



Van Voorhees Nieuwsbrief

APRIL 1995
Volume 13, Number 2

A Publication of the Van Voorhees Association, Organized in 1932
Copyright 1995 and All Rights Reserved by the Van Voorhees Association

PRESIDENT'S COMMENTARY

Who are we?

Our published genealogies and the enormous computer genealogical data base that Florence Christoph is developing surely would seem to resolve this query. I understand that Florence has produced a second one-thousand page computer print-out of our family and is rushing past 24,000 names in her data base. Adriana Millenaar-Brown has located considerable information and is composing the historical side of our family. It would seem that all of the facts are at hand to describe our ancestral personality. Well, not quite.

This issue of *Nieuwsbrief* has several engrossing articles that reveal new family information. Jean Dones is a frequent contributor with her continuing research into the Voris family of Kentucky, Indiana and other points. Stanley Harris tells us about a trail of discovery that was launched with some old letters that came to light. Lois Richards found an obituary that shows the hardships of frontier life and the westward movement of our family. Rodney Hood tells us about a distinctive bit of family history: taking Indians to see the Queen of England. Paul Van Voorhees sent us the autobiography of his grandfather who lived between 1858 and 1933.

The January *Nieuwsbrief* discussed the accomplishments of Alice Park and Harold Van Voorhis, who researched and assembled in-depth genealogies of their individual families. It also reported upon the *Chronicle* of Frank Van Voorhees that memorializes his life from 1912 to 1919 for future generations. The January issue also published Ross Dunlop's original research into the life of Abraham Van Vories. And Ginny Ward compiles a column with the genealogical puzzles that are confronting you.

Research is proceeding on a broad front. Your Association is committing significant funds for the ongoing genealogical research of Florence and the historical research of Adriana. You are committing time and energy to the study of your individual family and interests. New information continually becomes available. This is the hallmark of our Association.

Manning W. Voorhees

VOORHEES NATURE PRESERVE

Alan M. Voorhees, of Alexandria VA, has donated to the Nature Conservancy 729 acres on the north bank of the Rappahannock River in Virginia. "I don't know of any individual conservation gift in Virginia that's been bigger than this," said an official of the Conservancy who was quoted in the January 15, 1995 issue of the *Richmond Times Dispatch*.

The Voorhees Nature Preserve is in Westmoreland County near Leedstown and rises some 180 feet above the Rappahannock River. Routes 674 and 637 run along its boundaries. Alan purchased the land in the 1970's as part of 1,600 acres after the previous owners attempted to build a large housing project on the tract. He established the Westmoreland Berry Farm and built a colonial home in the lower part. The Preserve is in the upper part. Alan plans to lease another 400 acres to the Virginia Institute of Marine Science for field studies.

The Rappahannock is home for a large number of wintering ducks, geese and swans. The Preserve also boasts deer, beavers, turkeys, heron and nesting bald eagles, among other birds and animals, and the pristine Owl Hollow marsh. A footbridge some 200 feet long crosses Owl Hollow where beavers have dammed the creek. There is a forest of beech,

continued on page 2

INSIDE ...

A Voris Family in Brown Cty., Ohio	Page 4
The London Connection	Page 4
Voorhees-Dingee	Page 4
Indian Artist	Page 5
A Few Old Letters	Page 6
A Clay Pipe	Page 8
A Marriage of History and Genealogy	Page 9
Autobiography of Theodore Voorhees	Page 12

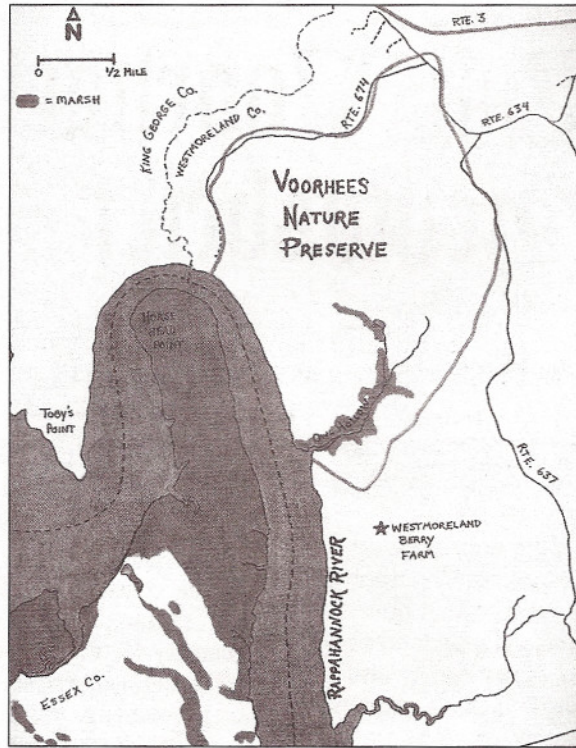
CALENDAR

Executive Committee Meeting
April 29, 1995

Annual Reunion
October 7, 1995

gum, oak and sycamore trees. Several threatened species, such as the whorled pogonia and puritan tiger beetle, make their home on the Preserve. The remains of a 17th century house can be seen through the brush. If you wish to visit the Preserve, telephone the Westmoreland Berry Farm on (804)224-9171.

Congress did not approve funding last year for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to acquire land for a wildlife refuge on the River. The Service earlier identified the Rappahannock area as a leading priority in the northeast for preservation. Alan has rectified the failure of our elected legislature to ensure that our successors can enjoy nature and the environment as it was originally given to us. America is



indebted to Alan for his magnificent generosity and foresight.

Twenty-five years ago, Alan contributed funding for The Jane Voorhees Zimmerli Museum on the Rutgers campus in New Brunswick NJ. The Museum is named in honor of his mother. We have written about this leading art museum in previous issues of the *Nieuwsbrief*.

Thanks to Alice Adams, and Marilyn Brack for sending articles about the Voorhees Nature Preserve, and to Don Vorhis for an article and the Spring issue of the *Virginia Conservancy News*.

Source: Virginia Chapter News, *The Nature Conservancy*, for Spring 1995.

NINA K. VOORHEES

The passing of Nina Voorhees was noted in the January *Nieuwsbrief*. While the issue was being printed, we learned that Nina and her husband, Howard, were the Treasurer of the Association during the Presidency of Helen Voorhees. Nina became an honorary member following Howard's death. After living for several years in New Brunswick NJ, Nina moved to North Carolina to be near her family. We said that Nina is survived by her son, Vaughn. That should have read daughter, Vaughn. We regret this unfortunate error.

Thanks to Elizabeth Edgar who wrote about the passing of Nina Voorhees.

PAT ZUMWALT

Pat and Art Zumwalt have sold their home in Susanville CA and will spend most of their time traveling through the Western states. Pat is our Western Regional Organizer.

They purchased a "33 foot Hitchhiker 5th wheel, Champagne model with double sideouts and lots of velvet and oak." It is white on the exterior with blue, maroon and teal trim. A matching one ton Ford diesel pickup will pull their home. It has dual wheels with a service body instead of the usual truck bed. Around the World in Eighty Days!

While they have become legal Oregon residents, Pat and Art have purchased a plot of land in Wickenburg AZ for a future home. Their mailing address and telephone number is in Livingston TX. Mail will be forwarded weekly to wherever Pat and Art might be. They will get their telephone messages three times each week.

Good luck, Pat and Art. Sounds exciting!

THE HALF MOON

The Half Moon (*de Halve Maen*) is an exact replica of Henry Hudson's ship by the same name. Captain Hudson used the Half Moon in 1609 to explore New York harbor and the Hudson River. His voyage led to the Dutch claim upon New Netherland. Dr. Andrew Hendricks, a physician in Lumberton NC, conceived and led the Half Moon project.

After careful research in this country and the Netherlands to ensure accuracy to the minute detail, the ship's keel was dedicated on July 23, 1988 and its hull was launched on June 10, 1989. Rigging and outfitting then followed. Unfortunately just after the Half Moon was launched, the designer and researcher for the project fell to his death onto the deck of a neighboring ship while assisting with its rigging. However, work continued and the Half Moon today is a successful venture.

In 1994, the Half Moon sailed on a 6,500 mile goodwill voyage that included over 38 ports in the United States and Canada, including Holland MI. Plans for 1995 include a tour of ports from Nova Scotia to Washington DC. The ship can be seen in two Walt Disney movies: *Squanto: An Indian Warrior's Tale* and *The Scarlet Letter*, starring Demi Moore and Robert Duvall. The latter movie is due for release this year. Look for them.

When not sailing, the ship is berthed at the Half Moon Center and New Netherland Museum at Liberty State Park, Jersey City NJ 07305, telephone (201)433-5900. The ferry to the Statue of Liberty departs from Liberty State Park.

VAN VOORHEES WHO'S WHO

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

President: Manning W. Voorhees, 41 Oaklawn Rd.,
Fair Haven, NJ 07704-3108 (908)842-0086

Vice President: Scott T. Voorhees 30 Orchard Ave.,
Emerson, NJ 07630-1219 (201)967-8474

Secretary: Vacant

Treasurer: Bernard V. Ward 117 Arlington Ave.,
Somerset, NJ 08873-1923 (908)247-1630

Past President: Donald G. Vorhis 1930 Camelia Circle,
Midlothian, VA 23112 (804)744-8856

Line Representatives

Albert Line: Mrs. Frederick (Marilyn) Brack, 24 Mary St., No. Haledon, NJ 07508. (201)427-9246

Coert Line: Frank J. Van Voorhis, 909 Evening St., Worthington, OH 43085. (614)885-8473

Jan Line: Robert S. Voris, 802 Berkeley Rd., Westover Hills, Wilmington, DE 19807.
(302)652 5833

Lucas Line: Ms. Judith Voorhees, 30 San Salvador St., Toms River, NJ 08757. (908)505-9232

Aeltje Line: Ms. Margaret A. Ramsay, 2 Andrews Lane, Princeton, NJ 08540-7633. (609)921-2645

Hendrickje Lines: Vacant

Jantje Line: Vacant

Members-at-Large

Mrs. George L. (Alice) Adams, 24 Redcliffe Ave. #1A, Highland Park NJ 08904-1636

Mrs. T. B. (Elisabeth) Ripton, 242-31 51st Ave., Douglaston NY 11362

Donald A. Sinclair, 108 North 2nd Ave., Highland Park NJ 08904-2421. (908)545-0568

Richard L. Voorhees, 2116 Swinnen Dr., Westerloo, Wilmington DE 19810. (302)475-2801

Committee Chairmen

Financial: The Treasurer (see above)

Genealogical & Historical: The Rev. William J.F. Lydecker Box 148, Ashland NY 12407-1048.
(518)734-5987

- ♦ *Genealogist:* Mrs. Peter (Florence) Christoph* 181 Maple Ave., Selkirk NY 12158. (518)767-3004
- ♦ *Member Research:* Mrs. Joseph (Virginia) Ward 64 Ta'agan Point Rd., Danbury, CT 06811.
(203)792-2537
- ♦ *Transcriber:* David R. Voorhees 209 Lamb-Hopewell Rd., Hopewell NJ 08525. (609)466-1139
- ♦ *Historical Research:* Mrs. MacAlister (Adriana) Millenaar-Brown*, 41 School St., Williamstown MA 01267. (413)458-9080

Membership: Albert T. (Tom) Van Voorhies, 9 Purdy Ave., East Northport NY, NY 11731-4501
(516)368-7483

Communications: Frank J. Van Voorhis (see above)

Programs: Scott T. Voorhees (see above)

Publications: Robert S. Voris (see above)

Publicity: Mrs. Robert (June) Wick 3 Edgebrook La., Monsey NY 10952 (914)357-2770

Nominations: Ms. Cornelia V. Mason, 32 Elkan Rd., Larchmont, NY 10538 (914)833-1276

Planning: George Davis 310 Rockland Ave., River Vale NJ 07675 (201)358-0150

Assoc. Sales: Ms. Judith Voorhees (see above)

* = not a member of the Executive Committee

Regional Organizers

New England: Mrs. James (Adrienne) Haney 36B Fox Meadow Rd., Leominster MA 01453 (508)534-7283

Western: Mrs. Arthur (Patricia) Zumwalt 101 Rainbow Dr., #4766, Livingston, TX 77351-9300. (409)327-0079, ext. 4766.

Newsletter

- ♦ *Editor:* Manning W. Voorhees (see above)
- ♦ *Publisher:* Robert E. Van Voorhis, Jr. 3821 So. Lawn Rd., Cedar Falls, IA 50613 (319)268-1511

THE LONDON CONNECTION

Among the Van Voorhees family in New Jersey lived one Abraham Voorhees, whose mother was a Schuyler. Abraham was named for his grandfather Abraham Schuyler, of Albany NY. This man was related to some of the prominent Dutch families, by virtue of which he was able to participate in the unusual experience of escorting four Mohawk Indians, in company with his cousin, across the Atlantic Ocean to London, where they saw the dazzling city and had an audience with Queen Anne. Seeing London was a sensational experience for them, and they were a sensation to the Londoners. They returned later to their homeland, where they seem to have resumed their customary life.

This whole adventure of the kings' excursion to London is recounted in considerable detail in a little book published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, England: *Queen Anne's American Kings*, by Richmond P. Bond, copyright 1952. I do not have the complete book, but some good library should have one.

Incidentally, my line to Abraham is:

Rodney T. Hood,

son of Arthur S. Hood and Helen Taber, born Helen Schanck, daughter of Edward Jedediah Schanck and Jessie DeVoll,

son of Henry Denise Schanck and Emma Willard White, son of Hendrick Van Brunt Schanck and Sarah Schanck, daughter of Peter Voorhees Schanck and Sarah Shepherd, son of Koert Schenck and Sarah Voorhees, daughter of Petrus Voorhees and Gertrude Schuyler, daughter of Abraham Schuyler and Katina Staats, son of Abraham Schuyler and Styntje Van Buren.

One of the last two Abrahams was the companion of his cousin and the four Mohawk "chiefs". I realize that Abraham Schuyler was not a Van Voorhees, but his experience is part of the history of all descendants of Abraham and Katrina, if not Abraham and Styntje Schuyler.

Written by Dr. Rodney T. Hood, 1015 Ina Circle, Franklin IN 46131-9194

VOORHEES-DINGEE

Lois Richards, of Gillette WY, sent us the following obituary of Allen Dingee. You should find it interesting.

From the obituary of Allen Dingee, d. June 24, 1891, Marshall County, Iowa: "In 1841, Mr. Dingee and family emigrated to Ohio, and settled in what is now Morrow County. In 1853, he was attracted to Iowa. Joining with four other families those of James Cronk, Wm. Cronk, Wilson Vorhies and Robert Vorhies, twenty-eight persons in all, they came across the country with seven two-horse teams, in thirty-two days of travel, arriving here in the month of June, thirty-eight years ago. They settled in Indian Village township, near Montour. The whole company first halted at the residence of Hampton Voorhies, a rude building 14x16 feet, where Allen Dingee and family, Robert Voorhies and family, and Wilson Voorhies and family stopped for about two months, and as

Hampton Voorhies' family numbered six, it made twenty-two persons living in a house 14x16. Here they lived harmoniously until each family had a cabin of their own. These very circumstances and necessities seemed to unite them more closely together. They all located in the same neighborhood and all who had reached maturity united with the M.E. church which was soon organized. Thus they lived in peace and rejoiced in each other's prosperity. Their nearest trading point and grist mill was at Iowa City a distance of seventy-one miles. Their postoffice and blacksmith shop was at Marento, forty-two miles distant. Since then the wilderness and solitary place has been made to blossom as the rose. Mr. Dingee assisted not only in improving the country but also in laying the foundations of good society. Having united with the Methodist Episcopal church at the age of eighteen, he has been, all through life, a straightforward, earnest, working Christian."

Lois added this parenthetical comment: "George W. VOORHIES, son of James Wilson & Susan Meeker VOORHIES, married Calista Jane DINGEE, daughter of Allen & Elizabeth Weeks Penney DINGEE, on 27 September, 1854, at Marshalltown IA"

As Lois commented, the Allen Dingee obituary tells us what life was like for her Voorhies/Dingee ancestors as they moved from the East to Ohio and Iowa., and then on to Nebraska, in the 1800's. Evidently, Hampton Voorhies moved west before the others. Lois' challenge now is to find Hampton's relationship to her gr gr gr Grandpa, James "Wilson" Voorhies.

Mrs. Lois Richards, P.O. Box 723, Gillette WY 82717

A VORIS FAMILY IN BROWN COUNTY, OHIO

On a recent Fall day, several friends and I were searching in rural Brown County, Ohio for some specific Shaker-related sites and small churches. We came upon the historic Red Oak Presbyterian Church, which was associated in my mind with early Voris families in that area.

The church was organized in 1787, and the present stone building, still an active congregation, was built in 1818. There are two large cemeteries, one in use today, and another from the early years, which includes a cluster of Voris graves. After returning home, I checked my Brown County, Ohio Voris cemetery records, and confirmed the names and dates.

The families moving from New Jersey to Conewago, Pennsylvania, included Roeloff Voorhees and his wife, Elizabeth Nevius. Roeloff was born about 1742, the son of Garret, and grandson of Roelof Lucasse Voorhees. Records show that five children were baptized at Harlingen, New Jersey, and the two youngest were baptized at Conewago.

The next Roeloff (Ralph, as the name changed the son of Roeloff and Elizabeth), was born at Conewago and baptized there on 6 August 1775. He married Margaret McCreary, and within a few years moved on to the Paris, Kentucky, area with his family and widowed mother, Elizabeth. Three of their children, William McCreary, Samuel, and Elizabeth were

born during the Kentucky years. However, they were not happy there and moved again to Red Oak in Brown County, Ohio, where Jane was born in 1809 and Margaret Ann in 1811. During these years, Ralph Voris was a leader in the Red Oak Presbyterian Church, serving as a ruling elder there from 1807 until his death in 1840.

The eldest son, William McCreary Voris, became a medical doctor and set up his practice in West Union, Adams County, Ohio. He married Elizabeth Williamson Means on 24 April 1827, and died of cholera while on a business trip to Cincinnati in 1835.

Samuel married Sarah Poage and lived at Red Oak at least through 1846 when an infant daughter died there. He and his family moved to Iowa where he and Sarah were listed as "pioneer residents" of Shellsburg.

Elizabeth married James Coulter in 1822, and nothing further is known about her at this time.

The other two daughters, Jane and Margaret Ann, were unmarried and spent their lives at Red Oak.

Thus is told part of the story of one Voris family who left New Jersey, spent several years at Conewago, and came on to Kentucky and then Ohio. This is the journey of Elizabeth Nevius Voris, her son, Ralph, and his family. The old graveyard at Red Oak Presbyterian Church has these tombstone inscriptions:

Elizabeth, consort of Ralph Voris of Pennsylvania,
d. Nov. 30, 1830, aged 94 years
Ralph, d. Aug. 3, 1840, aged 65 years
Margaret M., consort of Ralph Voris, d. Feb. 25,
1832, in her 50th year
Margaret Ann, d. June 5, 1837, aged 26 yr.
Jane, d. Feb. 1, 1846, aged 37 yr.
Infant of Samuel & Sarah A., b. and d. May 13, 1837
Nancy Ann, dau. of Samuel & Sarah A. Voris, Died
March 30, 1846, aged 8 mo.

REFERENCES:

A. Van Doren Honeyman, *Joannes Nevius and His Descendants*, 1900, pgs. 298-9

A. Van Doren Honeyman, "The Conewago Colony Baptisms 1769-1783", *Somerset County Historical Quarterly*, pg. 272

Tombstone Inscriptions, Brown County, Ohio, Old Stone Red Oak Presbyterian Church Cemetery, DAR, pg. 58

Evans & Stivers, *History of Adams County*, 1900, pgs. 630-32

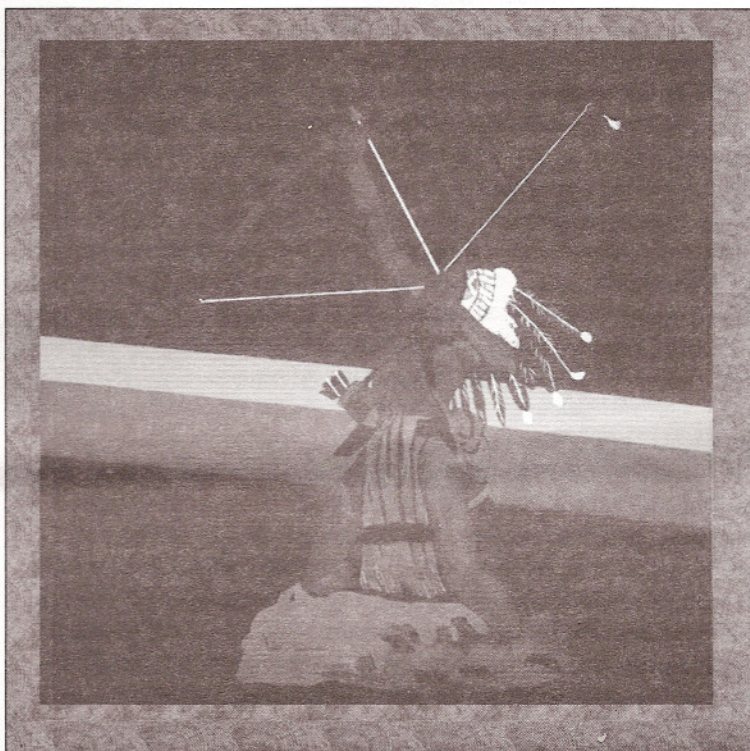
Abstracts of Brown County Wills, Book I, pg. 38

David T. Jones, *Contributions to Adams Co. (Ohio) Genealogy*, Vintonia Vol. III, pg. 3

Written by Mrs. Jean Dones, 3940 Mountview Rd., Columbus OH 43220

INDIAN ARTIST

While visiting the Grand Portage Park and Indian Reservation in the fall of 1992 we discovered some of our family. The Indians have a large hotel, casino and dining room. On the walls of the dining room are several large oil paintings of the Indian culture signed by "Voorhees". They are wonderful paintings. I inquired with several managers but no one knew the full name of the artist. They said there are about 20 paintings in storage and they rotate them. They felt the paintings were done in the early 1970's. Can anyone tell us the story of this Voorhees artist?



Grand Portage National Park is located at the most North-east tip of Minnesota, on the Canadian border and the shore of Lake Superior. The fort at Grand Portage was reconstructed to commemorate the great Northwest fur trade of the 1700's. The fort was an outpost for early traders and trappers along the trade route between Montreal and the Great Lakes. The portage covered nine miles and bypassed 20 miles of rapids and falls on the Pigeon River. The Grand Portage band of the Ojibwa Indians live there and run the casino. The National Park Service hires the Indians to demonstrate canoe making and such for the visitors.

The Park is also the launching port for the passenger service to the Isle of Royale, 50 miles out into Lake Superior. The Island is over 500 thousand acres and is the home of moose and wolves. It is a backpacker's and canoeist's heaven. No vehicles or permanent residents are allowed.

Written by Mrs. Patricia Zumwalt, our Western Regional Organizer. Her address is listed in *Van Voorhees Who's Who*.

A FEW OLD LETTERS

Some time ago Mildred Dunham Van Dyke sent me copies of a few old letters which had been saved by her great grandmother (my g.g. grandmother), Margaret McGarvey Voorhies Thompson. Millie lives in her grandmother's house in Basking Ridge NJ. Today, it is filled with treasures from the past furniture, ceramics, glassware, and boxes of family photos, diaries and letters.

The particular letters were written between 1845 and ca. 1890 Most were seemingly very ordinary. Letters written in the vicinity of Phillipsburg, Warren Co. NJ, tell of visits to and from relatives and friends, of sickness and death, of kindnesses, of crops and work. One mentions a visit to a lock on the Delaware and Hudson Canal, of river boats on the Delaware, of the coming of the railroads. Little glimpses of life more than 100 years ago.

Yet they have sent me on an adventure into the family's past.

We had already known a bit about the family ancestry. Gradually we are adding more bits. We descend from both the Coert² and Lucas² lines to Coert⁷ (or Court) Abraham Voorhies. He was probably born in West Windsor Twp., (now) Somerset Co. not far from Princeton. His father, Abraham, is a wraith. We know of him only because in his will Coert⁵ names "Coert son of my son Abraham".

Court⁷ married in 1810 Margaret Ann Bergen, daughter of Jacob G. Bergen and Elizabeth Couwenhoven (Conover). Margaret Ann died in 1825 soon after the birth of her daughter, Maria. Court was left with seven children, but we found no record of him after his wife's death. We believe that Maria and Margaret, five, at least were brought up by their Aunt Maria (Bergen) Hughes of Greenwich Twp., Warren County.

The most startling and valuable letter of Millie's treasure trove is from Eliza (Voorhies) Conover. It was written in 1875 from Harrisburg IL to a Bergen cousin at the time Teunis Bergen was gathering material for his "Bergen Family". That letter contains names and birth dates for all the children of Court and Margaret Ann Voorhies; Eliza was the oldest. Teunis Bergen includes her information almost verbatim. Eliza did not include place of birth.

We had always presumed that Margaret and Maria were born near Princeton. Indeed their parents are named among the 25 people who had transferred their membership in 1816 from Cranbury First Presbyterian Church to form the Dutch Neck Congregation. Records show that Coert A. Voorhies was very active in the church during 1816 to 1818 but his name does not appear after that. Dutch Neck Church records include baptismal dates for the two children next older than Margaret. Margaret was born in 1820, but there is no record of her baptism. Then the death certificate of Margaret Voorhies Thompson states that her father's name was Courtland, and she was born in Warren County., Now we must presume that the family moved from Dutch Neck to Warren County between 1818 and 1820. Julian Potts says that he had always wondered why his father's middle name was Courtland.

Finally, Virginia Brown, genealogist, found the marriage

certificate of Margaret Voorhies and Calvin Thompson. They were married in 1844 by the Rev. Joseph Worrell at Danville (now Great Meadows) in Warren Co. We found also that Margaret had previously moved her membership from Greenwich to Danville; Rev. Worrell had made that same move a short time before.

With this background we can examine the letters.

Two letters were written by Martha Mellick, wife of Rev. Worrell, soon after Margaret and Calvin were married. One was written from Williamsburg PA. We do not find it on the map. It was in Northampton Co., apparently north of Easton, but within Newton Presbytery in which Rev. Worrell had been serving.

Now another treasure is found. The Williamsburg letter sparked Julian Potts' memory. He recalled that his great grandmother, Maria Voorhies Potts, had been married at Williamsburg. Lo and behold the marriage was performed in 1848 by the Rev. Joseph Worrell! Pension records after the Civil War include an affidavit (1866) by the Rev. Worrell which certifies that he had indeed married Maria Voorhies and William Potts. The Worrells were then living in Hancock County IL.

Two other tidbits come from the letters. A letter tells of the imminent move of the Worrells to the distant west. Mary writes, "I don't imagine I shall ever see Martha again." A sister of William Potts went west to visit the Worrells. There she was married and went on to live in California.

Several other letters are from Margaret's sister, Eliza, who in the 1850's was living in the Princeton area, another is probably from Catherine (Voorhies) Forgy. Those letters tell of visits to and from the Midwest. Sister Catherine apparently moved to Indiana near Peru. Mention is made of a daughter who went on a visit from Peru directly to Mt Pleasant IA in only two days and without changing trains. Is there a Forgy or other Coert Abraham Voorhies descendant among the Iowa Van Voorhees Association membership?

Two of Eliza's sons came west to Harrisburg in southern Illinois. Two Forgy sons came to Harrisburg from Peru and a daughter to Evansville IN. Eliza (Voorhies) Conover eventually went west to Harrisburg. She wrote that her oldest son was operating a newspaper in Harrisburg IL. I find in *Saline County, Illinois, a Century of History 1847-1947*, a notation that John F. Conover and S. W. Forgy published the first Harrisburg newspaper in 1859. It was sold in 1868.

I searched the southern Illinois phonebook for Conovers. On my second call I talked with a woman married to Eliza's grandson. She was able to provide some interesting information about the family. Her grandson seemed to have no particular interest, so a visit to Chester IL is in order.

What an adventure this has been because a few letters were saved and escaped everybody's "cleaning out". The adventure continues.

♦
Written by Stanley E. Harris, Jr., Woods Edge, Rt. 7, Box 80, Carbondale IL 62901. Mildred D. Van Dyke and Julian Potts are also members of the Association. Mildred recently raised her membership to Life Member.

DUTCH NAMES

The "whys and wherefors" of our ancestors' names and how they evolved in the early years of New Netherland and thereafter are fascinating and confusing. If you are perplexed, you might read "New Netherland Naming Systems and Customs" in the January 1995 issue of *The New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*. The copyrighted article is a paper delivered by Dr. Kenn Stryker-Rodda in 1969. We recommend it.

◆

*The New York Genealogical and Biographical Society,
122 East 58th St., New York NY 10022-1939, (212)755-8532.*

NEXT NIEUWSBRIEF

Please send articles of interest to the membership and family news to Manning Voorhees. Please DON'T FORGET to share new family discoveries and genealogies with everyone. The deadline for the Fall issue is July 1st. Manning's address is listed in Who's Who.

NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL MEETING

Adrienne Haney reports that the October 22, 1994 New England meeting was a success. Roughly 30 attended, many of whom for the first time. Adrienne is pleased that there were many new faces at each of the four Regional meetings that she has organized. Interest is strong. Tom Malloy, a local historian and teacher, spoke about gravestones and markers. The group decided to meet annually henceforth, after the national Annual Reunion so that those who are unable to travel to New Jersey can catch up with events. Adrienne plans to have a speaker in October 1995 on the subject of food and colonial cooking. If you live in the New England area, please be sure to correspond with Adrienne about the Fall meeting. Her address is listed in Who's Who.

ELSA VOORHEES HAUSCHKA

Our library has received a fine addition. Elsa Voorhees Hauschka, of Damariscotta ME, has contributed *A Perfect Babel of Confusion, Dutch Religion and English Culture in the Middle Colonies* by Randall H. Balmer (Oxford University Press, New York 1989) to the Association's reference shelf.

Thank you very much, Elsa.

FIRTH HARING FABEND

Firth Fabend was our speaker at the 1994 Annual Reunion. The New Jersey Historical Commission reports that she has been honored with a \$1,000 award to support her research into the lay religious culture of the 19th century Dutch Reformed Church. Firth's talk was about an aspect of her research and was reproduced in the January *Nieuwsbrief*.

MARGARET AND MILTON VAN VOORHIS

April 25, 1995 will be a big day for Margaret and Milton Van Voorhis, of Colton CA. They will celebrate their 64th wedding anniversary!

Margaret and Milton have raised four children, who then gave them nine grandchildren and who, in turn, gave them eight great grandchildren. Counting spouses, there are 33 in their immediate family. Sounds like the anniversary will be a great affair.

Margaret and Milton are well known by their annual Southern California Van Voorhees reunions. They retired after time crept along. Congratulations, Margaret and Milton.

◆

*Mr. and Mrs. Milton Van Voorhis, 2751 Reche Canyon Rd.
#36, Colton CA 92324-9704*

MISSING COUSINS

Newsletters have been returned marked undeliverable "no forwarding address" for the following members. If anyone knows the whereabouts of these cousins, please write to Manning Voorhees. His address is listed in Who's Who.

Ms. Patricia L. Eddleman, 1201 Belshire Rd., Pasadena TX 77502

Ms. Susan I. Voorhees, Bldg. B Townhouse Gdns. #E, Hightstown NJ 08520-3231

Similarly, the *Nieuwsbrief* sent to the Van Kouwenhoven-Conover Family Association was returned as undeliverable as was the mailing for the Association of Blauvelt Descendants. Please write to Manning Voorhees thank you.

MILESTONES

Eleanor May Moses Miller was called in her 88th year on December 18, 1994 ... Eleanor is the mother of Constance A. Walterschied, of Doniphan MO, and sister of Dorothy E. Branson, of Bordentown NJ.

Phillip J. Brown passed on December 22, 1994 in his 94th year ... he leaves his wife, Ann they were married 68 years, son Phillip, of London UK, daughter Nan, of Pinehurst NC, and sister Wilhemina, of Nazareth PA ... a veteran of WW I, Phil was a community leader on Staten Island NY and retired to Martha's Vineyard MA in 1975.

1995 ANNUAL REUNION

Scott Voorhees has announced that the 1995 Annual Reunion will be held on October 7th. The speaker will be Florence Christoph, our professional genealogist.

Scott thanks the many members who responded to the Reunion Survey enclosed with the last *Nieuwsbrief*. The results will be discussed at the April 29th Executive Committee meeting.

A CLAY PIPE

By Adriana Millenaar-Brown

Copyright © 1995 and all rights reserved by Adriana Millenaar-Brown

In the beginning there was a Steven.
Coerte was his name, Willempie his wife.
In sixteen-hundred-sixty they bought a tract.
Flatlands on Long Island became their home.
Fish were jumping and the buckwheat was high.
Peach trees were bursting and the milk was thick.
Their seven little children danced on clogs
To the tune of waves lapping the Stroomkill
where the stump of a white oak marked the land
of a neighbor settled down at Gravesend,
that point where Coney Island's salt flats stood
waiting to be exploited for pickling
footlong oysters in caskets to be shipped
on a frigate sailing for Saint Eustati_us.

In the beginning there was Willempie.
Seubring was her name. Forty-one her age.
With seven births delivered she crossed the ocean
and started again untying her seeds;
counting them, planting them one by one
in old soil mixed with New Utrecht's or Midwout's
so much better than Flatlands off by the sea.
Carrots and parsnips, kale and potatoes
fulfilled her expectations that summer
of sixteen-sixty in New Netherland.
Her children were Koerte, Lucas, and Jan,
Albert, Aeltje, and Jannetje Stevensz.
Little Hendrickje had no crib for a bed.

In the remote past there were "red" neighbours.
Seven families. Nayack was their name.
Silently they looked on while tending maize
staring at moo cows, puzzling at cart wheels,
wondering why scythes cut down reeds or salt grass,
Seven families in a Nayack long house
Co-existed each at separate times.

Shelling oysters, steeping hides in its lime;
catching fish in the creek, quail in clean air.
A sachem Wametappack held on to his land.
Did not sell it for baubles or trinkets.
But with a brewery not far from the strand
and a shotgun to kill the eagle's flight
the Indian stood helpless, forlorn and prostrate.

At the end there was a Cornelia.
White became her name. Innocent her age.
She arrived in nineteen hundred sixty
in Brooklyn Heights walking the bridge to work.
When she met a lawyer they moved to Hudson -
A patent up North good for family life.
But bad times grew worse, so Kingston was next.
Even there the Old Dutch Church dwindled fast.
The Whites moved to Troy till it fell at last.
So they started out West to Michigan State
in the hopes that there they could find a plot
with a job to fulfill a dream they once had.
Alas, even there, opportunity
had trickled down, and California
had faults, Alaska spills, Hawaii tsunamis.

And so, after three hundred years of travail
Steven, Willempie, Cornelia, *et al*,
wished they could start once again from scratch
over in New Amesford, Midwout, New Utrecht
with the Nayacks and the Dilseys, gazing on
seeing whether belated repairwork
can stop cracking frost heaves worse than potholes.
For to return to the old Amsterdam
coming full circle facing that clog dance
Is it a pipe dream gone up in Dutch smoke?

Williamstown, New Year's Sunday, 1994

NEW MEMBERS

Membership Chairperson Tom Van Voorhies reports that the following cousins have joined the Association as of March 22, 1995:

Velma Van Voris, New York NY **
Cecilia Van Voorhis, New Market NH
Marc Eric Voorhees, Arvada CO ***
Ruth A. Hall, Quartzsite AZ
Regina Pitts, Lecanto FL
Mark E. Voorheis, Friendship NY **
Earl A. Hart, Sandy UT **
Barbara Combs, Eugene OR
Dorothy Combs, Highland Park NJ
Amy L. Clark, Steamboat Rock IA
Kenneth Harold Parriott, Bayard NE
Helen Woodward Wilson, Clarksburg WV **

Rachael H. McCormick, West Bloomfield MI
Fredrick L. Millner, Trenton NJ
James V. Bailey, Augusta GA
Janna Scheldorn, Melbourne FL
Sally Meagher, Closter NJ +
John H. Voorhis, Anchorage AK ***
The Rev. Lawrence E. Oswalt, Wichita KS

Key Contributing Member ***
Sustaining Member **
Additional Contribution +

Tom also reports that Norman Lee Voorhis of Delta Junction AK has become a Life Member. Norman has shown special dedication to the Family and we are very appreciative. Thank you.

A MARRIAGE OF HISTORY AND GENEALOGY, PART I

By Peter R. Christoph

Copyright © 1995 and all rights reserved
by Peter R. Christoph

Peter Christoph had kindly permitted us to reproduce his presentation before the Rennselaerswijck Seminar of the New Netherland Project held in Albany NY, September 17, 1994. Thank you very much, Peter. He was our speaker at the 1986 Annual Reunion. The text of that talk and another article may be found in Through a Dutch Door. The next issue of Nieuwsbrief will feature Part II presented by Florence Christoph, our Genealogist. Their address is listed in Who's Who.

We call our presentation a marriage of history and genealogy. Now my wife is a genealogist but that does not lead by process of elimination to my being a historian, at least not in the modern sense. But it is comparatively recently that the various historical fields became separated by training and job description. Before that, one and the same person served as community historian, archivist, librarian, archaeologist, and antiquarian generally. So in that sense I am perhaps a historian, having spent twenty-six years at such antiquarian pursuits as manuscript librarian and historical editor. But by the same latitude, we should view the professional genealogist as a historian specializing in family history. It is in the spirit of the unity of history that we want to approach our talk today. It is with the sense that we are all in the same boat together, archivists and archaeologists, designers of museum exhibits and restorers of buildings, genealogists and history teachers.

As someone who was curator of the State Library's [Ed.: New York State] historical manuscripts, local histories, and genealogies, I have had the opportunity to observe and work with professional and amateur historians, professional and amateur genealogists. Each group has its strengths and weaknesses. I believe that there are positive lessons that each could learn from the others. For the purposes of today's discussion, when I say historian I am including archivists, archaeologists, preservationists, and museum curators. Whether I am talking about genealogists or historians, I will be referring to someone experienced and knowledgeable in his field, whether professional or amateur, someone who has been around for a while and knows what he is doing.

History is about people. When I buy a book entitled *The History of Columbia County*, I expect it is going to be about people and not woodpeckers, or mushrooms. The genealogist studies the history of people in families. The historian generally studies people in society. Very often the historian deals with the impersonal forces of society, such as economics, government, and politics, and their influence upon people. This is an important concept he can contribute to the arsenal of the family historian, who may be looking at the activities of a family without examining the root causes of behavior that must sometimes be sought outside the family structure, and

perhaps outside the immediate community. People know that their relatives moved from here to there, don't know why, and may invent some fanciful reason. A broken heart. A dark crime. A lost inheritance.

The genealogist studying the Bradt family in colonial Albany must ultimately confront the question of why a Norwegian family would move to Holland, and then having settled in Holland for a few years, move again to America. [Ed.: Peter's talk followed a presentation about the organization of the Bradt Family heritage group.] The historian can point out to the genealogist the economic and political situation in 17th century Norway, which was ruled by the autocratic king of Denmark, the Norwegian people harassed by Danish tax collectors. Political repression and ruinous taxation are reason enough to move, and reasons we all understand, once they are explained to us.

The Bradts went to Holland. Most of the work available to immigrants with ordinary skills in the Netherlands were lower level, often dead end jobs, so a second move to a colony was not at all irrational. Nearly half of all settlers in New Netherland were something other than Dutch, including an awful lot of Norwegians and Danes. Understanding what the historian has discovered about mass movements of population helps us to understand the actions of the individual, and thus for the family historian to gain insight into his immigrant ancestor.

Readings in the social history of Norway in this period reveal a violent, often brutal society. Reasons offered for this situation include everything from the disintegrative effects of foreign rule to the psychologically depressing effects of a night that lasts all winter. To this very day, Norwegian society would never be confused with that of Switzerland. Along about February the murder and suicide rates shoot right off the end of the chart. That background may serve to provide us with some understanding into the behavior of the immigrant Albert Andriessen Bradt, who had a reputation for abusing his wife and children and a lengthy rap sheet for punching out neighbors. Historical studies have also shown that Dutch society was able to view an individual's public life separately from his private life. This helps us to understand how Bradt was able to maintain an important mercantile position in the Albany community, and to serve for decades as church elder. People did business with him and went to church with him because they knew he was trustworthy and reliable; whether he was likable or disagreeable was irrelevant to the Dutch.

So the historian can help the genealogist understand what historical forces affected his ancestor's behavior, including such larger actions as picking up and moving from settled nation to the wild frontier. A second area where the historian can help the genealogist is with insights into lifestyle for a particular time and place. The genealogist, drawing on limited family resources and few references to his ancestors in public records may have little information available from those sources to develop an accurate picture of how his ancestors lived their lives. Here the historian, who will collect information on lifestyle regardless of family, and arrange it according to time, place, and social caste, provides the genealogist with the material for fleshing out the limited information he has on

the quality of life of his family. If he knows his ancestor was a tavernkeeper in New York city in the eighteenth century, he may well find a published study of 18th century New York tavernkeepers, and from that gain insights into the family social status and historical standard of living. By providing information on how most tavernkeepers dressed, worked, spent their leisure time, the historian can help the genealogist to fill in detail about the particular family.

On the other hand, the genealogist may well have access to family records that would be most useful to the historian. It is often the family researcher who knows where family letters, Bibles, and other materials are kept. A friend of my wife asked her to make some order out of a box of records he had inherited from his mother. In there, besides the usual land papers, wills and estate settlements, she found letters from a 49er in the California gold fields to his wife back East, and papers of an army medical officer in the Philippines at the turn of the century. Not terribly useful material for genealogical research, but nice stuff for the historian. But it's the genealogist who knows where it is. In any family there may be one person around whom the family archives collect. The family historian, who may or may not be the same person, can make use of that material in putting flesh on the family bones, but the professional historian can make use of it as well, for quite different historical purposes.

Tracking down who might have the materials in their attic or sitting room may seem a monumental task, but one the historical community should be trying to solve. Sitting back waiting for the records to turn up in a manuscript library is a good way to let most such records end up in the dustbin instead of the library. A town historian told me once of rescuing a collection of papers, 18th century Mohawk valley. The owner of the papers assumed they were worthless, and would have burned them up, had the stove been working that day. It wasn't, and before he could get it fixed, the town historian rescued the papers. But how many times more is the stove working, and the records never make it to the historical society or library.

All too often, the person who has gathered his family's records is only too aware of the fact that no one else in the family is interested in them, or in the shelf of genealogical notebooks that represent a lifetime of work, and would be only too glad to give them to a library, historical society, or museum if approached. If professional historians and professional genealogists and archivists and librarians would become active in their local historical and genealogical societies they would hear of such records in private hands.

History and genealogy are dependent upon each other. Certainly the writer of biographies is dependent upon genealogies, for while he may study an individual and perhaps his immediate family with great care, he often relies upon published genealogies for relationships further afield connections to other prominent persons, perhaps cousins and in-laws. The problem here is that historians often accept unreliable work as factual because they are not trained to evaluate genealogy. We will have better history when historians are better acquainted with genealogy, with recognizing good practices and knowing how to tell the good from the fanciful.

Similarly, the genealogist needs to know good histories from poor ones. There is no shortage of histories written by cranks, crackpots, and people with an agenda. St. Brendan discovered America. Russia invented baseball. The Iroquois invented democracy. People write this stuff and call it history.

Certainly the genealogist will be able to do a better job if he has a better understanding of history. Unfortunately, many of the historic truths we were taught in the fifth grade were folk tales and no truths at all. Yet they have a life of their own. In New Netherland's pseudohistory, the most infamous examples include the \$24 sale of Manhattan, and the Dutch residents welcoming the English conquerors with open arms because King Charles was such a famous champion of democracy. And after twenty years of the New Netherland Project trying to educate historians not to write this stuff, it still turns up all the time.

Tracing someone down, whether for biographical, historical, or genealogical reasons, really involves using the same tools and techniques. In the seventeenth century there are not all that many records to go to, but those that do exist are often multipurpose from the researcher's standpoint. The genealogist uses baptismal records to identify children's parents, and marriage records to discover maiden names. Since the birth and marriage records of a church were often the private domain of the minister, he could and did write his opinion of people in the margin without much fear of being discovered and sued for libel. They can be a gold mine of local gossip that historians usually overlook, but genealogists know all about it.

The dating of a document requires the same skill whatever one's intention for making use of the document. An undated document that appears among the Andros Papers for 1676 refers to Christina Veenvos on Queen Street in New York City. However, there was no Christina Veenvos in 1676 and no Queen Street, and so we can be sure that this document is in the wrong place. Church records show that five years later, in 1681, Daniel Veenvos married Christina van der Grist, and that is our Christina Veenvos. The document, in fact has to be dated even later, after 1694, because of the reference to Queen Street, which was named in honor of Queen Anne. This is a misplaced document that was discovered with genealogical tools. If you don't know the people, you can easily place a document in the wrong time period, and that could really produce inaccurate history. Or inaccurate genealogy, for that matter.

When history and genealogy work together and inform each other, both become richer and more accurate disciplines. In my household, we don't have to wait for organized conferences to discuss history or genealogy. Some days it starts over the corn flakes. We talk to each other, and that is most useful. Sometimes the learning goes one way, sometimes another. My wife found a reference to Louis Hamilton, grandson of Alexander Hamilton and great-grandson of General Philip Schuyler, dying November 27, 1868, at the Washita River. I had recently read Robert Utley's book, *The Indian Frontier*, and remembered that George Custer's troops had attacked a Cheyenne village on the Washita. I checked, and sure enough, Louis Hamilton's date of death was the same as that of the Cheyenne chief Black Kettle. So history could inform genealogy as to

why Louis Hamilton happened to meet his untimely end in such an unlikely place, far from his family's comfortable estates. On the other hand, Flo once had a client with colonial ancestors named Salisbury, and I said they must be descendants of Sylvester Salisbury, the English army officer who participated in the conquest of New Netherland. As it turned out, this particular family was descended from Jan Hendricks van Salsbergen, later corrupted to Salisbury, but no relation at all to the English family. Once I was aware of the existence of Jan Hendricks, he seemed to turn up everywhere. I had never seen him before. He was there, but I didn't see him until my wife introduced him to me.

We see what we expect to see. Last week I was watching a television program about human evolution, and in a segment on the misinterpretations that paleontologists have made over the years, science writer Roger Lewin summed up the problem with this observation: "I wouldn't have seen it if I hadn't believed it." That is the reverse of the usual saying, so let me repeat it. "I wouldn't have seen it if I hadn't believed it." I did not see Dutch Salisburys when they were all over the place. People will see evidence that agrees with the theories they hold, and overlook evidence that points in another direction. For forty years, scientists saw Piltdown man because they wanted to believe in him, even though a few people recognized from the day of his discovery that he was a manufactured creature, a put-together fraud. Scientists are not the only ones who see what they want to see. So do genealogists. It is not unknown for genealogists to take this Salisbury and that Salisbury and rig them together into the same family tree. But historians do the same thing.

Let me read a few lines from a recent history, *The Mohicans of Stockbridge* by Patrick Frazier of the Library of Congress, published in 1992 by the University of Nebraska Press:

"[The Mohicans'] experience with the Dutch had often come from dealings either with feudalistic landlords who considered Indians as vassals, or, more frequently, with uncouth Albany and backcountry traders who seemed to regard the cheating of Indians as an art form."

I challenge Mr. Frazier to name one feudalistic Hudson Valley landlord. Or any Dutch landlord who treated Indians as vassals. Or one Indian who would have put up with it. And I challenge Mr. Frazier to find a place where Indians were better protected from cheaters than they were in Albany. He also writes this:

"[New Englanders] at least held their Bibles in nearly the same esteem as their account books. In general they were more religious than the Dutch."

"More religious." What a remarkable conclusion, for which he offers, as you might expect, absolutely no evidence. The genealogist will comment in a few minutes on her insights into the religious sentiments of the Dutch.

My point is, that it is very easy to draw misleading conclusions about people if you don't know anything about them, and that is what this writer is guilty of. Other than that, is this a good history? I don't know. By page ten I no longer trusted the author and I did not read the rest of the book. Sloppy

work early on destroyed his credibility.

Genealogists and historians have to talk to one another: a final example from our household. One day when my wife was working on one branch of the Schuyler family, she remarked to me that she had found the death of David Schuyler, the immigrant. The Bible of his son, Abraham, said that David died on February 11, 1690, "two days after fleeing Schenectady."

Flo did not recognize the date, but she realized there must be some significance to the statement that he was fleeing Schenectady. I recognized the date, and realized that David Schuyler must have been a victim of the Schenectady massacre. He does not appear on the list compiled just after the massacre of those killed, wounded, or captured. However, since he was a visitor to Schenectady, not a resident, and fled the place to die of his wounds elsewhere, we can easily imagine that he would be missed in the initial count. It does remind us that reports of battle casualties are not necessarily accurate, and that historians should use such information with caution.

The point that I want to make here is that this is a case where history and genealogy could inform each other. It was a nice instance of our being able to add to each other's knowledge.

Is this item of practical significance to the historian? Sure. There is a doctoral dissertation on the history of the fur trade, in which the writer describes a number of Albany merchants who traded with Montreal in the 18th century. He says that he finds David Schuyler the immigrant in Montreal in 1715. I say whoa. Because I know David Schuyler the immigrant died a quarter century earlier at Schenectady. This David Schuyler, walking the streets of Montreal in 1715, is David, Jr. A small error, the historian says. It does not affect the point of his thesis in any way.

This is true. Except that it does not take very many errors of this sort and I have to wonder is this writer so sloppy in his research methods that perhaps I shouldn't believe anything he says. He could spare himself from this kind of criticism if he had a better handle on family research. Genealogists know that, just because you have an ancestor named John Adams does not mean you are descended from the second President. Not every David Schuyler was an immigrant. Not every Philip Schuyler was a general in the Revolution. You have to get the right man, and not just any old person with the right name. Genealogists know this, or should, and historians should, too. It might well be useful to have histories reviewed in genealogy periodicals, such as Mr. Macy's journal [Ed.: Harry Macy, Jr., *The New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*; Mr. Macy also spoke at the Seminar.], and published genealogies reviewed in history journals, so that each discipline can educate the other.

A marriage of history and genealogy. My wife and I find that each discipline informs the other. We think that in the larger sense these two disciplines should join together for their mutual benefit and improvement. Historians and genealogists don't have to go so far as to marry each other, but it is our experience that it can be very helpful.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEODORE VOORHEES

Paul Van Voorhees sent us the autobiography of his grandfather, Theodore Romine Voorhees, that was written in 1927. Thank you, Paul. At his suggestion, we have abridged Mr. Voorhees' text for the Nieuwsbrief; no omission ellipses have been inserted. Paul's address is: 2525 Date St., Apt 2805, Honolulu HI 96826-5419.

Theodore R. Voorhees was b. 29 Jul 1858 in Streator IL and d. 16 Feb 1933 in Gilman IL. He was the son of John Skillman Voorhees, b. 22 Nov 1828 in Plainville NJ, who was the son of Christopher Beekman Voorhees, b. 14 May 1807 in Harlingen NJ, and who was the son of Albert J. (Issacs) Voorhees, b. 13 Dec 1764 in Somerset Cty. NJ. John Skillman Voorhees and Christopher Beekman Voorhees, with extended families, both moved westward from Somerset Cty. NJ to north central IL in 1853.

Paul's father, Theodore Parmelee Van Voorhees, was the second child of the autobiographer's second wife, Sibyl Naomi Coffin. Paul says that his grandfather's writing "... may give some insight into the early life of young Dutch boys of the day. ... The early Dutch were not much for writing down their daily lives for posterity. A great loss to us all."

I was born in LaSalle County, Illinois, in 1858, and lived for eleven years on my father's farm seven miles east of Streator, Illinois. My father's family consisted of father and mother and six children, three boys and three girls, I being third in number. By second marriage, one girl.

My days were spent as other boys in general, my older brother working in the field, while my younger brother and I did chores, caring for the cattle which we drove out into the open prairie. We roved over the prairies together a great deal, and during the winter, attended the district school, my father having built the house for school and where they had preaching and Sunday School. Mother and the girls did the housework, had a hired girl part of the time as mother was not in good health a good deal of the time.

When I was eleven years old, father sold the farm of 240 acres for \$40.00 per acre, and moved five miles southwest of Forrest, Illinois, on a farm of 160 acres previously bought, all prairie. We lived here only one year, it being the wettest summer I had ever experienced. Father broke prairie and planted sod corn. Us boys pulled weeds, took care of four milch cows, staked out on the prairie with a long rope.

In the fall of that year, father and mother went to Tazewell County to visit some friends and while there fell in love with that part of the country and bought a farm there southeast of Washington, Illinois, so we moved on it the following spring. Here I grew to manhood.

My parents were Presbyterians at this time, and I was brought up right at home and sent to Sunday School and church, of which there were five in going distance, two Methodist, Baptist, United Brethren, and Presbyterian. I became a member of the latter at 19 years of age.

When I was about fourteen years of age, my younger

brother and I took our first ride on the cars. We had saved up enough money to pay our fares from Washington to Streator. We had to walk to town, six and one-half miles, so started in time, getting at the station about two hours ahead of train time. We lost no time in procuring our tickets, and paced in and out of the station door to see if the train was in sight. However, the train showed up in due time, and we lost no time in getting aboard. At this time the new air brakes came into use.

When we arrived at Streator, our uncle's folks met us at the station with carryall, a three seated square topped buggy. They drove a fine span of black horses adorned with a fine set of carriage harness. They drove home with us seven miles in the country. Their farm adjoined our old home place. After sending a few days there having a good time with our cousins (I think they had nine children, six girls and three boys), we returned to Streator in good time to take the train back for home, so we kept an eye open to see the train come. My brother discovered that the train was taking water at the pumping place, so suggested we run down and get on there, about one-quarter mile out, so we did.

Soon after this my mother was in poor health. Father was away some of the time. As he was a carpenter by trade, he built some houses or barns and finished a room in the unfinished house we lived in, and had to spend a good deal of time taking care of mother. My older brother was also working at the carpenter trade, so my younger brother and I were often left in the field plowing or tending corn. Of course we always had to walk, as there was nothing made of this kind to ride on.

The next winter we attended the Danforth District School, only the winter months. We had lots of fun playing base ball.

In the fall of 1871, Chicago had a big fire and that section that lies to the south and east of the Chicago River to the lake was nearly all wiped out. Alf and I took a notion to visit Chicago, not at this time but a little later on. As near as I remember, I was fourteen years old. They had an exposition on the lake front, and to attract people there, all of the railroads made reduced rates to Chicago to see the exposition. So we saved enough money to make the trip. This was a big occasion. We had never seen a big city, and a big pond that we couldn't see across was something to look at.

We boarded the train at Washington, Illinois, and arrived in Chicago some time late in the afternoon as near as I can remember. We were about one-half mile from the lake, so we went to see it first. There was no thought of riding on a street car, although there were cars drawn by horses, for we had no money to waste on them. As this part of the city was pretty much all burned over, there were not many big buildings to hide our view, so the coast was clear to the lake. When we arrived at the lake, we stood and looked in wonder for some time, and we saw the great waves roll in as we had heard about, but our time was limited.

We walked until supper time, and then dropped in at the first inviting restaurant and ordered supper. We could not understand just how to order from the cards, so told them we wanted a twenty-five cent supper, which was common at that time, beefsteak, potatoes and biscuits. We were hungry and were pleased with the amount we had, never had so much meat

for one meal before in our lives, but we had no time to lose so looked at the wonders until bed time. We found a good sized hotel, went in and registered. We told them we would retire almost right away. We were lead to a room where there were some women. I sort of stepped back, thinking there was some mistake, but they urged me in and the room began to go up, and it dawned on me that we were in an elevator. In the morning we found a temporary restaurant. I believe we got biscuits, potatoes and steak again. Then we hurried to the exposition.

Mother did not get any better and my older sister and father had the housework to do. The two younger girls and us boys used to ride the horses and turn them out to pasture summer evenings, the pasture being some distance away, one-half mile or more. In 1875 mother died and a change in the family. The following spring father said he would find me a job on a farm working out. I was not past sixteen years of age, and, after I had a spell of lung fever and recovered, I was sent to Livingston County, Illinois, to work for J. R. Strawn for the summer. I was to have \$20.00 per month for nine months and was to have all my wages. I became seventeen years of age that summer, so continued to work for myself there. After the 1st of December, I returned home, having saved \$150.00, so bought a horse and father gave me one. The family previously moved to town and I was to farm part of the place and older brother part.

After quitting Danforth School, I went one winter to Washington to school, was in what they called the ninth grade, and finished. In the spring of 1877, we started to raise corn by ourselves, or on our own account, on the Deer Creek home place, raised corn only, and hired out around the country during harvest. In this way we made some money to pay our board. As I previously said, this was a church neighborhood, and I was brought up a Sunday School Boy, so attended church at the old Presbyterian church. We used to go to afternoon sings at this church. At this time there came a good singing teacher and organized a class of sixty members. As we had to shuck corn, we could only attend evenings.

About this time our tenants moved out of the house and we got a Scotch Presbyterian who had an English wife to live in the house, and we boarded with them. This was an agreeable change to us. He became out regular preacher. About this time my older brother went to Nebraska and bought a farm there, soon thereafter went out to stay. My younger brother previously had gone to learn telegraphing. So thereafter, I ran things pretty much my own way, anyhow until I married.

When I was nineteen years old, I found a girl that I liked pretty well, who attended the same church and was also a member. I became her escort from the singing school and so kept company for about a year, when her folks moved to Wichita, Kansas, or fifteen miles out northeast where they owned a farm of 160 acres. As she went with them, I began to feel quite lonely, as it seemed customary to write once a week. Of course our plans were partly made before she left, but she said I must write and ask her parents for her. As I did not have to talk face to face with them, it was not a very hard job. I waited only about one year to February 19, 1880. We were married at her home. After spending one week visiting in Kansas, we returned to the old home in Illinois, and carried on farming on

the old place until the spring of 1883, when we moved five miles south and east of Forrest, Livingston County, Illinois. At this time Clyde was two years old. Of course we put in a lot of time training him. One of the little verses we taught him was: "I'll never chew tobacco, no, it tis a filthy weed."

We were a happy little family and ambitious to procure a home. As father had sold the old home, we had to move, and here came another chance to choose. Father says go east or west, but he would rather have us go east, so we chose the latter. Bought 80 acres of the 160 that father had bought of Mr. Edwards who had bought direct from the government as swamp land, paying him \$40.00 per acre. No tile had been put in up to this time, so here was a lot of hard work to be done. We had but little money, only paying down \$300.00 on the farm, giving a mortgage for the balance to be paid off in ten years at seven per cent interest, but we did not mind that.

Our house was a small one boarded up and down with rough boards, and the cracks stripped, only three small rooms, but a summer kitchen close to the house into which my wife took great pleasure in moving the cook stove early in March. We had to paste newspapers over the cracks to keep out the wind. There was a cob house, small chicken house, work shop and granary combined, also a board staple. I worked father's 80 acres adjoining mine and all fenced in with Osage hedge in forty acre fields, a short end of hedge from the center of the farm running direct to the stable, so could turn the stock out at any time I wished to any one of these fields. We did not expect to remain in the old house long, but did about five years. Ida Florence was born in the old house. At the end of five years, we were able to build another house which was a great improvement over the old one, father doing the carpenter work. We also had an apple orchard on the place.

Up to this time I managed to pay the interest on the farm debt and make a very small payment each year. Our stock had increased some. From four cows and four calves, we were milking about seven cows and making some butter, selling it at around fifteen cents per pound. I had some hogs, horses and colts. Things were looking a little brighter to us. I rented some land outside and raised quite a lot of corn to sell, and was tiling out the farm so raised better crops, and we began to be quite prosperous. Land prices were gaining gradually, so this also encouraged us and we went steadily forward. Of course we had some sickness. Ray Earl and Harry Elmer were born in 1888 and 1889. All the family were down with diphtheria at one time. I was exempt. The only help I had in the house was Emily Hodgson, and she was good help. However, they all got well. As children came down first, my wife was good help, she sitting up the forepart of the night and I took the latter. She was the last to have it. In 1887 and 1888 we were shut in with heavy snows, and the winters were very cold.

At the end, or near the end of ten years, we had our eighty acres most paid for, and land was moving up in value. Wife and I talked things over as to our future. We thought we ought to buy more land that we might have something to leave to our children. In 1891 Irene Viola was born so we had five children to think about. Land in this neighborhood was now selling at around \$70.00 per acre. This land was not quite so good as we

had, but we decided to offer the home place for sale. So father and I sold out, I receiving \$72.50 per acre for mine, as mine had the buildings, he taking \$67.50 per acre for his. In the spring of 1898 we made the move, and took our church letters and placed them in Loda Congregational Church. Later on I was made deacon there. Here all the older children became members, and we all attended church and Sunday School quite regularly.

We had to sacrifice some here. Our house was small, no barn, but we had more labor than money, so we went to work to make things more convenient. Also had to do a lot of tiling. Everything went along quite nicely, but crops were not extra good, and prices were low, so paying off the mortgage was slow, but the worst thing of all, my wife's health failed. We found out that she had heart trouble. Soon after we went to Wichita, Kansas, to visit her people. After getting back she seemed to get better, but it was only for a year or two, when she very suddenly died, leaving me with five children to raise alone. I felt most crushed, but there was nothing to do but make the best of it. Had I not been a Christian then, I don't know how I could have stood the burden, but God gave me strength, sending a sister-in-law, my own sister for a while, and then my mother-in-law. Then we got along as best we could together for some time.

In the year of 1897 I found a good Christian woman in Onarga, who was willing to help me raise the children, so we were married in June of that year, and were made a happy family again. I feel that too much credit could not be given to this Christian young woman. Three additions came to us, Mary Elizabeth, Theodore Parmelee, and Dan Francis, and I think I can say that the eight children loved each other as full brothers and sisters. All have been brought to Christ in faith. Nine more years on the farm, and we moved to Onarga, taking our church letters once more and placing them in the Presbyterian church.

It was about the year of 1898 that the disturbance came about between Spain and the United States, including the Philippines, and a call came for soldiers to go to Cuba. Clyde was fired to go, but he was only 17 years of age, so could not go. So we all settled down to work and school, Clyde going one winter to Loda High School. Farming was carried on, but grain prices and stock prices were low, so we could not make large payments on the place, but did some tiling and were gradually getting forward, and were quite happy. War broke out in the Philippines and Clyde was determined to go, so I gave my consent although reluctantly. During that time, farming was steadily carried on at home and a new addition built on the house, which gave us plenty of room. During this time the family attended Sunday School and church in Loda quite regularly. Ida attended school in Loda for a while and afterwards at Onarga, and then taught district school two years. Deciding finally to do stenographic work, she fitted herself for that. Next came Ray, Harry and Irene, all to go school, and help on the farm. A new windmill was put up to pump the water. No autos at this time had come into use, but we had a double seated buggy and a nice span of black horses and buggy harness, so were quite proud in driving out. Clyde had served his three years in the army, one in the United States and two in the

Philippines. He said he was done with the army, but before one year had rolled by, he made up his mind to return to the army for a thirty year service, which has now been accomplished with some double time for foreign service.

About 1903 my wife's brother Dan died and her mother came to live with us. In about three years, she began to long for the old home in Onarga, and wanted me to move on to her place. I was rather broken in health, so thought it might be well for all hands, as I could retire to smaller farming and the four remaining children could go to a good school. So we made the move in 1906 as I have already mentioned. The same old plan was to build a better house to live in, and it was accomplished, and at the end of almost 22 years, finds me in it, writing this little history. I am now almost seventy years of age, and if I can in some way influence my children to live a good Christian life, I will feel amply paid for my trouble.

After leaving Loda, I rented the farm out, and in the year of 1919 I sold it for \$275.00 per acre. This was at the close of the world war. After coming here I continued to farm until I was about 65 years of age, then retired, thus farmed for myself about 45 years straight. Grandma Parmelee died on March 20, 1917.

A sad accident occurred with Harry in 1910 when he lost his leg from trying to ride a mustang that had been spoiled in the breaking. Ray went to Montana and from there to Oregon. All the children married but Ida.

I am now seventy years and six months old. My wife and I are now alone, the children having gone out for themselves, the four younger ones have graduated from high school here with the exception of Dan who finished in the army flying school and graduated at San Antonio, Texas in the fall of 1926; married December 22nd of that year, and went rapidly forward in army aviation. The next spring he was chosen one out of fourteen for special maneuvering in bomber plane in Texas for one month; having completed the time was on his way back to Langley Field where he was stationed. After starting on his last lap for home, the motor stopped, throwing him and three mechanics on electric wires, causing their deaths.

Ted went to Peoria to Bradley School, taking a four year course, and received his degree, afterwards teaching.

My wife has been faithful in helping to educate and bring up the family, of which we are proud. The two younger boys, Ted and Dan, were not real farmers as the older ones were, but they took a great deal of pleasure in breaking some calves which they hitched to a cart and drove. The children had a lot of fun in winter skating on the ice here, and boating in summer, and in these later years had quite a lot of auto riding. During the year of 1922, we bought a Ford sedan and are still using it. I am disgusted sometimes in cold weather as it is hard to start. I like horses better, as I never failed to make them go.

In May, 1923, my wife, Ida and I took a trip to the coast and visited relatives and friends. This trip was very much enjoyed by us. Visited at Harvey Martin's in Santa Ana; Clyde's at Berkeley; Mrs. Skeels near Eugene at Springfield, Oregon; at Ray's in Portland, Oregon, and at Arthur Hodgson's, Kalispell, Montana.

During these several years, many things have come to pass

and many improvements have been made. The town has been paved with brick, and many state roads concreted. We are still enjoying our church work, although my wife is not able to get out to church as often as I do on account of lameness, but she still likes to go. We both enjoy having the children and their families visit us, for when the children are gone from home, it seems like there is not much else to live for. To be sure, there are many friends around us, but not so close as the children. I have tried not to show any partiality with my children, but love them all. Different times and circumstances alter cases over which we can have no control. Mary lives near us now, she being the youngest girl and also a good girl. In her later years at home, she was my companion in going to prayer meetings. She also played the organ there. She has now been married ten years and has a nice family of her own, as well as the others.

On February 13, 1932, my wife Lizzie died after suffering for a number of years with an incurable disease. She was patient and about the house almost to the last day, unconsciously passing away without a struggle. To me she was a lovely wife, mother, a real Christian with strong faith. She filled her place well. I only wish I could make as good a record. During the last year I was told by the Doctor that she would not get well, and I dared not tell her and cause her unnecessary worry. I said before, too much could not be said in praise of her. She told me that at one time she had thought that she would go away to be a missionary, but she became a real home missionary in my home as the children will testify. For me to go on it takes real courage, and a keeping close to the Master. So history continues on, and no one can change the past record.

WHEN YOU MOVE ...

We receive between 40-50 newsletters that are undeliverable each time the *Nieuwsbrief* is published. Almost all of these are not forwardable to new addresses because the forwarding time has expired. Fortunately, the postal service shows the new addresses for most of the returns we then readdress fresh copies and mail them. This is time consuming and expensive. We also receive some returns where the new addresses are not shown by the postal service. These members with old addresses are noted under Missing Cousins. We have had a fair success with obtaining the new addresses of the Missing Cousins, but several disappear permanently.

When you move, PLEASE tell us of your new address. Thanks to those who have sent new address cards.

GENEALOGICAL QUERIES

Ginny Ward regrets that she was unable to prepare her article on Genealogical Queries for this issue of *Nieuwsbrief* because our press deadline coincided with her move to Connecticut. Ginny will be back next time. Please continue sending her your queries.

1995 DUES NOTICE

Dues through December 1995 are payable January 1, 1995. Please check membership desired and note any change of address. Mail to the Treasurer: Mr. Bernard V. Ward, 117 Arlington Ave., Somerset NJ 08873-1923. Please make checks payable to The Van Voorhees Association. Your dues are deductible for Federal income tax purposes.

Please tell us the name and date of birth of any new member of your family, with the names of his/her parents and the immediate grandparents (with the Van Voorhees line).

MEMBERSHIP FEES

<input type="checkbox"/> Regular	\$ 7.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Contributing	\$ 27.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Junior	2.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Life	200.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Sustaining	12.00		

If you did not pay your dues in earlier years, please add that amount to your remittance:

<input type="checkbox"/> Regular	\$7.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Junior	\$2.00
----------------------------------	--------	---------------------------------	--------

Check here, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you wish to receive a 1995 membership card.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you know your nine digit zip code, please enter it for our assistance in achieving the lowest postal cost.

The Association continues to stock items of interest to members. All orders should be accompanied by a check payable to the Van Voorhees Association with your membership number ("VVL-xxxx" on the mailing label). **PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH.** All orders should be sent to:

Ms. Judith Voorhees
30 San Salvador Street
Toms River, NJ 08757
Telephone (908) 505-9232

Items for sale include:	Members	Non-Members	Qty
Tote Bag	10.00	11.00	_____
Coat of Arms Tile	10.00	12.00	_____
Coat of Arms Patch	5.00	6.00	_____
Historic Handbook	6.00	7.00	_____
Van Voorhees Letters	2.50	2.50	_____
Baseball Cap	5.00	6.00	_____
Handpainted Coat of Arms	10.00	12.00	_____
Tietac\Pin	15.00	15.00	_____
Coat of Arms, X Stitch Pattern	1.50	2.00	_____
TOTAL			\$ _____

Purchases are sent postpaid with no additional shipping charges.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Telephone _____
 VVA# _____
 Amount of Check \$ _____

BOOK ORDER FORM

Through a Dutch Door -
 17th Century Origins of the Van Voorhees Family

_____ copies @ regular price, \$22.00 \$ _____
 _____ copies hardcover, \$20.00 \$ _____
 _____ copies softcover, \$15.00 \$ _____
 (10% discount for 6 or more copies
 to the same address) \$ _____
 Total \$ _____

Make check or money order payable to "The Van Voorhees Association" and mail to: Mr. Robert S. Voris, 802 Berkeley Rd., Westover Hills, Wilmington, DE 19807. Please enclose this complete form or a photocopy with your order.

Did you previously purchase Volume I, *The Van Voorhees Family*? [] Yes [] No
 If yes, how many copies? _____ Hardcover _____ Softcover
 (We will send you the index.)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Telephone _____
 VVA# _____
 Amount of Check \$ _____

(cut here)

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

The VAN VOORHEES ASSOCIATION
 117 Arlington Ave.
 Somerset, NJ 08873-1923

