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My Memories

Mary Frances Youngman

Edited by Elliott Biondo



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Family Tree

Those who do not appear elsewhere in this document are shown here in gray.
All locations in the Netherlands are in the province of Zeeland.

Children of
Abraham Jongman &
Wilhemina C. Tellier

Milo Cornelius (1883–1956)
Lillian May (1890–1945)
Ida Annie (1892–1973)
Raymond J. (1894–1965)
W. A. Arthur (1897–1983)
Norman G. D. (1899–1980)

Children of
Jacob Van Lare &
Francina Jakoba de King*

Jacob (1858–1925)
Josiah (1859–1932)
Isaac H. (1861–1934)
Peter (1861–1920)
Adrian (1864–1908)
Josina (1865–1928)
Abram (1868–1925)
Anna (1870–1925?)
Margaret (1872–1925)
David (1874–1942)
James D. (1876–1951)

W. A. Arthur Youngman
1897, Sodus, NY
1983, Wolcott, NY

Mary Frances Van Lare
1899, Newark, NY
1993, Wolcott, NY

Abraham Jongman 1852, Breskens, NL 1933, Ontario, NY
Wilhemina C. Tellier 1857, Groede, NL 1933, Walworth, NY
James D. Van Lare 1876, Marion, NY 1951, Wolcott, NY
Sara Manhave 1878, Groede, NL 1950, Lyons, NY

Jacob Van Lare
1831, Nieuwvliet, NL
1891, Marion, NY

Francina Jakoba de King
1833, Cadzand, NL
1895, Marion, NY

Pieter Manhave
1840, Groede, NL
1920, E. Williamson, NY

Maria Sophia Schapp
1847, Groede, NL
1929, E. Williamson, NY

Children of
W. A. Arthur Youngman &
Mary Frances Van Lare

Ruth Naomi (1921–2003)
Wesley LaVern (1923–1945)
Elwin James (1924–2000)
Gordon Arthur (1926–2019)
Dorothy Marian (1929–2017)
Stanley Oliver (1931–2011)
Graydon Allen (1933–2021)
Douglas Eugene (1935–)
Dallas Arnold (1939–)
Gerald Alden (1940–)
Garold Arland (1940–1982)

Children of
James D. Van Lare &
Sara Manhave

Mary Frances (1899–1993)
Lula Florence (1902–1991)
Elmer J. (1903–1935)
Mabel Esther (1905–2006)
Stanley Everett (1908–1969)
James D. (1913–1988)
Olin (1915–1975)
Gladys M. (1920–2019)

Children of
Pieter Manhave &
Maria Sophia Schapp

Maria (1868–1945)
Abraham (1870–1957)
Adriana Mae
"Jenny" (1872–1926)
Cornelia (1873–1956)
Pieter (1875–1945)
Sara (1878–1950)
William (1888–1888)
Susan (1888–1959)

*It is possible that Jacob Van Lare had a first wife, Elizabeth Van Bortel (1830–1862), and that she is the mother of all of Jacob's children born before her death.

Editor's Preface

Mary Frances Youngman *née* Van Lare (1899–1993) was my great-grandmother. I was only four years old when she passed away, but I do remember visiting her home in Wolcott, NY, as a young child. Sometime between 1982 and 1986, Mary Frances wrote a detailed account of her long life in Wayne County, NY, across several notebooks. Upon her death in 1993, photocopies of these notebooks were distributed to close relatives. As an adult, I greatly enjoyed reading my family's copy and decided that I wanted to digitize it for posterity. I chose to transcribe the text because I felt that the cursive made it too difficult for anyone to read for pleasure. I also wanted to annotate the document to provide additional context.

The photocopied document that I have is 69 pages long. Pages 1–38 comprise a continuous narrative. Pages 39–49 are almost entirely illegible due to the poor quality of the photocopy. Pages 50–69 are fragmented and out of order, with some pages missing. I chose to break the document into chapters. The chapter titles are my own, and the original page numbers appear at the top of each chapter. The overall title of the work, “My Memories,” comes from the first page of the original document.

In transcribing the text, I adopted the philosophy that the most interesting part of this work is the content, rather than the mechanics.



Mary Frances Van Lare in 1930

For this reason, I made minor spelling and grammatical changes to improve readability. I did so sparingly, as to preserve Mary Frances's voice. In cases where words could not be definitively deciphered, I provide a guess within square brackets, i.e., [...]. I use braces, i.e., {...}, to provide minor clarifications. Longer comments are provided as footnotes. In portions of the text written in my voice, i.e., clarifications, footnotes, and figure captions, I refer to individuals by birth name in accordance with genealogical convention.

If you have any additional materials that could enhance this document—such as photographs, corrections, or other relevant information—I would be delighted to hear from you.

Elliott Biondo
elliott.biondo@gmail.com

Mary Frances's Preface

Pages 61–62 in the original document

There have been many books written about famous people. How they lived and how they died. I do not profess to be a writer but I will try to make my book as interesting as I can so the reader will be able to understand about the life I lived as a child and as I grew up. The many happy times we had as well as some of the sad times. Life is not always happy without trouble or trials. There are times of sunshine and times of rain and shadows, when skies are gray and life just don't seem right.

But dear reader remember there is always a silver lining, no matter how dark the clouds may be. God placed the rainbow in the sky for all to see and the golden sunset at the end of the day. So take heart and rejoice God in his holy temple and he rules the night and the day.

Chapter 1

Early Life

Pages 1-4 in the original document

I am going back a few years for a little history and a few things my mother told me when she was a girl. She came from Holland when she was six years old, and they were very poor. They came to live on a farm and worked for a neighbor. They scarcely had enough to eat, so when my mother was ten years old she was sent to a neighbor to work. She had to pick up apples and work in the dry house where they peeled the apples and dried them.

One day she was so homesick she decided to walk home. She could see her home from where she was. She started out and when she reached home her mother sent her back to her place of work all because there was not enough food for the family.

My mother also told me how she mixed the bread by her mother's bedside when she was ten years old. Her mother had given birth to twins¹ and was not at all well, and at that time mothers did not go to the hospital or even have a doctor when their children were born. This is the story my mother told me.

Now I will start way back to when I was a little girl. I remember the place where I was born. It was on a little farm in the township of Newark. I was the oldest of eight children. I remember my father telling me they got me out of a big cabbage. They had cabbage planted near the house. It was there my little baby brother died when he was an infant.

My father was born in the town of Marion, Wayne County, NY, on a farm, and he was the youngest of 13 children. His father was known

¹William and Susan Manhave, twins born 1888



James D. Van Lare, father of Mary Frances, in 1940

as the wealthy Jacob Van Lare.² At that time if anyone owned a farm, no matter how large or small, he was considered wealthy. As a boy, my father went to Rochester with a team of horses, a distance of about 45 miles, with mint oil which they made out of mint.

My parents were married at an early age. My father's parents had both died when my father was very young. After a short courtship my father and mother were married against the wishes of my mother's parents. Nevertheless they were married and went to live on a little farm in the township of Newark and that's where I was born. I arrived on June 25, 1899 on a Sunday.

The first I remember there was the house, which was on a little hill, and a little red barn. I remember the cabbage and potatoes my

²In an 1860 naturalization document, he is referred to as "Jacob Flora." According to the article "Van Lare family hold reunion," *The Williamson Sun and The Williamson Sentinel*, July 17, 1997, "Flora" is "a corruption of the Dutch pronunciation of Van Lare."

father had planted. One day I picked the blossoms off the potatoes which didn't make my father too happy. I remember my first Christmas when Santa Claus came. He rapped at the door and my mother told me to open the door and let him in. He was a big man with a fur coat, white beard, and a rather gruff voice. I was afraid of him. He asked me if I had been a good girl. I told him I had been good. He gave me a little ring and some candy which he took out of a big bag. Then he asked if my little sister was a good girl, to which I replied "yes," so he gave her a little doll, after which he left without another word.

At that time one little gift and some candy was all that we children received for Christmas, and we were very happy. I don't remember whether my parents gave each other gifts or not.

At the foot of the hill was another farm where my father's sister and her family lived.³ As a little girl I remember going there to play with my cousin. She was a little older than I was. One day during the summer there was a bad thunderstorm with lots of rain and hail. My aunt made ice cream out of the hail stones after the storm was over. And a neighbor's barn was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

Way back in the year 1899 people traveled by horse and buggy or by sleigh in the winter. Doctors came to the home if someone was sick or to deliver a baby. All with horse and buggies or sleigh, whichever time of the year it was. The roads were not cleared of snow in winter. Sometimes when the snow was too deep along the road they went through the fields. Mail came by horse and buggy and sleigh. Everyone went to church or to town for whatever they needed by the same means of travel. Most farmers had what they called work horses and a road horse. All work on the farms was done by horses and by manual labor. While my parents were still living on their little farm my mother decided she wanted to plant an acre of onions. Since they

³Margaret Van Lare (1872–1925) and her husband Oren W. Demay (1860–1925) had nine children, including Mary Frances's cousin Nancy Margaret Demay (1898–1984) who was one year older than her.

did not have much on their farm they rented an acre of muck⁴ from a neighbor. Mother took care of the onions after my father had planted them. After a time the weeds got the start of my mother's onions and she was told she would not have many onions. But as luck would have it she got a good crop of both weeds and onions. She made more money off her onions then my father did off the little farm. They then decided to sell the farm, which they did and moved to Williamson, NY.

⁴Farming drained wetlands, or "muck," was especially common for Dutch immigrants, who brought techniques from the swampy low country from which they emigrated.

Chapter 2

The Move to Williamson

Pages 4–7 in the original document

It was a cold day in the month of April¹ when they moved and all by horse and wagon piled high with all their belongings. I remember riding on the wagon with my furniture and a cousin of my mother driving the team. Mother had made some fried cakes and they were in a wooden box by the driver's seat. On the way the driver was hungry so he opened the box, took out some of the cakes and gave me some. How good they tasted. We were all bundled up to keep warm, for it was cold even though it was spring. I do not remember how far it was from the little farm to our new home but at least ten or fifteen miles. At that time there were three of us children: myself, my sister Lula, and my brother Elmer. It was there my sister Lula got homesick and decided to start to walk back home. She got as far as a neighbor who had sheep, and he heard some noise, which he thought was a baby lamb lost from its mother. It turned out to be my sister who was crying. The neighbor picked her up and brought her back home. During the excitement of moving she had not been missed. The house still stands and looks about as it did when we moved there.

One day my sister Lula and a neighbor boy, Stanley Hanby,² who lived across the road, decided to go down the road a little way and play

¹This is probably April, 1904. Elmer Van Lare was born sometime in 1903, and Mabel Van Lare was born while the family lived in the new house in February of 1905.

²The Hanby family was a three-generation household consisting of Joseph G. Hanby (1844–1929), wife Elizabeth A. Yeomans (1845–1928), son Charles G. Hanby (1869–1924), daughter-in-law Mary A. Buckler (1866–1943), and grandson Stanley Joseph Hanby (1899–1954). During the Civil War, Joseph served in the 65th New York Infantry, Company A. In the 1910 census he was listed as the head of the household.

by a spring. There was a drinking tub there where people stopped to let the horses drink. The water was clear and cold. The tub or trough was about two feet deep and about four feet long. Somehow my sister fell in and would have drowned if it had not been for quick thinking on the part of myself and Stanley the neighbor boy. We pulled her out and took her home to mother very wet and cold.

Our new home was a larger house and the kitchen was on a lower floor than the living room. To get into the living room you had to go up steep steps. There was an upstairs as well: one large room which my parents did not use, and a smaller bedroom above the living room. The only heat was a round oak stove in the living room and a cook stove in the kitchen. There were two bedrooms downstairs.

My father worked for Charles Hanby, who lived across the road. It was in their house my sister Mable was born on a cold stormy day in February. My mother was about ready to give birth but was trying to get the house cleaned up a bit, so she told us three to go upstairs and play while she cleaned. I went to the stair door and started up the steps. It was all smoke upstairs. I called to mother but she said for us to go up there and play, for that was steam instead of smoke. I insisted it was smoke so she came to look and sure enough our house was on fire. Just at that time the mailman was passing by and he saw it. He came running and my mother sent me to the neighbor for help. They hurried over and together got the fire out. Sometime during that same night or early morning my sister Mable was born.

My mother was soon up and around again. One morning while she was bathing the new baby by the stove in the living room my sister Lula, brother Elmer, and I were watching. Elmer had a piece of cardboard in his hand and he hit the baby on the head, for what reason I do not know. He was only a baby too and still needed his mother, for when he couldn't get to sleep he would say to mother "[Take] O Me Ma." And Mother would gently rub him until he fell asleep.

I remember how I loved to play with Stanley the neighbor boy. He was my age and an only child so I was welcome to come and play with him. His grandparents lived with them and they were nice people and

seemed to like to have me come to play, for they always had a kindly word or two, and always had candy or a cookie for me. My father worked for the Hanbys for one year. Then we moved away.

Chapter 3

A New Farm

Pages 8–16 in the original document

My father bought a farm about six miles from the village of Williamson.¹ Our mail came from Marion, NY, why I do not know. The farm had several acres of muck, some apple orchards, and the rest was open land and pasture. A few cherry trees, and one sweet cherry tree, which I remember we climbed to the top to get the cherries. A robin's nest was in that tree and she didn't like it one bit when us children got too near her nest. I remember she flew at me.

Father grew onions and planted berries beside corn and potatoes. The corn was for the cows in winter and potatoes for our own use. His main source of income was from the berries and onions. The berries were dried before he took them to market. They dried them on racks about three foot square in a little building about eight or ten feet square and about nine or ten feet high. This he did for several years and then there was a change in the market and they wanted the berries fresh. Then he took them to E. Williamson where they were loaded on the trolley and taken to a factory.

¹James D. Van Lare's father, Jacob, was born in Nieuwvliet, Zeeland, Netherlands in 1831. In 1856, he paid \$1000 for 78 acres of land at what is now 5408 E. Williamson Rd., Marion, NY 14505 ($43^{\circ}11'50''N$, $77^{\circ}08'37''W$), located in the far northeast of the town of Marion, on the border of Williamson and Sodus. One of the conditions of the sale was that all of the manure on the property would be left in place. In 1868, he purchased an additional seven acres, probably connected to this original parcel. He died in 1891 and his son, Abram (born 1868), took over, with the first record of this being the 1900 census. The 1901 American Agriculturist Farm Directory indicated that this parcel was 70 acres, so additional land transactions may have occurred. Mary Frances indicates that the new farm discussed in this chapter is across the street from this property. In 2025, the parcel appears nearly intact at 64.8 acres, and is for sale for \$268,900, including a five-bedroom home.



Postcard dated 1907 of East Main St., Williamson, NY

The onions were all planted with a seeder pushed by hand and when they came up they were cultivated by hand and wed by my parents and a hired man on their hands and knees. They worked hard day after day to keep ahead of the weeds. When the onions were ready to be harvested they were pulled by hand, and laid in rows to dry. Then they were topped by hand with an onion clipper. It was like scissors, only bigger. Put into crates and hauled up the hill from the muck and all dumped into an onion crib. There they were left to cure and harden before being taken to market with horses and wagon to E. Williamson.

I remember one day when my father took some sour cherries to a Williamson factory and I went with him. We only had a few cherries; I don't remember how many but in those days nothing went to waste. On the way home my father stopped at the meat market and bought a link of bologna. He cut it in half and told me not to tell anyone. It was a secret for many many years. We were both hungry and that bologna tasted so good. I could not eat all of my half so father ate the rest of it. How he could eat all that meat at one time I'll never know. I assume he was hungry and had been working hard.

Many interesting things happened while we lived on this farm. I want to try to write about all of them. Some might be of interest. One I remember when us children found a nest of duck eggs. There were thirteen eggs in the nest almost hidden under a wood pile. I stepped on a nail, and the nail was rusty and nailed to a lathe, so the nail and the lathe was in my foot. I limped to mother and she pulled out the nail still attached to the lathe. How it hurt and bled. Mother bandaged my foot and it was soon healed again. We children ran barefoot all summer and even though that nail was rusted there was no thought of a doctor.

The well was where we got the water for drinking, cooking, and sometimes washing clothes. The washing of clothes was done with soft water from a cistern with a hand pump in the kitchen. The cistern was in the basement. It was a wall built up about four feet high, and the water off the roof of the house ran into it. If it didn't rain, the cistern went dry. Then we had to use water from the well and a pump with a chain and little buckets which brought the water up. The water was cold and good. The well was dug by hand and stoned up with stones. In summer there were snakes around the well. Whether they lived in the stone wall around it, or where they came from, I'm not sure, but I do remember them being there. And us children were afraid of them.

The pump itself was made of wood, about 4 feet high and not very wide. The chain and buckets went down into the well when we turned the crank or wheel. And sometimes in the winter it would freeze.

One day my sister Lula and I made some kites. We made them out of newspaper as best we could. Well, we were trying to fly them and my sister tore my kite all to shreds. I was angry at her and hit her. My father saw me and he gave me a spanking for hitting my sister. I resented it, for to me she should not have torn my kite to pieces.

I remember the day my sister got ran over by a team of horses. She was playing in the road, and a wagon and team were going to pick

up meat in the neighborhood. George Verbridge² was driving and in a hurry. He did not see my sister. My mother saw it happen and had tried to stop the wagon by waving her arms, but it was too late. My sister was not hurt, not even a bump or a scratch. She hardly knew it happened. I better explain the meat wagon. They bought pigs, calves, lambs, and maybe chickens too, brought them to the meat market and there they were slaughtered and placed in the meat counter for sale. How they kept the meat cool I do not know.

It was while my parents were living on the farm that I saw my first car and first motorcycle. Some men were working on a building several miles away across the valley and they had a motorcycle. There were two of them and we children could hear them when they started them up on their way home. So we would go sit on the bank by the road and watch for them. What a thrill we got out of seeing those men riding those motorcycles.

The first car I ever saw was the doctor's car. He came to our house when our brother Stanley was born {in 1908}. I remember him driving up our driveway, which was steep, and my sister and brother ran back of the barn to get out of the way. We were afraid he would not be able to stop. The doctor's name was Dr. Lapp and the car was blue, what make it was I do not know.³

I remember the man who came with all kinds of groceries once a week. It was a red wagon with doors on both sides, a team of horses, a seat for the driver, and a big umbrella if it rained, or to keep off the sun in the summer when it was hot. George Verbridge and sometimes Glen drove the wagon and team. My mother bought her groceries from them. They carried most all stable groceries and always had some candy for us children. Sometimes mother traded

²Brothers George (1881–1975) and Glen C. (1883–1947) Verbridge are mentioned in this chapter. They married a set of sisters at a double wedding in 1903.

³Dr. Elwood H. Lapp (1861–1930) was also the vice president of the McKinley Motor Company in Rochester, NY. The company existed for only eight months. Source: "Sours and Snook in a Snarl," The Motor World, Volume XIII, No.1, page 343, June 7, 1906."

eggs for groceries. We always looked forward to the time the grocery man came.

Then I remember another man who came with a wagon and a team of mules. He carried all kinds of patent medicine such as cough syrup, cough drops, medicated soap, and different kinds of medicine for animals. And he always had gum which he gave to us children. Black Jack chewing gum.

One cold wintry day I went to the barn with my father to take the horses out to water. We had to lead them to a spring down the hill in the pasture lot. My father was leading George and he let me lead Maude. We started out through the snow which was knee deep. When we got about halfway down the hill my horse started to run and I couldn't hold her or stop her. I tried to keep up with her, but my father said "let her go," so I let loose of the rope and how she did run and I fell into the snow bank. The well and pump by the barn was frozen.

I also remember helping my father do chores. He had five cows, two horses, and two pigs, some chickens and ducks.

The two little pigs lived under the straw stack in the barnyard. They came to eat in the barn when my father called to them and after eating went back to their nest under the straw stack. They were little red pigs. I helped father cut carrots for the cows. Why and where he got all those carrots I don't know but he had a big pile of them. He cut them up by hand with his jack knife. They must have been good for the cows, for I remember they could hardly wait for him to feed them.

When the men came to thrash the grain, wheat, and oats they came with a steam engine, a water tank, team of horses, and the separator. The engine did not have power enough to pull the separator up the hill so they hitched the horses on it and they pulled it up back of the barn. The men had three meals at our house: breakfast, dinner, and supper, and at times even stayed one night. So thrashing time was a busy time for mother and father and exciting for us children.

I remember one day our neighbor's sheep got out of the pasture and came to our house. There must have been 40 or 60 of them.



An example of a milk wagon, c. 1900—1910, that operated in nearby Wolcott, NY

Mother tried to drive them back home and they all went except one. That one seemed to be lost, for she tried to get into the house. No matter how hard mother tried to drive her away she turned and came back on the porch. After a time the neighbor came and together they got her to go home with the rest of the sheep and lambs.

The milk man came with horse and wagon to pick up the milk. It was set by the side of the road on a platform or "milk block," as it was called. It was put into cans and brought to the creamery where the milk was separated from the cream and made into butter. The skim milk was brought back to the farm and fed to the pigs. How much father was paid for the milk I do not know.

My father's brother, Uncle Abe Van Lare, lived across the road from our house. It was the Van Lare homestead, for it was there my

father and some of his brothers and sisters were born.⁴ We all loved Uncle Abe but his wife {Maria Johanna Clicquennoi, 1867–1923} and her mother {Janneke Tack, 1843–1926} did not like children, so we children never went there. We only went as far as the little hill in the lane, for the house and barn was quite some distance from the road. If the ladies saw us they would come out with a broom and drive us away. They had three children: two boys and a girl. The youngest little boy died while we were living there and I remember seeing the funeral director going there with the black hearse and a team of black horses. The man who drove the horses sat on a high seat all dressed in black with a stove pipe hat. The horses were a beautiful black matched team. Mr. Young was the funeral director and Young Funeral Home is still in Williamson.⁵

⁴While it seems that Jacob Van Lare owned the “Van Lare homestead” from 1856 until his death, he and his family are not found within the 1860 census data for that area, and likewise Mary Frances implies that some of his children were not born there. It is possible that he owned multiple parcels of land, and did not move the family to the “homestead” until a later date. Additional confusion comes from the possibility that Jacob had a first wife, as referenced in the family tree at the beginning of this work. By the time of the 1870 census, the whole family lived on the homestead.

⁵The Young Funeral Home at 4025 Main St., Williamson, NY, is still operational in 2025.

Chapter 4

Starting School

Pages 16–20 in the original document

I was six years old when I started school.¹ They did not have kindergarten at that time. I started right in first grade. How well I remember our first grade reading book. It had a green cover and red nasturtiums on it and the first page was “See Fannie. Fannie has an apple.” Every page had a new word so every day as we learned to read we learned a new word. My first teacher’s name was Susie Johnson. She was a long-time friend of my parents and a good teacher. In school the seats were double. Two students sat at the desk and seat. We shared a place in the desk for our books and pencils. The only heat was a big stove in the center of the room. Mostly wood was used, sometimes coal. The teacher took care of the stove. She had to get to school early to get the fire going to warm up the room before the children got there. At times in winter it was cold in school so we were dressed warm. The drinking water was carried with a pail from a nearby neighbor. Two of the children went after the water each day or whenever the pail was empty. Each one did not have a glass or cup. We all drank from the same long handle dipper.

Some of the older boys were as big as the teacher but she had good control over them. I remember one day the boys were trying to get the best of the teacher. She sent one of them outside after a branch from the bushes outside of the school room. He went after it. She called

¹Mary Frances probably attended Marion-Williamson-Sodus District 10 Schoolhouse. This schoolhouse was somewhere on Owl’s Nest Rd. in Marion. It is not known if it still stands today, as it may have been turned into a residence. Portions of Owl’s Nest Rd. are about two miles from the Jacob Van Lare homestead (across the street from where Mary Frances lived) which is consistent with her description.



Photograph c. 1880 of Roe Cobblestone Schoolhouse, 12397 Van Vleck Rd., Wollcott, NY, about 20 miles from Mary Frances Van Lare's house when she started school. Her school, also with a stove at the center, probably looked similar. Interestingly, this schoolhouse is directly across the street from Youngman Farms, a beef farm operated by one of Mary Frances's great-grandsons.

two boys out in the hallway and there she gave them a spanking with the whip the boy had brought to her. After that us younger children were very quiet, for we did not want a spanking from our teacher.

Sarah Hermenet² and I sat together. Our seat was in the back of the room. One day Sarah and I were looking at some pictures in a picture book. The picture we were looking at was a nest of little birds up high in a tree. One little bird fell from the nest and somehow Sarah and I got to laughing about it. We just couldn't seem to stop. Guess

²The Hermenets were recent arrivals from Groede, Zeeland, Netherlands, having come to the United States in late 1904. The three (of eleven) Hermenet children mentioned here are Jannis "John" (1889–1978), Izaak "Ike" (1893–1986), and Sara (1898–1966).

we made too much noise, for Miss Johnson made Sarah go to another seat. Thus ended our looking at the picture book.

Recess time was a fun time. We played tag and some of the older ones played baseball. Us little ones played tag and in winter what we called fox and geese. We made a big circle in the snow by walking around and around, one behind the other, to make a track. Then we criss-crossed the circle and that formed stopping places. Someone would stand in the center and call out for us to run, but we had to make sure we were at the stopping point at the right time or get caught. We played hide and seek too. Whoever was it counted to ten blind-folded while the rest of the group ran and hid. The it girl or boy called out "ready or not here I come," and he or she would try to find us. If you could get to the goal without getting caught you could hide again, if not you would be the one to do the counting and find those who had hid.

Near the school was a field with a rail fence around it. It was a pasture lot. Cows were pastured there. There were a lot of big stones in the pasture and us children played there. There were a lot of snakes in that pasture lot, mostly little brown snakes, which are harmless. The boys tried to hunt and catch them and they did scare the little girls with them. We used to see how far we could walk the rail fence without falling off too. We built houses along the fence, for there were bushes there which made an ideal place for a house. Near the schoolhouse along the road was a Spy apple tree. It was a favorite stopping place to eat an apple or two and we didn't always wait until they were ripe.

I had to walk about two miles to go to school, and I remember one day in the winter when the snow was deep and the road not a sleigh had been through, so there was not a track. One of the older boys picked me up and carried me to school on his shoulders. He was Ike {Izaak} Hermenet, and is still living today. He must be an old man by now.

One day on the way home from school in winter I found a little kitten in the road. Right by our barn. The little kitten was cold and hungry. I brought it to the house. I took it to the barn. Made a little

nest in the straw and hoped it would live, but next morning the little kitten was dead.

I always went along with father to do chores. In winter when it was still dark he had to take a lantern to the farm. The lantern burned kerosene and you lit the wick which made the light. It was just a little flame of light but enough so father could do chores. My job was to hold the lantern. My father took good care of his horses. He always fed them grain, both winter and summer. One night I noticed the horse, George, did not eat his grain when father fed it and the next morning George was dead in his stable. This was a loss for father, for he depended so much on his horses. And it meant he had to go out and buy another horse, which he did. The one he bought could not compare to old George.

I remember a picnic we had at school one year. Our teacher was Miss Caine. We had her only one year. The day of the school picnic turned out to be a rainy day so our teacher decided to have it inside. We boys and girls all sat in our seats and the teacher along with some of the older girls passed out the goodies. It was at this picnic I saw and tasted jello³ for the first time in my life. Most of us didn't like it. Some of the children would not eat it. For some reason I liked it and ate my dish beside some of my little friends. When I got home I told mother what we had and told her about the jello. She did not know what it could be from the description I gave her. This was in the early 1900's. To-day jello is as common as apple pie.

³Jell-O had gained popularity only recently, as a result of a successful marketing campaign in 1904.

Chapter 5

Strange Happenings

Pages 21–28 in the original document

Now back to the farm and our home again. The house was small. Just a living room, kitchen, and bedroom downstairs. Upstairs, where us children slept, and a small one where our hired man slept. He was John Hermenet and only 16 years old when he started working for our father. One day while mother and father were away my sister Lula and I were playing down by the road on the milk block. This is where the milk cans were set while waiting for the milk man to pick them up. Well, Lula fell off and I assume she hit her head, for she started to cry and turned all blue in her face. The hired man picked her up and thought she died. Of course she didn't, just fainted I guess. Nevertheless, he was anxious to tell father and mother about the accident as soon as they got home.

One summer day a band of gypsies came by our house.¹ There were several wagonloads. Their means of travel was by horse and wagon. There were children, old people, and young people both male and female.

As they were passing by, an old lady with a bright red shawl wrapped around her came to the door and asked mother for a chicken. Mother told her as best she could that they were not for sale. Then she wanted eggs. So mother gave her some. If they didn't get what they asked for they would steal from the farmers. They would take whatever they could get their hands on.

They camped several days just a short way from our house. My parents were happy to have them move on. Where they came from

¹Innumerable reports of “gypsies” appear in newspapers at the time.

or where they went I do not know, or what nationality they were. Maybe from some Indian tribe.²

Our house did not have electricity, running water, or a bathroom. The only light was from an oil lamp. Sometimes they were called "hanging lamps" and hung from the ceiling from a hook. They were really pretty, for some of them had a pretty shade with flowers and little glass things that were about three inches long and a quarter of an inch thick. There were between 20 or 30 of them all around the shade and they sparkled when the lamp was lit. Then there were table lamps too, and some small ones that were used at night to light the way upstairs. They all burned oil. The light came from a wick which was inserted in the oil at the base of the lamp. The wick was lit with a match and burned very slowly.

Our bathroom was a little house out back of the house which was used both winter and summer. We took a bath in a big tub mother used to wash clothes in. The water for our bath was heated on the wood-burning stove.

We slept on straw beds. Mother would get clean straw after the thrasher left to fill the bed ticks³. It was then fresh and clean and lasted until the new straw was again thrashed. They also put straw on the floor under the carpet. This was changed about once a year too. The carpet was wall to wall and tacked down with carpet tacks.

In the winter time the snow was so deep it almost covered our house. The house stood on a bank and a bank back of it so it made an ideal place for the snow to drift. Sometimes we could just see the peak of the barn the snow was so deep. It completely covered the well. Father had to shovel a tunnel to get to the well which was our only drinking water. It was fun to run downhill there with our sleds. And we made snow houses and snow men. When the snow melted in spring the roads were almost impassable. They were not plowed so the horses could hardly travel those roads in spring. On the lawn was a big locust tree. In spring it was beautiful with white blossoms. On

²At the time, "tribe" was a widely-used term to describe a group of "gypsies."

³A bed tick is a tightly woven bag filled with straw, used as a mattress.

the side of the porch was a beautiful wisteria vine. Just full of purple blossoms. Back of the house up on the bank was apple, cherry, and pear trees, and a peach tree too. One day when the peaches were ripe my mother could not reach them. She wanted me to climb the tree and drop the peaches in her apron. Well I did. But I slipped and fell into her apron. Me, peaches, and all. We children had a little wagon that we played with day in and day out. It was a little red wagon with a metal box.

When we were little children it didn't take much to make us happy. What few toys we had were precious to us. We created our own toys. We made houses out of paper and furnished them with paper. We had tin cans for horses and made other animals out of cucumbers mother couldn't use any more. All this and much more is what we played with. One day we were playing on the bed, my sister Lula and brother Elmer. He was just a little guy and still had a bottle. He decided to throw it away. He threw it back of the bed and said "for the rats to eat." That was the end of him having a bottle. Another toy we created was what we called stick horses. This was just a stick that we found and we had one in each hand and walked them in front of us. Those were our horses. If one got broken we could always find another. With these stick horses we made roads in the snow and a whole village all in the snow just by walking with our horses, me leading, all the rest following. In that way we made a road in the snow and our village.

Father decided we needed some firewood for winter so he decided to cut down a big maple tree that was in his way. We all helped, mother too. We took turns with a crosscut saw. First sawing the tree down then trimming the limbs and sawing it up into blocks so father could split it for stove wood. It all seems like a lot of work now but that was his means of getting wood for the cook stove. They burned coal in the stove in the living room.

Most of the fences on the farms were rail fences and stone wall fences. One stone wall fence I remember was along the lane that led to the muck and cow pasture. All along the fence grew poison ivy. And there were always snakes living in the fence. We saw a



Earliest known photograph of both Mary Frances Van Lare and William Abraham Arthur Youngman (back left and right, respectively). This appears to be the wedding of Adrian Peter Van Kouwenberg and Ida Annie Youngman, William Abraham Arthur Youngman's older sister (front left and right, respectively), which occurred on November 20, 1919.

snake or two every day when we went after the cows and went to the muck to work. There was a small wood-color building down the muck where father kept his onion drill and cultivator. It was there that I had to rock my sister Mable to sleep while Mother worked. She slept in a little carriage with steel wheels and the body was made out of bamboo. And lined. I remember rocking and rocking before she would finally fall asleep.

My mother would gather the eggs during the summer months and when she came across a hen that wanted to "set," she would put some straw in a crate or box. Give her ten to fifteen eggs and hope she would hatch some baby chicks. Sometimes the hen would not stay on the nest and mother would put another crate over the top of her for a few days. Usually they would stay on the nest and hatch the babies twenty one days later.

One day mother could not find our brother Elmer. We children used to play we were chickens and "set." We didn't have any eggs to "set" on but made a nest just like mother did. Well, we had "set" Elmer and had put a crate over the top of him and he fell asleep on the "nest." What a relief for mother when she found him safe on the little nest we children had made.

I remember a big mother pig my father had. She had ten little pigs. Father always warned us to keep away from her, for she was mean. She was black and white and the little pigs were also black and white. They were so cute and us children spent a lot of time watching them. Father also had some more pigs in another pen. They were called "shoats" and were for the family to eat during the winter months. They smoked the hams and shoulders, salted the side pork, and made sausages out of the trimmings. It was good eating.

Mother had a garden where she grew vegetables to can for winter use. She canned fruits too, and made jam and jellies. She did all her own baking. They did not buy any baked goods at the store and not much canned goods either. It was all preserved on the farm. Apples were put into barrels about three or four bushels to a barrel. They were made of wood and the apples were put in the barrels and then [faced]. And most farmers had a cider barrel in the basement. When

it was first put in the basement it was sweet but after a time it became hard cider and then vinegar. There was always a dish of apples on the table. And mother would peel them and quarter them for us to eat. How good some of those old-time apples were. There were Fall Pippin, Mann apples, sweet apples, barrel apples, Seek-No-Further, Sheep's Nose, King, and Spy, Greening, Twenty Ounce. Now there are many more new varieties of apples and all good.

Chapter 6

Siblings

Pages 28–29 in the original document

I was one of eight children: four boys, and four girls. I was the oldest of the family. My brother Elmer was the oldest boy. He did not live to be very old. He died at the age of thirty two. He was married, and had a wife and three children. He died in the hospital in Pennsylvania where he was a pastor of the Presbyterian Church.¹ He died December 5, 1935. He is buried in Holland, MI, where his wife Deane {Pelgrim} and children went to live after his death.

My brother Stanley went to live in Michigan. He was married and had one child, a daughter, Mary Ann. He was married to Charlotte Forman and when he died he was active in education. He was director of Alpena Community College which he founded,² and many other activities. He died May 14, 1969 at the Alpena hospital. He was 60 years old.

My youngest brother Olin died at the age of 60 in the hospital at Holland, MI, October 13, 1975. He was married. They did not have any children. He taught school for many years in the Holland school system. He died of cancer.

All the rest of my sisters and one brother are living. James in Hamburg, NY. Lula in La Fayette, NY, Mable in Lake Worth FL, and Gladys in Canadaquia, NY.

¹Reverend Elmer Van Lare was the pastor of the Tionesta and Marienville Presbyterian churches in Forest County, PA. He died five days after contracting influenza, which developed into pneumonia.

²Stanley Van Lare served as president of Alpena Community College (ACC) in Alpena, MI, from 1952–1968. The main administrative building, Van Lare Hall, bears his name.



Mary Frances Van Lare's brothers Reverend Elmer J. Van Lare (left) and Stanley Everett Van Lare (right)

Our father and mother died when in their 70's. Mother died when she was 72 at the Barber Hospital in Lyons, NY, May 16, 1950, and father died in Wolcott Hospital on June 26, 1951. He was 75 years old. They have been laid to rest in Williamson Sunnyside Cemetery, Williamson, NY.

My father never stayed at one place very long. If he could make a little money selling his farm he did so. We children did not like it too well, for it meant we had to change schools and make new friends.

Chapter 7

Marriage

Pages 29–32 in the original document

I grew up on a farm and when I left home and was married my parents were living in Wolcott, NY, and it's there that I was married to a wonderful man, {William Abraham} Arthur Youngman. We were married September 1, 1920, and went to live in Williamson. The first few months of our marriage we stayed with my husband's parents who lived on a farm {in Sodus, NY}. My husband and his brothers [k...] owned and worked a farm together. After a time we moved to a little farm just outside of E. Williamson and it was there our first child was born.

My life as a little child was not much different than it is today. We did not have as much or go any place other than church or school. Social life when I was a child and growing up was centered more or less with the church and its activities. We had Sunday school picnics and moonlight circle, which was made up of teenage girls. We met once a month. There was a prayer meeting once a week and that was for all ages; both young and old went to it. The pastor of the church was in charge. We were happy with our home life and the life of our church.

I have seen many changes since the day I was born. There were no cars, airplanes, or T.V. at that time. There were no tractors on the farms. The fruit trees did not have to be sprayed like they do now. There were not weed sprays for the vegetables. Farmers did use fertilizer, but not as much as they do now. They did not have hybrid¹ seed either but still had good crops. Not on as big a scale as

¹Mary Frances spells this “high bred.”



A 1915 photograph looking east down Main St. from the intersection of New Hartford St., Wolcott, NY, by O. Burton Stacy (1872–1917). In the 1920 census, Mary Frances Van Lare is shown living with her parents at 39 Williams St., Wolcott, NY. This is at most a half-mile away from where Stacy stood when he took this photograph; the steeple shown in the distance is at the intersection of Williams St. and Main St. In 2025, Main St. appears nearly intact. Williams St. appears to consist primarily of its original houses. However, the street numbers have changed, so it is not clear which house would have been No. 39 at the time.

**YANCY-VAN LARE WEDDING
ON WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1.**

A pretty home wedding took place Sept. 1 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Van Lare, Lake avenue, Wolcott, at which only relatives of the bridal party were present. The eldest daughter, Miss M. Frances Van Lare, was married to W. Arthur Yancy, of Sodus.

The bridal party descended the front stairs to the strains of the wedding march played by Miss Ida Cambier, of Williamson, a cousin of the bride. Olin C. Van Lare, little brother of the bride, carried the ring in a white rose. Miss Lula Van Lare, sister of the bride, and Mr. Norman G. Yancy, of Sodus, brother of the groom as bridesmaid and best man preceded the bride who entered on the arm of the groom.

Rev. M. E. Kaster, of East Williamson, performed the ceremony, beneath an arch of oak leaves and dahlias, the flowers and foliage being used as house decorations.

The bride was attired in a gown of turquoise blue georgette crepe, trimmed with silver lace and carried a shower bouquet of white brides' roses. The bridesmaid wore a simple gown of white organdy and carried pink dahlias.

A four-course luncheon was served to seventy guests following the ceremony. The bridal party left for a week in a cottage at Port Bay. After Sept. 15 they will be at home on the groom's fruit farm near Sodus.

Among the prenuptials were a variety shower by an aunt, Mrs. Isaac Van Lare, of Sodus, and a variety shower by Mrs. George Perrin, of Union Hill. Guests were present from Webster, Union Hill, Ontario, Marion, Sodus, Alton, East Williamson and Lyons.

September 9, 1920 article in *The Lake Shore News*, Wolcott, NY, describing the wedding of William Abraham Arthur Youngman and Mary Frances Van Lare. Within the article "Youngman" has been erroneously written as "Yancy."

Possibly Ruth Naomi Youngman's baptism, 1922. Starting fifth from the left is Wilhelmina Catholina Tellier, Mary Frances Van Lare, Ruth Naomi Youngman, William Abraham Arthur Youngman, and Abraham Jongeman (anglicized to "Youngman"). The rest of those pictured are unknown, but the girl on the far right bears a strong resemblance to Laura Adelaide Holbrook, who eventually married Norman George Dewey Youngman.



they do now but for the time they did pretty well and fed their families and the nation. Had some left over for other countries.

After our marriage, and when we went to live in our new little home, we were very happy, even though we did not have much. Our first cook-stove was the one my grandmother had.² We burned either wood or coal in it, mostly wood. I did all our cooking and baking with that stove. It was black and made out of cast iron.

In our living room we had a heater which burned coal. That was also my grandmother's. Our first furniture came from Sodus, NY. We bought a davenport and two chairs, a table, a dresser or two, and kitchen chairs, two rugs, and a bed. The quilts were some I made before we were married, while still at home with my parents. They were pieced and all by hand.

On our little farm which we rented from a neighbor we grew corn, potatoes, and there was a small apple orchard. We had a garden, a cow, a few chickens, and a horse. Our first baby came on October 4th {1921}, a beautiful baby girl. We named her Ruth and her father and I were so proud of her. We had made a little basket all lined with soft material for her bed. She was born at home, for most mothers did not go to the hospital even then for the birth of their children. The doctor came to the home and there was a lady who helped the doctor called a midwife. In our case it was my Aunt Mary {Maria Manhave}.

²Probably Maria Sophia Schapp, who moved after her husband's death in 1920, potentially freeing up the stove.



Youngman family portrait taken in 1930, "at the farm house, Richardson Road, Sodus, NY."

Far back: George L. Perrin (husband of Lillian).

Back row: Adrian Peter Van Kouwenberg (husband of Ida), Catherine Van Deviner (wife of Milo), William Abraham Arthur Youngman, Earl W. Youngman (son of Milo and Catherine), Laura Adelaide Holbrook (wife of Norman), Norman George Dewey Youngman, Raymond J. Youngman, and Cynthia de Hullu (wife of Raymond).

Middle row: Esther S. Perrin (daughter of George and Lillian), Mary Frances Van Lare, Milo Cornelius Youngman, Abraham Jongman (anglicized to "Youngman"), Wilhelmina Catholina Tellier, Lillian May Youngman, and Ida Annie Youngman holding son Lindy (named after Charles Lindbergh).

Ground: Elwin James, Ruth Naomi, and Dorothy Youngman, Eva Van Kouwenberg (daughter of Adrian and Ida), Bernard and Helen Youngman (children of Raymond and Cynthia), Lois Youngman (daughter of Milo and Catherine), Gordon Arthur and Wesley LaVern Youngman, and Evelyn Perrin (daughter of George and Lillian, behind Wesley LaVern).

Chapter 8

More on Growing Up

Pages 32–34 in the original document

There are a few more things that happened while I was growing up and before I left home to start a home of my own. After my father sold the farm we moved to Williamson, NY. He went to work for the Standard Oil Co. while we were living there. There was a ditch in front of our house and we children made little boats to sail on the water. There were little [falls] here and there and what fun we had even though we came home with wet feet many times.

After father left his job at Standard Oil we went to live on another farm. It was on Redman Rd. in the town of Williamson. There were lots of berries for market there, and my sister and I had to pick ten quarts of berries in the morning before we could go and play and ten in the afternoon before play. Since I was the oldest I had to start dinner for my mother, for she was picking berries. While we were living there one of the horses had a little baby. Us children loved that little colt. He was brown with a white star on his forehead. His mother was a dappled gray. We named him Dan, and when father sold the farm he was sold to a neighbor who had him for a number of years. He became a good work horse.

It was here on this farm that on a Sunday afternoon a thunder-storm came up. As I remember it seemed to thunder way in the distance for some time. The sky became darker and darker. I decided to go to the barn and close the doors, for my parents had gone to spend the day with friends. I was home alone with my little brothers and sister. I no more than had the door and windows closed when the storm struck. We were afraid, for it was a terrible storm: thunder, lightning, wind, rain, and hail. Our barn was struck by lightning but did not burn. We children sat by the window in a little huddle and

before our eyes was a chain of lightning and ball of fire. I assume that was when the barn was struck. We asked God to take care of us and he did. My parents were told on the way home about the storm. Where they were the sun was shining. They hurried home after being told about the storm knowing us children were home alone. We were so happy to see our parents come driving in the driveway.

Chapter 9

Parents and Grandparents

Pages 34–38 in the original document

Many years ago across the sea a little girl was born. She was a beautiful baby and grew up to be a lovely lady. Her parents were very poor and could not give her much of anything other than the necessities of life. But they did give her their love and protection. As time passed by the little girl grew and when she was six years old she, along with her brothers and sisters, father, and mother sailed for America. They left behind their home and took only what they could carry to start a new life in a strange land. They could not speak the language, for their home was Holland or Netherlands. The little girl was to be my mother. My grandfather was a courageous man to leave behind the only home he knew to start life in a strange land with a wife and five little children.¹ But he knew he could not support his family the way he hoped to do and so they left.

My mother's parents {Pieter Manhave, 1840–1920, and Maria Sophia Schapp, 1847–1929} were born in Holland and were married there. They lived in a little house with just one room, and my grandfather worked for a farmer who lived nearby. Since they were poor, my grandmother had to work too. She worked at the home of a farmer who was well-to-do. She had to leave the children home and they were locked in the house while she was gone. There were five children at that time. Grandma brought home buttermilk after the cream was churned into butter. From there she made buttermilk pop.² It was made with rice and thickened with a little flour somewhat like a pudding. And she also brought home bits of fat pork after it had

¹There were six children at the time, and all appear on the SS Zaandam I passenger list.

²*Karnemelksepap*, a traditional Dutch porridge.



Painting of the SS Zaandam I, a Holland-America Line steamship, by Andrew Jacobson. The Manhave family (including six-year-old Sara) traveled from Amsterdam to New York City on this ship, arriving May 12, 1884. Their only belongings were listed as “2 trunks, 2 valises.”

been fried so as to take the lard out of it. This is what the family lived on. My mother's oldest brother Abe {Abraham Manhave}, as they called him, had to go out and work when he was eight years old. He watched the cows for a farmer. They did not have a fence to keep the cows in the pasture, just an eight year old boy to watch them and keep them where they belonged. After my Grandfather had saved enough money to come to the US, he got what few things they had together and his family, and sailed for the US where he could take better care of his family. Grandpa's name was Peter Manhave and Grandma's name was Marie. Grandpa lived to be 82 years old and I never knew him when he could walk without a cane. But he managed to work his little farm. He was a little man with blue eyes and a full beard. He smoked a pipe. One day my mother asked him why he didn't stop smoking and he said when you can find any place in the Bible that says I must not smoke I will quit. I remember when he told my mother this. He could not read a newspaper, book, or magazine, but he could read his Bible, which he did every day at the breakfast



Mary Frances Van Lare's parents Jacob D. Van Lare and Sara Manhave, c. 1945



Mary Frances Van Lare's parents Jacob D. Van Lare and Sara Manhave, possibly for their 50th wedding anniversary in 1948. The bottom picture additionally shows (left to right) Mary Frances, Ruth Naomi Youngman, and Ruth's sons Randolph James Philip and Steven John Philip.

table. He went to church every day, weather permitting. And there is where he learned to read the Bible. My grandmother went to church with my father and me. I sat with my grandmother. The sermon was in the Holland language at that time. So I could not understand much of it, but I still went. Grandma always had a piece of candy for me which she very carefully gave to me during the service. It was candy she made and called it sugar speck.³

We always had 4th of July at Grandpa's house, and because I did not like watermelon, which they always had, Grandma had a banana for me. How good it tasted and was a treat, for we did not have bananas very often. All my mother's brothers and sisters came along with their families and after dark there was fireworks.

Grandpa died on the little farm at the age of 82 — 1920. And Grandma moved to town in E. Williamson after his death where she lived until she died a few years later.

Grandpa Manhave was a twin. He had a twin brother who died when he was a young man. Just how old he was when he died I do not know, of what the cause of his death was I do not know. As far as I know he never married.⁴

I remember the horse my grandfather had. It was black, and because Grandpa was lame and could not get around very well, the horse seemed to know, for she would stand and wait patiently for him to get in and out of the buggy. After grandpa died no one could manage his horse. As luck would have it the horse was old and did not live long after Grandpa died.

I remember the big brown dog they had. One day when I was at their home I went to watch grandpa milk the cow and the dog did not like it, so he bit me on the arm. Grandma came running when she

³Sugar speck is a Dutch hard candy made from brown sugar and cider vinegar. Interestingly, some of the only modern references to sugar speck come from the Original Candy Kitchen, a confectionery in Williamson, NY.

⁴Abraham Manhave (1840–1867) married Jozina Risseeuw (1845–1910). They lived in Groede, Zeeland, Netherlands. They had three children prior to his early death, but one died in infancy.

heard me cry. Sometime after that my uncle Orrin Cole⁵ took the dog away, for Grandma was afraid he would bite someone else.

I do not remember my father's parents, for they died before I was born. All I remember is what I have been told. Grandpa Van Lare's name was Jacob {1831–1891} and Grandma's was Frances {Francina Jakoba De King, 1833–1895}. They both died when they were in their 60's. So they did not live to be old. They had a big family and always worked hard. As far as I know they were born in Holland.

⁵Orrin Phillys Cole (1871–1910) was the husband of Sara Manhave's older sister Maria. In 1902, he served as a postal carrier for Williamson, NY.

Chapter 10

Children

Pages 48, 50–62, and 69 in the original document

*Editor's note: some of this content is fragmented and out of order.
These fragments are separated by horizontal rules.*

I have written about our life as children while at home with our parents, about our life after we left home and had our own homes. Now it's time to write about the life of our children while they were growing up and left home.

As you know Ruth was our first child. She grew up to be a lovely young lady. She graduated from high school when she was 18 years old. She soon found a job and went to work at the creamery here in Wolcott. After working there for a short time she and a girlfriend went to Rochester to work. They shared an apartment and worked in a factory. After a time Ruth met and married Robert Philip. They rented an apartment and both worked. Robert at Bausch and Lomb, and Ruth at Kodak. Soon they left the apartment and rented a home. It was there that their first child was born. A lovely boy. They named him Randy. A few years later another little boy came to them: Steven. After the birth of their children they bought a home on Kansas St. in Rochester and it's there that there children grew up. They graduated from high school and Randy was married and died at the age of 25. Steven was married and has two children. Ruth and Robert sold the home on Kansas St. and moved out in the country where they now live. Both are retired.

Wesley was our second child (was born April 29 {1923}) and he was never married and never worked away from home. He helped his father, and was happy working the farm. He loved to go hunting. Not so much for the game, but to be outside in the fields and woods. He was loved by all who knew him and faithful to the very end of his



Youngman family, c. 1944. Back row: Ruth Naomi, Mary Frances, William Abraham Arthur, Wesley LaVern, Elwin James, and Gordon Arthur; middle row: Graydon Allen, Stanley Oliver, and Dorothy Marian; front row: twins Gerald Alden and Garold Arland, Douglas Eugene, and Dallas Arnold.

short life, for he died at the age of 22 in an accident.¹ We miss him very much.

Elwin, our third child, was born in the fall and grew up to be a very nice young man. He was drafted into the Army at the age of 18. So he finished high school in the service of his country. He was in the Air Force,² got his wings in Yuma, AZ, and went to England, and from there his group flew missions over Germany until the war ended. He came home and was home a short time, went on to college, was married and graduated from college, and went to work for Agway. He worked for them for a time, and while working for them two daughters were born to them: Joann and Linda. His wife was Arlene Stubley. After he left Agway he went to work for RG&E where he still works. He also bought a farm here in Wolcott where they live. Joann has married and lives in California and Linda is not married but has graduated from college and works in Ithaca. Joann taught school for a while after graduation from college.

He {Wesley} died in a hunting accident in a little woods far from home, alone with his father. His last words were “take me home before it’s too late.” His work on Earth was finished and God took him to his heavenly home.

...and his brother owned a farm together so that's where the work was.

In the spring we moved to a little farm just a little way from E. Williamson. It was a nice little place: a nice neat house, a small barn, and a few acres of land. We worked the farm. The house was bright and sunny with a kitchen, living room and bedroom downstairs. There were two bedrooms upstairs. Off the kitchen was a room used

¹It was a hunting accident that took place in Noblesboro, Herkimer County, NY, on October 21, 1945, and was widely reported in newspapers throughout the area.

²The US Air Force did not become an independent branch of the military until 1947. During WWII, it operated as the “United States Army Air Forces.”



Elwin James Youngman, c. 1943, possibly in New Mexico, where he is listed as living at the time of Wesley LaVern Youngman's death. The insignia on his right arm indicates he is a corporal.

for storage and a washing machine, although I did not have one at that time. My kitchen stove was one my grandmother had. It was black and made out of cast iron. It had to be cleaned with what we called stove blacking which was like a polish. The living room stove was also cast iron but burned coal. There was isinglass³ all around the outside fire place so we could see the glow of the fire. In the living room we had a davenport, two chairs, a table, and my sewing machine, which was a wedding gift. The bedroom had a dresser and bed, one chair. We didn't have much but we were happy. Our first baby came while we were living in our little farm.

... we did not need and I can remember selling some for 10 cents a dozen. A man came and got them. One year there seemed to be a shortage of eggs and the man that came and picked them up offered me 19 cents a dozen. It was in the fall and the hens were not laying

³Isinglass, also known as stove mica, is a thin, heat-resistant glass used to make stove windows.

many eggs, so I told him I didn't want to sell any more. He begged for those eggs, so at that time there must have been a shortage.

At berry picking time we had four girls from the Rochester area to help pick berries. They came and stayed for three weeks. We had to feed them three meals a day and furnish beds for them. They were good girls but didn't know much about farming and farm life and even how to pick berries. But in time they got the job done, and our berries were picked. After picking, they had to be trimmed so as to have berries another year. I do not remember how much we got for them. They were picked in quart baskets and brought to the canning factory.

As time went by, three little baby boys came to our home and we were so proud of them. It was a busy time for us.

After several years we left the farm and went to live near our muck, which was several miles away. We then just worked the ten or twenty acres of muck. We grew carrots, celery, onions, and one year we had beets. All the work was done by hand and with a team of horses. I remember one year we sold the carrots for twenty dollars a ton. The onions for 60 cents a bushel and the celery for \$1.00 a crate. A crate held 20–30 bunches of celery. And had to be packed in the crate. The onions were topped by hand, so were the carrots. It was hard work and we spent a lot of time working on those few acres of muck. But it was a living for our family and we were happy to be together and work together.

As the years came and went the children grew and started school. Before long there were more children so we decided it was time to buy a larger farm and house so we went to live in Wolcott, NY {at 3027 W. Port Bay Rd.}. By that time, there were six boys and two girls in our family. We still did not have much, just enough to get along with and at times it was discouraging, for even though land was cheap, so were the prices for our products. We sold apples for 15 cents a bushel back then so we thought we might make a little more by drying them, which we did. The apples were pared and sliced and put on a kiln to dry. It took all day to peel enough apples to load the kiln. The apples



William Abraham Arthur Youngman and Mary Frances Van Lare's farm at 3027 W. Port Bay Rd., c. 1953. These photographs are from the camera of their son Stanley Oliver Youngman, wearing red. Mary Frances spent the remainder of her life here. The house still stands.

were dried by heat from a big furnace in which we burned coal. After they were dried, they were put into bags and were ready for market.

During the 1930's, years were hard and we had some problems. Our oldest child had to go to the hospital for an operation. The younger children got sick with childhood diseases such as measles and whooping cough. I became pregnant again and in the month of May {1940} gave birth to twin boys, making a total of 9 boys and two girls. The birth of our twins was an exciting time even for the doctor who delivered them, for he was a young doctor, and our twins were his first. Our little twins were beautiful babies and we were all so proud of them. At the time, all eleven children were here with us. But one by one they left home. Ruth, the oldest, left home to go and work in Rochester and soon two of the boys left for the service, for there was a war at that time. This was in the 1940's. Elwin and Gordon both went to war and both were 18 years old at the time. Wesley who was the oldest boy stayed home to help on the farm. And Ruth was married and lived in Rochester where she and her husband worked.

During the war, life went on same as usual on the farm. There was work that had to be done and food to grow and harvest to keep our country fed and our boys in the service fed and cared for. It was a hard and trying time; even though we as a nation were proud of our servicemen there were sad times too. For many a brave lad lost his life for the sake of his country. They were willing and ambitious to defend their country. They fought for what we as a nation thought was right. And in the end, we won, so it was not in vain.

...our family. Wesley died in a hunting accident. He loved to go hunting just to be out in the woods and fields. Not so much to catch wild game, but for the pleasure of the outdoors. He was so faithful and good to all who knew him. He loved his work on the farm, his parents, and brothers and sisters. We often asked God why, and there was no answer. It was just God's will to take him to his heavenly home. We who were left behind carried on where he left off. He was not married. Twenty-two years old when he died.



Twins Gerald Alden and Garold Arland Youngman playing with kittens, c. 1943

After the war, our two sons came back home. Elwin went on to college and was married. Gordon stayed home to help on the farm, and he worked so hard, and after a few years we had our farm and home paid for. It was a happy time just to know our home was paid for. A home for our children where they could come and go. And one by one they left, which is the way it should be. Some of them left for college, some to start a home of their own. The last ones to leave were our twins. After graduation from high school they both went to college. One to a school where they taught welding and to learn to work on machines. This was Gerald. He loved to work with his hands, and on farms, and he learned a lot about machinery by working on it. After a time he was married and had a home of his own. He worked for a time in Rochester for a construction company. Later he bought a farm along with one of his brothers.

Gary, the other twin, was home for a while but then after an eye operation he too went to college and became an X-ray {technician}. After graduating from college he went to Rhode Island where he got a job in the hospital there. He didn't work there long, for he had

the chance for a job in Sodus, NY, which was near home. He came back and went to work in Myers Hospital and stayed home for several years. After a few years he too was married.

After a time he and his wife Mary bought some land in a little woods and built a log home which is beautiful. His brother helped him get the outside work done, but he and Mary did most of it. As the years came and went he worked to make his home more beautiful ... beside being faithful to his work in the ...

Both Stanley and Dallas were in the service too. By the time they went the war was over. They both had two years of service. During the time they were in the service they were both married. Doug also served two years and married after service. Graydon went to college and became a school teacher. He was married after graduation. Dorothy did not go to college. She was married and gave us 10 grandchildren. She went to live on a farm and that's where she brought up her family.

As the years went by life on the farm became more and more complicated. A good farmer had to be a salesman, a mechanic, and a vet. He had to know about spray material and different kinds of weed sprays and chemicals, the different kinds of fertilizer and how to use them.

After a time there was a large dairy added to the farm. That meant we all had to build a silo for feed for the cattle during the winter months. One silo was enough for a while, but as time went by and more cattle was added we had to build the second one. Which all meant more and more feed had to be grown and more work. With the help of our own family we managed. The milk was sold to a dairy nearby and had to be delivered daily. It was put into milk cans and placed in a cooler then loaded on a pick-up truck and brought to the dairy. At that time the price was good and we had some nice pure-bred Holstein cows, so we made good with the dairy. The boys did the milking with the milking machines...

Youngman family at Mary Frances and William Abraham Arthur's 50th wedding anniversary party in 1970. Standing: Elwin James, Gordon Arthur, Harold Arland, Gerald Alden, Douglas Eugene, Graydon Allen, Stanley Oliver, and Dallas Arnold. Seated: Ruth Naomi, William Abraham Arthur, Mary Frances, and Dorothy Marian.



Chapter 11

Short Fragments on Children

Pages 39–47, and 49 in the original document

Editor's note: Mary Frances's discussion of her children in these pages is mostly illegible due to the poor quality of the photocopy. Short fragments are shown here, separated by horizontal rules.

Dorothy is our fifth child. She was born...January 2 {1929}

...

and then met and married Fred Crane of Red Creek. After they were married they went to live on a farm on Dutch Street in Wolcott. Ten children were born to them...

...{Stanley} went on to college. He graduated from Alfred University and then was married. He married Georgia Smith. After their marriage he went to Cornell University for three years. After college he was drafted into the service. He then went to work at M&T Bank in Buffalo. He worked in this branch for several years and then decided to go into...

Graydon is our 7th child. He was born in Williamson on January 9 {1933}. After he grew up he graduated from high school and went on to college. He graduated from Oswego College and taught school several years. After a few years of teaching he was married to Millie DeBack. They went to live in Pennsylvania a short time and then to Purdue where they both teach school. They bought a farm...

{Doug}... went into the service. After two years in the service he came home, bought a farm, was married to Joan Burghdurf. ... new farm where they now live. Joan is a music teacher.

... marriage, {Dallas} was drafted into the service. He went to Georgia and served as a military police {officer}. It was in Atlanta, GA, that their first child was born. After two years they came home and worked his father's farm, after that he and his brother bought a farm.

Gerald and Gary are our 10th children making a total of 11.... Gerald was born first, so I'll write about him first.

...

{Garold} was married to Mary Dreany, had two children, and died on July 19, 1982 of a heart attack. He was 42 years old and [greatly] missed by all of them.

Chapter 12

Lake Worth, FL

Pages 64–68 in the original document

As time went on, our family had all gone on to homes of their own. Arthur and I bought a little house in Florida where we spent the winter months. We had been on little vacations for only a few days at a time when we went to Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and we also went to Canada and to Michigan where two of my brothers lived. Then too we took a long trip to the West Coast¹ with Arthur's brother Norman and his wife Laura. We were gone almost a month that time. Gary was the only one at home then. We had a nice time on all the trips that we took and I am thankful that we could go together and see some of the wonders of God's world.

When we went to Florida we drove our car. They were nice trips and we always enjoyed the ride there and back. Before we bought our little house we stayed wherever we could find a place. Sometimes all we had was a room. We had to go out for our meals but we still enjoyed it so much. We traveled the state of Florida from east to west to north and south and stayed at times in the central part of the state. So all in all we saw much of the state. I must say at the present time it has changed so very much since we first went there; the South grows by leaps and bounds.

Our little home is in Lake Worth and it is bright and sunny. We had to do some work on it. We painted the inside and the outside. Also a new roof. For the kitchen we bought a new stove, washing machine, and refrigerator. One new bed and several new chairs. There is still much to do there and in time it will be done.

¹They drove as far as Alaska.



William Abraham Arthur Youngman and Mary Frances Van Lare's house at 218 N. O St., Lake Worth, FL, c. 1970. Seated are grandchildren Kay Annette Youngman (left) and Joy Onnalee Youngman (right), daughters of Stanley Oliver Youngman.



William Abraham Arthur Youngman and Mary Frances Van Lare at their 50th wedding anniversary party in 1970

Outside we planted orange trees, grapefruit, and tangerine. We also bought a pine tree for the front lawn. Someday we hope to do more work on the house and lawn.

There was a garage there too which we had to take down. The roof was gone on it so we took it down, carried all the old lumber out to the alley where the city picked it up and took it away. We weren't so sure they would, but they did. Then a friend told us about a little metal building we could have by taking it away and taking it down. Well we did. We took it down and rebuilt it where the old garage stood. We had to put it all together and paint it. So now we have a nice little building for storage.

We bought the house in the 1960's. We had to go to Rye, MA, to buy it. That's where the people lived who had it. It was owned by an old lady who could not care for it by herself so she was...with her daughter who was looking after the place. The old lady was in the hospital at the time and she was the wife of a doctor who passed away. After his death she stayed in the house alone until she could no longer care for herself. That's when the daughter decided to sell it.

We made many new friends while we were in Florida. After a few years Arthur got sick and had to go to the hospital for a gall stone operation. He was in the hospital almost a month. In the spring we came home, we were no longer driving our car. We flew down to Florida and also flew home. That same year Arthur had another operation for a hernia at Sodus, NY. So he wasn't very well that year. Then he found out he was diabetic...years together in Florida were ended.

Chapter 13

Final Thoughts

Page 63 in the original document

From the time I was a little girl I saw many changes. I remember the first car, first airplane, radio, the first jet airplane. Many changes in the field of medicine, as well as chemicals and fertilizers, the hybrid seeds, and pure-bred cattle, as well as horses, hogs, and chickens. New kinds of fruits and vegetables, many other things. Many changes took place while our children were growing up in the field of farming as well as industry. No longer any use for horse and wagon and doing things by hand. Farms are worked with tractors, grain is cut and threshed by combine, all in one operation. No longer hauled to the barn and threshed later. Even some of the fruit is now harvested by machine, vegetables too.

Large factories have been built, airports for the big jet planes, shopping malls and the super highways for the many cars and big tractor-trailer trucks. The cities have grown by leaps and bounds. Big hospitals have been built with all the latest modern equipment. The best money can buy.



W. A. Arthur Youngman and Mary Frances Van Lare, c. 1943

There have been many books written about famous people. How they lived and how they died. I do not profess to be a writer but I will try to make my book as interesting as I can so the reader will be able to understand about the life I lived as a child as I grew up.

