

To our children

We have written on these pages a narrative of our lives before you were born. We have tried to give you some idea of what life was in those earlier days, who your ancestors were and what kind of folks they were.

As Dad typed it all, making three copies, there are naturally some mistakes but essentially the facts are correct. Which of you gets the original copy and who receives the carbon copies will be decided by chance. This little book has no literary merit. Things are written down more or less as they came to mind with just a little attempt to organize the copy into chronological order. However if you children get half as much enjoyment from reading these pages as we did in writing them our efforts will have been successful.

As Christmastime comes and goes and as each new year begins, we hope you will pause and remember

Your loving parents,

Dad and Mom

## PREFACE

After I had written my story I received from my niece June (Mrs. Charles Bauswein of Hanover N.J) a much more detailed and accurate history of the Heller Family which she had been gathering for some time. So I'll set down the facts of her story before you read my memoirs. You will see that it disposes of the "Austrian Swordmaker" legend which my father told me and which I always believed.

My great-great- grandfather, Elias Heller, the founder of the family was born in Darmstadt, Germany. He and his wife Laura had a son Elias II, also born in Darmstadt, where he received a practical education.

When he was 25 he accompanied his parents to America. This was to avoid his being conscripted in the Napoleonic Wars. The date of their emigration is supposed to be in the eighteen twenties. The family settled in Orange Township, Essex County, New Jersey.

Elias II married Mary Laegle, daughter of Catherine and George Leagle, natives of France, after they came to this country in 1832. Elias II moved to Paterson, N.J where he spent the remaining years of his life. He is buried in Fairmount Cemetery.

Their children were: Elias III, Peter J. ( my grandfather) Louis, John, George and Emily who married John Morrow.

Elias II founded the file company in 1836 as I tell my story. I will now insert parts of a story in the May 22, 1959 edition of the Newark Evening News., Which shows that my great-grandfather was quite a man, to have fathered such outstanding sons.

### Newark Street in History

Heller Parkway, formerly known as Fredonia Avenue was renamed March 7, 1901 in honor of Elias G. Heller, a highly successful Newark manufacturer of files, rasps and tools. Upon finishing school he went to work for his father, under whose supervision he became an expert in the manufacture of these items. Later his brothers joined him and they formed Heller Brothers.

The firm prospered and it became necessary to move the factory from the center of Newark where it was located to a more spacious quarters. Consequently a large parcel of land was purchased on Mt. Prospect Avenue on the Greenwood Lake division of the Erie Railroad. The section is presently known as Forest Hill but at the time the Heller Brother's plant was moved there it was strictly a farming area.

Elias Heller later purchased a large tract of land adjoining his factory grounds as he was firmly convinced that this part of the city would become one day a residential area.

In 1890 he founded the Forest Hill Association and became its first president. The Association spearheaded development of a district of fine houses.

Heller was generous in his contributions to charity. He gave the land on which the Forest Hill Presbyterian Church was built and he was the first to make a donation to land to Branch Brook Park. This consists of 18 acres along Branch Brook. At one time the Board of Education had no funds to build a school near his factory. Heller set aside six lots and at his own expense caused a school house to be constructed upon the land. Later the Board of Education purchased the school for the exact building costs.

Today Heller Parkway is a fine thoroughfare funning from the Belleville line to Summer Avenue. For the first few blocks it is wise with a well- kept park in the middle. Both sides of the street are lined with fine homes. (End of news story). Now go on with my story which is essentially correct except for the first paragraph.

## MEMOIRS OF ROBERT HAROLD HELLER

Written for his children

We Hellers are of Austrian decent. And French, too. My father has told me that our earliest known ancestor was an Austrian sword maker who was captured by Napoleon. He remained in France where he married and our family began. His Descendants emigrated to America early in the nighteen hundreds and settled in Newark N.J. The property on Mount Pleasant Avenue fronting on the Erie Railroad was the family homestead for several generations.

My great grandfather was Elias Heller, a file maker. He would make files by hand at home when he had made a few dozen he would ride horseback to New York City and sell them.

There is a legend that one time the old man was riding to New York with some files, as he was crossing a wooden bridge in a pouring rain, he found a hundred dollar bill lying in the road. This was reputed to have been the start of the capital needed to begin a business.

In 1836 Elias Heller began making files in a little shop on the outskirts of Newark. That was the year that the City of Newark was granted its charter. Thirty years later Elias George Heller, brother of Peter, my grandfather and of John, Louis, and George, took over the business and moved it to what is now the corner of Edison Place and Ward Street in Newark. Later they moved to a big plant on Mount Prospect Avenue in North Newark.

Most of the files and rasps made in those days were sold to blacksmiths. They used to collect old horseshoes, heat them and straighten them and make files out of them. As long as he lived, my grandfather Peter J. Heller collected horseshoes.

My grandfather sold his interest in the Heller Brothers File Company and started a retail hardware business in a store on Valley Road in Montclair, N.J. near the corner of Bloomfield Avenue. His property ran back from Valley Road to the next parallel street and there he built his house. My grandmother's maiden name was Elizabeth Baldwin.

My father, Frederick Lincoln Heller was the oldest of seven children. There were : Matilda, who married Thomas Truesdale, Grace, who married John Bricker, William, who married Evva Bamber, Mary, who married John Cruser, Maude, who married Albert

Pullis, and Peter who married Elizabeth ( I can't remember his maiden name). My father was born in 1864.

My maternal grandfather was William N. Bortic, a veteran of the Union Army in the Civil War. He married Eliza Keyes Bowden, adopted daughter of Joseph and Eliza Bowden. My great-grandfather, Joseph Bowden was associated with the Bowdens who operated the "cotton mill" in Cedar Grove, New Jersey where they made mops, among other things.

When grandfather Bortic was discharged from the army, he used his discharge money to buy a plot of ground stretching from Pompton Turnpike in Cedar Grove along what is now known as Bortic Road, down to the lot of Peter Lee, a soldier friend, which faced on Little Falls Road. Here my grandfather built his home and here were born Esther, (my mother) Susan, who married Robert Chesney and Anna, who married John Logan. Here also, I was born on April 3rd, 1889. Dr. Whitehorne of Verona, N.J was the one who delivered me.

By damming up the flow from a spring on the property, grandfather made a pond about an acre in extent. The lawn sloped down to it from the house and there were three willow trees on the right band of the pond and crabapple trees on the other. There was quite a large rock in the pond down near the spring outlet.

My grandfather built beautiful rowboats and kept a little, light one on the pond. There I learned to row a boat.

Beside a dead tree covered with wisteria were wooden steps which led to the spring which fed the pong. This spring was the "refrigeration." Milk and butter were kept cold in it.

Grandfather Bortic was very proud of his lawn and kept it in fine condition. He had a constant battle with moles which would make their furrows under the sod and he generally had a few mole taps set out on the lawn where their furrows ran.

Some of my fondest memories are of this place. We were always ready to go there when my father would suggest that we hitch up Kate the old bay pacer and drive "down home". In season Grandfather Bortic would bring out a basket of muskmelons and we could eat all we wanted. We could also pick long stemmed violets in the tall grass in the

field between the house and the barn. One time, in the winter I Remember we drove down in the sleigh and upset in a big snowdrift.

In summertime when I was allowed to spend a week down there, my costume would be a pair of overalls and an undershirt. Grandma Bortic's kitchen was in the basement and there was a dumb waiter to send food up to the dining room on the first floor. (Usually we ate in the kitchen). I used to pull the dumb waiter up a bit and play in the area under it, pretending it was a locomotive cab.

There was a pitcher pump in the kitchen sink, another one in a sink in the dining room upstairs and still another in the bathroom on the second floor.

From the kitchen the path led around in back of the house, past in the "privvie" and out to the barn. There were wonderful raspberry bushes and near them grandpa kept the beehives. It used to be something special when he put on his straw hat with a protective netting around it, pulled on his gloves and fixed the smoker, a bellows which blew smoke from smoldering rags to drive away the bees while he gathered the honey.

Out at the barn there was a root cellar where potatoes, apples, ect were stored and beyond the barn was grandpa's work shop, smelling deliciously of pine shavings and usually with a rowboat being constructed.

Grandpa Bortic was a great fisherman. He used to drive up to a place called two bridged where he had a boat. When he caught an especially large pickerel he would tack the head on the barn door. He never took me with him. My fishing in Cedar Grove consisted of using a drop line in the pond with dough and cotton wadded into a ball on the hook. Sometimes I caught a big carp which grandpa kept in the pond to keep down the growth of the water lilies.

Grandpa Bortic was a school teacher. He was principal in the Cedar Grove School and later in Totowa, New Jersey.

Sometimes I would be sent around the pond and down to Peter Lee's store on Little Falls Road to buy grocery items and usually they gave me a piece of cinnamon bark to chew on. When I was older, I used to ride my bicycle up to the center in Cedar Grove to shop for my grandmother.

Visits to Grandma and Grandpa Heller were less frequent and I can't remember staying there over night. As you entered the front door, at the right was the parlor, not to be entered for fear one would break something or get it dirty.

On the left was the living room which was comfortable. To the left of the living room was a small sunny sewing room.

I was always subdued down there. Grandma Heller loved us and hugged Cliff and me until we were embarrassed. Grandpa Heller looked like General Grant with his big dark beard. He was a taciturn man and I never talked with him much. I understand that he lived with his grandparents as a child and they say he spoke only French until he was eight. However, I never detected any accent.

Aunt Grace was a tall handsome woman who wore big hats and was a typical Gibson girl. Aunt Mary was more gently and I liked her about the best. Aunt Maude, the youngest girl was nice too, but like all the family she spoke too loudly.

Next door lived Aunt Tilly Truesdale and her family. Uncle Tom was somewhat stooped and looked consumptive. There were four children, Paul, Tommy, and two girls whose names I don't remember. The one thing that impressed me about these cousins was the great number of toys they had.

Uncle Will had a business on the top floor of a three or four story brick warehouse that my grandfather built in back of his store on Valley road. As Will's business, which was making steel and wood shelf boxes and cabinets, expanded, he kept taking more and more space in the warehouse until finally Grandpa Heller told him he would have to get out. So he moved the business to Montpeller, Ohio. I'll tell you more about that later.

Peter, the youngest son was not too bright and was a great worry to my grandparents. He was only a little older than I. At one time he worked briefly for my father in Caldwell N.J.

I was supposed to be a good singer as a child, at least that's what Grandma Heller thought. Once on a visit there, when she learned that I could sing: "Little Birdie in a Tree" she insisted that I sing it. But, being very bashful, I insisted that the audience go into the sewing room, leaving the door open. Then, standing outside, I sang my song. Grandma Heller rushed out and rewarded me with a big juicy kiss. There was no encore.

In the rear of the living room was the dining room with a very long table in the center and a forest of high backed cane bottom dining room chairs. Meals there were something! Everyone talked at once and the loudest won the argument. I was there for a meal when Uncle Will brought his bride-to-be, Evva Bamber, to meet the family. I often wondered what she thought of the Heller tribe.

When they were first married, my father and mother lived upstairs above a little shop near my Grandfather Heller's store in Montclair, New Jersey. My father had received his training in plumbing and heating while working for I Seymour Crane Montclair. He used to walk from his parents' home in Upper Montclair, (that was before Grandpa Heller built his store on Valley Road in Montclair) and open I Seymour Crane's store at six o'clock. Then, after the store closed at six o'clock, he would walk home.

When he was married, my father started a plumbing and heating business in Caldwell, N.J. He bought a lot at the corner of Cleveland Street and Bloomfield Avenue. He sold half of it to my Great-grandfather, Joseph Bowden and built his combination house and store on the other half. While it was building, he had his business in a little store further up the street which was later a candy store run by my friend Carl Bush's father. The floor in the rear of the candy store had numerous charred spots which had been burned by molten lead spilled by my father as he practiced to make wiped joints in lead pipe, then the approved piping for plumbing.

My father's store was connected to our home and when the store door opened a bell rang and we would go out and wait on customers, There was a show case and counter on the left side of the store with shelves on the wall for tin ware, a gate ware and hardware items. The other side of the store had a platform raised about four inches. Bicycles were displayed on it in front and stoves in back. I used to have to black the raw and rusty iron stoves and polish them.

At extreme rear on the right side of the store was a little square office where my father had a roll top desk and a safe. Through a door in back was the shop where the plumbers and tinsmiths worked and where stoves were set up and polished before being delivered to customers. On nails on the ceiling beams were templates or patterns for making milk pans and other tin utensils, as well as stove pipe. I could make stove pipe at an early age.



When the bicycle craze started, my father, who could generate a full head of enthusiasm easily, immediately went into the bicycle business. We had a couple of bikes in the store that sold for a hundred dollars, a terrific price in those days! Then he started to make bicycles. With the fittings and steel tubing he would braze them together ( this was before the days of electric welding) and make bicycle frames to one's measurements and which a gear just to suit one. I remember he had one bike nickel plated.

A friend of his who worked on the New York World wrote a story with a cartoon showing a cyclist tearing along on one of "Fred Heller's Mud Comets" and sending up great sprays of mud. It was wonderful publicity but my father was furious. He didn't like to have fun made of his wonderful bicycles. I fixed punctures, filed brazed joints and assembled bicycle chains.

A stairs lead up to the attic from the second floor of the shop. Right at the top of the stairs was a windlass with a large wooden wheel with V-shaped segments of metal on the rim to guide an endless rope used to guide the windlass. This raised an elevator for heavy things. After several people got their scalps split by the V points on the wheel they took off the ones on the bottom. The windlass was never used very much anyway.

In the attic was our water supply, a large zinc or copper lined wooden tank. It held water that flowed by gravity down to faucets, etc below. The tank was filled by a windmill in the backyard and we would let it run until we saw the water coming out of the tank overflow pipe on to the roof. Then we'd shut it off by pulling down on a lever which folded the vane of the mill against the wheel.

The windmill pump was set in a sort of well about seven feet deep. It was covered with a trap door. There were steps going up one of the four supports of the mill. What a wonderful place it was to play you were a sailor on a ship.

My father installed many windmills around the neighborhood and was commissioned by the Aermotor Company which made them to set up the big one on their exhibit at the World's Columbian Exhibition in Chicago in 1893. Later my mother went to the fair by herself and brought back a toy lamb for me. It lasted just a day and was torn to bits in our dining room by our dog "Nigger."

All the tin ware and other utensils were shipped to our store in light wooden cases and packed in excelsior. (There were no corrugated cartons.) These boxes were piled out

by our barn ten or fifteen feet high. This was a sore point with my mother who wanted that eyesore removed. She even took a picture of it but it was never completely cleared away. We played in those boxes.

My father set up a chopping block and my job was to cut the boards up in pieces and take them in a big hand truck down to the cellar window of our house and put them in the cellar bin. We burned a lot of this wood but it was a job I hated and we never got the bin filled.

When automobiles began to appear and the New York folks came out to stay at Monomonock Inn, down near the school, my father made a sort of garage in back of the barn. The old Thomas Flyers with the tonneaus in the rear did not use a key to start them, just a brass plug. My brother Cliff used a large nail for this purpose and would drive the cars around the garage. I never had nerve enough to try it.

Everyone owning a car had to supply his own license plates. My father got me some business making license plates. I made them out of orange crate lumber, burned the background with a wood- burning outfit and painted the letters white. They were strapped to the axle with leather straps. They looked great but after the first rain they curled up like a dried banana peel and I never got any repeat business.

My father was elected Town Recorder or judge and used to hold court in the tiny office in the back of the store. Once a motorist from Newark was arrested for speeding and he put up his "Diamond" ring for the bail. For some reason my father let me wear the ring and, as luck would have it, the diamond came out of the ring and was lost in the grass in the back yard. My father didn't seem to be worried to much. When he gave the ring back to the motorist the man yelled "I paid a hundred dollars for that ring!" Dad said "All right, you're fined one hundred dollars for speeding."

I remember when we boys were small; the family drove down to Montclair in the surrey one Fourth of July to see the fireworks. As we were starting up the hill to the top of the mountain, a beetle flew into my ear- all the way in and its efforts to get out, it felt as if my eardrums were being torn to bits. I yelled with the pain so my father reluctantly turned around and we drove back to Doctor Whitehorse's house in Verona. Just as we started up the driveway to the doctors' office, I said "It's out!" Needless to say I wasn't popular with my father.

Academy Road began across the street from our house and it was a walk of less than a mile down Academy Road to school winters, the wind would blow down that street until we gasped for breath and had to walk backward. In the elementary grades I began under the instruction of Edith Bougher, a sharp- feathered little woman who saw everything. She told us she could see in back of her by the reflection in her glasses, whether she could or not, it certainly kept us under restraint. I realize now that she was a splendid teacher (they later named a school after her) but in the early grades I studied hard just to get out of her room. But as often as I was prompted, it seemed that they moved Miss Bougher ahead, too. So I had her for much of my school life and she probably taught me more than I realized.

Other teachers I remember were Emily Nicholas who was lame and Daisy Day, one of the High School teachers. The principal was Clearence E. Hedden who served for many years. He wore mutton- chop side whiskets and was called "Boss Hedden" or "Kaiser" behind his back. In 1905-6 he was not rehired. Instead we had a colorless individual whose name was, I think, Spencer. He only lasted a year and then they got Mr. Hedden back. It was my luck to graduate in 1906 while Spencer was principal.

There were seven in our graduating class, I was class president, Edna Dixon, a "brain" was Valedictorian. The others in the class were Roscoe DeBaun, Ruth DeBaun, Mabel Speer, Frances Backus and Jessie Husk.

My mother didn't live to see my graduate. She died of tuberculosis in 1904. She was a very capable woman who saw the ability and potentialities in my father and married him in spite of plenty of ridicule from her sisters and others. She was artistic and she sewed beautifully. She took up photography when it was in its infancy. She had five cameras which took pictures on glass plates 3 ½ inches square which she developed and printed in the bathroom.

But she was not too strong and was forever taking first one patent medicine and then another. When I was little I slept in a folding bed that looked like a curtained bookcase when closed. This was in a large room in which there was a closet with a just assortment of medicines on the top shelf.

At the other end of the room was a tin bathtub, wood enclosed and with a terrible red and yellow flowered flannel curain which could be pulled across to insure privacy. In

the floor by the door leading to my parents bedroom was a register which allowed the heat to come up from the living room below. At night Cliff and I would quietly lift out this register and watch my father and mother and a friend Horatio Mahon("Rashe") playing dominoes on the dining room table. Rashe played on the local baseball team and was called "Double-six." Often they would get ice cream from Bush's store up the street and when that appeared, Cliff and I always let it be known that we were up and hungry. Usually we got some.

After my sister Catherine was born (August 27, 1896) and my sister Elizabeth (September 11, 1898) my mother's health failed more and more. Nettie Courter had been hired before the girls were born to help with the housework. She was of tremendous help during my mother's illness.

Dad wanted mother to go to Arizona but she refused. He rigged up some sort of tank with compressed air which she could inhale after it passed through a tank of water. It was an absurd contrivance but it was just one of the many desperate things which my father attempted. He built a porch outside mother's bedroom so that she could sleep outdoors.

When we were small my father used to take us fishing down at Donnie Dixon's place on the Rockaway River. We kids would generally stay around the rowboats at the shore and I was always delegated to catch minnows for live bait for my father, using a stick with black thread and a small hook. I was good at it and kept Dad supplied with bait.

When I was nine the United States went to war with Spain in order to free Cuba. We kids were rabidly patriotic and thought our armed forces were invincible. Fortunately the U.S fought the weakest nation there was with the possible exception of China.

There was a boy who lived down the street half mile or so named Ronald Tolliver. Somehow the rumor spread that his parents were Spanish and he had a pretty tough time of it until the war was over and the kids were thinking of other things. We played soldier up and down Cleveland Street. Our guns were pieces of 3/8" iron gas pipe with one end bent at an angle to represent the stock. A handful of dust (it was like talcum powder) was stuffed in the muzzle of the "gun" and when you blew in the other end it created a realistic "smoke" although it was probably far from sanitary.

When my father began to service the early automobiles of the period, he received shipments of gasoline in wooden barrels. A rotary pump on a pipe was put through the bunghole of an upended barrel and gas was pumped into a gallon measure and then poured through a chamois skin stretched over a large funnel into the auto gas tank. This removed any water from the gas. When the motorist asked you to "fill her up" you really had to work. The empty barrels were lined up along the fence on Cleveland Street until they were taken back to the supplier. My brother Cliff got a badly burned hand one time when he stuck a lighted match into the bunghole of an empty gasoline barrel.

After my mother died my father took a trip to California. He came home greatly impressed, especially by San Francisco. Nettie Courter had continued as housekeeper and to run the household and bring up four children well. Later she and my father were married. From this union my half sister Jeannette was born. When I came home on weekends, ( I was then living and working in New York City) I was the only one permitted to hold and rock the baby.

At this time my father met a fast-talking character named Everson, at least that's the name that I remember. He said he was a contractor and he persuaded my father to put up some money to get an option on some land in North Caldwell, the old Baldwin estate. They were going to develop it and sell building lots. Dad called it "Nob Hill" from his memories from San Francisco. The lots were staked out and I painted the lot numbers on tin pie plates which were tacked to the stakes. Then Everson skipped out, leaving a lot of bills and some rusty equipment. It took a long, long while but Dad paid off the debts and the Nob Hill development went back into the Baldwin estate.

It was at this time that I first drove an automobile. My father had one that looked exactly like a horse-drawn buggy, with the shafts removed. It had a big, one-cylinder motor under the seat and steered with a tiller. He later had a friction-drive car called the Union, later called the Logan. It was made in St. Louis. The Metz also was a friction drive car. When it was old, Cliff drove the chassis around town, using a soap box for a seat. He also had a steam car.

For his bill heads which my father used for his garage business, he used a reproduction of a picture I had drawn showing a motorist being towed by a horse. The slogan was: "Don't get a horse, get a Heller."

After I graduated from High School I had a variety of jobs. My father was sure he had influence enough to get me an appointment to West Point but I was sure I couldn't make it. I often wished I had tried.

I signed up for a correspondence course in cartooning. The school was run by a couple of artists on the old New York World. I was so dumb I thought you drew pen and ink pictures direct without first sketching them in pencil. I wish I knew how many efforts I spoiled and threw away trying to make them without guide lines. Later I learned. I can remember my frustration as I tried and tried as I sat in the old leather chair by the dining room window and how exasperated I would get at my sister Catherine who stood around watching and asking questions.

Once my father took me to the New York World to meet the ones who ran the "school". We went right into the art room of the World and it was a thrill for me to see some of the famous artists whose names I used to see in the World pages. But they were busy on pictures for the Sunday edition and did not notice me. The school operator then criticized my drawings, marking them up unsympathetically with a blue pencil. That finished that!

Then father entered me in the New York School of Art at 57th Street and 6th Avenue. It was owned by William M. Chase, the greatest portrait and still life painter and was often called the Chase School of Art. I signed up for the Illustration Class but after a short time I was convinced by the other students that I ought to enter the life class and learn anatomy. I didn't tell my folks I had made the change as I didn't know how they would regard my working from undressed models.

In the Life Class I met George Bellows, who in his comparatively short life became internationally famous as a painter and lithographer. Many think he was the best painter of the American scene of that period. He was easily the outstanding member of the school.

We had our paintings or drawings ( I only worked in charcoal) criticized by Robert Henri at that time a very well known painter and art critic. It has been said that the only reason that Bellows went to the school was so that he could get the benefit of Henri's instruction.

Bellows and his pal Ed Keefe insisted that all newcomers to the class should “set ‘em up”, that is, provide sandwiches and beer for the class. They told me five dollars would cover it but I didn’t have it and I didn’t dare ask my father, a rabid prohibitionist, for the money. Finally the pressure got pretty strong and so I borrowed the five dollars from Elwood Vroom, a Caldwell boy I knew. When I delayed paying him back he became very insistent. I had a rough time, thinking he might tell my father, but I finally scrapped up the money somewhere and got off the hook. Elwood would have made a fine tax collector or slum landlord. I never heard what became of him.

As I have said, I had a number of jobs and from this long perspective, I can’t remember the order in which I had them. I think the first one was as office boy in Sackett & Wilhelm Lithographic Company, in New York. ( The address escapes me). There I worked for an artist named Richard Blue who lived in Caldwell. I knew his son John. Blue was a fine lithographic artist. He worked directly on lithographic stones with wax crayons. During the Spanish- American War he produced double-page cartoons for Leslie’s Weekly. I remember one which showed a Spanish pirate with a knife in his teeth, climb over a ship’s rail. I was supposed to catalog Blue’s large collection of clippings for a source file. He had a mass of clippings showing pictures of every conceivable subject, from animals to flowers, to nudes, ect. He was a very impatient man and I didn’t know just how to start and he never had time to show me. So the file never progressed and eventually he fired me.

I think my next job was in the art department of the New York City Street Car Advertising Company, located in the Brentano building on Broadway at about 23rd Street. The company was owned by Jessee and Reuben Winburn (formerly Wineberg). Here I worked with an old schoolmate of my father’s by the name of Frazee. Dad said that they used to call him “Crazy” Frazee was an epileptic and once had a seizure while standing by my drawing board. I was lettering a beautiful watercolor drawing of a roll of ribbon done by an outside artist. It was the first important task they had given me. Frazee’s hand and arm, rigid as iron swept across the board and crumpled the drawing. Fortunately I was able to repair it.

With this job I had a pass on New York City Street and never walked, even a block, if I could ride. During this period I went to an art school run by the city of New

York. It was free. I remember the instructor kept me making charcoal drawings of a plaster cast of a foot for weeks. I got so I hated feet, but I could draw them.

Then I was out of work and living at home. Finally, when my father's remarks about my joblessness struck a nerve, I vowed I'd go to New York and not come back without a job. I got one in the drapery department of Macy's. I stood it a week. At the end of each long day with no opportunity to sit down, I had to fold and put back on racks all the lace curtains that had been displayed. Then I caught the trolley to the ferry, then the Lackawanna to Montclair then the trolley to Caldwell, getting home at 7:00 to 7:30 p.m. At the end of the week I told Macy's that I had a job in the country that would benefit my health.

I really had such a job, working for Munson Canfield on his dairy in West Caldwell. He was a rigid taskmaster. In addition to keeping an accurate record of the number of pounds of milk given by each cow, he made me learn to assemble the cream separator and disassemble it the right hand way, although I am left-handed, and could have done it quicker my way. I was supposed to supervise a number of Polish immigrants that were hired to tend the cows and milk them. I never really learned to milk a cow.

I have omitted one job which I think preceded the one with the N.Y City Street Car Advertising Company. This was with the Ethridge Advertising Company on 17th Street and Broadway. The Art Director was W. Livingston Larned who made rough layouts and wrote copy for the ads. He was a regular contributor of Printer's Ink magazine and he taught me a lot. This place had a number of artists who were specialists. Richard Cutler was a figure artist and a very good one. Many of his drawings of the Gay Nineties appeared in the Old Life Magazine. This was a humorous magazine which finally folded. It sold the name "Life" to Luce for use on the present Life Magazine. Cutler would make accurate drawings in pencil of the figures in an ad illustration on good Bristol Board. Then old man Knickerbocker, another artist, would pencil in the background, furniture, windows, ect. The drawing would then go to Raeburger who would hand letter in the headings in pencil. This sketch, cleaned up with overlays put on by me, would be submitted by Ethridge himself together with the copy that Larned had written. If it was approved, pencil changes, if any, were made and then the drawing would be inked in by still another artist.



I remember that once one of the salesmen came in with a series of 12 full page newspaper ads for a shoe company. This was on Friday night and the complete campaign had to be in Philadelphia Monday morning. We worked all night and all Saturday and they were taken down to Philadelphia Sunday. Needless to say, when I finally got home to Caldwell, I slept.

After the dairy job in West Caldwell I went to work with the H. Mueller Mfg. Co. in New York. (Address forgotten). I had a room in the neighborhood of the 28th Street and went home weekends. Although it was forbidden to cook in the rooms I used to unscrew the gas tip and fix a gas hose and a tiny one-burner stove on which I could make coffee and boil eggs (brought from home each Monday). By the end of the week I would be down to a nickel. This either went for a bun at the corner lunch counter, followed by a walk to work, or the nickel paid for a subway ride to work and no breakfast.

The job at Muellers was hard work; unloading barrels of brass faucets and fittings at the curb and hand trucking them into the building to the elevator and then unpacking and sorting them into bins.

While I was working here my Uncle Will wrote my father to ship me out to Montpelier, Ohio as he had a job for me at his factory. Dad saw me off on the train in Hoboken, N.J on the Wabash. I had my first experience in a Pullman Sleeping Car. I remember being surprised that the country didn't change much as we passed through different states. Part of the ride was across Canada and was very dreary.

Uncle Will met me at the train and we walked up to his house from the depot. At the corner his two boys, John and Leroy ran to meet us, each one begging me to be on his side in a church school contest, I got along well in the little church school and in the church which was near where Uncle Will lived. I can't remember the denomination, I think it was Presbyterian. I even became superintendent of the Sunday school (about 25 students of all ages).

I worked in the factory in the finishing and shipping department. We had to screw on handles on countless shelf boxes or drawers and put them in cabinets, then pack and ship them.

Then Uncle Will sent me out selling. I traveled from Iowa to New England, following up inquiries from Hardware stores. I used the railroad or interurban from

Hardware stores. I used the railroad or interurban trains; there were no autos to speak of then. I was equipped with a case with illustrations of all the stock cabinets we made, all photographed to the same scale. I would paste these pictures on a long strip of tracing cloth and it would show the dealer just what his store shelving would look like.

The company had a branch office in Kansas City Missouri. It was run by the company vice president, Eugene Taylor, a bachelor who lived with his old maid sister Josie out on Troost Avenue in K.C. I was sent out to Kansas City and lived with the Taylors for a while getting acquainted with the work of the office. It was located in a warehouse ( first floor near the M K & T Depot)

The Taylors moved back to Ohio and I was left in charge. I lived at the Y.M.C.A. I made one trip to Texas but mostly I stayed in the office and took care of the stock of cabinets. That winter it was very cold and the fire sometimes went out in the stove that heated the place. Once a water pipe burst and I came down to the office to find an inch of water all over the floor. I took a brace and bit and bored holes in the floor and let the water run down into the basement which was empty and which we also rented.

The next summer it was very, very hot. As an advertisement my , uncle had a lot of small sample shelf boxes made up to show the steel and wood construction and with an advertising circular inside. I had to deliver one to each drug, hardware, seed, variety and other similar store in Kansas City Missouri and Kansas City, Kansas. I hired a colored man named Sylvester who had a horse and wagon, loaded the boxes in it and we drove up one street and down the next while I went into each store with a sample and made my sales talk. Why I didn't get sunstroke, I'll never know.

I jointed the Trost Avenue Presbyterian Church. The pastor was Reverend Harry Rand Rogers, a very fine preacher. I met a lot of young people. One was Lester D. Mathis, song of a retired preacher and we became close friends. I never saw him again after I left Kansas City but we corresponded as long as he lived.

The company closed the office after a while and I went back to Ohio. Your mother and I were married in Caldwell, N.J on February 18th 1913 as she has written in her part of this narrative. She also has written the rest of the story of our life together so I'll not repeat it. I would like to mention some highlights of the period when I first came

to New Haven. I had a room on Whitney Avenue between Audubon and Trumbull Streets during the period before Winchester decided to keep me in New Haven instead of sending me on the road. All of the men in our group got our meals in the Yale Dining Hall adjacent to Woolsey Hall. Norman E. Horn was in charge of the Sales Service Department and he hired me. The president of Whincheter at that time was John E. Oterson an ex navy man.

So, we'll leave the narrative incomplete as of Christmas, 1966. We have enjoyed writing this little story and we hope it will give you children a clearer picture of what life was in the early days of the nineteen hundreds.

Affectionately,

Dad

March 25, 1966

#### BIOGRAPHY OF MARGARET CRANE HELLER

Written for her children

I come from good English stock but I didn't know about this until I was sixteen, as I will tell you later.

I was born on May 12th, 1890 in Mt. Vernon N.Y. My father was Edward Charles Whittington, son of Henry Whittington who was said to be descended from the famous Dick Whittington of London. (See clipping of Henry Whittington's obituary in scrapbook.) Earliest reference to the Whittington family is in the History of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Mass. Vol. 1 1637-1738, page 161. "Richard Whittington or Withington (1646) or Dorchester, son of Henry, was born in England, came to America in 1636 and admitted to be a freeman May 13, 1640. Richard's sister Faith married Richard Baker (1658) Richard Whittington (1646) was chosen ruling elder in Dorchester church in 1651 and deacon in 1669. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Philip Eliot (1638). He was a selectman in 1675, 1676 and 1677. He died December 22nd, 1701, aged about 83 years."

My mother's name was Hannah Mallinson, daughter of Thomas Mallison of New York City. The Mallinsons originally came from Hudersfield, England. At one time

Thomas Mallinson owned considerable property of Seventh Avenue in New York City. (I think it was opposite the present Penn Station).

I should have said above that my grandfather Whittington's mother was a Darling, a near relative of Grace Darling of lighthouse fame.

My mother was the youngest of ten children only three whom survived to grow up. According to her sister, my aunt Eliza, my mother was favored by my grandfather. When my maternal grandmother died my grandfather married a widow with one son and they inherited most of his property on his death.

My father had one sister, Elizabeth who married Thomas Creighton. They lived in Frankford outside of Philadelphia, Pa. And they are the only true relatives of that generation whom I remember with real affection. I visited them at their home in 1666 Wakeling Street, Frankford in 1908 and they did much to make my stay pleasant.

Uncle Tom painted well and when I married he presented us with a scene in Bermuda which he had painted. He was a house painter by trade and has his equipment in a shop on Frankford Avenue. This shop was fitted up with living quarters upstairs and also downstairs in the front and here my cousin Frank Creighton lived. Frank had a small tea and coffee business which he conducted with a horse and wagon. Later he studied and was ordained in the Episcopal ministry. Later he became the famous Bishop Creighton. He was Bishop of Mexico earlier he was Surrogan Bishop of Long Island. I have clippings of his biography.

My father also had two half sisters, Aunt Ella and Aunt Ida who lived in Frankford. My grandfather Henry Whittington lived in Easton, Pa and worked for the Erie Railroad. After he retired he came to Frankford and lived with Aunt Ida Hammond who had no children, at 5039 Willow Street. He died there on February 15th, 1913 at the age of 94. Aunt Ella Quicksell had two children Harry and Edith.

My father and mother were married in New York City about 1885, probably at the home of my grandfather Thomas Mallinson on Seventh Avenue. My father's half sister Ida Hammond attended the wedding.

My parents had three children, Edith, born in 1886, Loretta, born 1888 and finally me. I was born in Mt. Vernon, New York and was called Maybell.

My father was a stonecutter, reportedly a very good one but apparently not a good provider. My mother developed tuberculosis and died in October, 1890 when I was only five months old.

At one time in his travels, my father went to South America and brought back numerous mementos, laces, ect. When my mother died, her sisters, Eliza and Jennie took these small treasures.

My father boarded me with a neighboring Polish family and tried to maintain a home for my sisters, Edith and Loretta. My sister Edith recalled visits at that time of a white-haired man, probably my grandfa ther Thomas Mallinson, who brought them candy presents.

Then my father took my two sisters and disappeared, leaving me with the Polish family, my board unpaid. So they got in touch with my grandfather Mallinson, then an old man of 76. As he was too old to care for me he decided to put me up for adoption.

At that time the law required that babies for adoption should be the wards of the state, so I was put in a nursery in New York City for two weeks. This was in 1892. The woman in charge of the nursery was acquainted with Harry Crane and Louina Crane, second cousins who had married.

Louina Crane was the daughter of a Presbyterian missionary, Oliver Crane. She was born in Turkey. After she married her second cousin Harry Crane, she was very anxious to adopt a baby girl. The matron of the nursery told her about me.

After approval by my grandfather Thomas Mallinson, I was adopted by the Cranes and baptized Margaret by Rev. Oliver Crane. We lived in Verona, New Jersey on Sunset Road near the fearm of DeWitt Baldwin. In the winter we boarded in New York City.

Harry Crane was one of the officials of the D. VanNostrand Company, publishers of technical books. His mother was a VanNostrand. When I was five years old, my adopted father, Harry Crane died of cancer. We were living in Verona, N.J at the time and from then on I was moved about considerably.

First I lived with Aunt Carrie Lyon, Louina Crane's sister, who was staying in Verona near where the Cranes were living. I also lived with her at her home in

Morristown, N.J first on Western Avenue and later on 56 Maple Street. I also lived with my adopted grandparents, Harry Crane's brother Uncle Arthur Crane, treasurer of the D. VanNostrand Company was very kind to me.

I went to kindergarten in Newark. Grandpa Crane used to walk me to school every day. I also visited with Aunt Cordelia Crane, wife of Harry Crane's brother Edward, at her summer home at Locust Point on the Shrewsbury River across from Red Bank, N.J.

Meanwhile, my adopted mother had become a sort of invalid and went from one sanitarium to another. She was in Saratoga, N.Y, Elmira, N.Y and Dansville, N.Y. While she was at Saratoga, she heard about St. Faiths Episcopal School there. It was owned and operated by Miss Beatrice Sands and Miss Eleanor Shakelford. The school was founded in 1890 and after periods of good and lean years in Saratoga and in Poughkeepsie, N.Y it was discontinued in 1951.

My adopted mother arranged for me to be entered in the school when I was ten years old. I was living with Aunt Carrie Lyon in Morristown then. She equipped me with clothes and everything else I needed at school. This was in September 1900.

For the next eight years until I graduated from St. Faith's, I lived at the school with only a few brief vacations. Usually I stayed at the school during summer vacations and during Easter and Christmas vacations.

When I was twelve years old I spent two weeks at Aunt Carrie's Cottage on Lake Luzerne near Saratoga. When I returned to school after this first vacation I was so homesick that Uncle Arthur Crane paid for an additional two weeks with Aunt Carrie.

When I was fourteen my cousin Wayn Lyon, Aunt Carrie's son, introduced me to Harold Heller. It was in his father's store and he was very conscious of the fact that I was dressed up while he was in his working clothes. It was a rather stiff and awkward situation but later we became more friendly and we corresponded with each other when I was away from Caldwell.

Other friends I met while I was staying with Aunt Carrie in Caldwell were Edmund R. Laine, who later became an Episcopal minister and Virgil H. Cornell who became a doctor and spent his life in the army as a doctor.

Christmases' were always spend at the school with the high point being packages from Aunt Carrie. Other pleasant remembrances were visits by the pupils of St. Faith's to Yaddo, the home of Mrs. Spencer Trask in Saratoga. In this stately mansion we sometimes presented plays written by Mrs. Trask.

Some of my pleasantest recollections of the period when I was at school were my visits to Aunt Carrie and her family. There was uncle Ned (Edward C. Lyon) who was a corporation lawyer with Kountz Brothers in New York. Their son Ned was ten years older than I. He graduated from Princeton and became a doctor, practicing in New York. He was a doctor in the army in World War 1 and retired with the rank of a colonel. Marion was nine years older than I, Oliver five years older than I and Wayn, six months younger.

I can honestly say that these happy periods when I lived with them in Morriston, N.J (before I was ten) and later when I visited them when they lived in Caldwell, N.J were the only times when I knew real family life.

When I was sixteen my adopted mother wrote to me telling me that I was an adopted child and not her real daughter as I had always been led to believe.

I was told about my adoption at this time because my maternal grandfather Thomas Mallinson had died and his estate was to be settled, my mother having died when I was an infant, her share came to me and my two sisters if they could be found.

Here is how they were discovered. After more than twenty years, my father returned to visit Aunt Elizabeth Creighton, his sister in her home in Frankford, Pa. She asked him where the two girls were and told him about my being adopted and that I was at St. Faith's School which has been moved to Poughkeepsie, N.Y in 1904.

My father told Aunt Elizabeth that he had placed my two sisters in an orphanage in New Haven. After he left Aunt Elizabeth wrote to Miss Sands at St. Faith's warning her that my father knew where I was. She also wrote of the whereabouts of my sisters Edith and Loretta. By chance, Miss Sands was well acquainted with a Mrs. Candee who was a member of the governing board of the orphanage in New Haven. (It is now known as The Children's Community Center).

Mrs. Candee replied that she was well acquainted with my sisters. Edith had been placed in the home of Joel Skilton in East Morris, Connecticut and Loretts was in

the home of Mrs. Root in Morris, Connecticut. Edith has married Sylvanus Titus and still lived in East Morris. Loretta had married Normal Perkins and lived in Litchfield Connecticut. Later the Perkins moved to Mount Vernon, Maine. My Aunt Eliza Finn, my mother's sister, was one of those principally concerned with finding my sisters or providing whether or not they have died. Probably her motives were selfish but in any event my sisters were found at last.

In 1907 my sister Edith visited me at St. Faith's and in 1908 after I graduated from St. Faith's, the three of us, Edith, Loretta and I visited the Creightons in Frankford. They were very desirous of having us meet grandfather Whittington who was 88 on the 19th of June, 1908.

My graduation from St. Faith's was held in the school in Poughkeepsie on June 13th, 1908. There were only two in the graduating class; Helen Rand and I. Harold Heller come up from New Jersey to attend. He drove up to the school in the "taxi" of the period, a one-horse surrey driven by a colored man. Uncle Arthur came up after dinner.

On my visit to Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Tom Creighton in Frankford, after my graduation, I stayed about a month and then returned to Aunt Carrie's in Caldwell.

When St. Faith's opened in the fall I went up there for a week or so to help get things ready. Then I returned to Aunt Carrie's.

I wanted to enroll at once in nursing training but Aunt Carrie thought I was too young. Miss Sands at St. Faith's knew a Mrs. Thayer, a director of Holy Cross House for Crippled Children in Cleveland, Ohio and after several delays I went out there to work. This was about November 1908. Harold Heller was working in New York City so I did not see much of him before I went to Cleveland.

I stayed in Cleveland until June, 1909 and then returned to Aunt Carrie's. Then I put in my application to enter St. Mary's Hospital for Children at 405 West 34th Street in New York City, I was accepted and entered on September, 1909.

During the summer of 1909 while I was at Aunt Carrie's, a camping trip to Split Rock Lake near Hibernia, N.J was planned. Rev. John and Mrs. Charlotte Gardiner were the chaperones and the group consisted of Bond Osborn and his cousin, Wayn Lyon and Emily Lewis, (later married and divorced) Henry Rudolph and Edith Pierson who



later were married and Harold and I. It was on this trip that we really knew we were in love.

After the camping trip, I visited John and Charlotte Gardiner at Inwood, N.J. Charlotte helped me to make my uniforms and aprons for my nursing training, which I would begin in September.

Uncle Arthur Crane paid the bill because my adopted mother, who I now called Aunt Lou, refused to support me after I reached the age of eighteen.

The hospital work was hard; on duty at 7:00 a.m for 12 hours with only one hour of rest during the day. Our classes were in the evening which didn't leave much time for study or recreation. About the middle of September I did not feel well but kept going until a few days before Christmas when I became really sick, running a temperature and aching all over.

On Christmas day the Sisters (who ran the hospital) called Dr. Elmendorf in to take my blood count. He diagnosed my illness as typhoid. The Sisters made arrangements for me to be taken to New York Hospital where I stayed for six weeks. At that time they would put a patient in a tub of cold water and massage all the time to get the temperature down. I responded well. Some patients could not stand the shock.

I went to Aunt Carrie's after I left the hospital to build up. Aunt Carrie insisted upon my taking six raw eggs a day, whole. I remember I gained 8 pounds one week and 7 pounds the next. Altogether I lost three months at the hospital and had to drop down to a lower class.

The next year I became sick again. This time it was measles. I was quite sick at the time and lost a month's training time. So I missed out on two weeks' vacation each year. I finally completed my training in June 1912, took my New York State Regents examination and passed so that I was a registered nurse.

In the meantime, Harold had moved out to Montpelier, Ohio and was working for his Uncle Will Heller who owned a factory that made hardware cabinets and shelving. We didn't see each other for two and a half years but we corresponded regularly; hundreds of letters!

When I finished my training I was asked to stay and take charge of the operating room but I felt that I would have no control over the student nurses that I had known so

well. So I went into an apartment with three other classmates on West 181st Street and put my name on the registry for private duty nursing at Roosevelt Hospital.

I waited several weeks for my first case and after that I kept very busy. I had one case down at Manasquan, N.J taking care of a doctor's child. I was there a week and had quite a vacation. Another case was in Hohokus, N.J and third was on Madison Avenue in Morristown, N.J. The rest of my cases were in Roosevelt Hospital. I think I forgot to mention that our training school, St. Mary's Hospital was affiliated with Roosevelt Hospital and the Lying-in Maternity Hospital on 17th street and 2nd avenue in New York. At the lying-in part of our training was to go out and visit maternity patients on the lower east side; DeLancy Street, Grand Street and many others down under the Brooklyn Bridge and other places. It was an enlightening experience.

About December 1912 Harold came east on business and we decided to be married. We thought of just going to The Little Church Around the Corner in New York to be married but Aunt Carrie insisted upon giving us a small wedding in her home, inviting just relatives and a few friends.

So on the 18th of February, 1913 we were married in Caldwell at 5:30 p.m. My cousin John Gardiner who was a minister in the Dutch Re formed Church performed the ceremony and Reverend Nelson B. Chester, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Caldwell offered a prayer. The weather was clear and cold. Aunt Carrie engaged Day's in Morristown to come over and do the catering.

We left after the wedding and went back to Montpelier, Ohio by way of Philadelphia. Harold had rented a three room flat over a furniture store. The flat was really under the balcony of a theatre on the second floor. So we had to get some furniture and set up housekeeping after we got there. The people called the place honeymoon flats.

A week after we were married Uncle Will's factory burned down. We didn't know whether we had a job or not, but Uncle Will quickly rebuilt and Harold worked during that period and soon was on the road again and only home weekends.

When we knew our first baby was coming we decided to try to buy a place. Uncle Will advised us to get a place on Main Street. The house was old but the location was good. It was a deep lot with a barn facing an alley on the rear. The alley ran behind all the lots there. Mrs. Latanner our next door neighbor was friendly and helpful.

We were happy in our first come. A farm girl named Clarise who needed a place to stay in town during the school year, lived with us and was a great help.

Our first baby was born on November 22nd, 1913 at 9:30 a.m. It was a girl and we named her Ester Carol. Ester after Harold's mother. She has always been called Carol, however. An note of interest is the bill for Dr. Wirtz's services for two weeks in the hospital in Montpelier which came to \$42.00.

In July, 1914 Uncle Will decided to open an office in Boston and sent Harold east to set it up. So we packed everything and came east to find a place. We stayed with Dad Heller at his summer home in Hanover, N.J.

We arrived there on August 1st and a few days later World20War 1 broke out. Uncle Will cancelled all plans to open an office and we were without a place or job. We found a rent on the first floor at 115 Montclair Avenue in North Newark, N.J. I think the rent was \$10.00 per month. We thought it would be nearer business and a possible job. Harold found a couple of temporary jobs which did not pan out. I remember one incident of that time. Aunt Carrie invited me to visit her in Caldwell. The North Newark Railroad station of the Erie Railroad was quite near our place on Montclair Avenue so I put Carol in the baby carriage, walked to the depot, checked the baby carriage in the baggage car, rode to Caldwell and then walked from the Caldwell station to Aunt Carries.

In April 1915 Harold got a job as clerk in the Madison Hardware Co. of Madison, N.J owned my George Magee. The "salary" was \$10.00 per week. We moved to Madison in May 1915. Our rent was a second floor apartment in the home of a family named Westover on Main Street in Madison.

Later we moved to a house not far away on 173 Kings Road in Madison. Here on October 7th, 1916 our second daughter, Doris was born. The Doctor was Irving Krause of Chatham, N.J. His bill was \$25.00.

Harold's work in making signs and window displays in the hardware store was written up in the trade magazine, Hardware Age and it was instrumental in his getting a better job at Macentt & Doremus hardware Company on Broad Street near Market Street in Newark N.J. Later he changed to the Bannister & Pollard Company a competitor around the corner on Market Street next door to the Newark Evening News building. The terrible black Tom explosion of munitions occurred in this bay while he was working

here. He made a number of good window displays, some of them selling Liberty Bonds which attracted attention. He also wrote articles for hardware trade papers.

Because of all this he was offered a position with Winchester Repeating Arms Co. in New Haven. World War 1 had ended while he was in Newark and the Winchester Company planned to manufacture tools and hardware and sell them through exclusive dealers. Harold was one of a group of hardware sales specialists hired for the Advertising Service Department. Harold doubled his salary by the move. He came to New Haven in November 1919. He had a room on Whitney Avenue near Trumbull Street and got his meals at the Yale Dining Hall. He came home weekends.

The girls and I moved up to New Haven on May 1st, 1930. We had a first floor flat at 666 Third Avenue West Haven. Later we moved to 33 Fourth Avenue until the house was sold. Then we moved to 188 First Avenue, in West Haven.

In 1925 Grandma Bortic died and left us a small legacy. This we used as a down payment on a nine- room house at 611 Second Avenue in 1926. It had a large ell-shaped lot with grapes and blackberries, currants, a large cherry tree and chicken coops. It was a great place for the kids.

While we were living here, our son Robert was born August 12th, 1930 in New Haven Hospital. Dr. Platt H. Rogers was the obstetrician. When he came to New Haven Harold discarded his middle name and was known by his first name, Robert but our son was not a junior as we gave him the middle name of Crane.

The care of the big house began to be a burden so we sold it in 1952, and moved across the street to a first floor apartment at 616 Second Avenue where we are living as these lines are being written.

In 1940 I decided to take a refresher course in Nursing at the Yale School of Nursing. I was a registered nurse in New York State and had my diploma. I wrote to Albany about being reinstated so that I could be registered in Connecticut by reciprocity. They could not find my record in Albany and inquired if I had my diploma notarized, which I found I had not done. So I went to the Hall of Records in New York City and had it notarized. After that I had no trouble in getting my Connecticut registration by reciprocity.

In New York they asked for my birth certificate. I didn't have one and told them I was an adopted child. They advised me to get my birth certificate because if I ever traveled abroad I would need it. Also I would need it for social security identification.

So we began the long hunt. I had heard that I was born in White Plains, N.Y. We wrote there but they had no record. I wrote to Albany and they had no record. I had understood that I was adopted in Kings County in Brooklyn, N.Y. so we wrote to the court and asked for a copy of my adoption papers. I hoped this would give the information about where I was born. We received a friendly letter from a Mr. Gerhardt at the Kings County Courthouse. He said that they could not give out this information without a court order but that if we could come down and talk to him personally, he might be able to help us. He wrote this message on the back of our letter and sent it to us so there would be no record of any correspondence in the court files. We wrote Mr. Gerhardt and told him what day we would be down. Our son Bob was with us and probably bored with the whole business.

Mr. Gerhardt met us and was very kind. He said that the whole record was there and he would let us read it. We were taking notes when he offered to have photo static copies made at \$1.50 per page. He suggested that we go across the street and have coffee and that they would be ready in an hour. In the record it stated that I was born in Mount Vernon, N.Y. on May 12th 1890.

We then went to the court house in Mount Vernon but they had no record and would not accept the adoption papers as evidence. Then I remembered that my relatives had told me that my mother was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery which was only a four minute ride from Mount Vernon. We drove over there and they had a record of my mother's death and burial. They gave us a map of the cemetery and showed where she was buried in Grandfather Mallinson's plot. He was buried there and one or two other relatives. They offered to have a photo static copy of the record made and sent to us.

The clerk at the Mt. Vernon court house advised us to send all the copies as well as a copy of our marriage certificate to Albany by registered mail and to write them the particulars, this we did and obtained a delayed birth certificate.

We were also told that copies of the original birth certificate in 1890 were sent to Washington, D.C. But that a fire in the vault there had damaged all the records

between 1888 and 1892 and could not be inspected. I believe that hunting for the birth certificate, writing and following up leads took about three years.

Returning to our family history, in 1926 Winchester Repeating Arms had another reorganization and Harold's or Bob's (as he was then called) department was eliminated. The asked Bob to take a position in St. Louis, Mo. But he did not want this but instead took a job with The Walker-Rackliff Company of 19 Dickerman Street New Haven, printers. He had met Harry Walker, one of the owners when we were camping at Leete's Island, Conn.

Dad, as he is now generally called, worked for the Walker-Rackliff company for forty years and ten days, retiring on September 10th, 1965. The company was being badly managed and in fact, it was thrown into bankruptcy just a month after Dad retired.

So now we are living quietly, looking back over the events of our lives. One of our happiest recollections is our 50th wedding anniversary which we celebrated in the Parish House of the First Congressional Church in West Haven on Sunday afternoon, February 17th, 1963. All our children and particularly Carol, who went out the invitations worked to make it an unforgettable party. A committee of my church group, Thelpha Circle handled the refreshments. There were about 300 people who came to wish us well.

The following Tuesday evening the Deacons of the church and their wives gave us a dinner party at the West Haven Motor Inn. A sever blizzard struck us that day but in spite of terrible weather they all were present. It was another memorable event.

This is not the end of the story so I'll keep the rest of this page for anything that may occur later.

Your loving mother

July 11,1966

**GENEALOGY  
THE HELLER FAMILY**

Generation:

I. Elias Heller b.                   d.       Married Laura?

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II. Children of Elias and Laura

Elias II        b.approx 1800 d.       Married Mary Laegle

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III. Children of Elias II and Mary Laegle

Elias III	b. 1837	d.	Married Sophia Geoffrey
Peter J.	b. 5/16/1842	d.5/21/24	Married Elizabeth Dean Baldwin b. 2840 d. 1911
George E.	b. 1848	d.	Married Emma Pfeiffer
John J.	b. 1850	d.	Married Lena Pfeiffer
Lewis	b.	d.	Married?
Emily	b.	d.	Married John Morrow

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IV. Children of Elias III and Sophia Geoffrey

R. Arthur	b.	d.	Married?
Paul B.	b.	d.	Married?
Arnaud	b.	d.	Married?

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IV. Children of Peter J. and Elizabeth Baldwin

Frederick Lincoln	b.1865	d.1927	Married Esther Bortic Married Jeannette Courter (2 <sup>nd</sup> wife) b. 1878 d. 9/1/1960
Lewis	b.1867	d.1886	
Matilda	b.6/16/1869	d.10/5/1944	Married Thomas Truesdale
William Charles	b.1872	d. 1919	Married Eva Bamber
Mary	b.1876	d. 1940	Married John Crusier
Maude Alice	b. 1879	d.	Married Albert Pullis
Peter J. Jr.	b. 1882	d. 1925	Married Elizabeth?
Grace	b.1874	d.1948	Married John Bricker

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#### IV. Children of John J. and Lena Pfeiffer

Benjamin	b.	d.	Married Betty?
John	b.	d.	Married?
Naomi	b.	d.	Married .... Lefferty
Walter	b.	d.	Married?
Russel	b.	d.	Married?
Ida	b.	d.	Married Gordon Barnett
Florence	b.	d.	Married Joseph Stewart

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#### IV. Children of George and Emma Pfeiffer

Alfred	b.	d.	Married?
Leo	b.	d.	Married?

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#### IV. Children of Lewis and ?

Richard	b.	d.
Luke?	B.	d.

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#### IV. Children f Emily and John Morrow

3 Daughters?

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**THE BORTIC FAMILY**



II. Joseph Bowden    b.            d. Married Eliza?    b.            d.

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III. Children of Joseph Bowden and Eliza?

Eliza Keyes (adopted) b.            d. Married Wm. N. Bortic    b.            d.

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IV. Children of Eliza and Wm. N. Bortic

Esther	b.	d.1904	Married Frederick L. Heller
Anna	b.	d.	Married John B. Logan
Susan	b.	d.	Married Robert Chesney

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V. Children of Frederick L. Heller and Esther Bortic

William	b. 1887	d. 1889	
Robert Harold	b.4/3/1889	d. 12/5/1966	Married Margaret Crane b. 5/12/1890 d.
Joseph Clifford	b. 10/5/1892	d. 9/6/1959	Married Helen Mayo b. d. 1959
Catherine Bortic	b.8/27/1896	d.	
Elizabeth	b. 9/11/1898	d.	Married (Harry) Wm. Bacheller

Children of Frederick L. Heller and Jeannette Courter

Jeannette	b. 1909	d.	Married Richard Goss
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V. Children of Matilda Heller and Thomas Truesdale

Paul	b.8/12/1889	d.	Married Bernice Mills
Thomas	b.9/21/1894	d.5/17/1957	Married Florine Simnel
Jessie	b.7/11/1891	d.12/26/1925	
Mary	b.3/15/1896	d.	

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V. Children of William C. Heller and Eva Bamber

John	b.1897	d.	Married Carruth June Menges
LeRoy	b.1900	d.	Married Neva Oberlander

Ruth Gwendolyn      b.1903      d.      Married Adrian Marquiesee

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V. Children of Grace Heller and John Bricker

John T. Jr.      b.      d.  
Theodora      b.      d.

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V. Children of Mary Heller and John Cruser

Violet      b.      d.

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V. Children of Maude Heller and Albert Pullis

Ellen      b.1913      d.      Married William Wood  
Alice      b.1915      d.      Married Edward Frank

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V. Children of Peter J. Heller Jr. and Elizabeth ?

John      b. 1910      d.  
Brouch      b.      d.  
Charles      b.      d.

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V. Children of Anna Bortic and John Logan

None

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V. Children of Susan Bortic and Robert Chesney

William      b.      d.      Married Ethel?

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**THE WHITTINGTON\* MALLINSON\*CRANE FAMILIES**

III. Henry Whittington b.1819      d.2/15/1913      Married?  
    Married? (2<sup>nd</sup> wife)

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IV. Children of Henry Whittington and ? first wife

Edward Charles	b.1854	d.	Married Hannah Mallinson
Elizabeth	b.	d.	Married Thomas Creighton

Children of Henry Whittington and ? Second wife

Ella	b.	d.	Married Harry Quicksell
Ida	b.	d.	Married Fred Hammann

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IV. Thomas Mallinson      b.      d.      Married?

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IV. Children of Thomas Mallinson and ?

Louise	b.	d.	Married ? Parker
Jennie	b.	d.	Married ? Hahn
Eliza	b.	d.	Married ? Finn
Hannah	b.1858	d.10/1890	Married Charles Whittington

Six other children names and sex unknown.

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IV. Harry Crane      b.      d.1895      Married Louina Crane b.      d.

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V. Children of Harry Crane and Louina Crane

Margaret Whittington (adopted) Married Robert Harold Heller

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VI. Children of Robert H. Heller and Margaret Crane

Esther Carol	b.11/22/13	d.	Married Russell Pierce Jones
Doris Crane	b.10/7/16	d.	Married Albert Pfuderer b.8/22/02 d.8/23/65

Robert Crane b.8/12/30 d.10/1/93 Married Barbara Lee 2/20/34

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VI. Children of Elizabeth Bortic Heller and William Bacheller

William Dean b.1924 d. Married Roberta Gosnell

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VI. Children of Jeannette Heller and Richard Goss

Peter (twin) b.10/17/42 d.  
 Paul (twin) b.10/17/42 d.  
 Jeannette Penelope b. 1944 d. Married Stewart Scott McLaughlin

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VI. Children of Joseph Clifford Heller and Helen Mayo

Frederick b.1917 d. Married Marjory Vivarttis  
 June b.1919 d. Married Charles Bauswein

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VI. Children of William Chesney and Ethel ?

Doris b. d. Married ?  
 Daughter, died at age 12.  
 William (Bosco) b. d.

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VII. Children of Esther Carol Heller and Russell Pierce Jones

Doris Anne b.1/24/35 d. Married Charles Mallet Squire  
 Nancy Carol b.11/24/36 d. Married David Scofield  
 Susan b.9/10/48 d.

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VII. Children of Doris Crane Heller and Albert Chrstian Pfuderer

Peter(stepson) b.3/6/32 d. son of A.C Pfuderer and Margaret  
 Stephan, Married Helen Throckmorton

Karen Ann	b.4/25/42		
Paul Alan	b.4/25/62	d.	Married Adrienne McBride

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VII. Children of Robert Crane Heller and Barbara Lee

William Robert	b.2/23/37 d.	Married Sandra Lee Lacombe	b. 8/31/59 d.
Richard Thomas	b.1/14/59 d.	Married Carol Angela Cristiano	b.11/9/60 d.
Virginia Lee	b.4/24/62 d.	Married Robert Nelson Laferriere	b. 2/19/60 d.

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VII. Children of Frederick Clifford Heller and Marjory Vivarttis

Kirby	b.1941	d.	Married Heather Fener
Clifford	b.1949	d.	

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VII. Children of June Heller and Charles Bauswein

Rita	b.1945	d.
Joel	b.1948	d.

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VII. Children of William Dean Bacheller and Roberta Gosnell

Jacquelin	b.1952	d.
Kathleen	b.1955	d.
Merry June	b.1957	d.
William	b.1959	d.

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VII. Children of Doris Chesney and ? Williams

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VIII. Children of Doris Anne Jones and Charles Mallott Squire

Clayton Russell	b.2/9/58	d.
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Cheryl Christine	b.5/4/60	d.
Carol Frances	b.7/29/61	d.
Colin Timothy	b.7/26/64	d.
Constance Ann	b.3/31/66	d.

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VIII. Children of Nancy Carol Heller and David Scofield

Terri Lynn	b.10/6/60	d.
Dean Alan	b.2/5/63	d.
Gewn Alison	b.5/20/65	d.

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VIII. Children of Albert Peter Pfuderer and Helen Throckmorton

Susan Stephan (twin)	b.11/2/60	d.
Catherine Ellen (twin)	b.11/2/60	d.

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VIII. Children of William Heller and Sandra Lee

Shawn William	b.2/2/80	d.
Stacey Marie	b.3/10/81	d.

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VIII. Children of Richard Heller and Carol Cristiano

Ryan Michael	b.4/13/86	d.
Mark Richard	b.12/30/88	d.
Andrea Nicole	b.9/21/92	d.

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VIII. Children of Virginia Heller and Richard Laferriere

Richard Nelson	b.12/9/85	d.
Robert Ronald	b.5/21/88	d.