, and it has become that for all of us.

VAN NIEKERK - CARRIE - AGATHA - ANNE

When I was growing up, I remember the "Aunts" house on East 18th Street, as a source of peace and refuge for me when things got too hectic at home. Everything was always orderly, calm and peaceful. Each of the Aunts had her own well-defined role. Carrie was the housekeeper, Anne was responsible for the yard and garden and Agatha (Ag) drove the car. As I think of it now, it was rather unusual in those days for a woman to own and drive a car! I remember the first car they had which was an open "Touring Sedan". When it rained, there were curtains which somehow attached to the car and kept the rain out.

Anne and Agatha worked as weavers in the silk mills, which were Patersons' biggest industry. In later years, Agatha worked as a fine seamstress and also as a saleswoman in Meyer Brothers, which was Patersons' leading department store. In those days, all the saleswomen were required to wear a uniform of black or navy dresses, with white collars. There were no cash registers. The money and sales slip was put into a tube at the counter, and went thru a vacuum system to the office where change was made. The stores at that time were closed on Wednesday afternoons during the summer time, and were only open until 6 at night. It was only during WW 2, when so many women began working, that the stores began to stay open until 9 one night a week.

When I was little, we used to go over to their house for supper every Sunday night. I still remember Aunt Carries' chocolate layer cake and home canned peaches! Then Aunt Ag would play the piano, and we would all sing and then perhaps play easy card games. (No TV in those days).

VAN NIEKERK FAMILY

ADRIAN VAN NIEKERK

Father - Dirk Van Niekerk Mother - Jacoba Kawenhove

JOHANNA DE LANGEN

Father - Gysbert De Langen Mother - Agatha Peek

THEODORE W. (Oldest Son) married Vena Van Mortelhem April 15, 1901

Children: Eleanor Rosalie B Feb. 4, 1902

Married John Gradwell

Loretta Mary B Feb. 11, 1906

Married John Boucher

Daughter Joan (Dunn)

Children (3 Sons)

CORNELIUS JACOB (Youngest Son) married Viola Connors April 4, 1920

VAN NIEKERK

Dad graduated from Our Lady of Lourdes Grammar School. He was the only boy in his class. Then he went to Drakes' Business School. He was able to do that I guess, because he was the youngest, and all the other children were working. He worked as a clerk-bookkeeper before he went in the Army. (I think it was for the Erie Railroad). While in the Army, he was an ambulance driver in the Motor Pool. Not too many men could drive trucks at that time.

Then he worked for the Borden Milk Company as a driver, and later as a foreman. In those days they started at about two in the morning. At that time he had a local route and I remember him coming home for breakfast. He would tie his horse under a tree in front of the house, and give him a feed bag of oats. Once in awhile he would take me down to the barn where all the horses and wagons were kept,--it wasn't too far from our house. In the winter when the roads were snow-covered, Bordens would use big sleighs instead of wagons to deliver the milk, and the horses would have special shoes for the icy roads. Once, Dad got his picture in the paper because at that time his route was in Oakland and he used a canoe to deliver Milk when the area became flooded.

When Bordens changed from horses to trucks, Dad took routes further and further out. I never could figure out why, until I realized he could combine work with his love of fishing. He particularly enjoyed trout fishing, and from "opening day" on, he could usually get in a little fishing while eating lunch. That was also why he kept refusing a promotion to "inside" work!

He was a very talented self-taught painter, used to play the violin, and was a caring and loving father to us all.

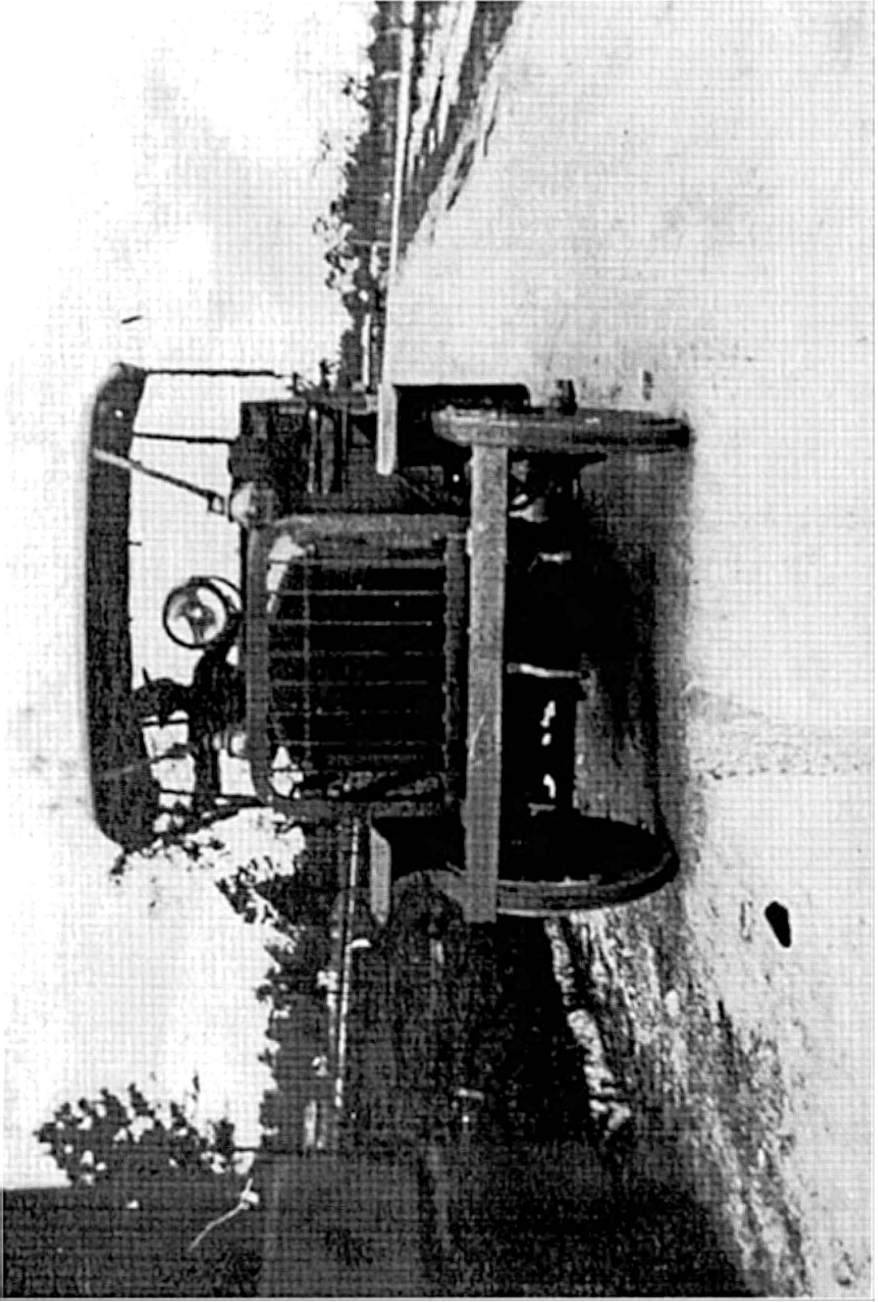


DAD, MIM, AND A FRIEND ON A PICNIC

JULY 4, 1914



DAD IN FLORIDA (AGE 25)



DAD DRIVING AN ARMY VEHICLE ON THE "SHELL ROAD" IN FLORIDA

VAN NIEKERK FAMILY
1920-----

VIOLA MAY CONNORS
b. Jan. 20, 1891
Yonkers, N.Y.
d. March 4, 1972
Paterson, N.J.

m. April 5, 1920
Paterson, N.J.

CORNELIUS JACOB VAN NIEKERK
b. Nov. 26 1892
Paterson, N.J.
d. March 14, 1958
Paterson, N.J.

VAN NIEKERK FAMILY FROM 1920
FIRST GENERATION

- | | | | |
|----|--|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1. | DORIS MARY
b. June 27, 1921
Paterson, N.J. | m. June 10, 1945
Paterson, N.J. | C. ARTHUR FERWERDA
b. Jan. 30, 1920
Passaic, N.J. |
| 2. | SHIRLEY ANN
b. Nov. 24, 1924
Paterson, N.J. | m. April 22, 1944
Paterson, N.J. | HAROLD J. RUNZ
b. Sept. 2, 1923
Paterson, N.J. |
| 3. | JOAN THERESA
b. Jan 30, 1933
Paterson, N.J. | m. Sept. 1, 1956
Paterson, N.J. | RUDOLPH JOSEPH BRILLANTE
b. June 14, 1931
Paterson, N.J. |
| 4. | RICHARD JOHN
b. Oct. 24, 1935
Paterson, N.J. | m. Feb. 24, 1962
Paterson, N.J. | JOAN MARIE ROBINSON
b. Sept. 26, 1935
Paterson, N.J. |



JOAN DICK SHIRLEY DORIS
CHRISTMAS 1995 AT JOAN AND RUDYS

THESE PICTURES WERE TAKEN AT A FAMILY REUNION AT JEFF AND KAREN
RUNZ HOUSE IN THE SUMMER OF 1992

THE SENIORS

Doris and Art Ferwerda, Shirley and Harold Runz, Joan and Rudy Brillante
(Our brother Dick was in California when the party was held)



THE INLAWS

TOP ROW L TO R

Glen Strathern, Harold Runz, Bob Paine, Rudy Brillante, Art Ferwerda

BOTTOM ROW L TO R

Bruce Balestrieri, Cheryl Brillante, Beth Rishforth, Mike Agrati, Karen Runz



SECOND GENERATION

TOP ROW L TO R

Jim Ferwerda
Ithaca, New York

Barbara Ferwerda Agrati
Ringwood, N.J.

Carolyn Runz Paine
Crystal Lake, Ill.

Jill Brillante Strathern
N. Haledon, N.J.

Jeff Runz
Pottersville, N.J.

BOTTOM ROW L TO R

Chris Brillante
Pompton Lakes, N.J.

Joan V.N. Balestrieri
Butler, N.J.

Paul Brillante
Laurel, Md.

Pam Brillante
Midland Park, N.J.



THIRD GENERATION

BACK ROW

Curran Runz, Kate Agrati, Eric Runz, Jennifer Paine

MIDDLE ROW

Neil Strathern, Matt Agrati, Cassidy Kennon, Dana Runz, Tyler Balestrieri

FRONT

David Strathern, Chris Brillante



GROWING UP IN PATERSON

I remember the first time I heard a radio. I must have been very young, because Uncle Dick and Uncle Ray Connors were still living downstairs on 26th Street. They called us down to see "The Radio"! They let me listen to the earphones and I heard music and singing which they told me was the "Happiness Boys" program.

Later, we had a radio upstairs, All I remember about that one, was that it was powered by a large automobile battery which stood underneath the table.

When I was a child there were still trolleys running down Broadway in Paterson. My Grandmother would take me on the trolley to visit her brothers' family in Yonkers. I was so "scared" going over the Passaic River because there were no sides on the bridge, and you looked down and just saw water!

Cars at that time had no heaters, and a standard accessory was a lap robe, made out of a heavy fur like material called a "Buffalo Robe". It hung on a special rod in the back seat. The only way to get into New York was by Ferry and the children were always expected to hide under the robe to avoid paying the 5¢ charge for each person in the car. Children were also expected to duck under the turnstiles in the subway, which also cost 5¢.

There were all kinds of tradesmen who used to sell things from their trucks or wagons on a regular delivery schedule. There was the "Ice Man" in the summer who became the "Coal Man" in the winter. There was a man who sold fruit and vegetables, the Dugans Bread man, and of course,---the Milk Man!

Also,---the "Peddler" who carried his wares in a pack on his back. He was always welcome to supply notions and small household items. Then there was the "Umbrella Man" who came around and mended umbrellas, and the "Knife Man" who came around to sharpen knives and scissors. However, the strangest one I remember was the "Tinker" who mended pots and pans. Even then, I thought it was pretty weird. At one time, we even had a "Shoe Man", he would come to the house with a selection of shoes, measure our feet, then a week or so later, bring us our new shoes.

TRIVIA -

EARLY 1920's and 30's

In the summer, we had Ice Boxes to keep the food cold, but in the winter, everyone had a box which was attached to the pantry window. (All houses had a pantry) and the food was put in the box to keep cold. What an event it was when we got our first electric refrigerator! It must have been in the mid 30's when we moved to 22nd Street.

Milk in those days was delivered in 1 quart glass bottles. It was not homogenized so the cream would rise to the top. In the winter the milk would freeze and make a "top hat" popping out of the bottle. We'd fight to see who got the frozen cream!

My mother and grandmother used to make their own laundry soap from fat and lye. They would pour it into boxes to cool, then cut it into bars and let me decorate the tops with carvings.

Twice a year the entire house was pulled apart for Spring and Fall cleaning. The rugs were taken up and hung on clothes lines outside, and the men beat them with carpet beaters. There were no vacuum cleaners, only "carpet sweepers", so after six months of use, it was a big job to get them clean. Then they were covered with moth flakes, wrapped in paper, put into special big bags, and stored in the attic until Fall. They were then replaced with summer rugs which were made out of some kind of straw. Every year, Mim would carefully repaint the pattern and borders on the rugs, and they would be good as new for another year!

Another major job was to wash the curtains, which of course were lace (for the winter). Then they had to be stretched on a curtain rack which would have made a good medieval torture device. It consisted of a frame which had to be carefully assembled,-set with small sharp pins every quarter inch. The curtains were then placed very carefully and evenly on the frame. (Without bleeding all over the clean curtains). How the women ever had the patience to put up with that, I'll never know.--I'm glad I was too young to help!

After that, all the feather bedding, (pillows, mattresses and comforters) had to be washed, and the fillings transferred to new covers. What a mess! However, we were either modern, or couldn't afford feather beds, so Mim only had to do pillows for us, then help Mother with all her stuff.

One of the great things we made for the summer, was our own root beer. We would buy the flavoring, combine it with yeast, sugar and water, cap the bottles and put them in the attic to brew. The trick was to cap the bottle so if it worked up too much, the cap would blow, rather than the bottle! Every so often, (usually in the dead of night) you'd hear a cap pop!

In the fall, my mother and grandmother would put up marmalade, conserves and pickles. Mothers black leather "Receipt Book" is still around somewhere, but the recipes would be totally useless for today's cooks. All the ingredients were listed as a bushel of this, a quarter's worth of that, and a handful of something else. They were sealed with a paraffin top, No one was overly concerned about the "leakers"----you just used them first!

MANASQUAN - LAKE HOPATCONG

Trips and vacations were always a major part of our lives. I don't know how Mim and Dad managed it, but we went away every year in July. Mim was fond of saying that I went on my first vacation to Manasquan at the tender age of five weeks. That must have been some undertaking! When I was little, we went with Mother and Father and my Uncles Dick and Ray, who were still living at home. Later, after they were married, we all had our own places. It must have been quite a job to get ready, because everything had to be shipped down beforehand in a huge old trunk. Nothing was provided except dishes and pots and pans, so you were on your own! Then, when we went down, the suitcases were placed on the running boards of the car. There were special gate-like attachments to keep them in place. (Of course, when they were on, they also kept the passengers in place, because the doors couldn't be opened!) The trip took at least four to six hours - there were no super-highways, so travel thru the city streets in Newark and the Oranges could get pretty heavy.

Manasquan looks much the same today, as it did more than sixty years ago. I can still remember staying in some of the bungalows that are there today. There has been one major change over the years tho.....It was always exciting to see what had happened over the winter to the Manasquan River Inlet. There were some years when the storms completely closed the inlet, and it was possible to walk across to Point Pleasant. In later years, I don't know when, the Army Engineer Corps dredged it out and built the waterway that is there today. It is still supposed to be difficult to navigate in and out, and the Coast Guard has its' hands full in rough weather.

M - LH (2)

Commercial fishermen had big nets anchored just off shore, and it was fun to walk down very early in the morning to watch them bring the fish in. They would row out in big dories, then unload their catch and sell it on the spot. Poor Mim, - every summer, she had to cook a big dinner for all the 26th Street neighbors who would make the long trip down for what had become a traditional meal of Bonita Mackerel and Blueberry Pie. The day before, we had to go out to the woods and pick enough berries for three pies. I was always being warned to look out for snakes, but never remember seeing any!

Manasquan had a beach with a very sharp drop and in spots, a very strong undertow. It really didn't matter very much because the major water sport consisted of hanging on the ropes which were strung from the beach out into the water, and jumping and screaming when the waves rolled in.

It was a quiet community which had a very nice custom on the 4th of July. Each family would gather driftwood for days before, and put it in their special pile, then on the night of the 4th, they would gather on the beach, cook hot dogs, toast marshmallows and set off their fireworks. (It was legal in those days)!

There was no boardwalk...the closest thing to an amusement area was the Penny Arcade. It was truly a "penny" arcade, and twice a week we were each given ten cents to spend on the "movies" (hand cranked) games and chances.

We went to the shore until I was 12. Then, Mim and Dad had good friends who went to Lake Hopatcong. They raved about it so much that they persuaded Mim and Dad to try it.



ON OUR DOCK - LAKE HOPATCONG



NOLAN'S POINT - LAKE HOPATCONG

By this time, we had lost the desire to climb the roller coaster, which you can see in the background. But we still carried our portable victrola with us, along with a case of records.

We all loved it there. Our first place was a tent-like structure, but then we graduated to real bungalows at Great Cove. There were no amenities like indoor plumbing or running water! We had to take buckets to the spring for drinking water, and were told that it was "healthy" to have frogs in the spring. Cooking was done on an oil stove, and there was a pump in the kitchen with water from the lake for washing and doing dishes.

A short distance away, was an abandoned railroad track which served as an easy way to walk to Nolans Point where there were stores where we could buy groceries and newspapers. Twice each week, we were given a nickle to buy ice cream. It was a real treat!

There were delivery men who came around with bread and milk and fresh vegetables, and of course, Ice for the ice box.

At the Point, there was also what was left of an old amusement park. We would entertain ourselves by seeing how high we could climb on the ruins of the roller coaster before it became too far to jump between the spaces on the track. (It's a good thing Mim never knew)! There was also an old building that housed the Merry-go-round, but we stayed away from there, it was too dark and spooky inside!

One year, Shirley and I found a sunken old row boat. We managed to bail it out, and got it floating. We patched the holes with rags, and had a great time rowing around the cove, with one of us rowing and the other bailing. It made the owner of our bungalow so nervous watching us, that she gave us the use of one of her boats. That was really nice of her, because there was no way we could afford the \$5.00 a week rental. With the new boat, we were able to pack a lunch and venture out of the cove to explore the rest of the lake. We also took along my portable (hand cranked) victrola and our collection of "78's" with the music of the Swing Bands which were just coming into vogue.

M - LH (4)

The only summer we missed during that period was when the little kids (Dick and Joan) got sick with Chicken Pox or something like that. So Dad took Shirley and me on a trip to Niagara Falls. He had a budget of \$50.00 for the trip (which is what the bungalow cost for the month). Tourist cabins were only a dollar or two a night, and we ate a lot of cheese sandwiches. We made it home with a dollar left, so Dad stopped in Waldwick and spent his last dollar on a box of candy for Mim.

The last time we all went to Lake Hopatcong was in the summer of 1946. By that time, we had outgrown the lake and were ready for new adventures.

One thing I did forget to mention.....Art and I spent our honeymoon in Manasquan in 1945. Arts' father let us use his car and gave us some of his precious gas coupons. We planed to stay for a week, so Mim and Dad asked us to rent the bungalow for them for the second week. When they came down, we decided to stay a few more days, and then a few more, so it has become a family joke that my parents went with us on our honeymoon.

Barb and Mike followed the same scenario, but the locale was changed to Wildwood Crest and the cast included not only parents and brother, but also an Aunt, an Uncle, and four cousins. The newlyweds had rented a beautiful trailer and toured New Hampshire and Vermont. When they called to tell us that they were on their way home, we told them that we were all going to the shore for the weekend. We told them where we were going to stay, and they got there before we did!

MORE VACATIONS

Once we stopped going to Lake Hopatcong, Art and I began going on trips with Mim and Dad. This worked out very well, because we enjoyed the same things and style of traveling. They left the "little Kids" with Shirley and Harold in Fair Lawn. There was a bus near their house which took Dick and Joan within walking distance of school,-----and we took off!

We explored the Washington-Virginia region a few times, but our favorite trip was the one to Canada. It's hard to explain now, how rural the country was, once we left the metropolitan area. The United States had yet to build the interstate highway system which we take for granted today. Canada was slowly emerging from the restrictions of the war-time economy under which they had lived for so long. What are now six lane highways, were then country roads. All the differences especially in French-Canadian Quebec, were new and exciting to us.

Tourist Cabins (there were no such things as Motels) were usually Very Basic! It can get chilly in September, so if we were lucky, heat was provided by a small electric space heater. We did however, stay in places which had a pot stove and wood pile!

It soon became apparent though, that the people in the hinterlands were aware of the increase of tourism. Many farms displayed handcrafts, quilts, sweaters and homemade delicacies, in stands by the roadside. No one was in attendance at the stands, but there was a large bell you could pull to summon help. This occasionally introduced a problem! Sometime the proprietor didn't speak English, and the three years of French I suffered thru in High School was no help at all! But with much smiling, pointing and gesturing, we accomplished our mission.

Unless you were near a city, sometimes it was hard to find a place to eat. We soon learned to keep supplied with snacks, and of course Dad had his thermos of coffee!

As we rode thru the farmlands, it was easy to see how deeply religious the people were, especially in Quebec. In front of almost every house, a carefully tended shrine was on display. We learned a lot too, about the history of the provinces, which was so different, but in many ways so similar to ours.

On another note, it was a lot of fun to go thru the big department stores in the cities. The world had not yet become "homogenized" so many of the products on sale, were very different than those we were accustomed to see at home. Art was particularly amazed by the huge areas devoted to skates and hockey equipment.

We felt very worldly and sophisticated when we treated ourselves to a meal at the Chateau Frontenac. It was the first time I had ever encountered "dinner" size silver service. (I never knew such a thing existed). It was larger than we're used to, and somewhat awkward for us to manipulate.

----- To underscore how our world had changed from generation to generation, who'd imagine that our descendants would ever be "guests" at the Chateau Frontenac (which had retained its' elegance), some fifty years later? Barb, Mike, Kate and Matt stayed there while the Lakeland Choral performed at the Cathedral of Ste. Anne DeBeaupre, and other venues in the area.

In my growing up years, buses were the usual form of transportation. A family with two cars was almost unheard of, and there were many bus lines, so it was relatively easy to get "there" from "here".

Almost every week from the time I was about 12, I went to Paterson to shop for Mim. I felt completely comfortable wandering all over the area, and was intrigued by the unusual things I saw, from the markets on Washington Street where the housewife would select her live chicken and the butcher would prepare it for her on the spot, to the Italian section where all kinds of delectable looking pasteries were displayed. There were also mysterious looking foods which I couldn't identify, and too, big barrels full of all kinds and shapes of Pasta.

It's always been a favorite story of mine that I never knew that spaghetti came any other way except Franco-American in a can, until Art and I started dating. We went to Italian Restaurants in Paterson where at that time a plate of spaghetti with a side of delicious bread was 25¢. If you wanted meatballs, they were 5¢ each. There was always a Juke Box for dancing, so a "Night On The Town," could be managed easily for a dollar.

In my middle teen years, I began going to New York with friends. The bus to the train was five cents, then we took the "Susie-Q" (Susquehanna and Western) train to the Meadowlands Depot, where a bus was waiting to take us into New York. All this for thirty-seven cents! We walked all over, took the subway if needed, and enjoyed the different products we could find in the stores. No matter what we bought, we didn't worry about getting it home. All the stores had their own trucks and sent your purchases home free of charge.

In later years, when Dad was in the Veterans Hospital in the Bronx, Mim would come over every Thursday and baby-sit Barbara. I'd go into New York, wander around for awhile, and then take a long subway ride to the Hospital to visit with Dad. When I left in the winter, it was getting dark, but there was never any fear while I waited for the bus to take me back to the subway, then the train, to home.



A PICNIC AT LAKE SEBAGO ABOUT 194

BACK - HAROLD, SHIRLEY, JEFF AND CAROLYN RUNZ

FRONT - MIM, DICK, ART, JOAN AND DAD

It's been said that people of our generation will always remember where they were when they first heard the report about the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese.

Art and I went to Long Island with his parents while they visited some old friends. It was Sunday afternoon, and we left them to visit, while we took a ride to explore the South Shore... When we came back, they were gathered around the radio. We could see by their expressions that they were listening to some very bad news. When we heard about the bombing, we knew our lives would never be the same again.

In October of 1940, the United States began a Military Draft. All young men were required to register when they turned 18. They were assigned a number and thru a lottery, if their number was chosen, they were obliged to serve for one year.

After December 7, 1941, all this changed. Art received his draft notice, and was inducted into the Army on February 16, 1942.

In his memoirs, Art tells how totally unprepared the country was for this huge influx of recruits. There was a shortage of the most basic equipment. They even had no guns!

When the war in Europe was over, and after 33 months in England and Africa, they were sent to Sioux Falls, South Dakota for re-assignment. In order to keep them occupied, they were taken to the firing range, where they were "taught" how to fire a carbine and thus were qualified to receive their Marksman's Badge!





ART - AUGUST 1943

Their planes were widely dispersed throughout a large area in the Libyan desert. In addition to their regular duties, the mechanics had to mount around the clock guard duty, to watch for nuisance raids by German paratroopers.



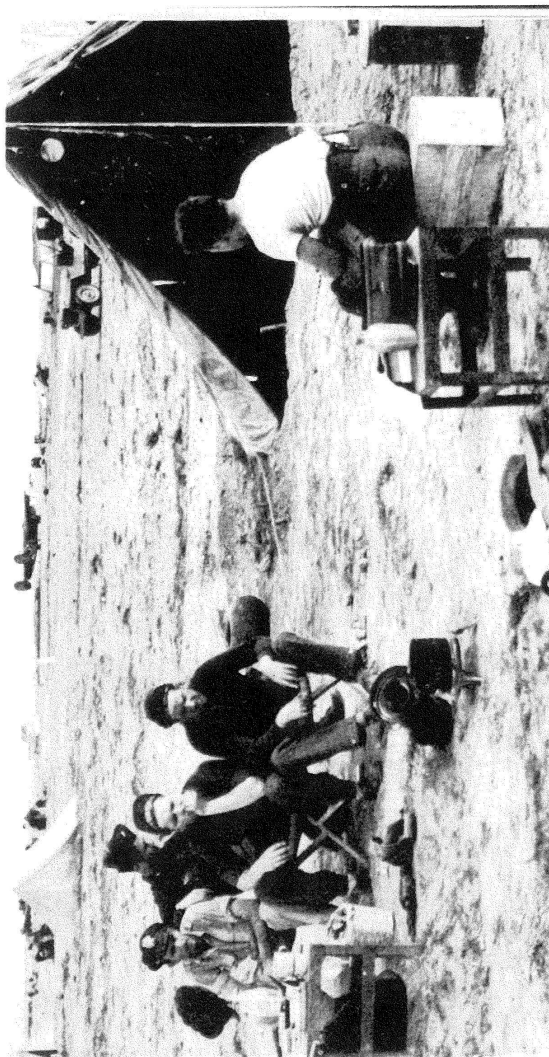
AUGUST - 1943

A rare picture of the Sphinx, with sand-bags under its' chin, to guard against damage from enemy action.



AUGUST - 1943

Art and Joe Baraneck, with the guides who took them thru the Pyramids.



Waiting for an early morning briefing
Temperatures in the desert ranged from about 60°F to 120°F



Art and Joe took a tour thru the Sphinx and Pyramids with these guides. They agreed on a price, and all went well until they started to climb the very narrow passage and steps inside the Pyramid. The only light was provided by tapers which were held by the guides. At a strategic point, the tapers flickered out. After negotiation, they agreed on a price of a couple of cigarettts, and the tapers came back on. This performance was repeated three or four times, and added an unlooked for touch of excitement to the occasion.



Art says that this trip to Alexandria, was like going back in time for him, Ray and Joe. It was a Sunday afternoon, there was heavy traffic going to the beach, the stores were open, and you could buy any of the luxury products which hadn't been seen in England for many years!

END OF THE WAR IN EUROPE
AND HOMECOMING

When France was liberated after D-Day, the 93rd began delivering relief supplies. The planes would land at Orleans, then food and other necessities were distributed from there.

Two days after V-E Day, the Group scheduled what were called "Trolley Missions". Any of the ground personnel who chose to, could take a tour of the area where the 93rd had seen action. They were given maps and a guide showing where the strategic targets had been. Sometimes they flew as low as 500 feet.

After about a week of these trips, the Crew Chiefs were called in, and told that their planes could take off for the States anytime they felt the ships were ready for the long, over-water hop.

Art had the option of going back with his plane, "The Flyin' Moose", or he could go back by boat. He'd had enough of 33 months of combat maintenance, detached service flights, test hops, and the trip to Africa. He thought it would be pleasant to go back by boat, sit on the deck, bask in the sun, and have no responsibilities for a few days. However, the Pilot and Flight Crew of his plane had other ideas! They wanted Art to go home with them. Although they were a new crew, who had only flown a few missions, they were aware that Art had set a record for maintenance of the ships he had crewed. They kept badgering him until he agreed to go with them. However, it would be on his terms.

Since the war in Europe was over, parts were available so Art could make any repairs he felt were necessary to prepare for the long flight.

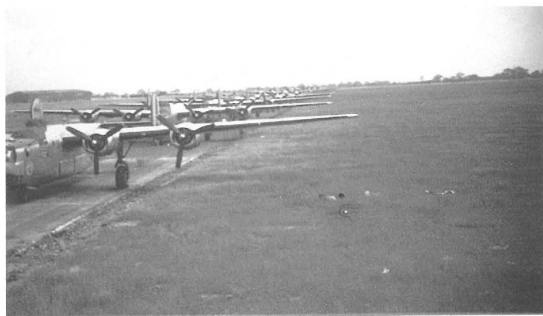
In addition to other repairs, he put in a new tail section, and two new (rebuilt) engines. All this took time, but proved it's wisdom later. Also, they installed two wooden bins in the bomb bays, to be used for carrying clothes and other gear.

Each plane carried twenty men. This included the combat crew, the ground crew, and any others who had been directly involved with the aircraft. Of course, there were no seats, so they made themselves as comfortable as they could, on their parachutes and barracks bags.

The "Flyin' Moose left Hardwick on May 24th, made a short hop to Valley, Wales, then to Iceland. Art said it was the coldest trip he'd ever experienced. Since it was the end of May, they were wearing summer uniforms, and there was no heat in the plane. They flew from Iceland to Labrador, then from Goose Bay to Bradley Field in Connecticut. The actual flying time was 26 hours from England to the United States. (The cruising speed of the plane was 180 miles an hour.)

The last leg of the journey on May 27th provided some excitement which could easily have turned into a disaster. Many planes began to have mechanical problems. Art remembers looking down and seeing them floundering among the icebergs. All those who were not in trouble were told to stay off the radio band assigned to the flight. The radio operator opted to listen to a music station (Big Band, of course!) For that reason, he missed the report that Bradley Field was closed in, and all ships were rerouted to Bangor. They began the descent at Bradley, but couldn't break out of the overcast. Art thought, "This is all I need...to get this far, and then crack up! I should have gone by boat"! Fortune was on his side however, the Navigator was from Connecticut and was familiar with the area. When they finally broke thru and could see the ground, he guided them in visually.

"The Moose" was the only plane to land at Bradley Field that day!



PLANES LINED UP ON THE RUNWAY AT HAETWICK
MAY, 24, 1945, READY FOR THE FLIGHT HOME!



From Bradley, they went to Camp Miles Standish in Massachusetts. Since the Heavy Bombers were among the first groups to come back to the United States, (they had their own transportation) the system wasn't in place yet, to handle these large groups of men who only wanted to GO HOME!

After a few days, they were assigned to bases near their home. and were given 30 days leave. Art phoned his parents, and they picked him up at the train in Newark. After a visit with them, he called and said he was on his way to Paterson.



BOLTON BRIEFS ART AFTER THE MISSION

As postscripts to this story:

Art became friendly with Howard Bolton, who was one of the Pilots who completed his 35 missions on The Moose. The planes were considered as "belonging" to the Crew Chief, since they stayed with the same plane, and it was their privilege to name it. However, when Art got a new plane, Howard asked if he could name it in honor of his father who was associated with the Moose Lodge.

Howard stayed in the Air Force, and eventually became the Engineering Officer in charge of building the Air Force Museum at Dayton, Ohio. We visited them there, and Art remarked how strange it was to sit and have "The Colonel" as his driver, and collect all the salutes as they drove around the base!

Another time, the WWII ground crew had a reunion at Dayton. They were able to make an inspection of the B-24 which was on display. It was a big joke when Howard had to arrange for steps and ladders so they could get inside. "Way back when", they just boosted themselves up, many, many times a day without a thought.

Years later, Howard took a trip to Arizona, to the area where the government was storing thousands of planes from WWII. He drove up and down the rows, and said it was a very moving experience to find The Moose in it's final resting place.



JUNE 10, 1945



CUTTING THE CAKE
OUR 56th ANNIVERSARY
JUNE 10, 2001

June 10, 2000

Since today is the 55th anniversary of our Wedding, it seems an appropriate time to reminisce.

In the fall of 1939, our mutual friend, John McLain, arranged a blind date for us at a roller skating party, which was held by the Spanish Club of the College of Paterson, where John and I were students. John and Art had been friends since their days at Clifton High, where they were members of the school orchestra.

Art and I had a good time skating, and a few days later, he invited me to go to the movies. We found that we had many interests in common, especially in the popular music of the day. It was the "Big Band Era".

John and Art were also members of the "Blue Bell Trio". which performed at dances and other functions which were held by various Scotch fraternal lodges in the Clifton-Passaic area. After Art and I began dating on a regular basis, I spent more than one night sitting behind the piano, waiting for them to finish playing, so then we could go out.

This knowledge of Scots music was very helpful a few years later when Art was in the Air Force. He occasionally went to Edinburg on leave, and the best way to meet the locals was to visit a Pub, there was always a piano, and everyone who could, was encouraged to play. It was a real surprise, when they found a "Yank" who was familiar with the traditional jigs and reels!

John and his wife Betty, remain our friends to this day, and we see them on a regular basis. Over the years, we've taken many enjoyable trips with them.

SALINA, KANSAS

I don't remember much about Salina. We were there for five or six weeks from the middle of July, until the war in Japan was over. I was suprised to find that it was such a pretty town. I'd expected to find a dusty prairie, but it was a college town, with lots of trees and large old houses. Now, almost all of these were rooming houses for Air Force personnel who were allowed to live off-base. Art managed to rent a room, which was a real accomplishment. There was a housing shortage in Salina, as there was around every military installation.

The house had six rooms on the second floor which shared one bath. It seems strange that it didn't cause a problem. The men showered and had their laundry done at the base, and the women had no trouble working out a schedule. Each of the former bedrooms was turned into a one room apartment by the addition of a stove, a table and two chairs. Every family had an ice box on the back porch, and at least once a day, our landlady was upstairs, knocking on doors... "Ladies, ladies, your ice pans are overflowing.....Please attend to them!"

The ice wasn't the only thing that was melting! The daytime temperature hovered around 106 degrees. This was before air conditioning was taken for granted, and the only places with air was the one movie theater and two resturants. We were lucky tho, Art's mother gave us one of her electric fans, and we lived in comfort.

For some reason, on the day that peace was declared, the men weren't allowed off the base. It seemed so unfair that we couldn't celebrate together.

As I said in another story, a few days later, Art was sent to Fort Dix, which had now become a "Separation Center". He was discharged almost immediately, since he had accumulated enough points to get three men out. "Points" were a scoring system based on length of service, time overseas, and military decorations.

Then, to get on with our lives!

When I graduated from High School in 1938, the country was just coming out of the depression. Jobs were hard to find, especially for someone like me, with no experience or job skills. I still don't know why Mim and Dad sent me to St. Joe's in Paterson where the courses were strictly academic.

I was lucky to have a scholarship at the College of Paterson. It was a small Junior College which had been started a few years before, by a group of professors from N.Y.U. Each year, C.O.P. awarded ten one-year scholarships, in an essay contest sponsored by our local newspaper.

The following year, I worked in the school library and continued my education. At that time there were many federally funded work-study programs. Halfway thru, a friend of Mim's, who worked for Brogan Cadillac in Paterson, suggested me for a temporary job in their Parts Department. Brogan's was a very large automobile agency which sold Cadillacs, LaSalles (never heard of LaSalles, did you?) and Oldsmobiles. Their showroom was a huge marble display area which befitted the luxury cars on display for their wealthy clients.

Unfortunately, these elegant surroundings were not carried back to the garage and Parts Department where I worked. Although efforts were made to provide ventilation, very often, especially in the winter, the air was blue with exhaust fumes. This would be completely unacceptable today, and OSHA would shut them down immediately! However, I liked working there, and was delighted when they offered me a job. We worked 44 hours a week (4 hours on Saturday) and my salary was \$50.00 a month.

Immediately after WWII started, manufacture of cars for civilian use was stopped. Of course, Brogan's closed their new car facility and most of the employees were let go.

I tried a couple of other jobs for a brief time, but didn't like either of them. Then one of the salesmen from Brogans called me and said that his uncle was working on a new project for a large construction company, and needed a girl in his office.

The George M. Brewster Company changed their peace-time work from highway building, to preliminary construction for Army, Navy and Air Force bases, primarily on the Northeast coast. The function of the new department was to set-up a strict maintenance schedule for each piece of equipment used on these projects. Good maintenance was essential, because no more were being produced for civilian use. Everything went to the armed forces!

Before a project opened, I went with Mr. Loschen (my boss) to the site and set up records. The process was reversed when we finished. I was suprised to find that no one was overly concerned when we lost a steam shovel or tractor or two on each job.

Mr. Loschen always took his wife along, and they treated me like a granddaughter. We stayed at the best hotels, and of course had an expense account. During the war, Brewster kept a number of rooms in the Roosevelt Hotel in Washington. It was a heady experience to walk past the line of business men and military "brass" who were hoping to get a room, and have the Desk Clerk ready with my key and a "Good afternoon, Miss"!

Perhaps the most interesting assignment was when Brewster had a project near Point Lookout, on the tip of the Maryland Peninsula. The nearest town was about 22 miles away, and it fell on Mr. Loschen to find housing for equipment operators and office personnel. He solved this by taking over a small summer hotel. Then he had to staff it! He solved this, by offering jobs to the wives and relatives of the workers. This worked out well even tho the equipment operators could be real prima-donnas at times. Because of their skills, they were exempt from the draft.

After awhile the novelty of the job wore off. I got tired of the periods of intense activity, followed by boredom back at Headquarters in Bogota. One thing I forgot to mention, the office was a long two bus ride from Paterson to Bogota. I happened to meet a young man who lived near Mim and Dad's, and worked for a tire company across the street from Brewster. He offered me a ride to work, so every morning I rode in the front of his truck, perched on a pile of tires! It beat waiting for buses!

I started looking for another job, and found one doing inventory control for the Harmon Color Works in Haledon. Before the war, their sole product was pigment for the paint on Ford cars. They made the switch to producing the new drug Atabrin, which was used to combat malaria in the troops who were stationed in the Pacific. I settled right in, and really enjoyed working there. The working conditions were exceptionally good. Almost all the girls were either married, engaged or dating men who were scattered all over the globe. We worried about the news, rejoiced when a long overdue letter arrived, shared our hopes and wondered when we would be together again.

When the war in Europe ended, Art was the first to come home. He called me on May 27th when they landed in Bradley Field, Connecticut. The next day, I went into work and gave my notice. They quickly arranged a Bridal Shower and going-away party for me, and those years of my life were over.

END OF THE WAR IN EUROPE
AND HOMECOMING

As the war drew to a close, after France was liberated, they began delivering relief supplies. Their planes would land at Orleans, and food and other needs were distributed from there.

Two days after V-E Day, the Group scheduled what were called "Trolly Missions". Any of the ground personnel who chose to, could take a carefully planned tour of the area where the 93rd had seen action. They were given maps and a guide showing where the strategic targets had been. Sometimes they flew as low as 500 hundred feet.

After about a week of these trips, the Crew Chiefs were called in, and told that their planes could take off for the States, anytime they felt the ships were ready for the long, over-water hop.

Art had the option of going back with his plane, "The Flyin' Moose", or he could go back by boat. He'd had enough of 33 months of combat maintenance, detached service flights, test hops, and the trip to Africa. He thought it would be pleasant to go back by boat, sit on the deck, bask in the sun, and have no responsibilities for a few days. However, the Pilot and Flight Crew of his plane had other ideas! They wanted Art to go home with them. Although they were a new crew, who had only flown a few missions, they were aware that Art had set an Eighth Air Force record for maintenance of the ships he had crewed. They kept badgering him until he agreed to go with them. However, it would be on his terms!

He was especially concerned about the skills of the Navigator. The Pilot wanted to take the southern route which meant England, to North Africa, the Azores, South America, and then the United States.

Art decided that if he were to fly back with them, it would be the northern route, England to Wales, Iceland, Goose Bay Labrador then Bradley Field, Connecticut and HOME!

They were required to call in when the plane passed the tip of Greenland. However, as they approached Goose Bay, they were told to stay off the radio unless they were having problems. There were many ships in trouble. Art remembers looking down and seeing planes floundering among the icebergs. "The Moose" landed uneventfully at Bradley Field. From there, they were sent to Camp Miles Standish in Massachusetts.

Since the Heavy Bombers were among the first groups to come back to the States, (they had their own transportation!) the system was still not in place to handle these large groups who only wanted to GO HOME! After a few days, they were assigned to bases near their homes, and then were given 30 days leave. Art called his parents and they picked him up at Newark. After a visit with them, he called and said he was on his way to Paterson.

We both agree that his return seemed totally unreal. It was a beautiful mild May night. I went out, sat on the front steps and waited. I felt as tho I was watching a movie, experiencing all the emotions of the girl in the movie, but it really wasn't happening to me!

Art said it seemed the same for him. Making the drive from Clifton to my house that he'd made thousands of times before, just didn't seem real!

When you realize how many times this scenario would be repeated all over the country, you can realize the impact it had on our lives.

TRAIN TRIPS

My first long train trip was in May of 1942. Art was stationed at what was later called Page Field, in Fort Myers, Florida. When he was there, the field was so new that it didn't even have a name! In later years, we went to Fort Myers and found that Page Field had become a trailer park.

Back to 1942.....Since there were no stores where he was, Art sent me some money for an engagement ring. I brought it down to Florida, gave it to him, he gave it back to me, and we were officially engaged!

Every bit of the trip was new and exciting, from eating in the dining car, to the sight of my first palm trees. Another surprise, being from the North, I found it hard to believe that the Jim Crow laws were still in effect. When we had crossed the Mason-Dixon line, from Washington down, all the station rest rooms were designated either White, or Colored.

Since it was relatively early in the War, there was no trouble getting a seat on the train, even tho it was crowded with servicemen, and young women who were going to visit men at the Military Installations along the way.

When I got there, Art's First Sergeant gave him a three day pass. People were eager to help the servicemen and we were taken on rides to see the area. It was totally undeveloped in those days. What is a six lane highway now, was unpaved country lane in 1942. Since they had passes after "work", I stayed down for a day or two, then took off for home.

I had an interesting experience on the trip back. A group of us were sitting around talking-----the usual conversation in those days, where are you from, where are you going, etc.

One of the soldiers started to laugh, reached into his wallet and said, "You're not going to believe this", and showed me his drivers license. He lived on Madison Avenue about a block from my house! We had never met, although we knew a lot of the same people. I forget where he got off, but our paths never crossed again.

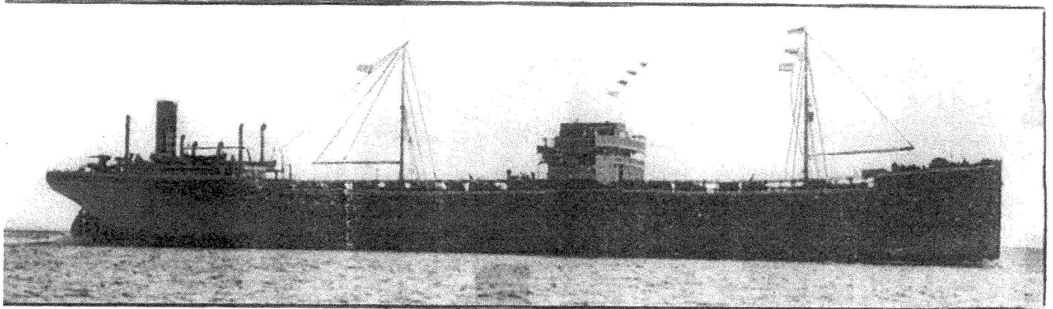
.....Art had returned to the United States, we were married, his leave was up, and he was sent to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, then to Smoky Hill Air Base in Salina, Kansas where they were to be trained on B-29 Bombers for duty in the Pacific. In his memoirs, Art tells some good stories about the trip from Dix to Salina.

Art had found a room in town, and I went to join him. I went with Peg Fox, whose husband George, was also a Crew Chief with the 409th.

By that time, the country was in full war mode. Trains were the chief means of transportation for troops and materials. Civilian trains were given a very low priority. They could, (and were) pulled over to the side to wait, sometime for hours, while trains with higher priorities used the rails.

The trip from Newark to Kansas took three days, and we changed trains three times. On the first segment from Newark to St. Louis, Missouri, we sat on our suitcases in the aisle of the train. The next train took us to Kansas City, Kansas. On that one, it was so crowded that we rode on the open observation platform, again on our suitcases. Since they were steam trains, we got really grungy! On the last part of our trip, we rode inside the train on real seats! The train got into Salina very early the next morning. There we were met by our husbands, both of whom were sporting Mohawk hair cuts! Non-regulation, but who cared!

Very soon after V-J Day, their squadron was sent back to Dix to be demobilized. This time, Peg and George, Art and I, theoretically went on the same train, but it was so long that it had two sections. When we went around a long curve, we could see their section which ran about ten minutes before ours. We managed to meet early one morning when the engineers were changed. Then off again, their section to Ft. Dix, while Peg and I went to Newark.



Associated Press

The 9,305-ton Norwegian tanker Varanger, and at left after she was torpedoed 28 nautical miles east of Wildwood on Jan. 25, 1942.



When U-boats made attacks on ships near the bright lights of the Jersey Shore

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1994

IN a memorable clip from the Woody Allen movie "Radio Days," a New York boy is all alone on a wintery Queens beach during World War II. As he looks out to sea, he sees an enormous German submarine break the surface, brine dripping from the deck, swastikas painted on the conning tower. The craft lingers for a moment, then descends beneath the waves.

It's a surreal scene, but not entirely far-fetched. In the five months from mid-January to mid-June 1942, U-boats stalked American and other ships off the East Coast of the United States, sinking 82 ships and half a million tons of cargo — a disaster to the United States more damaging to the Allied war effort than Pearl Harbor.

New Jersey stood at the midpoint of the U-boat attack, and much of the carnage occurred off its coast. On Jan. 25, 1942 (52 years ago this month), a German sub, U-130, torpedoed the Norwegian tanker Varanger 28 nautical miles east of Wildwood; the explosion shook windows in Sea Isle City and could be heard in Atlantic City. Among other ships lost off New Jersey was the tanker R. P. Resor; when it was torpedoed in February, the flames were visible from Manasquan. In

March, residents of Barnegat Bay saw fire from the sinking tanker Gulfrade.

It was the admiral of the German U-boat fleet, Karl Dönitz, who realized that because the United States was new to the war, the Americans would lack the dearly bought savvy of the British in fighting submarines. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, Dönitz dispatched U-boats to the East Coast.

Dönitz was quite correct; the United States was completely unprepared for submarine warfare. Unarmed and unprotected cargo ships and tankers sailed alone up and down the East Coast with lights on and radios chattering. They were easy prey for the U-boats that came to the surface at night and waited for a target to sail into view. Once in range, the U-boat would cripple the ship with torpedoes and finish up with artillery fire.

While this slaughter was going on, American warships mostly stood in port and American airplanes stayed on the ground instead of going on regular patrol. When they did venture out, disaster followed: a minesweeper going after what it thought was a submarine collided with a freighter off the coast of Florida. Off the coast of Virginia, Army planes mistakenly bombed a Navy destroyer. Another destroyer, the Jacob Jones, was sunk by a U-boat off New Jersey.

One sub, U-123, commanded by Capt. Reinhard Hardegen, sank three ships in one night in January without being counterattacked by the Americans. Hardegen and other U-boatmen later remembered the first months of 1942 as the "second happy time," just like the days of easy kills when the war began.

The lights from shore contributed to that happiness. In resort towns along the East Coast, including Atlantic City and Wildwood, lights blazed without any restrictions. At night, U-boats stationed themselves offshore so that ships passing between them and the brightly lighted coast became conveniently outlined targets.

Years after the war, a German submariner described what it was like to observe the enemy coast of Delaware Bay from the deck of a U-boat: "It was a special experience for us to be that close to the American shore, to be able to see the cars driving on land, to see the lights on the streets, to smell the forests. We were that close."

It took the American authorities a painfully long time to realize that the lights were dangerous, and even then businesses in the resort towns refused to cooperate on the ground that it would hurt the tourist trade.

It was not until March, two months after the sinkings began, that the Navy command

in Washington issued a timid plea to the East Coast naval authorities: "It is requested that the Commander Eastern Sea Frontier take such steps as may be within his province to control the brilliant illumination of Eastern Seaboard amusement parks and beaches in order that ships passing close to shore be not silhouetted and thereby more easily exposed to submarine attack from seaward." And even then, the results were "dimouts" rather than complete blackouts.

The eminent historian of the United States Navy, Adm. Samuel Eliot Morison, described the failure of military authorities and local communities to turn off their lights as one of the most "reprehensible failures" of the American effort in World War II.

Hitler remarked: "I myself have been surprised at the successes we have met with along the American coast lately. The United States kept up the tall talk and left her coast unguarded."

There were actually very few submarines involved in the attack on the United States since Hitler refused to spare Dönitz more U-boats from the European theater. One estimate is that at the height of the East Coast offensive, only a dozen or so were on duty at any one time.

Gradually, the American Army and Navy authorities learned to fight back. Merchant ships were required to carry weapons, to travel in darkened convoys on a zigzag course and to maintain radio silence. American destroyers and planes began to make regular patrols, and private yachts and aircraft were pressed into service.

Finally, in mid-April, came the turning point: a German sub was destroyed by depth charges from a United States warship off North Carolina — the first U-boat sunk in American waters. More kills followed.

The "second happy time" was ending, and the German command moved the U-boat fleet away from the American coast to the Caribbean and the mid-Atlantic. By mid-June, five months after it had begun, the battle of the East Coast was over.

But in that period hundreds of merchant seamen died in U-boat attacks. Their deaths were cruel: some perished in the explosion of the torpedoes; some in the cannonade that followed; some by exposure on the lifeboats; some by the flaming oil that covered the water; many by drowning.

And what of the men who operated the U-boats? Attacking ships at night without warning might be thought of as cowardly, but it was exactly what American submarines were doing at the same time to Japanese shipping in the Pacific. The "second happy time" was the exception; duty on the U-boats was a hazardous occupation, and crews faced death from depth charges and air attack. By the end of the war, more than 70 percent of the submarine crewmen had been killed and 87 percent of their U-boats destroyed.

They were brave men in a wicked cause. ■

In the early summer of 1942, while training at Page Field, Fort Myers, Florida, our Group, (93rd Bomb Group) was awarded an American Theater Medal for sinking a German Submarine.

While on our honeymoon in June of 1945, we went up to Asbury Park, and we remember seeing huge grey canvas curtains hung on the ocean side of the boardwalk.



SHIRLEY AND HAROLD 1944

RUNZ FAMILY HISTORY
SHIRLEY & HAROLD

They met while roller skating at the Paterson Roller Rink in the fall of 1939 while they were students at Paterson Eastside High School. He was living at 12-59 River Road Fairlawn and she was living at 362 E.22 St. in Paterson. He was a junior enrolled in the Mechanical Arts program and she was a sophomore enrolled in the Commercial course. He was graduated in June 1941 and started work right away in the Franklin Trust Bank in Paterson for \$12.00 a week for a 5½ day week. After a short time he went to Wright Aeronautical Co. and then in Feb. 1942 started with N.J. Bell as an installer for \$19.00 for a 40 hour week. She was graduated in Jan. 1942 and worked first in a license bureau and then in the office of Lorr Lab. (they made cosmetics). She then started in the test bureau of N.J. Bell in Paterson as a repair service attendant for \$17.00 a week.

He enlisted in the Army Air Corp as an aviation cadet in Sept. 1942 and was called into service in Jan. 1943. He was graduated as a Second Lt. and awarded his pilots wings in April of 1944.

They were married while he was on leave, on April 22, 1944 and after a short honeymoon in New York City they returned to Spence Field Moultrie, Georgia. From there they were moved to Richmond, Virginia, arriving there on June 6, 1944 (D-Day). While there they lived in Seven Pines, Va. After further training they moved to Norfolk, Va. in September. In November, after a brief leave, Harold was sent to Europe where he was assigned to the Ninth Army Air Corp as a P47 Thunderbolt pilot and Shirley returned to live with her family. The war in Europe ended on May 8, 1945 and Harold was being returned to the U.S. for more training before being sent to the Pacific. The war in the Pacific ended on September 2, 1945. He had been stationed in England, France, Belgium and Germany and was then a First Lt. He had been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation and the Air Medal with clusters. He also received the Purple Heart for head wounds caused by flak over Germany.

Carolyn was born on April 4, 1945 in Paterson General Hospital while Harold was in Germany and he didn't get to see her until he came home in September.

There was a severe housing shortage after the war and it was impossible to find an apartment so they continued to live in Paterson. After a leave and discharge from the Army he returned to work in December, 1945.

Jeff was born in Paterson General Hospital on December 29, 1946.

In June, 1947 they were able to rent a small(24'X24') house in Fairlawn at 12-34 George St.in a group of 15 homes that had been built for Fairlawns veterans. Four years later they bought a home in Paramus at 292 Montana St. in a development of 89 homes called Bernley Homes. It had 6 rooms and 1 bath and cost \$10,900 or \$66.22 a month for 30 years at 4% interest. Harold was earning \$65.00 a week.

Harold worked as an installer in Clifton, Paterson and Passaic. He became a switchman and after six months of schooling he was assigned to the Ridgewood central office for the cut over to dial service. From there he was made a supervisor and worked as an installation foreman in Totowa Boro, a central office foreman in Paterson, a installation foreman in Midland Park, a installation foreman in Fairlawn, a repair foreman in Totowa Boro, a repair foreman in Paterson, and a chief switchman in the Mountain Lakes/Little Falls office. From there in 1962 he was sent to the company headquarters on Broad St. in Newark, N.J. where he was assigned to the staff. There he worked on a pilot program whose responsibility was to design and implement N.J. Bells first computer system. While working he completed many courses both techical and managerial.

Shirley started as a volunteer in the Paramus Public Library in 1956. She was then hired as a substitute and later as a part time worker. She worked in libraries on Spring Valley Road, Midland Ave. and on Century Road when the new library was built there. For the most part she worked with the cataloger although she substituted for many other jobs. She completed several Library Science courses at Fairleigh Dickenson Univ. in connection with her assignment of indexing the Paramus news from the Bergen Evening Record.

Harold retired in Feb.1982 after 40 years with N.J. Bell and Shirley soon joined him in retirement.

After traveling thru Florida in their travel trailer they decided to move to Floridas east coast and spent the winter of 1984/5 on Hutchinson Island looking for a home in that area. In Jan. 1985 they bought a condo in Stuart at Montego Cove. After selling their home in Paramus for \$150,000 they moved to Florida in October, 1985.

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 **GENEALOGY SOURCES**
Questions, Commentary by the Genealogy Staff

This column looks at specific problems encountered in the researching process. Send question c/o Genealogy Sources, *AntiqueWeek* P.O. Box 90, Knightstown, IN 46148 or Suite 220, 525-K E. Market St., Leesburg, VA 22075 or P.O. Box 2022, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055. Note - We can't do research on a family but will try to suggest new approaches to your problem. There is no charge.

Cousin once removed

(Editor's Note: There seems to be some confusion of the term "cousin once removed". Below is another explanation and with it a chart to define the term. If anyone has further information they would like to add, please write to *AntiqueWeek*).

Children of first cousins are second cousins. Children of second cousins are third cousins. Children of third cousins are fourth cousins, etc. The term, removed, is not used as long as the cousins referred to are in the same generation. However, if cousins are a generation apart then the term, once removed, is used.

To illustrate . . . My first cousin's child and my child are second cousins. But my first cousin's child and I are first cousins, once removed because, while we have a first cousin relationship, we are one generation apart. By the same token, my first cousin's grandchild and I are first cousins twice removed and my first cousin's great-grandchild and I are first cousins thrice removed.

LH

