



DUTCH-AUSTRALIAN GENEALOGY GROUP

NEWSLETTER May 2020

Welcome to the Newsletter of the Dutch Australian Genealogy Group for May 2020

I hope your family has been able to navigate the social isolation restrictions and keep well physically and mentally during the COVID-19 crisis. It is pleasing to hear that our compliance with these restrictions has seen a decrease in the transmission of the virus and that gradually we may be able to see them relaxed. We look forward to seeing our members return to regular meetings. We are fortunate that in the year 2020 we can meet with people virtually and communicate instantly with those not in the same room. So, as the government sets restriction on our social interactions, we can still undertake many of our normal routines from home.

Unfortunately, the meeting for May had to be cancelled and at this stage the August Meeting is still uncertain, but we will keep you informed.

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FIGHTING EPIDEMICS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



Every day at two o'clock we receive an update from RIVM about the latest (mortality) figures for the coronavirus. During the plague epidemics of the seventeenth century, the population was also well informed about the number of deaths.



1655-1656. At that wooden house the dead were reported, and their numbers kept. In the middle of Dam Square, the busiest part of the city.

MULTIPLE EPIDEMICS

The plague regularly spread through the city in the seventeenth century. It was probably mainly the bubonic plague, which was spread by infected rat fleas. Growing global trade was good for prosperity, but it also had a downside: it caused the rapid spread of infectious diseases. In the port city of Amsterdam, where ships (and thus rats) came and went, it was hit again every so often. Plague epidemics raged in 1599, 1601/1602, 1617, 1624, 1635/1636, 1655/1656 and finally in 1663/1664. No less than 10% of the population died during each epidemic. The disease disrupted the whole of society, many inhabitants fled the overcrowded city for fear.

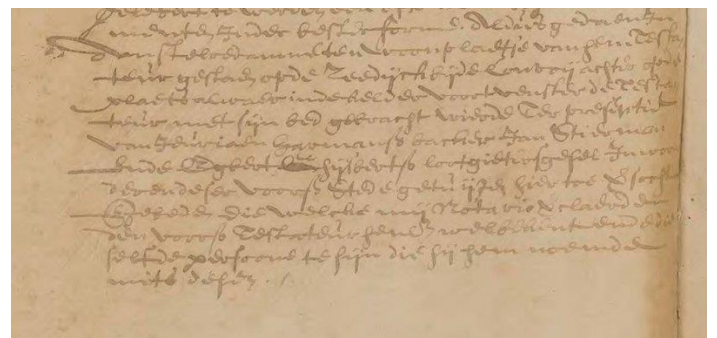
ENTHRALLED

It was not known exactly how to contract the plague. The seventeenth century did not yet know about bacteria and viruses, but learned through damage and shame what worked and what did not. That you could counteract contamination by keeping isolation and distance, for example. That advancing insight is probably why the plague disappeared from the city over the century. It was thus realized that ships were an important source of contamination. If they had been in areas of plague, they would be banned. That also happened the other

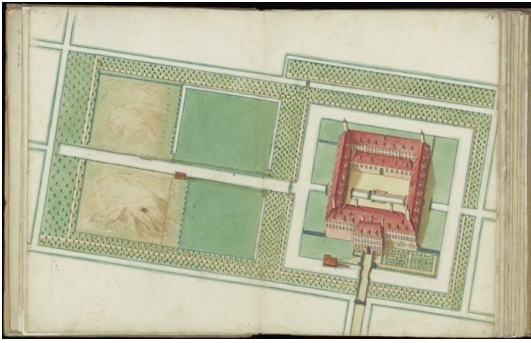
way around. During the last Amsterdam epidemic of 1663, the Italian city of Piacenza banned everyone who had been in or near the city.

SOCIAL DISTANCING

Amsterdammers also realized that 'social distancing' could help. If plague had been detected in a house, the residents had to hang a bunch of straw with three bands around it on the facade. That way everyone knew you shouldn't go in there. Notary Laurens Lamberti made a will at the end of November 1629 for the sick boat companion Frerick Nonnesz. The pictured section shows that he remained outside the building and that the plague's bed was placed near the basement window.



PLAGUE DITCH



A year later, in 1630, a new Plague House was built at the Overtoomsevaart, approximately at the current Tweede Constantijn Huygensstraat. Unlike previous plague houses, it was located far outside the city gates. The imposing building was built around a courtyard, through which a small moat ran. Plague sufferers could be rowed from the Binnengasthuis through the Pestsloot (now Bosboom Toussaintstraat) to the Pesthuis. As a result, contact with other Amsterdammers could be avoided.

LONG PROCESSIONS

The sick and their neighbors were also not allowed to visit markets, churches and inns. In 1558, Amsterdam issued a bullying mark that also declared other places where many people gathered to be off limits. That was not easy. For example, mourning or shrouds were seen as important sources of infection, but in the meantime family wanted to be present at funerals. And they were numerous. The above print by J. Lamsveld shows how during the epidemic in 1663/1164 several funeral processions were present on the Dam at the same time. In the middle you can even see a man who seems to have the task of managing the various funeral processions.



WHITE STICK



Another label stipulated that a plague sufferer and his housemates had to carry a white stick of a cubit (about 70 centimeters) in length so that they were recognizable as contagious. When we look at the human-studded Dam scene again, we see a man with a white stick studying the hanged death lists (?) To the left of the wooden house. And on the far right in the busy square is another man with a white stick. He walks alone, behind him a little boy runs away. This can be seen even more clearly in the original painting from 1656 by Lingelbach. It places the bustling, bustling Dam scene in a disturbing perspective. Was the painting perhaps also intended as a warning?

<https://www.amsterdam.nl/stadsarchief/nieuws/epidemie/>

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THE MOST BIZARRE SHORTAGES IN HISTORY

<https://www.ranker.com/list/strangest-shortages-in-history/stephanroget>

Amid the COVID-19 outbreak of 2020, it shouldn't come as news to anyone that markets will occasionally run short of something, and not just the staples like food, water, and toilet paper - sometimes it's a lot stranger than that. The 21st century has already witnessed a kimchi shortage, a hazelnut shortage, and the brief disappearance of all Twinkies, and that's just a sampling of the many items humanity has temporarily run out of in the wake of recent mitigating circumstances. These shortages can come in many forms and be incited by wildly different events. The world is simply running out of certain products, like helium for party balloons, which has led to an ongoing dwindling of availability that will probably never be reversed. Other shortages, however - like a memorable incident in which Russia ran out of vodka for an entire day - are a lot sillier, though not without their own degree of seriousness.



IN 1946, A SHORTAGE OF BRUSHES TO PAINT HOMES IN AUSTRALIA LED TO ‘OPERATION PIG BRISTLE’

A lot of military missions have silly-sounding codenames, but “Operation Pig Bristle” truly lives up to its strange title. In 1946, Australia found itself in a housing boom but suffering from an extreme shortage of paintbrushes with which to paint all those new homes - which led to the RAAF’s No. 38

Squadron being given a surprisingly dangerous mission to rectify the issue.

With China descending into a civil conflict, as well as being largely unmapped and difficult to access by air, the RAAF sent three planes on several missions to transport 25 tons of pig bristles - an important

component in paintbrushes - back to Australia from Chungking over the course of two weeks. The mission involved one stretch of flying 1,100 kilometers from Hong Kong to Chungking uninterrupted. Operation Pig Bristle was a success, and the housing boom continued.

Photo: The Argus at Melbourne/Wikimedia Commons/Public Domain

IN 1958 AND AGAIN IN THE MODERN ERA, HELIUM SHORTAGES DEFLATED BALLOON AVAILABILITY

The world is simply running out of helium, and has been for some time - and there’s a lot more at stake than birthday balloons. The first major shortage occurred in 1958, and was notable because it necessitated the balloons at the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade being filled with air and toted around on cranes.



More serious shortages have occurred over the first two decades of the 21st century, with three major events grabbing headlines, most recently in 2019. And it’s a problem that doesn’t appear to be going away, with helium currently being processed at only 14 different natural gas refineries worldwide - and with most of those facilities falling behind in their ability to produce the substance. That’s bad news for birthday party planners, as well as those who use fiber optics, MRI machines, and airbags, all of which require helium.



IN THE 1500S, BRITAIN RAN OUT OF FIREWOOD

The firewood shortage that rocked Britain in the 16th century isn’t a very mysterious one, but instead a simple case of deforestation. With an increase in demand for the other uses of wood products - namely ship-building, paper production, and building construction - the Brits started cutting down more trees than their limited forests could regrow in a timely fashion, leading to a firewood crisis that soon

affected much of Europe.

At the time, firewood was of significantly greater importance to the average person than it is today, with the average British citizen being almost entirely reliant on it to heat their home. This shortage led to many deciding to take their chances in one of the new North American colonies where timber was still abundant, and there are some who credit the firewood shortage with the eventual birth of the United States of America.

DURING WORLD WAR II, WOMEN HAD TO IMPROVISE STOCKINGS WHEN NYLON WAS NEEDED FOR MILITARY EQUIPMENT LIKE PARACHUTES

Nylon stockings hit the scene at the 1939 World’s Fair and became an instant sensation, with millions of sales made over the next couple of years - until the United States



entered WWII in 1941 and nylons became yet another casualty. All nylon was set aside for the production of parachutes, ropes, netting, and other essential goods, and stockings were suddenly in short supply. Substitutes like so-called “liquid hosiery” just didn’t do the trick. The demand became so intense that a nylon underground market developed for the duration of the conflict. When rationing ended in 1945, the response was so dramatic that “nylon riots” broke out across the country, with consumers desperate to get their hands on a new pair of hose.



IN 2010, WHEN THE COST OF CABBAGE SKYROCKETED, SOUTH KOREA SUFFERED A SHORTAGE OF KIMCHI

In 2010, a bad growing season in China led to a worldwide shortage of napa cabbage. It was a particular problem for South Korea, where napa cabbage is an integral ingredient in the country's national side dish: kimchi.

Made with a spiced and fermented cabbage, kimchi is such a staple in South Korea that many citizens eat it daily, so this shortage hit hard. As

kimchi prices skyrocketed - leading some to dub it “geum-chi,” or “goldchi” - the government stepped in to suspend import duties on cabbage. Others experimented in making kimchi with other ingredients, though this typically didn’t prove satisfactory.

DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, PAPER WAS SO SCARCE THAT MILL WORKERS COULD BE EXEMPT FROM MILITARY DUTY

During the American Revolution, as the use of paper in newspapers, books, and elsewhere ramped up significantly, shortages of paper became commonplace.

When the Stamp Act of 1765 required that all material published within the colonies be printed on stamped paper, thus increasing the already inflated cost of paper, it was just one more reason to declare independence.

Paper shortages became an everyday issue that was not taken lightly. Having previously imported much of their paper from Europe, Americans were left to produce their own. Several states poured funds into the expansion of the industry, and some introduced rules by which trained paper makers and mill workers could be exempt from military duty - if they kept their brand-new nation rolling in sweet parchment.



IN 2018, KFC RAN OUT OF CHICKEN IN THE UK
When your company name (well, before it became known only by an acronym) has the word “chicken” in it, running out of the bird in question can be a major problem - as it was for KFC in the United Kingdom in 2018. The shortage was entirely internal - the result of KFC UK & Ireland switching delivery contracts to DHL, leading to mass delays in chicken shipment and the temporary closure of 600 restaurants. As KFC tweeted out to its UK customers at the time, “The chicken crossed the road, just not to our restaurants.” The company also mentioned that “The Colonel is working on it,” and indeed he must have been - as the shortage only lasted a short while and soon KFC was back on its feet, though not without eating its fair share of criticism in the process.



IN THE 1800S, MEDICAL SCHOOLS IN SCOTLAND FACED A SHORTAGE OF LEGALLY SOURCED CADAVERS

Legislation in 1823 dramatically reduced the number of legal executions in Britain, which is largely considered a positive - unless one was in the field of medical research. The law at the time ruled that medical students were allowed to work only with the cadavers of those who had been executed, so fewer executions quickly led to a shortage of available cadavers - and some gruesomely creative solutions to fill that need.

With medical schools offering ever-increasing amounts for cadavers - with few questions asked - several enterprising individuals took to robbing graves and selling the cadavers. When demand grew for fresher specimens, however, prospective cadaver-sellers turned to outright slaying to keep the supply strong. Two particularly infamous individuals, William Burke and William Hare, suffocated at least 16 people over the course of two years and sold their cadavers for approximately 10 pounds each.

When they were caught, Hare rolled over on Burke, and Burke was sentenced to hang - after which his body was given to the Edinburgh Medical School for anatomical research in one of history's most fitting punishments.

BAD WEATHER THAT LIMITED GRAZING TIME IN 2011 LED TO A BUTTER SHORTAGE IN NORWAY

Norwegians received a nasty gift for the 2011 holiday season - a shortage of butter, one of their most beloved national products. The dearth of the delicious spread came after an inordinately wet summer that affected all of Scandinavia, resulting in lower-quality animal feed and thus lower milk productivity among the region's cattle.

While the butter shortage affected other Scandinavian countries, like Sweden, it was felt most strongly in Norway, where one government-controlled co-op, Tine, produces 90% of the nation's supply. The end result was an entire holiday season in which butter showed up

sporadically on store shelves and was quickly snatched up by eager consumers, leaving everyone else with unbuttered Christmas buns.



IN 1973, A JOKE BY JOHNNY CARSON RESULTED IN A TOILET PAPER SHORTAGE

Even when the approximate origins of a supply shortage are known, narrowing the event down to a singular cause is typically an exercise in oversimplification. That is not the case, however, with the 1973 toilet paper shortage in the United States - which was the result of *The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson* and its opening monologue by host Johnny Carson: "You know, we've got all sorts of shortages these days. But have you heard the latest? I'm not kidding. I saw it in the papers. There's an acute shortage of toilet

paper". The country was already experiencing a commercial toilet paper shortage, but Carson's team of writers took some liberties to craft a few fairly innocent jokes about a general shortage - leading panicked consumers to take him at his word. When TP started flying off the shelves and stores ran out of stock, it only reinforced the narrative that the country was in the midst of a genuine shortage. Some stores began rationing, which further heightened tension, until Carson himself took to the airwaves to apologize, saying, "I don't want to be remembered as the man who created a false toilet paper scare. I just picked up the item from the paper and enlarged it somewhat... there is no shortage."

IN 2012, AFTER HOSTESS BRANDS WENT BANKRUPT, PEOPLE HOARDED TWINKIES

When Hostess Brands Inc., the maker of Twinkies and other cherished American treats, announced bankruptcy and closure in 2012, consumers made a mad rush to their local supermarkets to get their hands on the cream-filled pastries before they were gone for good - no doubt motivated in part by the mythology of Twinkies' unlimited shelf life. Most stores quickly sold out, and customers eagerly bragged to the media about their hoarding of Hostess goodies, but the entire golden-brown rush proved to be an overreaction. Hostess and all of its brand holdings, including Twinkies, were purchased out of bankruptcy by the private equity firms Apollo Global Management and Metropoulos & Co. in 2013, and the snacks were back on store shelves by the summer.



DURING WWII IN BRITAIN, NO ONE HAD BANANAS BECAUSE SHIPS TO IMPORT THEM WERE USED BY THE MILITARY

Everyone had to tighten their belts due to rationing in WWII. Because the ships that would typically transport fruit from the warmer climes of the world to Europe and North America had all been co-opted into the military effort, yes, there were no bananas. Though they were already one of the most popular fruits in the world, bananas almost completely disappeared from store shelves throughout the entire conflict; the only supply came from soldiers who managed to sneak a few with them when they returned home. Children born shortly before or during the conflict didn't end up seeing their first banana until 1946 or later.

IN 2011, THE JAPANESE TSUNAMI LED TO A SHORTAGE OF HIGH- QUALITY TAPE FOR FILM AND TV STUDIOS

A specific type of high-quality tape, Sony's HDCAM-SR tape, has been used for a large portion of film and television production worldwide, and the product used to come from one factory only in Miyagi, Japan. That proved disastrous to the film industry in 2011 when an actual disaster, in the form of a now infamous earthquake and subsequent tsunami, caused massive damage to the facility. When the news hit, various studios and production companies started buying up all the remaining stock of Sony tapes at greatly inflated prices, leading to an almost immediate shortage that couldn't be quickly rectified. Once Sony got the factory back on its feet, it was back to business as usual - albeit with a greater impetus to find alternative methods of recording.



IN 2017, CHRISTMAS TREES WERE SCARCE DUE TO THE RECESSION OF 10 YEARS EARLIER

The shortage of Christmas trees that struck the United States is still unfolding today, but it actually has its origins in the nationwide recession that lasted from 2007 to 2009. Those tough economic times convinced many in the agricultural business to greatly reduce how much they planted, but when your product takes a decade to mature, as is the case with trees, the impact of such a decision won't be felt for

years. The US has already moved on from that recession - and possibly into another - and Christmas trees are now being planted with regular frequency again, but that can't save the crops that weren't planted in the past. By the 2020 holiday season, it is hoped that tree stocks might be back up to previous levels.

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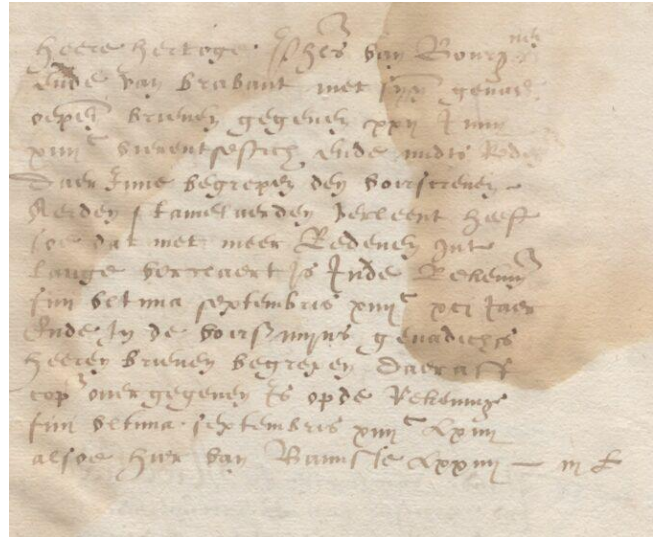
QUICK TIP – DON'T STOP LOOKING WHEN THEY'RE DEAD

Yvette Hoitink

Sometimes, relevant records are produced long after the person of interest is dead. Here are some examples:

- An estate may remain undivided during the surviving spouse's lifetime. The records of how the estate was divided and who the heirs were might be decades later.
- A record may have been copied at a later time, for example as part of court proceedings or a chartulary. The original record may not survive, but the later copy might.
- Land records may include details about the provenance of the land. Other land transactions were initially recorded privately, and only later copied into public records.

For an example of a much newer record providing relevant evidence, of my line back to Eleanor of Aquitaine, where a record from 1574/1575 describes the original grant in 1346 by the Duke of Brabant to his bastard brother Jan van Blaesveld. This record, created more than two centuries after the fact, became part of the proof argument to prove the parents of Jan van Blaesveld.



1574-1575 steward's accounts

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VAN GOGH PAINTING STOLEN FROM DUTCH MUSEUM DURING CORONAVIRUS SHUTDOWN



The painting Lentetuin, or Spring Garden, by Vincent van Gogh is seen in this handout picture released by the Singer Laren Museum, on March 30, 2020.

Thieves stole a painting by Dutch master Vincent van Gogh early on Monday from the Netherlands's Singer Laren Museum, which is currently closed to the public because of the coronavirus.

The painting *Lentetuin*, or *Spring Garden*, which dates back to 1884 and depicts the garden of the rectory at Nuenen, had been on loan from the Groninger Museum.

"I feel incredibly angry and now I'm starting to feel sadder, too," Jan Rudolph de Lorm, director of the Singer Laren Museum said in an interview.

He appealed to those who had taken the painting to treat it with care "so that sooner or later it can be shown to the public unharmed."

Van Gogh, who struggled with mental illness throughout his life, was staying with his parents when he painted *Spring Garden*. His father worked as a minister in Nuenen. Mr. de Lorm described the painting, which depicts a woman in a garden with red-flowered bushes and with a church in the background, as “an image of silence, of reflection and of tranquillity, which undoubtedly offered him comfort and inspiration.”

“Through him, it gave us and our audience the same emotion,” Mr. de Lorm added.

The museum, located in the town of Laren to the east of Amsterdam, has appealed for the swift return of the painting, which has been added to Interpol’s list of stolen artworks.

In a statement, police said the thieves had entered the museum by breaking its glass doors at around 3.15 a.m. “The culprits were gone by the time police responded to the alarm,” the statement said. Investigators are searching for security footage and witnesses, and are examining forensic evidence, it added.

Dutch museums have been closed because of the coronavirus outbreak since March 12.

Hilde Verweij Published March 30, 2020

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150 MILLION YEAR OLD VOLCANO UNEARTHED ON DUTCH SOIL



In the area of the North Sea belonging to the Dutch, deep under the soil, in a layer called the subsoil, lies a 150 million year old volcano, discovered last week.

Of course, the volcano had to be inaugurated in some way, and was therefore dubbed Mulciber (a.k.a. Vulcan), after the Roman god of fire and volcanoes. The volcano was detected by the Geologist Survey of the Netherlands, part of the Netherlands Organisation for Applied Scientific Research (TNO), NU.nl reports.

During the intermezzo between the Jurassic and Cretaceous eras, the volcano was active, and after millions of years, the bubbly, firing mass began to cool.

INVISIBLE FOR YEARS

Although data on the area has been available for years now (in the 80’s volcanic ash and basalt that are derived from volcanoes was discovered), the volcano remained undetected, as researchers believed the material came from another volcano lying 100 kilometres away.

How did a volcano end up in good ole Holland?

According to NU.nl, it happened during the breaking up of Pangaea, the earth’s supercontinent which existed during the Paleozoic and Mesozoic eras. The breaking up of the continent caused fractures on the earth’s crust, resulting in volcanoes.

ARE THERE MORE?

Some volcanic rocks have been discovered at other drilling sights, which means that there are likely more century-old volcanoes lurking about underneath the ground.

And maps indicate where there is a high chance that a volcano exists. So stay tuned, perhaps some more volcanoes will be discovered in the coming time.

<https://dutchreview.com/news/dutch/150-million-year-old-volcano-uneearthed-on-dutch-soil>

did you know?™

The loudest sound ever heard on Earth was the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883. The Indonesian volcano ruptured the ear drums of sailors 40 miles away, and people 3,000 miles away reported it as "a distant roar of heavy guns." To put that in perspective, it would be like sitting in Boston and hearing a noise that came all the way from Dublin.



CAN'T FIND A DEED? HERE 30 TIPS!

<https://www.yory.nl/waarom-kan-ik-die-akte-niet-vinden>



You are so driven to expand and organize your collection of evidence, but sometimes you just can't find the deed. The frustrations are then extremely high. Despite all the tips, why can't I find that deed? I have already looked in all possible places, what am I doing wrong?

Rest assured; I often ask myself this question. I have learned from experience the pitfalls in this area.

But unfortunately, despite knowledge of the sources, tips, working method, step-by-step plan, and crashes,

there are always deeds that you will not find.

Or they are not yet available online - then it is only a matter of time. But if they are lost - you will never find them again.

30 TIPS TO FIND RECORDS

In any case, I have listed these 30 questions (and the solutions for me) that hopefully can get you started.

GENERAL: YOU WILL NOT GET SEARCH RESULTS IN DATABASES

- **Check the spelling.**
- **Try all variants, Morison, Morrison, Morisson, Morrisson, and of course the jokers; Mor * is * on, or even Marison.**
- **Use all search options, see also these Google tips. Especially think 'out of the box '.**
- **If available, use the ' phonetic, or sound like' option. Morison can also be pronounced Marrison (with Scottish accent).**
- **Is it really Maria Elisabeth or could it possibly be Elisabeth Maria?**

"We usually seek our happiness the way we look for our glasses, which are on our noses."

- Francoise Droz

MAYBE THE PERSON WAS BORN ONE DAY EARLIER?

- **A date of birth may have been mistaken. Search a few days earlier. Check the tables.**
- Was the person reported later than 3 days?**
- **Birth and death declarations must take place within 3 days, but sometimes this was deviated from due to circumstances. Check the tables.**

IS THE PERSON MENTIONED IN THE ANNUAL TABLE?

- **Check both the one-year and ten-year table. Both DTB books (most) and the Population Register have annual tables.**

IS HE IN THE TABLE, BUT DOES THE NUMBERING NOT CORRESPOND TO THE DEED?

- **Then there is a (common) writing error. Everything was transferred manually. Try to find variations or well before or after the date.**
- **Please note, the V mark after a number means the Next page = back of the page. In the past, a page number was not left-right but front-back.**
- **The table does not always have a deed numbering.**

HAVE YOU ACCIDENTALLY LOADED 2 PAGES TOO FAR INSTEAD OF 1?

- **Happens to me regularly. I click a little too enthusiastically and I go through a page, so I miss 6 deeds.**

ARE YOU LOOKING AT THE RIGHT PLACE TO LIVE?

- **If you have searched 10 deeds in Amsterdam in a row, and the 11th is in Groningen, chances are that you are still looking in Amsterdam.**

Tip: Step into a painting from the Golden Age

ARE YOU LOOKING IN THE RIGHT BOOKS?

- If you've searched 10 birth certificates in a row, and the 11th is a death certificate, chances are you're looking through the habit in the birth books.

IS THE DATE BEFORE 1700?

- Keep in mind that Europe has switched to the Gregorian calendar from 1700, that saves 10 days!

Is there a writing error in the table?

- Theunis can also be Teunis, Biekart can also be Bikart, or even Pickart. These names then have a different place in the alphabetical list.
- Certain surnames-families were known to the official, but many (writing) mistakes were made, including the Y or IJ.
- If so, always make a note of it in the respective profile. Also make sure you organize your deeds well.

IS THERE PERHAPS AN ERROR ON THE PERSON FAMILY CARD?

- This is more common than you think, even if typed with a typewriter, there may be errors. Check with other sources and check as often as possible.

DOES THE ORDER OF THE BRIEF BOOK (CHRONO) MAKE SENSE?

- The order of notebooks is almost always on the declaration date, but some books (in Amsterdam) are in order of the event date, which is different from the declaration date.

WAS THE FAMILY CATHOLIC?

- If so, maybe the birth was not registered in the birth register because there was an illegitimate child? In addition, the Population Register was not trustworthy in the early days of its existence. Also look for Zouaves among Catholics.

WAS YOUR ANCESTOR A POORTER?

- Search the gate books of Amsterdam, or of other cities.

Tip: Facebook Live: about family tree research

ARE YOU LOOKING AT THE CORRECT LINE IN THE DEED?

- In a deed several names are mentioned: the official, the declarant (is not always the father), the witnesses and the name of the born or deceased person.
- Take a good look at the structure of the deed, because this has been amended several times over the centuries.

ARE THERE PERHAPS SEVERAL NOTEBOOKS OVER THE SAME PERIOD?

- In a large city, there were multiple counters to register births, marriages, and deaths. So, this happened in several books at the same time. Also check the other books (registers).

CAN'T FIND A PERSON CARD?

- Take a look at the personal cards of the partners or children. Their cards may contain information about their family members. Also take a look at home cards.

DO YOU HAVE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES FROM FAMILY MEMBERS?

- Maybe the missed person will be listed as a witness, with the leads you need.

WAS THE COUPLE MARRIED AT ALL?

- There were also many couples who lived together and were therefore not legally married.

HOW ABOUT SEARCHING THE MILITIA REGISTER?

- If it is a man, then look at the militia registers, whether he served in the army of Napoleon, or perhaps he was a Zouave?

HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED AT NOTARIAL DEEDS AND FUNERAL RECORDS?

- There are some special sources where you can find the date of death.

HERE TIPS ON HOW TO SEARCH FOR NOTARIAL DOCUMENTS.

Tip: Join for free on a family tree forum

IS THERE PERHAPS A MISSING VILLAGE?

- Is the place still up to date? Did that person perhaps live in a missing village? Also take a look at the local archives.

ARE THERE STILL LIVING FAMILY MEMBERS WHO HAVE MORE INFORMATION?

- Use your software and forums to find people who have the same people in their family tree as you. Maybe this is a living family that can give you the right information.

COULD THE PERSON HAVE A CAR?

- Then look in the license plates registers.

IS THE PERSON IN AN OLD TELEPHONE DIRECTORY?

- Browse old telephone directories, you don't know where your luck is!

HAVE YOU CHECKED WHETHER THE PERSON'S PRAYER CARD EXISTS?

- There are hundreds of thousands of prayer cards available online, maybe your person is among them?

IS IT PERHAPS A FOUNDLING?

- However, it is a deadlock because foundlings were hardly registered.

IS THE CHILD NOT REPORTED AT ALL?

- It happened that people just forgot or didn't get around to it? You cannot find what is not there. **BUT PERHAPS THE CHILD WILL LATER BE MENTIONED ON THE FAMILY CARDS.**

ARE YOU LOOKING IN BELGIAN ARCHIVES?

- Keep in mind that in Belgium the surname starts with the prefix in the index. So, then you search for De Boer, from Anraad.

HAVE YOU EVER EXAMINED OTHER FAMILY TREES?

- There are so many family trees online today. Search and you may find a hit.

DO YOU SIT AT YOUR COMPUTER AT HOME?

- Go to the archive! Great chance if you physically go to the archive that you come home with a trophy.

(Zouave: a member of a light-infantry corps in the French army)

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WHAT IS A KROKET (OR CROQUETTE)?

The common English translation of *kroket* is croquette. A typical Dutch croquette is made of meat ragout (or *salpicon*) covered in breadcrumbs and deep-fried until golden and crispy.



HISTORY

The croquette originated in France and it was in 1898 that Monsieur Escoffier, the founder of the classical French Cuisine, together with the help of Monsieur Philias Gilbert started to write down the recipe, but according to Johannes Van Dam, who was a well-known food expert in the Netherlands, the Sun King's chef was the first to describe them in writing. In fact, Van Dam tracked down a French recipe for croquettes dating back to 1691, while the earliest Dutch recipes supposedly come from the 1830s. Even the

name kroket was taken from the French - from *croquer*, or 'to crunch'.

It's possible that France's King Louis XIV was one of the earliest fans of the kroketje. Many people think of the kroket as a quintessentially Dutch delicacy,

Croquettes gained in popularity in the Netherlands in the 18th century, when French food was all the rage in the Lowlands. And, while their origins are French, what is typically Dutch is the way these treats are consumed today.

After World War II, several suppliers started mass-producing croquettes filled with beef. The croquette (kroket or kroketten in Dutch) subsequently became even more popular as a fast food; meat ragout covered in breadcrumbs which is subsequently deep-fried.

As with any product, all this mass production has meant that the quality has suffered, and the delicacy has gained a reputation for being filled with meat of dubious quality.

Its success as a fast food garnered its reputation as a cheap dish of dubious quality, to such an extent that Dutch tongue in cheek urban myths relate its "allegedly mysterious content" to offal and butchering waste. Research in 2008 showed that 350 million kroketten are eaten in the Netherlands

every year. An estimated 75% of all Dutch people eat them, resulting in 29 kroketten per person per year on average, being the 2nd most popular Dutch snack after the frikandel. The major consumers are between 35 and 49 years old.

Kroketten are often mass-produced and bought ready-made from fast-food chains and snack bars and consumed as street food in the Netherlands. The Dutch love their kroket so much that McDonald's even created a burger with a kroket-patty called the McKroket. People also purchase frozen croquettes at supermarkets and pop them into the deep fat fryer at home

TYPES

The broodje kroket, a soft white bun with a deep-fried croquette and mustard, is a Dutch lunch-time favourite. In addition to classic Dutch croquette flavours, such as beef- or veal croquettes, there are other flavours like chicken satay or goulash, as well as a host of croquette-shaped concoctions, with fillings such as Indonesian-inspired bami noodles (also called bamibal) and nasi rice (or nasibal), as well as potato croquettes. The bitterbal, a small round version of the croquette (usually made with beef or veal), is a popular bar snack.

The success of the croquette led to a whole series of food products resembling the croquette, but with other types of fillings, such as noodles, rice and kidney, and with names like bamibal, nasibal, and nierbroodje instead of croquette. Variants of the croquette which specify the kind of meat can also be found, like rundvleeskroket (made with beef) and kalfsvleeskroket (made with veal). Also popular in Dutch snack bars are the satékroket (where the filling consists of a peanut satay sauce and shredded meat in a ragout) and the goulashkroket. A smaller round version of the standard beef or veal croquette, the bitterbal, is often served with mustard as a snack in bars and at receptions. Potato croquettes and potato balls (similar to potato croquettes, but small and round) can be bought frozen in most food stores. There are many variations of croquettes on the market, and just about every culture has developed their own recipe. Every day, new recipes are formulated and something new is invented and created. With the input of different cultures, the original recipe has taken itself into many directions, different applications and ingredients. From the original beef croquette it branched out into, salmon croquettes, fish, chicken, vegetarian and many other versions of croquettes.

Source : Internet



MAURITSTOREN - DEN HAAG, NETHERLANDS

The location of the world's first telescope demonstration.

Today, very few people would describe the telescope, more similar to modern binoculars, as a terrible weapon or an instrument that gives an unfair advantage to the generals who have one. Yet, this is exactly how the telescope

was first described when a pair were demonstrated on top of the Mauritstower.

The tower itself was constructed during the early 1600s and was strategically important for many years. These days, it's used as part of the parliamentary structure that houses the Dutch government. The Mauritstoren is a tower on the southwest side of the Binnenhof (The Hague) . It was built around 1600 on behalf of the States of Holland and West Friesland for Stadholder Maurits van Oranje . The Mauritstoren contained the living quarters of Prince Maurits.

It was on September 25, 1608, that Hans Lipperhey came to Den Haag to demonstrate his newly invented farseer. He could not have chosen a better moment as the dutch king was hosting a large group of world leaders to discuss the 80 Years War. Among those in attendance was Frederik Hendrick, the future leader of the republic, and Spinola, a famous Italian general. Because of this, knowledge of the telescope spread all across Europe in a matter of weeks.

The oldest known binoculars were demonstrated on this tower in 1608 by the eyeglass maker Hans Lipperhey to a company consisting of - at that time still count - Maurits van Nassau, his half-brother Frederik Hendrik and the Spanish army commander Ambrogio Spinola . This happened during the peace negotiations for the Twelve Years' Truce , which would start the following year. Prince Maurits also watched the execution on the Binnenhof of statesman and council pensioner Johan van Oldenbarneveldt from this tower in 1619 . Under Prince Maurits and Frederik Hendrik, the Mauritstoren has been expanded into the stadholder's quarter, which is now part of the building complex of the Senate of the States General . The stadholder's quarter was a palace, which was located at the Binnenhof and was taken into use by Maurice in 1585 when the Binnenhof became the seat of the States General.



Mauritstoren with observatory, photographed by M. Hille around 1860. The 'dome' was demolished during the renovation of the former stadholder's quarter around 1870

In 1756, the court physicist Samuel Koenig (1712-1757) took the initiative to set up an astronomical observatory on the Mauritstoren. A small octagonal wooden 'dome' was erected at the end of that year for the storage of some astronomical instruments. [2] This stadholder's observatory was founded at a time when people were preparing all over Europe to observe a comet's return predicted by Edmond Halley . When the astronomer Dirk Klinkenberg (1709-1799) observed a new comet at this observatory in September 1757, the excitement was great. Klinkenberg himself soon proved that his comet was not Halley 's famous Comet . It would only be discovered a year later. After Koenig's death, the dome was reinforced in 1761 and decorated slightly differently under the direction of the philosopher and optics expert Frans Hemsterhuis . Klinkenberg remained the chief observer, although he does not always seem to have obtained the cooperation of the court. Klinkenberg's last known observation attempt at the stadholder's observatory dates from November 1782, when he and Christiaan Hendrik Damen (1754-1793) attempted to observe the Mercury transition , which failed due to clouds. [7]Because of his meritorious observations, Klinkenberg was appointed stadholder's astronomus in 1783, an honorary title, which was first awarded to the Middelburg astronomer Jan de Munck in 1747

In the Batavian period, the Hague observatory was again used by Johan Pieter Fokker , who had come to the Binnenhof as 'representative of the people of Zeeland' in 1797. Before that he worked as a Lecturer in Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy at the Illustre School in Middelburg. In The Hague, Fokker was a year later part of the Executive Government , which was deposed during the coup of June 12, 1798. After a short stay in Zeeland, Fokker returned to The Hague to help with the introduction of the metric system . During this time, he used the Hague Observatory to continue the

astronomical observations he had previously made on one of the towers of the Middelburg abbey. In 1805, he was formally appointed as a Lands Astronomist. Two years later, Fokker published about a comet observation he had made at the Hague Observatory, and his 'Heliometric observations concerning Jupiter and Saturn over the years 1803 to 1821' appeared in 1823. These observations were carried out in The Hague until 1810, and then in Axel, where Fokker had established himself as a doctor that year.

Meanwhile, an investigation in 1818 into the suitability of the Hague Observatory for the installation of a large mirror telescope showed that this location was completely unsuitable for this. After Fokker, therefore, no astronomical observations have been made at this observatory.

In 1831, shortly after the Belgian uprising, the Hague observatory was still set up as a semaphore, or as the end point of a series of optical telegraphs according to a system devised by the engineer Antoine Lipkens. The events in the Southern Netherlands had made the government understand that a fast communication system was urgently needed. Optical telegraphs previously trained in French had fallen into disuse. Lipkens now designed a simpler system consisting of six large round panels, attached to horizontal shafts protruding from the towers scattered across the country. Due to the smart way of operating the 'Lipkensit' was the fastest optical telegraph ever designed. With the advent of electric telegraphy, this system became obsolete after 1845.

The tower has a solid oak staircase. On the first floor of the Mauritstoren there is a room that is furnished as a dining room under Stadholder Willem V. This space has long served as a cabinet for ministers who had to be present in the Senate for a debate. On many occasions negotiations were held in this chamber in the context of a cabinet formation. The chamber is currently used as a fraction chamber of the CDA fraction in the Senate.

On the second floor of the Mauritstoren is now the officials' room for officials who support ministers during debates in the Senate. Since 2014, the reading cabinet of the Senate has been located on the third floor. On the fourth floor is a room of equal size.

Behind the Mauritstoren, the meeting room of the States of Holland and West Friesland was built by the architect Pieter Post in 1655. This room has been the meeting room of the Senate since 1848. The flags of the Netherlands and the European Union flutter on the roof of the Mauritstoren on days when the Senate meets.

Source: Wikipedia

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"TROUBLE IN THE BRAIN"

Home care. The reception of the mentally ill in the 17th and 18th centuries

By Martje aan de Kerk



Lifelong, solitary confinement in cold and dark Dolhuis cells. It is a sad picture that comes to mind for most people when they think of dealing with insane people in earlier centuries. That impression needs adjustment.

In July 1710, the merchant Isaac Rodriguez had the notary record statements from a tenant, two house servants, and two minuses about the behaviour of his wife, Rica de Souza Britto. Rica was stricken with a violent form of "evil insanity". Her anger focused on him and the children. For example, she had vowed to hit her husband on the head with a

stick or, worse, cut her throat, threatened to set the house on fire, and harboured delusions about the devil who had taken possession of her. body. All witnesses stated that they were aware of Rica's situation because they lived or worked in the house.

The situation became acute when Rica came out of her bedroom in the middle of the night and banged on the door of her husband's room, screaming she wanted to kill him. He did not open the door and, furious with anger, she went to the room shared by the maid, the girl and the children. She threatened to do the same to them if they didn't open the door. The girl admitted. Rica shouted, "Give me a cleaver, I'll break open his door and cut his throat with it." She got the knife, but still couldn't get to her husband. Finally, she calmed down a bit.

So everyone in the household feared for their life. The servants and the tenant stated that it was impossible to live with her under one roof and that measures were needed to avoid a disaster. It is unknown how it ended. Did Rica end up in the



Dolhuis, the place where raging insane people could be safely locked up?

The Amsterdam Dolhuis was founded in 1561. The population of Amsterdam grew in the mid-17th century to more than 200,000 inhabitants and the number of places in the Dolhuis grew from 11 at the opening in 1569 to about 90 after the umpteenth expansion in 1765. These are no large numbers. The vast majority of people with mental health problems did not end up in the Dolhuis at all. The family was the most important place people could fall back in times of adversity; 'home care' was the most accepted and socially desirable option. Insane people were mostly received in the family and turned as good and as bad as it went in the daily routine of the family - and therefore also in public life.

NETWORK

The notarial archive of Amsterdam is full of documents that record how Amsterdammers cared for their mentally ill relatives. In 1702, fourteen people made a statement to the notary about the behaviour of one Jan van Bemmelen. They did that at the request of his brother-in-law; they were Van Bemmelen's neighbours and friends, a tenant, domestic workers and a doctor. Jan was completely senseless, they said, mad and furious, he had been in this state for a number of years and his behaviour only worsened.

With his behaviour, Jan caused great unrest in the neighbourhood. Day and night he was ranting and keeping everyone awake. He also threatened people on the street. He had caused a fight in the local cafe and he had entered the Oude Kerk, where he behaved inappropriately and made obscene gestures. In one of his moods, he had thrown stones from the window at people on the street and, to top it all off, a brick to the head of his sister, who had given birth too soon as a result.

Jan had also been treated by a doctor, who declared him "unmedicable," after which he was outsourced to a surgeon who also failed to improve. * And a caretaker had soon asked the family to take Jan back out fear of the safety of his own family. When the document was drawn up at the notary, Jan had been living with his brother-in-law and sister for months. However, his behaviour was so excessive that the family could no longer guarantee the safety of anyone who came into contact with him. He needed constant supervision - and sadly, his brother-in-law and sister couldn't take care anymore.

The deed shows that all kinds of people were involved in caring for such insane people. In addition to family, neighbours and friends, employees and employers, housemates (tenants, servants) and doctors, such as doctors and surgeons. A much larger social network than just the immediate family cared for the insane. They formed a system of support and control, in which they helped in the care and at the same time also determined which behaviour was still socially acceptable.

The greatest role remained for the family, especially for parents and husbands. In most cases they took the initiative to have a document drawn up and also paid the notary. This often concerned the organization of care, even after the death of the informal caregivers. Jannetje Jacobsdr. in her will

from 1603 two executors testamentary. All her children received *f* 92, - from the inheritance . The executors had to sell the rest of her property so that the proceeds could be used to support “her silly son Jacob” until his death. Heijndrick Evertsz. did something similar. In 1620 he arranged with the notary that his cousin would take care of his "innocent" daughter Geertgen (although they had to discuss the compensation sometimes).

REPUTATION

The Dolhuis and home care were not the only options for care and treatment. Often the family hired a special babysitter or outsourced the lunatic to a "houman" or "houwoman", usually from the congregation, who took him or her in. Doctors, surgeons and pharmacists were also called in for medical treatment, such as Jan van Bommel, whose family called in the doctor Anthonij van Thiel. Unfortunately, what the medical treatment consisted of was not mentioned. Targeted medical care was certainly possible, according to five notarial contracts between the doctor Joseph Celle and family members of another insane person. Celle cared for, treated and housed this patient in his own home. That was normal practice at the time; the doctor thus became responsible for both the medical care and the safety of the person.

Help was usually sought because the insane's behaviour created an unsafe and unsustainable situation, but that was not the only reason. The fear that someone would harm themselves or that he was no longer able to take care of himself or his family were also reasons for taking steps. Threatening suicide was an additional problem, because suicide was a big taboo. Fear of accidents, such as arson, also prompted action, as did fear of reputation damage to the insane, the family and the neighbourhood. Insane people simply did not follow social and cultural conventions - and a good reputation was essential.

However, it was only when the behaviour worsened to such an extent that the family and the social network could no longer cope with care, that the help of the city government was requested, and the request to be admitted to the Dolhuis or another urban institute. Forced admission to the Dolhuis on the Kloveniersburgwal was not the rule, but the exception. Moreover, such a request was a complex process, which took several steps. First, a petition had to be submitted to the mayors, and only after a professional judgment did they decide on admission.

DISEASE

Richer Amsterdammers had other options. In 1768, Adriaan Valckenier, ships and descendant of a patrician family, was declared insane. He wanted to shoot his wife Sara Valckenier-Vultejus, but the bullet missed target. A second gun he aimed at himself and failed again. The attempt to strangle himself with his own tie also failed. An aunt, the servants, the hastily called doctor Cornelis de Famars and a surgeon calmed him down and gave him "fellow-psyche and a victim". He was placed in custody.

Doctor De Famars ruled that Valckenier was "brought into a state of danger to sigselve and others by far-reaching melancholy and that his person ought to be secured." Two months later, the entire aldermen's college visited the patient, who was “very wild and gants not present in his raisonnement”. He had committed his act completely out of his mind, and had become "a useless creature for living together," said the gentlemen.

Valckenier did not end up in the Dolhuis: his family bought two adjacent pleasure gardens outside the city, at the Pestsloot (now Bosboom-Toussaintstraat), where he lived in a house for seventeen years. The Claude Combe and Marie Agnes Natalis couple were appointed as caretakers; they had to promise to treat him with the utmost gentleness. This provision is not unique: in the course of the 18th century, insanity was increasingly seen as a medical problem. Insane people were entitled to compassion and help. A shift that fits within the morality of the Enlightenment.

PITY

From the 18th century, more and more people involved expressed their pity in the deeds. Take the family members of Jannetje Anceaux. They declare in 1701 that "to their sadness and heartfelt sorrow, Jannetje had been suffering from a disease and a heavy brain for almost four years now,

immediately after her childbed." Or take Jan Calf, who writes in the request for admission for his family friend Anna Catharina Cruisveld, that she was brought to his home eight days ago with the help of two cruisers with the help of his most painful sorrow and that she is in a most sad state of insanity. They are words that indicate that insanity in 18th century eyes was a condition for which people affected by it merited pity, because it could happen to anyone.

Martje van de kerk is a medical historian. She graduated on 18 september at the university of amsterdam on her research madness and the city. Interactions between the mad, their caregivers and urban society in amsterdam, rotterdam and utrecht, 1600-1795 . She is now researcher at the faculty of sciences at the open university.

** doctors or doctors ('doctores medicinae') had academic training and were affiliated with the medicum collegium; surgeries are at the surgery guild and were trained through the way (student master).*

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**ON THIS DAY IN 1944, 800 GYPSY
CHILDREN ARE GASSED AT
AUSCHWITZ**
by Steve Balestrieri

During the Holocaust, it wasn't just the Jews who suffered at the hands of the Nazis although they bore the brunt of the racism and extermination at the hands of the Germans and their allies during World War II.

The Gypsies were also persecuted during the reign of Hitler and his henchmen.

The Nazis at their death camp at Auschwitz gassed 800 children including over 100 boys between the ages of 9-14 on this day. How

could this ever be allowed to happen?

The Gypsy people were hated by the Nazis, the definition of what constituted a Gypsy to the Nazis was often the same as what constituted a Jew in the racist writings of the Third Reich. As early as 1937, the roundup of Gypsies was beginning in Germany.

The Germans did little to conceal their murderous plans. In 1937, Dr. Robert Ritter, a racist with a medical degree gave a presentation in Paris on what would be the racial definition of Gypsies as the Reich considered Gypsies "asocial." In December of 1937, Heinrich Himmler issued a decree that provided grounds to arrest people, not for committing crimes but for being "asocial."

The Nazis confined Gypsy (also known as Roma) families at Lackenbach beginning in 1939. Yet, the rest of the world turned a blind eye to what was happening in Germany in the plight of the Jews, the Gypsies, and others. Once they began to acquire more territory, the Jews and Gypsies were quickly targets for elimination by wandering groups of Einsatzgruppen or forced deportation to the camps. In

late 1941, over 30,000 German gypsies were deported to Poland. At the same time there were over 5000 Austrian Gypsies deported to the Lodz Ghetto, then the Chelmno death camp where they were all gassed in early 1942.

In Vichy France, the Secretariat for Jewish Affairs rounded up thousands of Gypsies and many were shipped them off to Dachau, Ravensbrück, and Buchenwald. Some 15,500 died in the Nazi camps while 40,000 survived in the French internment camps.

In Croatia, the locals were only too happy to help the German invaders carry out their murderous plans. They targeted the Jews, Serbs, and Gypsies and out of 27,000 that were rounded up, over 26,000 died. Other figures put the number much higher, close to 90,000.

In Italy, the Italians balked at rounding up Gypsies, but after the German occupation some of the Italian Roma were rounded up and sent away, but most however escaped. The Hungarian Roma fared

little better. Over 30,000 were sent to the death camps and there, 27,000 were murdered and never returned. A rate of 90 percent.

It was in 1943 that the Germans began moving all of the Gypsies, (Roma and another group called Sinti) from the labor camps to Auschwitz.

In a bizarre twist, in one of the camps in Auschwitz, BIIe the 6000 Roma were allowed to live as families. Inside, the Gypsies, despite the deprivation and brutal nature of the guards would play their music, and have circus-like performances. But a disease manifested itself there in the inmates, Noma, which has symptoms similar to leprosy. It was then that the Germans decided to eliminate the entire 6000 Roma in the camp. They separated over 1400 that could work and sent them to labor camps and the remainder were murdered by getting gassed.

Yes, it wasn't just the Germans who carried out these heinous acts, but the Austrians, Romanians (a German ally), Croatia, Vichy France, and others were just as complicit in helping the Germans deal with their "Gypsy Problem."

So great was the bias against the Gypsies in Germany, that after the war in 1950, the Gypsies sought reparations from the German government. However, they would get no compensation for their suffering or brutal murderous treatment at the hands of the Nazis like so many other victims of the Holocaust did. Approximately 1.5 million Gypsies were murdered by the Nazis and others during the war. And yet their suffering went unheeded.

The German government, in its decision, stated that "Gypsies have been persecuted under the Nazis not for any racial reason but because of an *asocial and criminal record*." This slight was not rectified until 1979 which by then had seen many, if not most of the survivors passed away.



ABOUT STEVE BALESTRIERI Steve served as a Special Forces NCO and Warrant Officer before injuries forced his early separation. He writes for SOFREP and covers the NFL for PatsFans.com and his work is regularly featured in the Millbury-Sutton Chronicle and Grafton News newspapers

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THE POLISH DIVISION THAT HELPED LIBERATE THE NETHERLANDS



It was 29 October 1944 and the people of Breda were celebrating. They were finally free after suffering years of occupation under Nazi Germany. Their liberators were the soldiers from the Polish 1st Armored Division led by General Maczek. While most people know that British, American, and Canadian troops were involved in the liberation of Holland, few know that the Poles also played a major role in the last days of WWII in Holland.

How the Polish troops ended up in Holland is a special story. Nazi Germany's occupation of Poland lit the fire of resistance in many Polish people who wanted to fight for freedom. Emigrant children, refugees from labor camps, escaped war prisoners, and soldiers who managed to escape after the fall of Poland were brought together to form the Polish 1st Armored Division in Great Britain in 1942. In August 1944, the troops entered the war, fought in Normandy and then advanced through Belgium to Holland. They engaged in heavy fighting during the Battle of the Scheldt and suffered great losses during the Battle of Kapelsche Veer in West Brabant around New Year's Eve 1944. They were not the only Polish unit fighting the Germans in Holland. Their compatriots in the Polish 1st Independent Parachute Brigade were sent into action as part of the Allied Forces' attack on the occupying German forces during Operation Market Garden.



Polish paratroopers during Market Garden

THE LIBERATION OF BREDA

The Polish 1st Armored Division liberated Breda from the German occupiers on 29 October 1944, and the people of the city welcomed the soldiers with joy. After suffering years of occupation, citizens welcomed their liberators with open arms, posting notes with the Polish translation of 'Thank you Poles' in the shop windows.

Breda remains grateful to the Poles to this day. Traces of the Polish forces can still be found when strolling through the city. One such example is the German Panther tank at the Wilhelmina park that was donated to the people of Breda by the Polish 1st Armoured Division in 1945. It now commemorates the special relationship between Poland and Breda.

Breda was not the only city liberated by the men of the Armored Division. They advanced all the way to East Groningen via Germany, liberating several cities along the way. In Emmen and Made, monuments still stand in commemoration of the bravery of the Poles in their fight to liberate Holland.

On 21 September 1944, the Polish 1st Independent Parachute Brigade under General Stanislaw Sosabowski was dropped over Driel. Their orders? To support the British 1st Airborne Division north of the Rhine.



The mission experienced its fair share of problems, especially since the Polish parachute section was delayed due to bad weather conditions. Some of the transport planes carrying 500 Polish paratroopers were turned back but some of the aircraft did not receive the message that the mission had been aborted and flew on. Even under heavy fire from German anti-aircraft guns, they managed to drop the Polish soldiers. To make matters even worse, the ferry to cross the Nederrijn near Driel had been destroyed. In the days that followed, a number of

Polish troops managed to cross the river in rubber dinghies while sustaining heavy enemy fire. Those who managed to get across went to reinforce the exhausted British forces at Oosterbeek. However, the situation soon proved untenable and, in the night of 25 September, the British and Polish soldiers withdrew from Oosterbeek and crossed the Rhine.

Despite their courageous action, the Allies wrongfully accused the Polish General Sosabowski of causing Operation Market Garden's failure. It was not until after his death that he received the recognition he so richly deserved. More than one hundred Polish soldiers died in the offensive, and the National Monument on the Polenplein in Driel commemorates those who fell. At De Polen van Driel Information Center, you can discover the whole story of the men who persevered so bravely despite the many obstacles they faced.

HOLLAND'S BIGGEST POLISH CEMETERY

More than 160 soldiers from the Polish 1st Armored Division and 1st Independent Parachute Brigade were laid to rest at the Pools Militair Ereveld (Ettensebaan 30, Breda), Holland's biggest Polish cemetery. Stanislaw Maczek, the commander of the Polish Armored Brigade, also lies here. He passed away in 1994 at the age of 102, and his last wish was to be buried with 'his' soldiers.

<https://www.holland.com/global/tourism/holland-stories/liberation-route/follow-in-the-footsteps-of-the-polish-liberating-force.htm#>



LEAVE IT TO THE DUTCH

THIS 182-SQUARE-FEET NETHERLANDS HOME HAS EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO LIVE A GOOD, HAPPY LIFE

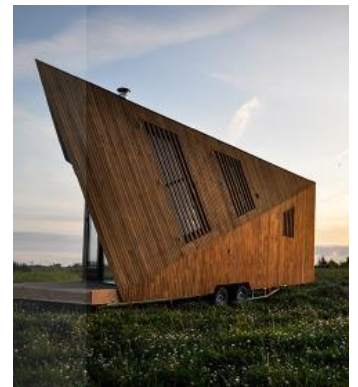


Many of us hope to reduce our carbon footprint but only a few are able to truly achieve it. Here's a home in the Netherlands, designed by Gijs Coumou and Gijsbert Schutten of Liberté Tiny Houses, that defines how future houses should be built—minimally with just enough space to live comfortably.

Its design inspired by a leaf, this tiny home in Netherlands conceptualised by Gijs Coumou and Gijsbert Schutten, shows that a dwelling with a small square footage can be cosy, enjoyable and comfortable too

INSPIRED BY MOTHER NATURE

Just like any other project, the design process took shape as per the needs and requirements of the client. In this case, the client was passionate about the outdoors and loved walking, hiking and camping in and around the forest. “Our client came to us with just one ‘simple’ request: a tiny house with an organic feel and one which would fit in a forest. The shape of the house was inspired by a leaf. If you fold a leaf, it will fold around the grains and create lines—this was our main inspiration,” says Schutten. The house’s exterior has a striking resemblance to the skeletal structure of a leaf and is complemented by an angular wood-lined external façade.



SIMPLE LAYOUT

The mobile, minimalistic home is as tiny as 182-square-feet. Due to its small square footage, the layout had to be basic, with the inclusion of a simple kitchen with a stove, and a small basic bathroom with a sink, shower and compost-toilet. The house has essential storage units



and an angular book shelf. The house accommodates a folding table as well as a small bench apart from an open-air deck. All the furniture is inbuilt, geometric and most of it is multi-functional. Since the client likes to utilise the floor for sitting, seating is minimal and includes a salvaged tree stump. The slatted windows are large, giving the house an airy and spacious vibe. On one side, the windows extend right down to the floor which makes the interiors blend seamlessly with the outdoors. Big, open blinds adorn the windows; their design inspired by the shape of a treetop that scatters and filters the sunlight.

ECO FRIENDLY MATERIALS

Since the materials had to blend with the outdoors, the internal colours were kept dark and deep. “We selected Thermo Radiata Pine for the brown cladding and Fraser which is black wood, on one side for contrast,” adds Schutten. The interiors also bear a natural look and are done using ‘pinus’ plywood. Needless to say, the roof is also in wood. The flooring is Gray vinyl which breaks the monotony of wooden tones and gives the abode an industrial look.

CHALLENGES AND FUTURE PLANS

The project which was completed in ten weeks was not without challenges. The geometry

was a major challenge as it was quite hard to translate this kind of design to reality from the drawing board and 3D model. “Due to this, rework was common; an entire wall had to be redone one time as one of the connecting planes was twisting,” says Schutten. A key point to note is the fact that there is not a single straight wall in the house which was also a challenge as it was hard to work with a reference plane. According to the designers, it was a thoroughly enjoyable project despite all the challenges as it gave them a chance to do something they had never attempted before. “While we will continue to build tiny houses and mobile cabins. One of our biggest dreams is to design and build more movable, off grid cabins for remote places like a mountain or somewhere high up in the Alps,” Schutten says.

<https://www.architecturaldigest.in/content/netherlands-tiny-home-design-182-square-feet-sustainable-europe/#s-cust3> 1/14

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5 Golden Rules of Genealogy

1. Leave no stone unturned, unless it is a headstone.
2. Handwriting legibility is inversely proportional to the documents importance.
3. The further away a cemetery or library is, the more awkward the opening hours will be.
4. The relative you most need to talk with is the one whose funeral you are currently attending.
5. Wherever you find two or more siblings, there also will you find two or more surname spellings.

www.fortyandlogan.weebly.com

DUTCH TERM – “UT SUPRA”

Yvette Hoitink

The term *ut supra* means “as above.” It’s actually not Dutch at all but Latin. It’s used in records sometimes as a shorthand when the writer doesn’t want to keep repeating the same information. When you see the term, you have to look at the previous entries to see what information it replaces.

EXAMPLE

This question came up in the Dutch Genealogy Facebook Group, where David P. Slager jr. asked about the meaning of “ut supra” in the following marriage record:

It’s a marriage record for Leendert Jansz Nedervelt and Leentje van de Knaap who had banns published on 28 July. The last line reads “en getrouwt ut supra,” which means “and married as above.” To find their actual marriage date, David has to go back to the previous entries to see what the above date was.

GENEALOGY TIP

SOMETIMES
DISPROVING A THEORY
IS JUST AS IMPORTANT
AS PROVING ONE.

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OPERATION MANNA

by Nicky van der Drift



Operation Manna began on the 29th of April, when 242 Lancaster's flew to six different drop-zones in the Netherlands, on what was the first airborne humanitarian relief in history; and crews from across Lincolnshire were heavily involved in this operation.

This mission was launched in the last days of the Second World War, after German occupation and the consequences of the War in Europe had left the Netherlands without food or supplies that

were necessary to survive.

On that first day, almost 535 tons of food was dropped, and this continued for a further 10 days, dropping nearly 7,000 tons of food in total, over parts of the Netherlands.

Approximately 20,000 people had died through starvation, with a further 980,000 classed as malnourished. Desperation had led to many having to survive by eating small animals including pets and tulip bulbs, some of which were poisonous.



Scooping out the remains at a soup kitchen

Negotiations for a truce to be agreed between the allies and Nazis had already begun in the winter of 1944/45, after pressure had been placed on Winston Churchill and President

Roosevelt by Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. This agreement would allow the humanitarian relief for the starving Dutch people.



Queues at a food kitchen

There was much work to be done to enable this rescue mission to take place. Key amongst these was the arrangement for a ceasefire to enable the safe transit of the food aid. Food had to be sourced and mechanisms for dropping it safely had to be researched and

trialed. The dropping of the food followed a huge logistical programme which was masterminded by Air Cdre Andrew Geddes (*Pictured*). He was also responsible for negotiating the ceasefire with the Axis forces. The Dutch call him the Man of Manna.



The RAF had wanted to launch the Operation on April 28th however, bad weather prevented the heavily laden bombers from taking off and so it wasn't until the following day that the first wave of aid was delivered. The first of the two test flights was carried out by a Lancaster nicknamed "Bad Penny" whose crew of seven included five Canadians including the Pilot, Bob Upcott.

The Dutch authorities had only one day's notice in which to arrange for the actual collection of the food once it had hit the ground, and to arrange for its transportation from the fields.

There were six designated drop zones: Valkenburg airfield (Katwijk), Duindigt Racecourse and the Ypenburg Airfield (The

Hague), Waalhaven Airfield and Kralingse Plas (Rotterdam) and Gouda. To each of these an air corridor had been agreed under the terms of the ceasefire



Sacks being loaded onto a Lancaster at Elsham Wolds

Food being transported from the drop site to The Hague



It was reported by a member of the first crew that flew, that at Terbregge in the Rotterdam area, not even a horse drawn cart could enter the enormous field and thousands of men had to manually collect and carry the food by hand. First Aid posts were also set up across the country as there was a real fear of food parcels actually striking and injuring the people in the fields, who were awaiting the arrival of the aircraft. The Germans decided that anti-aircraft guns would be placed at certain drop sites as a precaution. The idea was that they could react immediately if it turned out that the Allied aircraft dropped paratroopers instead of food!



Leaflets like this were delivered to alert the population, help was on its way

Food packs included tinned items, dried food, tea and coffee and chocolate. After much testing of different packaging, hessian sacks were used, some of which were sourced from the US Army.

The ceasefire was signed on the 30th April. Operation Chowhound, the US Army Air Forces aid drop, started on the 1st May and delivered a further 4,000 tons of food. This was followed, on the 2nd May, with a ground based relief mission, Operation Faust. It is estimated that these drops saved nearly a million Dutch people from starvation.



The Dutch showed their gratitude for the drops in a number of ways. Here marked with empty food bags

Three aircraft were lost during the operation, two in a collision and one suffered an engine fire. Despite the ceasefire, several aircraft returned with individual bullet holes, assumed to have been fire from individual German soldiers.

For more images from Operation Manna

<https://internationalbcc.co.uk/about-ibcc/press-and-media/press-images/historical-bomber-command-images/#Manna>

THE LOST DIARIES OF WAR

By Nina Siegal and Josephine Sedgwick

(Edited)



Volunteers are helping forgotten Dutch diarists of WWII to speak at last.

Their voices, filled with anxiety, isolation and uncertainty, resonate powerfully today. Anne Frank listened in an Amsterdam attic on March 28, 1944, as the voice of the Dutch minister of education came crackling over the radio from London. “Preserve your diaries and letters,” he said. Frank was not the only one listening. Thousands of Dutch people had been recording their experiences under German occupation since the Nazi invasion four

years earlier. So the words of the minister, part of a government trying to operate from exile in England, resonated.

“Only if we succeed in bringing this simple, daily material together in overwhelming quantity, only then will the scene of this struggle for freedom be painted in full depth and shine,”
the minister, Gerrit Bolkestein, said.

Frank responded by setting aside “Kitty,” the diary she had created as a personal refuge, and beginning a revised version called “The Secret Annex,” which she hoped to publish. Other diarists persevered too, and after the country was liberated in May 1945, they showed up at the National Office for the History of the Netherlands in Wartime, with their notebooks and letters in hand. More than 2,000 diaries were collected, each a story of pain and loss, fear and hunger and, yes, moments of levity amid the misery.

But unlike Frank’s diary, most of these accounts never surfaced again. Scholars read them once to inventory them, then shelved them — powerful but mute witnesses to the horrors of war. Now, though, the Dutch have launched an effort to transcribe the handwritten or typed pages into digital documents, ready for posting on the archive’s website. More than 90 have already been fully transcribed.

“The most valuable diaries are the ones where they wrote about their own feelings, or conversations they had on the street or with family, or how they felt about the persecution of the Jews,” said Rene Kok, a researcher with the Dutch archive, now known as NIOD Institute for War, Holocaust and Genocide Studies. “The best diarists are the ones with courage.”

Here are edited excerpts from several diaries that track the course of the war, beginning with the Nazi attack. Many people began their diaries that day, long before the radio address, as they worked to chronicle their lives in the most personal of terms. Their words, filled with the anxiety born of illness, isolation and uncertainty, register with particular power today in another unsettled time.



Elisabeth Jacoba van Lohuizen-van Wielink writes of the Nazi attack that began in the early morning of May 10, 1940, as German Luftwaffe paratroopers jumped from planes over selected targets across the country. Four days later, Rotterdam’s center was bombed to the ground, killing 800 people. The Dutch royal family fled for England. The Dutch Army capitulated on May 15. Van Lohuizen-van Wielink, 49, began her diary immediately and ultimately wrote 941 pages. She was the wife of a

pharmacist and optician, who owned a grocery store in Epe, near Apeldoorn.

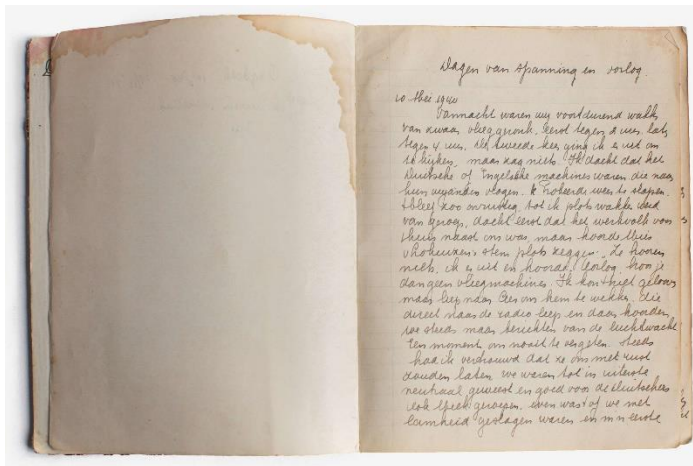
May 10, 1940

Last night the roar of aircraft kept waking us up. First at around two o'clock, later at around four. The second time, I got up to take a look, but couldn't see anything. I thought they might be German or English planes, heading for their enemies. I tried to sleep again. Though the noise never stopped, I was suddenly woken up by shouting.

A woman on her roof in The Hague captured this image of German paratroopers filling the sky on the first day of the invasion.



At first, I thought it was the people working at the house next door, but then I heard Mies van Lohuizen suddenly say, 'They can't hear anything, I got up and heard, War! Can't you hear those airplanes?' I found it hard to believe, but woke up Cees, who immediately turned on the radio, and then we heard several messages from the air force. A moment I'll never forget. I'd always assumed they would leave us alone. We had been neutral until the end, and good to the Germans. We heard shouting, too. For a minute, we felt like we were paralyzed, and my first thought was, poor soldiers, there will be bloodshed. After we got dressed, we quickly packed what needed to go or be destroyed. Such as the alcohol, which definitely had to be taken. Most of I was sent a few weeks ago. The workmen, who were at home, were also asked to come. They were equally upset. War. We couldn't believe it. Everything in nature was so beautiful, and that day in particular was sunny and bright.



The May 10, 1940, entry in the diary of Elisabeth Jacoba van Lohuizen-van Wielink, in which she gives her account of the German invasion.

May 14, 1940

At 7 o'clock, suddenly an extra message on the radio, a moment I'll never forget. The commander in chief had decided to cease all hostilities. Rotterdam was as good as destroyed by the bombardments; if they didn't cease fighting,

The Hague, Amsterdam, and Utrecht would meet the same fate. I was so overwhelmed, I wept. We weren't free anymore, and this, if we understood correctly, as a result of betrayal by our own people. We couldn't believe it, yet it was true. Everyone was glad no more people would be killed, but still. To become part of Germany, how awful! What will the future bring? Poverty for our country. A heavy ordeal for everyone and an uncertain future.



This writer, a woman from The Hague whose name was not disclosed by because of privacy concerns, is among those Dutch whosympathized with the German effort. A Dutch counterpart to the GermanNazi party, the Nationaal-Socialistische Beweging, or N.S.B., had alreadybeen active in the country for several years prior to the Nazi invasion.Among the diarist's concerns, her irritation at the royal family's flight.

May 15, 1940

The [Dutch] air defense people ordered us to build barricades in the street in front of our house. Everyone had to help loosen tiles, stack them and take out all kinds of junk. I even saw parts of bed frames in the street. It was just ridiculous, absolutely laughable; it looked as if it'd been done by children. Later, we heard that citizens weren't even allowed to do this. Anyway, what were these barricades to the Germans? They would easily push everything aside with their powerful vehicles. Now they are proper soldiers; not like our boys, who couldn't control their nerves and just kept shooting at random. The way

the Germans acted was so proper, so magnificent, so disciplined; they command nothing but respect. The locals could learn a lot from the Germans. Just look at them marching by, on foot or on horseback or with their guns, looking so beautiful, so healthy, and with such cheerful faces; they're big and sturdy and very neat, making you think, inadvertently, some army the Dutch have! The people here are so rude and impolite, while the Germans are so proper and polite! It's easy to see the difference. This is the Netherlands, how dare they fight such a powerful, strong people? No wonder they had to give up fighting after four days, the difference was too great.



Weeks after the invasion, members of the German Ordnungspolizei force parade through the streets of The Hague on July 20, 1940.

And what about our officers — well, not all of them, of course stirrers and rabble-rousers. I've always been one for the military and considered them our protectors, but I've had more than enough of them. I have no respect for them anymore. They have really frightened me. When I think of everything that's happened, I feel so embittered. I would love to let them have it. I'm livid, my heart is on fire. But Nat. Socialism says we're not to repay evil with evil! How is this possible if you harbor feelings of revenge for

all the humiliation we've had to endure? It's nearly impossible, yet we must. We need to rebuild, that's what's required of us. The fact that there are still people who support the Queen is incomprehensible to us; a queen who has fled her country because she feared for her life, who has abandoned her people in need; who has let her soldiers bleed to death and sought refuge herself! Surely, a mother doesn't abandon her child? The Germans wouldn't have harmed her; they are much too honorable for that.



In February 1941 the Nazis rounded up Jews in Amsterdam and sent them to concentration camps, as captured in these images taken by a German soldier. Many Dutch people who were not Jewish were outraged and responded by going on strike in several cities.

Diary of a 10-year-old girl — Leni Bijlsma collected poems in an album that was filled with contributions from friends and family. Its success as a diversion can be measured in the fact that the occupation is referred to only once in its pages.

Distribution vouchers decorate an entry from May 1944.



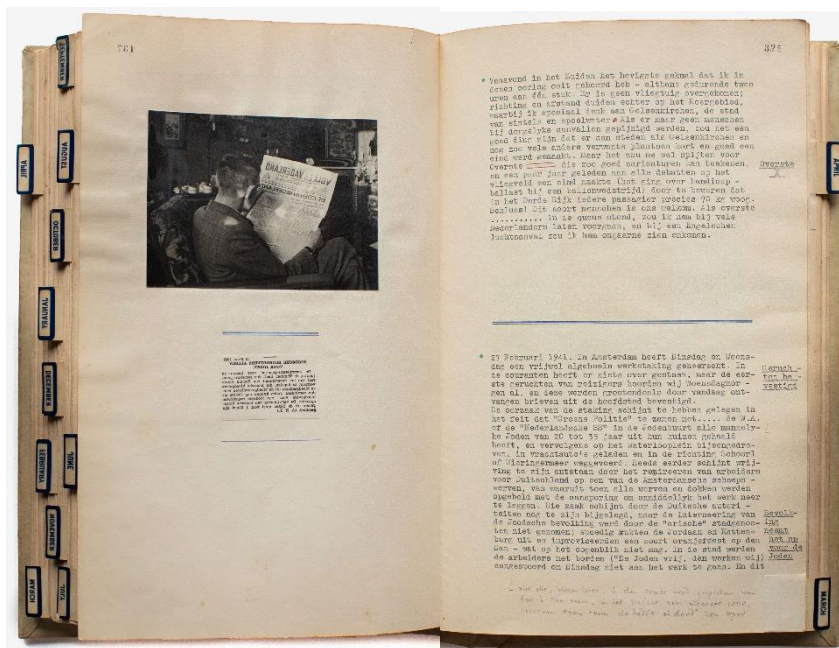
Jan Christiaan Marius Kruisinga's diary features accounts of events in 1941, when the occupiers first began rounding up and deporting Jews.

Members of the Dutch Communist party, which was illegal at the time, called for a protest strike in response. On Feb. 25, trams in Amsterdam stopped working. Dockworkers walked off the job. Many shops closed in solidarity. Kruisinga, a notary and poet from Den Helder, wrote 3,600 pages in his multivolume diary.

Feb. 27, 1941

On Tuesday and Wednesday, there was a general strike in Amsterdam.

There was nothing about it in the papers, but we heard the first rumors from travellers on Wednesday morning, and they were confirmed in the letters from the capital that we received today



The diary of Jan Kruisinga, opened to pages that reference the events of February 1941.

The cause of the strike seems to have been the fact that the ‘Green Police’ 1 and the WA 2 or ‘Dutch SS’ took all male Jews aged between 20 and 35 from their homes in the Jewish area, herded them together on Waterlooplein, 3 loaded them onto trucks and took them in the direction of Schoorl or Wieringermeer. There had been tension before, apparently, as a result of the requisition of workers for Germany at one of the Amsterdam shipyards, after which all shipyards and dockyards were telephoned and urged to immediately down tools. This issue seems to have been settled by the German authorities, but the imprisonment

of the Jewish population was not accepted by their ‘Aryan’ fellow-townsmen; the Jordaan and Kattenburg areas turned out soon, improvising a kind of oranje-feest 4 on Dam 5 — which is forbidden at the moment. Signs (‘de Joden vrij, dan werken wij’ — ‘free the Jews, then we’ll work’) were used in the city to urge workers not to go to work on Tuesday. Which is what happened: There were no trams or buses, and most public services — the gas and water company in particular — were largely or entirely suspended. It was eerily quiet in the city at night, only pistol shots could be heard from time to time. I don’t know yet whether there were any casualties and, if so, how many.

Some 300,000 workers joined the strike in Amsterdam, where there was marching in the streets. The next day, workers in Haarlem, Hilversum, Utrecht, and other cities joined in. Clashes with retaliating German forces in various places left nine dead and 24 wounded.



Mirjam Bolle of Amsterdam wrote at a time when conditions were particularly gruesome for Dutch Jews. Because the sick were among the first to be carted off in transports to concentration camps, people who were ill often piled into the homes of able-bodied relatives, creating cramped households. Bolle discusses the many people her family is attempting to house in this excerpt from her diary of letters to her fiancé that she wrote but never mailed. They were published in English in a book, “Letters Never Sent” by Yad Vashem in 2014.

Feb. 23, 1943: Half-Past Midnight

This is no life, but hell on earth. My hands are trembling so much I can barely write. This is all getting too much. This is more than anyone can bear. Another transport is leaving this evening. I had planned not to go to bed too late. Aunt Dina is staying with us at the moment. I already wrote to you that she stays at our house during the day because she has been left at home on grounds of illness and now she fears being taken away, which is what happens in all of these cases. At home on Saturday morning, she got such a bad crick in her back that she couldn’t move, not even in bed. It was awful, because it meant she wouldn’t be able to come and stay with us on Monday, as Jews aren’t allowed in taxis. We decided to wait and see what Sunday would bring, but her condition didn’t improve. She was then brought to our house by private patient transport, that’s to say on a



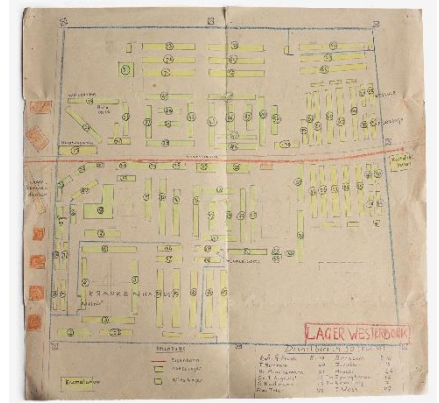
stretcher in an ambulance. It was terrible to see her stretchered in like that, but we still laughed, because fortunately there's nothing wrong with her apart from her bad back.

An identity card issued to Mirjam Bolle under her maiden name, Mirjam Levie, in November 1941.

When the ambulance pulled up at their doorstep, neighborhood women rushed out to ask what was happening. Lea said: "My aunt has become unwell, and because she can't stay with us we have to

have her picked up in this way. And would you please excuse me now, for Mother isn't at home either." This is the kind of act you have to put on because it would be unwise to reveal too much. Well-intentioned gossip could fall on the wrong ears. Aunt Dina is staying with us now and is already doing much better. She sleeps in Grandmother's bed in the passage room. Since Friday, Mr. Vromen has also been living with us. He is sleeping in the back room, our former living room

.A map of Westerbork as drawn by Mirjam Bolle during her internment there.



Jewish citizens of Amsterdam, including children with their toys, prepare to be deported on May 25, 1943.

Willem Bogaard, (left) the son of a farmer, sits with some of the dozens of Jewish people that his family was hiding on their property in Nieuw-Vennep. Many of the people were captured in a raid in 1943 and sent to their deaths. Mr. Bogaard's father, Johannes Bogaard, was also taken away with another of his sons. Neither survived the war.



Cornelis Komen, a 48-year old salesman for an English asbestos company, recognized the disparity between how his family and Jewish people were treated during a 1943 train trip to an orchard. The outing was disrupted by a raid in Amsterdam that rounded up more than 2,400 Jews for deportation.

Many people on the train don't even know what's going on in Amsterdam. The last Jews are being rounded up. Herded together and taken away like cattle. From hearth and home to foreign parts. First, they're taken to Vught, then they're transported to Poland — oh, the misery these people must be going through. Separated from their wives and children.

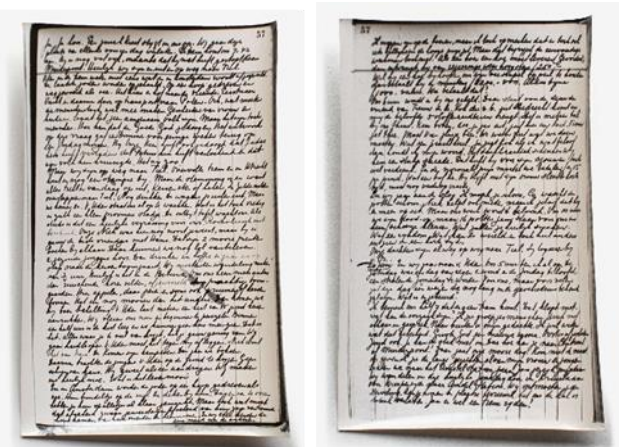
They may not be a pleasant people, but they're still human beings. How can the Good God allow this? But we're on our way to Tiel. The train is packed, and in Utrecht another bunch piles in. But people are in a good mood, because everyone's getting out today, to eat or buy cherries. In Geldermalsen we change

trains to Tiel. Even more crowded. The carriages are bursting at the seams. But we're getting there, and Van Dien is waiting for us. How peaceful it is, this small provincial town. When we arrive, there's breakfast on the table. As always, this is such a lovely surprise to us. Smoke-dried beef and rusks. Afterward, we have some coffee, and then we're off to the cherry orchard. We need to walk three quarters of an hour. It's beautiful in the Betuwe. We're surrounded by nothing but rustling wheat fields, interspersed with beautiful orchards. Apples here, pears over there, and sometimes plum or cherry trees. One even more beautiful than the other. Then we reach Farmer Kerdijk. Van Dien immediately orders a box of 7.5 kilos of cherries. We sit ourselves down and start to eat. The box is empty in less than half an hour, but then we're fed up with cherries. That's the problem; if you have too much of something, it soon starts to pall. We run a race. Van Dien loses to me. Wim beats Bert. The Willinks are the champions. Then we do some boxing. And then the boys try to wrestle Van Dien down to the ground. Not a chance. He breaks into a sweat. It's lovely getting tired this way.

How wonderful life is.

While in Amsterdam, the Jews are herded together like cattle. Carrying their bundles on their backs. Their blankets. They packed their things days in advance. Still, how hard their departure must have been. Parting from their familiar living rooms, their friends and acquaintances. While we are eating cherries, one basket after another. Lazing around. How lovely this place is.

Photographs of two pages from the diary of Cornelis Komen.
June 20, 1943



Philip Mechanicus, a journalist in his 50s, was arrested in September 1942 for not wearing a Star of David on a tram, and sent to Westerbork, a transit camp in the northeast Netherlands where many Jews were brought. Most were then sent on to Nazi concentration and extermination camps farther east in Poland, Germany and Austria. The diary of Mechanicus, published in English in 1968, documented camp life with precision. He often spoke of the transports, which left every Tuesday, carrying 1,000 to 3,000 people, to even harsher fates.

Saturday, May 29, 1943

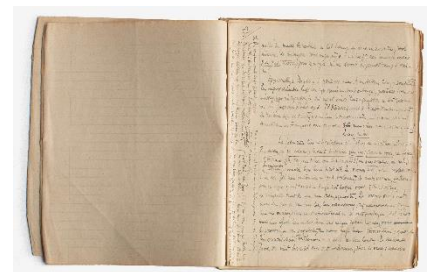
It feels as though I'm an official reporter reporting on a shipwreck. We're in a cyclone together, aware that the holed ship is sinking slowly and trying to reach a harbor, but this harbor seems far away. I'm slowly beginning to realize that I haven't been brought here by my persecutors;

I'm on this journey voluntarily to do my work. I'm busy all day long, not bored at all, sometimes I almost don't even have enough time. Duty calls and labor is noble. I spend much of the day writing; sometimes, I start as early as 5:30 in the morning, sometimes I'm still at it after bedtime, summarizing my impressions or experiences of the day.

A page from the diary of Philip Mechanicus describing events at Westerbork on
May 29, 1943.

Thursday, June 1, 1943

The transports continue to evoke disgust. People are actually taken in animal wagons intended for transporting horses. And the deported no longer lie on straw but among their bags of food and small pieces of luggage on the bare floor — including the ill, who were given a mattress only last week. They're gathered at the exits of their barracks and taken by OD men [OD stands for Ordedienst, the camp's police force required to keep order] in rows of three to the train on the Boulevard des Misères, in the middle of the camp. The train: a long, mangy snake of filthy old wagons splitting the camp in two. The Boulevard: a deserted area guarded by OD men to keep redundant



onlookers at bay. The exiles carry a bread bag strapped to the shoulder and hanging on their hips, as well as a rolled-up blanket hanging from the other shoulder by a rope and swinging on their backs. Dirty emigrants who own no more than what they're wearing and what is hanging from them. Men: quiet, faces drawn; women: often sobbing. The elderly: stumbling down the bad road, sometimes through mud puddles, buckling under their heavy load. The ill on stretchers, hauled by OD men.

Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1944

A transport of a thousand people left for Auschwitz in a howling storm and pouring rain. In animal wagons, yet again. The majority was from the S barracks: 590 people. The rest, young men of the Aliyah, old men from the hospital and 31 young, nameless children from the orphanage whose parents are either absent or have already been sent to Poland. Amongst them was a 10-year-old boy with a temperature of 39.9°C [103.82°F]: one tenth of a degree short to be one of the lucky ones who are categorized (by the Germans) as Untransportfähig [untransportable]. The removal of or unproductive elements who were just a burden on the camp budget.

People still don't know what happens to the deported Jews in Poland. They curse the National Socialists and try to find terms to express their feelings of disdain, disgust, horror, and hate, but no one finds the right words.



A crowd gathers in Oud-Beijerland, a town in the western Netherlands, to say goodbye to the local butcher and his family, Jews who were told to board the tram and were sent to Rotterdam. They were ultimately transported to Auschwitz and killed less than two months later.

'When, oh when will the war be over? When will this misery of the weekly transports come to an end?' the women lament. 'The war is going well! But there's a transport every week,' the men say, mocking them, trusting the war will soon end in victory for the Allies. Winter is progressing, and people fear that if there's no decisive battle this winter, the war will drag all summer, and there won't be a single Jew left on Dutch soil. Hope alternates with fear: Where are we heading? What is our fate? What is our future?



Monopoly money — Not all the Dutch diaries were created in Europe. Dick van Engelenburg, making use of the available paper, recorded his experiences in a ninternment camp in the Dutch East Indies on the back of Monopoly money.



Petronella Catharina Hauser, a 27-year old teacher from Rotterdam, described in her diary how famine affected daily life. During the last winter of the war, the Hunger Winter, as it was known, the Germans blockaded much of the Netherlands, cutting off food and fuel supplies in response to a Dutch rail strike intended to help the Allies.

Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1945

Even for us, the situation is getting precarious! There are hardly any potatoes anymore, and even the pulses are nearly finished. ... Ma is getting thinner and paler by the day. The slices of bread we've been putting off eating are in the bin. ... There's half a loaf for today ... Thursday ... And Friday. ...

Yesterday, we kept some potatoes aside from the already insufficient afternoon meal. We ate them with a few bits of fried onion mixed in and a cup of soup at five-thirty in the evening, before it got dark. I calculated that each of us could have one more slice of bread. Which we kept until bedtime and had with a cup of 'tea', otherwise it would be too long until the next morning! (As if one such a doughy stale slice could keep you going!) We didn't have anything to top them with, as we had only some cumin cheese left (topping for tomorrow morning). We dunked them in our 'tea' and liked it. ... !!!! I have a sore foot: a large blister! Dad can't get hold of anything anymore; no vegetables, no onions, the potato man isn't around. ... There's no bread for sale, even if you'd want to pay a fortune for it. People want to barter

things! But what do we have to barter? We don't have any tobacco, our supply of coffee and tea has been bartered already, and the number of tablecloths, bedsheets, and pieces of underwear we have has been reduced too.

Thursday, Feb. 8, 1945

I couldn't sleep last night because I was so hungry! I got out of bed and took one of my three slices of bread for the next day. There was also a pan with boiled brown peas for the next day. I took some of those, too. I felt like a thief in my own home ... ! Feel sick today.

February 1945 pages from the diary of Petronella Catharina Hauser.



Relief — The diary of Petronella Catharina Hauser continued to the end of the war in the Netherlands and included scenes of food drops by the Allies as well as the arrival of American and Canadian troops in a liberated Rotterdam in May 1945.

Anton Frans Koenraads, a 39-year-old teacher in Delft, the hometown of Johannes Vermeer, wrote about how the war in the Netherlands ended on May 5, 1945. Canadian and German commanders reached an agreement that day on the capitulation of German forces. But Koenraads is among those who are slow to trust that the war is really over.

May 6th, 1945

The mayor gestures for calm. He is about to address the citizens. I notice that he's shouting, but the only words of the entire proclamation that I can hear are 'fellow-townsmen and women' and, much later, 'we're free.' Those who are standing near him can hear more, while we just join in the repeated, spontaneous bursts of cheering. Finally, we all sing the old Wilhelmus, 7 moving us all, and when the line 'drive out the tyranny' resounds, it seems as if a long pent-up feeling of hatred erupts in people.



By April 1945, the Germans were pulling back from sections of the Netherlands as the Allies advanced. This confetti, dropped by British military planes, was pasted into an anonymous diary.

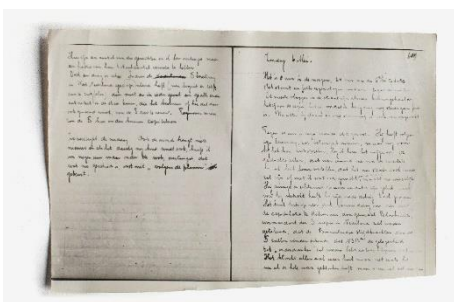


It's real now, though, and while I'm writing this, I try to realize what it means. But it's so hard to put down in words. Five years of having lived under the yoke of a ruthless enemy aren't erased in just a few minutes. But what I can grasp, is that: Soon, there will be food There will be gas, electricity, and water, There will be fuel, Trains and trams will run again, Our men will return from G, where they have been living as forced laborers for years, Our prisoners of war and students will also return, I can walk down the street at any time, day or night, The blackout paper can be removed everywhere, I don't need to be frightened when a car is driving down the street, Or when someone rings the doorbell late at night, There will be newspapers again, Depending on one's taste, the cinemas, dance halls, cafes, concert halls, theaters, and music halls will open again, If torture hasn't resulted in death, families will be reunited, No Westerbork, Amersfoort, Vught 8 should ever be built again for anyone other than the G.

After destroying Japan, humanity will find the means to ban war once and for all I will be free to listen without fear to any radio channel I want to listen to. There will be regular school and work hours again All these things are running through my mind. Not all at the same time, not one by one. Sometimes I become aware of a few of them, which remain for a moment, then recede until another one comes flashing through my brain.

On this page of his diary, Anton Frans Koenraads, describes the liberation of Delft on May 6, 1945.

I thought I could end this diary with a sentence like: The first Canadians, still smudged with the smoke of battle, are turning the



corner of our street. But things have turned out differently. We're still cheerfully awaiting their arrival. I expected the end would bring relief, like taking off a lead suit. Things turned out differently yet again. I find it difficult to get used to the idea that we really are free now. Every time I think of how many things that used to frighten me have now disappeared, my heart is touched with happiness. Thus, this diary is coming to an end. In it, I've tried to convey what has been on my mind during these recent months of the war. It's by no means objective. Objectivity is a matter of time, of history, and of [one's] point of view.



Two young Jewish children, Rene and Lucy, who were hidden by a Dutch family, are reunited with their father, Herman Speyer, on May 7, 1945, after the liberation.

Later history books could — mind you, could — be objective. But this diary can't possibly be. It has been written as events were unfolding, sometimes without knowing the causes, even, of the facts that I have described, nor of their place in the bigger picture. Some of the facts may have been incorrectly motivated, but they really did happen. Sometimes I fear that I won't be believed, because later generations simply won't wish to accept what's described in these pages, yet I swear on everything that's dear to me that none of the events are untrue. Everything that's been written down was 'hot off the press,' I would say. I've had the painful privilege of having experienced an 'all-out war.' That is behind us now. With all the strength that's in us, let's go for 'all-out peace.'

From May 13, 1943, having a radio was illegal, to prevent people from listening to forbidden stations

Diaries, once thought to be too subjective to be historical sources, are now regarded as more reliable, experts say, though primarily for their ability to depict how people thought and felt.

Of the seven diarists excerpted, only Ms. Bolle, who is 103 and resides in Israel, is still alive. She was sent to a concentration camp during the war but was one of a handful of prisoners in Bergen-Belsen who were traded for the release of German POWs in Palestine during the war.

Mr. Mechanicus was also put on a train to Bergen-Belsen. From there he was transferred to Auschwitz, where he was shot on arrival, on Oct. 12, 1944.

Mr. Kruisinga survived the war and later lived in Vriezenveen, a town in the Netherlands where he died on Feb. 1, 1971, at the age of 75.

Ms. Van Lohuizen-van Wielink became active in the resistance, and is credited with saving the lives of 72 Jews; she, her husband and son were arrested and imprisoned for this work, but survived the war.

Archivists do not have a sense of what happened to the other diarists featured here, but they hope to keep their memories alive through the work of more than 130 transcribers like Josine Franken, a retired speech therapist.

She is now transcribing a diary, her fourth, that was written by Arnolda Johanna Geertruid Huizinga-Sannes, the wife of a vicar from Velp, a town near Arnhem and near the front lines during the final stages of the war.

Ms. Huizinga-Sannes hoped her daughter might be able to read the diary after the war.

"She had twins, a daughter and a son," Ms. Franken said of Ms. Huizinga-Sannes. But the son died shortly after the war and her daughter became mentally ill. "So then when you read all the woman writes, knowing that her daughter will never read it," she said, "and knowing that her two children are lost to her, it's very moving. It gives you such a feeling of compassion."

For more pictures and a look inside the diaries

[https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2020/04/15/arts/dutch-war-](https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2020/04/15/arts/dutch-war-diaries.html?fbclid=IwAR1NYP377yXGLbNhyIC9AzL0q2k26GVNGi-dAcjqWCZIK...)

[diaries.html?fbclid=IwAR1NYP377yXGLbNhyIC9AzL0q2k26GVNGi-dAcjqWCZIK...](https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2020/04/15/arts/dutch-war-diaries.html?fbclid=IwAR1NYP377yXGLbNhyIC9AzL0q2k26GVNGi-dAcjqWCZIK...) 1/36

Translations by Susan Ridder, except for Mirjam Bolle, whose excerpt is courtesy of YadVashem. Photographs by Ilvy Njikiktjen for The New York Times; archival images via NIOD Institute for War, Holocaust and Genocide Studies.

Design by Shannon Lin and Rumsey Taylor. Art production by Andy Rodriguez, Dave Braun, Andy Chen and Laura Kaltman. Produced by Kevin Flynn, Alicia DeSantis and JolieRuben, with additional editing by Helen Verongos



DID YOU KNOW?



ITS TRUE

SOLD: AN ORNATE PIANO FOUND ON A WORLD WAR II BATTLEFIELD

By Matthew Taub

It traveled three continents, survived desert warfare, and accidentally ended up with a man who'd been looking for it all along.

The Siena Pianoforte has seen its share of adventure. Courtesy Steve Ballance



imagine—heard music come out of the ground. Buried beneath the sand was a piano, encased in plaster, and its strings had vibrated in response to the magnets of the minesweepers. For reasons no one could divine, the Nazis had lugged this instrument through the Libyan Desert all the way to El Alamein, before abandoning it upon retreat.

Whether out of curiosity, appreciation, or sheer indifference, the British opted not to destroy the instrument and lugged it themselves to Tel Aviv, where they unloaded it rather unceremoniously, without peeking inside the plaster. We can't know for sure why they didn't just discard it, though we can be glad: It was no ordinary piano, but the famous, ornately decorated Siena Pianoforte, also known as the Harp of David, to list just two of its acquired titles. Nearly 80 years after it was pulled out of the sand, the adventurous piano recently sold for \$320,000 at Winner's Auctions in Jerusalem.

An immaculate instrument distinguished by ornate woodwork, it had been played by some of Europe's best-known musicians. The piano had belonged to the Italian royal family before the Nazis decided they'd rather have it for themselves. When the British found it at El Alamein—its visual splendor obscured by that protective plaster—they knew nothing of its illustrious history, or what it was worth. They certainly didn't know that the best part of the story was yet to come.



Details of the cherubs carved into the piano. Courtesy Steve Ballance

According to a 1955 article in *Time*, work on the piano began around 1800, in Turin. Rumor has it that harpsichord maker

Sebastian Marchisio used wood from Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem—unlikely, perhaps, but not necessarily impossible, as the Romans may have brought pieces of the sacked temple back to Italy. It's believed that they were used in churches,

and that Marchisio salvaged the wood for his piano after an earthquake struck one of those churches.

About 25 years and two generations later, Marchisio's grandsons, Luciano and Raffaello, put the finishing touches on the instrument and gave it to their sister, Rebecca, who lived farther south, in Siena. There, the piano became something of a local attraction and was regularly played in public performances, favored for a unique sound, somewhere between that of a piano and a harpsichord. The Marquis of Siena thought that a piano with such a special sound deserved a more special look, and around 1860 two artists were hired to give the exterior an upgrade. (One of them was Rebecca's son, Nicodemo Ferri, so the work on it ultimately spanned four generations of the same family.)

According to *The Piano: An Encyclopedia*, the finished product—still a fully functional piano—was adorned with carvings of the Ten Commandments, some 20 cherubs, and likenesses of George Frideric Handel and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, among several other composers. It represented Siena at the 1867 Paris World's Fair, and was then gifted to the Italian Crown Prince Umberto. Franz

Liszt played the instrument at the prince's wedding.

As Umberto later ascended to the throne, the instrument came to be known as The King's Piano, and was played at the palace by members of the royal family, courtiers, and renowned musicians. One musician who longed to play it was Mattis Yanowsky, a Russian-Jewish refugee whose playing had impressed Umberto. The King had told Yanowsky about the piano, but was assassinated before he invited Yanowsky to play it at court.

Avner Carmi, with the piano that he found in a Tel Aviv junk shop. Courtesy Steve Ballance



Haunted by the missed opportunity, an aging Yanowsky urged his grandson, Avner Carmi—himself a budding musician—to one day play the piano on his late grandfather's behalf. Carmi tried, as far as we know, but he lacked the connections to get an invitation to the Italian court, and had bigger problems to deal with once the Nazis came to town.

In a cruel twist of fate, Carmi would have—and miss—his first chance to play the piano at El Alamein ... where he was serving with the British Army. Years later, after the war had ended and Carmi had moved to Israel, he came across the plaster casing in a Tel Aviv junk shop, bought the instrument on the cheap, and wore the plaster down with 24 gallons of acetone. Only then did he realize that he had discovered—purely by accident—the elusive piano of his late grandfather's dreams. A piano tuner by trade, he thoroughly repaired the instrument, got it back into playing shape, and invited top musicians from around the world to have a go.

It's possible that the recorded story, in all its detail, is indeed slightly embellished—but even the confirmed broad strokes seem too good to be true. Somehow, this piano had seen three continents, survived looting and desert warfare, and then fell into the hands of an anonymous tuner who'd been chasing it all along at his grandfather's behest. It may or may not be made of Biblical wood, but this is an instrument worthy of a thousand myths.

A WORD ABOUT OUR FACEBOOK PAGE

A few people have liked a page on Facebook named “Dutch Genealogy in Australia” thinking they have liked our page. This is not the case.

Dutch Genealogy in Australia is an excellent page. I myself am a follower. It is chockful of hints, Help and people willing to assist, however it is not us.

Our page is called “Dutch Australian Genealogy Group”



<https://www.facebook.com/DaggGenealogy>

INTERESTING WEB SITES

<https://nos.nl/75jaarbevrijding/>

Follow the liberation of the Netherlands from day to day

.....

YOU'VE GOT TO LAUGH

HILARIOUSLY DARK THREAD ABOUT FATHER'S ASHES IS ULTIMATE DAD JOKE

Luckily, we live in 2020 so you can go to the internet for answers. And especially luckily, people have more to offer than just a simple solution. They also have terrifically dark one-liners.

Here is someone desperate for some help and advice.

I HAVE SOMETHING WEIRDLY SPECIFIC I NEED HELP WITH:

You guys I'm freakin SCREAMING, my Mum has just told me the funniest thing.

So, my Dad Passed away in 2011 a month after my 18th birthday, right? We had him cremated.

Now I live in Australia, but both my parents are from New Zealand.

My Dads Parents have since both passed and for both their funerals Mum took over some of his ashes to be buried with them.,

Recently she gave me some as I'd finally found the perfect thing to keep them in.

So, I've come home to visit and just now she has walked into the room and just looked at me trying not to laugh and said, "So we have a problem."

Apparently over time of her having to take some of the ashes out, the air has gotten into it and the ashes have basically solidified into a big square brick.

When she was putting some of his ashes into my jar for me, she had to CHISEL AT HIS ASHES to get enough to put in the jar for me.

I can't stop laughing. Does anyone know how to break the ashes back up that doesn't involve a chisel or putting it in a pillowcase and driving over it with a car (my Mum's other suggestion, I can't)???

I told her I'm not throwing a brick of my Dads ashes into the water like I'm a cricket player.

AS ALWAYS, THE INTERNET DIDN'T DISAPPOINT.

Roast at 140C until dry.
Crumble and combine with
maltose for a light fluffy
texture.

1h Like Reply



Mix with food coloring, water,
and flour for easy diy play-
dough that's fun for the whole
family

1h Like Reply



OH MY GOD
CHIP A PIECE OFF AND KEEP
IT
A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

8h Like Reply



It's 2018

You gotta try to mix him with
slime just to see what happens

1h Like Reply



Like for brown sugar don't u
just put a piece of bread in
there with it

8h Like Reply



Oh fuck that's a good one

7h Like Reply



I think if you put them in the
oven it'll dry them out enough
that they'll crumble again...

45m Like Reply



Here dad. Have some
toast for the afterlife

8h Like Reply



Dad would be proud for
sure

7h Like Reply



"Shit what's cooking" "my
dad"

30m Like Reply



Should take the process a step
further and make him into a
giant ass crystal to throw in the
ocean, titanic style

6h Like Reply



10/10 dad
joke

7h Like Reply



1st thought: if you need to have dad in powder-form, you could always dissolve the brick in acid, say kitchen vinegar, then pour him onto a thin sheet & dry him back out. should crumble nicely then. 2nd thought: however, we now have an infused vinegar-dad & with just a little baking soda, we could teach teh grandkids some science with a dadcano

46m Like Reply 🤔👍👎 9

Have you tried taking him to Starbucks and asking them to make him into an espresso?

7h Like Reply 👍👎 6

Use a cheese grater and grate some off the brick every time you need some more dad

8h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 91

Dear god I just checked and my father in law is also a brick. My husband and I just started laughing uncontrollably. This is amazing hahahahaha

8h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 39

Y'all my great grandpa is also a brick

8h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 11

Oh God now I have to go see if my cat is a brick

3h Like Reply

"dad. You gotta loosen up a bit."

7h Like Reply 👍👎👍 39

Brb seeing if my grandma solidified yet

7h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 16

UPDATE she's a brick too. Now I have to yeet a whole brick in the middle of a park. No ocean splash just a clunk.

7h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 21

i've never dealt with ashes but imagine it's a lot like breaking up good cocaine

7h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 7

She should not snort her father 🤔

7h Like Reply 👍👎 11

Previously Unsaid Sentences in Human History

7h Like Reply 👍👎 12

You need to find the best stone skipper you know. See how many bounces you can get as your dad is slung into the ocean.

8h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 33

I wonder if there's a Guinness World Record for that...

8h Like Reply 👍👎 3

NOT YEET THERES NOT

8h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 22

Sounds like an organic bath bomb 🤔👍👎

5h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 27

I'm telling God 🤔👍👎

5h Like Reply

One last bath with daddy

5h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 10

STOPPPPPP 🤔👍👎

38m Like Reply

"dad. You gotta loosen up a bit."

7h Like Reply 👍👎👍 39

Brb seeing if my grandma solidified yet

7h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 16

UPDATE she's a brick too. Now I have to yeet a whole brick in the middle of a park. No ocean splash just a clunk.

7h Like Reply 🤔👍👎 21



THERE'S TIME TO COME
AND TIME TO GO

IF YOU NO LONGER WISH TO RECEIVE THIS LETTER PLEASE SEND AN EMAIL TO
karmarowe@tpg.com.au

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