

Descendants of Nikolaus Schneider

Generation No. 1

1. NIKOLAUS² SCHNEIDER (*MARTIN*¹) was born December 01, 1805 in Irslingen, Germany, and died April 09, 1867. He married ANNA MARIA ALF June 09, 1835 in Irslingen, Germany, daughter of LORENZ ALF and KATHARINA MAGER. She was born September 25, 1815 in Zimmern, Rottweil, Germany, and died 1853.

Notes for NIKOLAUS SCHNEIDER:

Information from Dietingen (fruher Irslingen) Rottweil Auszug aus dem Familienregister, Band I, Blatt 89.

I think this means that Irslingen is now known as Rottweil:

Ortsname	Oberamt
Irslingen	Rottweil

Children of NIKOLAUS SCHNEIDER and ANNA ALF are:

- i. HELENE³ SCHNEIDER, b. August 16, 1836, IRSLINGEN, GERMANY.

Notes for HELENE SCHNEIDER:

"Departed Germany for America" date not recored, per record (ref. Nikolaus Schneider)

- ii. FRANZ SCHNEIDER, b. October 01, 1838, IRSLINGEN, GERMANY.

Notes for FRANZ SCHNEIDER:

Came to America in 1858.

- iii. KRESZENTIA SCHNEIDER, b. June 15, 1840, IRSLINGEN, GERMANY; d. May 06, 1878, Irslingen, Germany; m. IGNAZ KELLER, June 21, 1869, Irslingen, Germany.
- iv. REV. JOSEF SCHNEIDER, b. Wuertenberg, Germany¹.

Notes for REV. JOSEF SCHNEIDER:

Came to America and was a Franciscan brother or priest. Worked in Northern Ohio. Buried in Cincinatti.

More About REV. JOSEF SCHNEIDER:

Fact 2: Cincinatti, OH

Fact 6: Franciscan priest

Fact 7: Worked in Northern Ohio

- v. MICHAEL SCHNEIDER, b. September 29, 1844, IRSLINGEN, GERMANY; d. September 08, 1865, Irslingen, Germany.
- vi. MARIA SCHNEIDER, b. October 28, 1846, IRSLINGEN, GERMANY; d. March 26, 1914.
- vii. LUITGARD SCHNEIDER, b. June 01, 1849, IRSLINGEN, GERMANY; m. ANDREAS SCHWARZ, June 10, 1879, Gosslingen, Germany; b. Hirschwirt, Germany.
2. viii. FREDERICK FERDINAND SCHNEIDER, b. May 20, 1851, Irslingen, Germany; d. 1937, Columbus, Ohio, USA.

Generation No. 2

2. FREDERICK FERDINAND³ SCHNEIDER (*NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born May 20, 1851 in Irslingen, Germany, and died 1937 in Columbus, Ohio, USA. He married MARY KAISER, daughter of JOHN KAISER and MARY SCHWARTZ. She was born July 18, 1855 in Columbus, Ohio, USA, and died 1942 in Columbus, Ohio.

Notes for FREDERICK FERDINAND SCHNEIDER:

Known as Fred. Fred was christened Ferdinand, a Spanish name. He was born in Irslingen. He was the youngest of 8 children. He migrated to USA at age of 16 (which is around 1867). May have been born May 20, 1851. Family tradition is that he had a Spanish ancestor.

According to Philip A. Schneider, Jr., he was not processed at Ellis Island, but a different center in New York

near the Battery, known as Castle Point or Castle Garden.

Emigrated to Muscatine, Iowa, then to Columbus, OH, as a blacksmith who made buggies.

Mary and Fred had 6 children, according to the 1900 US Census, 4 Jun 1900. 4 sons, 2 daughters. Her husband, Frederick, was listed as a gearworker. Son Adam was a shoemaker. Philip was a grocery clerk, and the others were at school. They owned a home with a mortgage, at 427 Buttles Avenue in Columbus.

Mary remembers seeing President Lincoln's coffin at the State House in Columbus, in April 1865 when she was 10 (she said 12) years old. The Schneider/O'Shaughnessy plot is in St Joseph's Cemetery in Columbus. One family researcher shows seven children, adding a Catherine, who is added here. Also, Fred was said to have a brother who was a priest.

Father J. Daniel Schneider writes:

My grandfather, Frederick Schneider, came to America at age 12. He was the youngest in the family. His father sent him to live with cousins in Iowa, because Bismarck was persecuting Catholics in Germany. He went to New York, took a train to Iowa, and worked on a farm in Muscatine, on the Mississippi River.

He didn't like farming. When he was seventeen or eighteen, he left, and headed east, a drifter. He got as far as Sandusky, Ohio, where he went to work in quarry, probably for Ohio limestone. There he learned tools, sharpening tools and making tools. He learned how to melt an old chisel, re-pound it, and put an edge on it. From there he became a blacksmith, making metal parts at the hot forge. He got word that Columbus Buggy Parts Co. was hiring, so he took a train down to Columbus and Father job fashioning the parts for horse-drawn carriages.

In Columbus he met and married a woman named Mary Kaiser.

Then he fell ill with tuberculosis. My father, Philip Schneider, was born in 1880. He remembered when he was just a boy that his father was always sick. He was a strict man, but very happy to be in America. One day he found my father in the kitchen talking to his mother in German. My grandfather didn't like it. He said, "We are American citizens. We are not speaking German and I do not want my son, or any of my children learning a word of German." He took my father out of the German school and sent him to school at Sacred Heart parish in Columbus. There my father met Duke and Joe O'Shaughnessy. He was to marry their sister Nora some years later.

Ken says (October 2009):

My History Notes were in error about location of Irslingen. It is north of Munich, about 50 miles SW of Stuttgart. I remember Dad teaching me in German "Mein Grossfader war auf Stuttgart," or my grandfather was from Stuttgart. Munich [Munchen] is about 100 miles to the east of Irsingen. Hamburg is to the far north of Germany, while Munich is in the south, in Bavaria.

See Map:

Irslingen, Dietingen, Germany -- note that Zimmern ob Rottweil (Anna Maria Alf's birth location) is only about 2 miles away, to the south. The satellite view shows it is still quite rural and agricultural.

http://maps.google.com/maps?q=irslingen+germany+map&sourceid=navclient-ff&ie=UTF-8&rls=GGGL,GGGL:2006-38,GGGL:en&um=1&sa=X&oi=geocode_result&resnum=1&ct=title

"Nina" Regina (Schneider) Pinglora (October 17, 2008) ninaping@optonline.net wrote:

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[The following exchange of e-mails is interesting, but no firm conclusions may be drawn about the possibility of Jewish provenance in our Schneider or Kaiser line. Both Father Dan and my father, Philip A Schneider, Jr. have passed away, and there appears to be no supportive documentation. Ken]

Hi Ken,

Fr. Dan was with me this weekend. Ray and Briana went to Briana's grandmother's birthday party. Her grandmother revealed to them that her grandfather was actually Jewish, not Norwegian and that he had escaped a concentration camp and fled to Norway where he met her grandmother. When Fr. Dan heard this story, he told us that Fredrick Schneider, our ancestor from Germany was Jewish. Had you ever heard that?
Nina

Ken replied:

No, and I think Dad would have mentioned this. We once sat down at the computer and he related memories about various relatives that I had in the family tree program.

I wonder how/when Father Dan learned about this, and whether there is any documentation. I will be very interested in knowing if this can be verified, or at least determine Father Dan's source of information.

[OR, might Fred's wife, Mary Kaiser, whose mother's maiden name was Schwartz have a Jewish background?]

Love, Ken

Nina replied:

I asked Dan [Nina's brother Joseph Daniel Schneider] if he ever heard that Fredrick Schneider was Jewish. He said Dad told him that Wille Bruenjes [next door neighbor of Philip A Schneider Jr in Rutherford] told him that if he was from Hamburg he would most likely be Jewish. I'll bet that is where that came from. I am kicking myself for not asking him more about it but I had a houseful at the time. Nina

Ken then replied:

Nina, Of course, that is a rather broad generalization. Actually, Frederich was not from Hamburg, which is in the north of Germany. There was, and apparently still is, a large Jewish population in Munich (which is in Bavaria, about 100 miles from Irslingen), despite the expulsions and exterminations during WW II.

Here are my History Notes on our great-grandfather Frederick Schneider from my Family Tree Maker file (note Father Dan's contribution). Only speculating, without even knowing the source of Father Dan's new information. but could Fred have had an ancestor who was a Spanish cryptic Jew?

(Many fled Spain during the Spanish Inquisition and were dispersed through (especially Eastern) Europe-- see: <http://books.google.com/books?id=wgPSUQ873scC&pg=RA4-PA172&lpg=RA4-PA172&dq=cryptic+Jew+inquisition&source=web&ots=x8wzbO_KtC&sig=IIONO6AUHgH91mHKhSCSue3hEHM&hl=en&sa=X&oi=book_result&resnum=1&ct=result>>)

Since Frederick was "christened," he was apparently Catholic as an infant-- he also may have had a brother who was a priest. Below the History Notes are the names of his parents and seven known siblings. Their given names appear to be Christian-- including Joseph and Mary (German equivalents).

Nina then replied:

That is very interesting. You have a good theory about the Spanish ancestry. Catholics or Jews may have been persecuted. This story may have just been a theory developed by Willie and dad or could it be a fact that given the times, which for many reasons, was kept secret.

Nina wrote (December 24, 2008):

Fr. Dan is here for Christmas. He brought up the subject of Ferdinand Schneider being Jewish again. (he was talking about Fred Schneider's { I presume Nina is referring to our cousin, son of William Joseph Schneider-- Ken} son-in-law who is Jewish and converting) I asked him if it was true and he said it was. Ferdinand immigrated to Germany from Portugal. He said that Aunt Helen researched it. She told Ann and Ann told Fr. Dan. It seems Ann was very upset by her revelation. He said that Dad knew as well and that it was just not mentioned. It is interesting.

Ken wrote back:

Father Dan's information is difficult to reconcile with the information he himself obtained from the records in Germany. Here is the earliest family tree for our Schneider line. If he is referring to our Great-grandfather Frederick (Fred) Ferdinand, his records show him to be born in Irslingen, Germany, as were all his siblings. I wonder whether Father Dan meant that Fred was descended from Portuguese immigrants?

Dad told me that Fred got his Spanish middle name [Ferdinand] from an ancestor who married a woman who was from ?Spain?-- (but he might have said Portugal) and was somehow connected with a consulate or embassy. Yet we show Fred's mother (Anna Maria Alf) as being born in Rottweil, Germany. Is it possible that she herself had the connection with Spain or Portugal? Had her (and/or possibly Niklaus') family fled from Portugal during second Inquisition?. Was one (or were both) Crypto-Jews? Does it not seem ironic that he would be named after King Ferdinand, one of the greatest persecutors of Jews? (However, Frederick the Great, who was born in Berlin and reigned as King of Prussia in the mid to late 1700s, was known for his religious tolerance.) Such a tangled web we weave!

See: <http://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/History/Inquisition.html>

In the beginning, the Inquisition dealt only with Christian heretics and did not interfere with the affairs of Jews. However, disputes about Maimonides' books (which addressed the synthesis of Judaism and other cultures) provided a pretext for harassing Jews and, in 1242, the Inquisition condemned the Talmud and burned thousands of volumes. In 1288, the first mass burning of Jews on the stake took place in France.

In 1481 the Inquisition started in Spain and ultimately surpassed the medieval Inquisition, in both scope and intensity. Conversos (Secret Jews) and New Christians were targeted because of their close relations to the Jewish community, many of whom were Jews in all but their name. Fear of Jewish influence led Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand to write a petition to the Pope asking permission to start an Inquisition in Spain. In 1483 Tomas de Torquemada became the inquisitor-general for most of Spain, he set tribunals in many cities. Also heading the Inquisition in Spain were two Dominican monks, Miguel de Morillo and Juan de San Martin.

First, they arrested Conversos and notable figures in Seville; in Seville more than 700 Conversos were burned at the stake and 5,000 repented. Tribunals were also opened in Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia. An Inquisition Tribunal was set up in Ciudad Real, where 100 Conversos were condemned, and it was moved to Toledo in 1485. Between 1486-1492, 25 auto de fes were held in Toledo, 467 people were burned at the stake and others were imprisoned. The Inquisition finally made its way to Barcelona, where it was resisted at first because of the important place of Spanish Conversos in the economy and society.

More than 13,000 Conversos were put on trial during the first 12 years of the Spanish Inquisition. Hoping to eliminate ties between the Jewish community and Conversos, the Jews of Spain were expelled in 1492..

The next phase of the Inquisition began around 1531, when Pope Leo X extended the Inquisition to Portugal. Thousands of Jews came to Portugal after the 1492 expulsion. A Spanish style Inquisition was constituted and tribunals were set up in Lisbon and other cities. Among the Jews who died at the hands of the Inquisition were well-known figures of the period such as Isaac de Castro Tartas, Antonio Serrao de Castro and Antonio Jose da Silva. The Inquisition never stopped in Spain and continued until the late 18th century.

By the second half of the 18th century, the Inquisition abated, due to the spread of enlightened ideas and lack of resources. The last auto de fe in Portugal took place on October 27, 1765. Not until 1808, during the brief reign of Joseph Bonaparte, was the Inquisition abolished in Spain. An estimated 31,912 heretics were burned at the stake, 17,659 were burned in effigy and 291,450 made reconciliations in the Spanish Inquisition. In Portugal, about 40,000 cases were tried, although only 1,800 were burned, the rest made penance.

The Inquisition was not limited to Europe; it also spread to Spanish and Portugese colonies in the New World and Asia. Many Jews and Conversos fled from Portugal and Spain to the New World seeking greater security and economic opportunities. Branches of the Portugese Inquisition were set up in Goa and Brazil. Spanish tribunals and auto de fes were set up in Mexico, the Philippine Islands, Guatemala, Peru, New Granada and the Canary Islands. By the late 18th century, most of these were dissolved.

Sources: "Inquisition." Encyclopedia Judaica.
"The Spanish Inquisition Gates to Jewish Heritage".
The Sephardic Jews in Portugal

In the latter reference, see the discussion of Saudades (a feeling of nostalgic longing for something or someone that one was fond of and which is lost.), and this excerpt from a poem by Ada Jill Schneider (an interesting surname for a Portuguese woman):

<http://www.saudades.org/sharing.htm>

...Aristides de Sousa Mendes, Righteous Gentle,
Portuguese Consul, man of conscience,
who disobeyed orders, stood with G-d against
government, sacrificed his stature, his future,
to save thirty thousand lives.
The anguish of Sousa Mendes was saudades...

Although Aristides is a more modern figure, this is interesting--see:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aristides_de_Sousa_Mendes

Aristides de Sousa Mendes do Amaral e Abranches, GCC, OL (July 19, 1885 - April 3, 1954), was a Portuguese Diplomat who ignored and defied the orders of his own government for the safety of war refugees fleeing from invading German military forces in the early years of World War II. Between the June 16 and June 23, 1940, he frantically issued Portuguese visas free of charge, to over 30,000 refugees seeking to escape the Nazi terror, 12,000 of whom were Jews.

Sephardic Jews (from the Iberian peninsula-- Spain and Portugal) lived in Germany for many generations before our great-grandfather's time--

From: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iberian_Jews

Jews had lived in the Iberian peninsula since the Dark Ages, experiencing a Golden Age under Muslim rule. Following the Reconquista and increasing persecution, they were expelled from Spain in 1492 and Portugal in 1497. Their descendants, known as the Sephardim, settled mainly in North Africa, South-East Europe, the Netherlands, England, and America.

Following the link to: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sephardi>

A third sub-group, known as Spanish and Portuguese Jews, consists of Jews whose families remained in Spain and Portugal as ostensible Christians, and later reverted to Judaism in Italy, the Netherlands, Northern Germany, England or the New World, particularly Mexico, the Caribbean and South America.

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Notes for MARY KAISER:

Buried in St. Joseph's Cemetery in Columbus, Ohio

Mary's mother's maiden name was Leukoff, born in Germany. Mary and Fred had 8 children, according to the 1900 US Census, 4 Jun 1900. 4 sons, 2 daughters. Her husband, Frederick, was listed as a gearworker. Son Adam was a shoecutter. Philip was a grocery clerk, and the others were at school. They owned a home with a mortgage, at 427 Buttles Avenue in Columbus. Mary remembers seeing President Lincoln's coffin at the State House in Columbus, in April 1865 when she was 10 (she said 12) years old. The Schneider/O'Shaughnessy plot is in St Joseph's Cemetery in Colombus. Mary remembers standing in line with her classmates waiting to enter the State House in Columbus for a long time, and finally seeing the President lying in state in the Rotunda. She also said she remembered hearing that Lincoln's body was to be taken by train to Springfield Illinois for burial.

Note from Kathryn Krzeczowski (4/5/00):

I have been searching for John and Mary Kaiser in the Ohio census, but only found Mary in 1900 in Franklin County. She was 84, b. Aug 1815 a widow and living with son in law Henry Schneider age 58 and wife Margaret, children: Frederick, Charles and Edwin. Is this Philips mother? Philip Kaiser was also in 1900 census age 46, wife Rosie 40. I found Mary Kaiser, age 50 in 1870 Franklin Co., Oh census with Henry and Maggie Schneider. Do you have birth dates for John Kaiser and wife Mary? Do you have death date for Philip and wife Rose? I was unable to find Philip Kaiser in 1870 census when he would have been 16. Thank you for any help you can give me.
Kathryn Krzczowski, Westerville, Ohio

Father Dan Schneider writes (4/2000)

Met Rose Kaiser Getreau at the wake of Ray Schneider, Uncle Ray's son in Columbus this week.

She says the spelling of Grandma's maiden is Leaukeauf or something like that. Grandma's Mother's history is quite blank as far as she knows. Grandma's Mother Leaukauf married Will Kaiser.,

Father Dan subsequently wrote:

I mixed you up on family. Here is what I believe is closer to fact.

Regarding Mary and Fred.

Mary Schwartz married John Kaiser. . There were three children, Philip, Lena and Mary. Mary married Fred Schneider. Lena never married, died in San Diego. Philip married Rose (Corbel)

They had four children Clarence, Harry Norman and Agnes Agnes married a Getreu. Do not know his given name. Agnes Getreu had at least one daughter named Rose Getreu who married a Galutia.

This Rose Getreu Galutia I met at Raymond Schneider's wake and funeral. She now lives at:
3562 Astor Street, Columbus, Ohio 43227.

She asked me about the Leukoffs.

That could well have been Mary Schwartz's maiden name. I know Dad used to talk about an Aunt Kate Leukoff. I also know there was a Leaukeauf? spelling, who lived in St. Louis twenty five years ago He said he was my relative, originally from Columbus Ohio. I lost all contact with him. Also, there is a Huggentugler sp.? in there some place in Grandma's background.

Also came across a document recently giving Joseph Schneider, Fred's brother, the Franciscan Friar, as being born in a place other than Erslingen. It is Wuertrenberg. It is a document from the Franciscan Friars.

Kathryn writes (4/2000):

This is a guess, but I think it possible that John and Mary Kaiser b. 1815 in Germany had another daughter Margaret b. 1842 who married Henry Schneider. What is confusing, is that Mary says she had 1 child, 1 living. Which blows that theory. I am trying to get the death dates for Philip Kaiser and Rose Kaiser from my brother in law. He says his sister Rose Getreu should know. They are buried in Mt. Calvary Cem. Cols. Ohio. I hope I have not confused you too much. I will try to work on this today at the library.
Kathryn

More About MARY KAISER:

Fact 2: ST. JOSEPH'S CEM, COLOMBUS, OHIO

Children of FREDERICK SCHNEIDER and MARY KAISER are:

- i. CATHERINE⁴ SCHNEIDER.
3. ii. MR. PHILIP ALOYSIUS SCHNEIDER, b. February 01, 1880, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA; d. October 13, 1971, RUTHERFORD, BERGEN, NEW JERSEY, USA.
- iii. ADAM SCHNEIDER, b. August 1881, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA.

Notes for ADAM SCHNEIDER:

Social Security Death Records have this entry (possibly a son):

ADAM SCHNEIDER B 16 Aug 1902 D May 1967 Age 64 Last Residence Fairfield, Butler, OH 45014
SSN Issued:Ohio 275-38-1585

Also:

ADAM SCHNEIDER B 23 Oct 1911 D Jun 1973 Age 61 Last Residence: Solon, Cuyahoga, OH 44139 (not specified) Ohio 284-07-0179

4. iv. FRANK JOSEPH SCHNEIDER, b. January 1884, COLUMBUS, OHIO; d. 1975.
v. ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER, b. December 1887, COLUMBUS, OHIO; m. DOCTOR ELDER.

More About ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER:

Fact 2: Union Cemetery, Columbus, OH

Fact 6: Known as "Elsie"

Fact 7: Married late

Fact 8: Became Christian Scientist

Notes for DOCTOR ELDER:

No one remembers his first name. He was always called "Doc"

5. vi. RAYMOND SCHNEIDER, b. October 1888, COLUMBUS, OHIO.
vii. HELEN MARY SCHNEIDER, b. March 1891, Columbus, Ohio, USA; d. Cincinatti, OH; m. ANTHONY KOARS.

More About HELEN MARY SCHNEIDER:

Fact 2: Cincinatti, OH

Notes for ANTHONY KOARS:

Social Security records show a Helen S. Koars, Born 25 March 1897 and died January 1990 in Columbus OH. Her SSN was 298-20-8697. Not able to establish relationship, but is likely in the same generation as Anthony. Anthony is listed in Ohio 1910 and 1920 census. Bernard Koars and Carl L. are listed in 1920 Ohio census.

Generation No. 3

3. MR. PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴ SCHNEIDER (*FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born February 01, 1880 in COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA, and died October 13, 1971 in RUTHERFORD, BERGEN, NEW JERSEY, USA. He married MRS. NORA O'SHAUGHNESSY² October 04, 1905 in St. Francis Church COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA, daughter of JEREMIAH O'SHAUGHNESSY and ANN DONOVAN. She was born March 25, 1881 in COLUMBUS, OHIO, and died October 16, 1943 in RUTHERFORD, BERGEN, NEW JERSEY, USA.

Notes for MR. PHILIP ALOYSIUS SCHNEIDER:

Son Edward died young. Son Fred died young.

(Per son PA Jr., 1999). Philip was President of Green-Joyce wholesale dry goods. Once fell ill and had to stay in bed for a year. Drove a Model A Ford and sold all over Ohio. He later gave the car to his son Phil, Jr.

Aunt Regina O'Shaughnessy and Uncle Joe O. got PA a job with US Rubber in Detroit. The company moved to Passaic New Jersey. Tires, hoses and rubber goods such as rubber overshoes were products. Economy was going bad.

"P.A." was consultant to the President of US Rubber Co. Moved from Ohio to NJ. He had to cut costs. Was known as a 'hatchet man.'" Then the Depression started, but then WWII improved business. Uncle Joe O'Shaughnessy was President of the tire division in Cleveland, OH.

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Here, written in 2005, is the first part of the recollections of son Father Dan Schneider's recollections about his father and mother. Only part of his essay fits here.

(First Segment of Father Dan's account)

The Schneiders settle in America

My grandfather, Frederick Schneider, came to America at age 12. He was the youngest in the family. His father sent him to live with cousins in Iowa, because Bismarck was persecuting Catholics in Germany. He went to New York, took a train to Iowa, and worked on a farm in Muscatine, on the Mississippi River.

He didn't like farming. When he was seventeen or eighteen, he left, and headed east, a drifter. He got as far as Sandusky, Ohio, where he went to work in quarry, probably for Ohio limestone. There he learned tools, sharpening tools and making tools. He learned how to melt an old chisel, re-pound it, and put an edge on it. From there he became a blacksmith, making metal parts at the hot forge. He got word that Columbus Buggy Parts Co. was hiring, so he took a train down to Columbus and got a job fashioning the parts for horse-drawn carriages. In Columbus he met and married a woman named Mary Kaiser. Then he fell ill with tuberculosis. My father, Philip Schneider, was born in 1880. He remembered when he was just a boy that his father was always sick. He was a strict man, but very happy to be in America. One day he found my father in the kitchen talking to his mother in German. My grandfather didn't like it. He said, "We are American citizens. We are not speaking German and I do not want my son, or any of my children learning a word of German." He took my father out of the German school and sent him to school at Sacred Heart parish in Columbus. There my father met Duke and Joe O'Shaughnessy. He was to marry their sister Nora some years later.

My father ran with some tough Irish kids at Sacred Heart. One night he snuck out of the house after dinner and went out with some of these kids. They broke into a factory and vandalized it. One of the guys took a razor and cut up one of the leather belts that ran the drill presses. He cut it into pieces and made leather belts for everybody. A couple of days later his father noticed the belt and asked him where it came from. My father confessed. His father made him take the belt back to the factory manager and suffer the consequences. Fortunately, he didn't press any charges.

The Telegram

My father left school in the fifth grade to go to work because his father's TB made it impossible for him to continue to work as a blacksmith. He got his first job delivering telegrams for Western Union. He'd bring home two dollars a week. He was paid on Friday and grandma would go out at eight o'clock at night and buy the groceries for the whole week for \$2 - this for a family of five.

One day my father was given a telegram for Mr. Joyce, president of the Green Joyce Dry Goods company. He was told not to deliver it to anyone but Mr. Joyce. So he went to the office with his telegram for Mr. Joyce. The secretary said that he wasn't available and that he should leave it with her. My father insisted, "I must give the telegram to Mr. Joyce and no one else. I'll wait."

Finally after an hour or so, Joyce arrived and heard the story of the messenger who waited to give him the telegram. He called my father in.

"Sonny, my secretary tells me you waited over an hour to deliver this telegram. Why did you do that?"

"Sir, I do what I'm told," my father said. "I was told this was to be delivered to you and no one else, and I was prepared to stay all day."

"Sonny, how would you like working for me? You're the kind of person I'd like to hire."

My father took the job and doubled his salary to \$4 a week. He started sweeping floors. Then he stocked shelves and kept inventory. Then he became a salesman. Green Joyce was a clothing and notions wholesaler. He would sell hats, overshoes, coats, gloves, and other ready-to-wear clothing, plus buttons, ribbons, cloth, and everything else people needed to make their own clothes. He criss-crossed Southern Ohio on the train, carrying his sample case, visiting all his accounts. He would watch the weather. He'd tell his stores when a bad winter was coming, and advise them to stock up on cold-weather gear. He was very good at this.

Finally he became president of the company. From janitor to president - a American story. Then, in 1928, Mr. Joyce died and his heirs decided to liquidate the company. People weren't making their own clothes as much anymore, and Green Joyce couldn't compete in the ready-to-wear market. My father was 47 years old. He had eight children.

A breakdown - and a check

After my father was laid off, his whole world fell apart. My sister Jean was born just as Green Joyce was liquidating and my father was laid off. He said his mother had told him, about children coming, that "God never creates a rabbit that he doesn't create a blade of grass for the rabbit to eat." And for my father another promotion came every time there was another child. But now a baby was coming home from the hospital and he had no work. He couldn't believe that something like that could happen. He just fell apart. He had terrible pains in his

leg - real pains. He would get around with a cane. I can remember, time after time, the cart coming up to pick him up, to have x-rays. And here he was only in his late 40s.

My mother's income tided us over. Before mother married, in the presence of dad, her father gave her two thousand dollars, cash. He says, "This is for you. This is not for this Dutchman here. I want this known and I'm a witness to it. This is yours and he is to have absolutely nothing to say about how you use that money. If you spend it, or invest it, you do what you want. He has no right to tell you anything." When the war came, my mother put the money in Liberty Bonds. Interest would come in, not very much, but some.

Before World War I, before I was born, my father's younger brother Frank, who was a wheeler and dealer in Washington, came across two Englishmen who wanted to start a household finance corporation in the United States. They were selling franchises, and the Ohio franchise was open. Because Frank was from Ohio, they offered him the franchise if he could come up with a hundred thousand dollars in stock in this corporation. Frank told Phil about it, and my father lined up a bunch of his friends to buy shares.

Dad was telling mother one day about this all these friends, and she says, "How 'bout me? You never asked me." He says, "I promised your father I never would give you advice about how to spend your money. You'll have to get your own advice." So my mother asked her brother, Duke, who asked his banker friends about the Household Finance deal, and they all said it sounded great. So my mother sold the war bonds and put everything she had into HFC. That was probably around 1923.

About 1931, I was still in grammar school, and dad was shaky, trying to get on his feet. The HFC check came in, and I was allowed to take the check down to the bank and deposit it. That's the first time I ever had a check for \$150. \$150!

Heading East

Eventually my father got himself back together. Uncle Joe O'Shaughnessy got him a job at U.S. Rubber Company, where he was a vice president. Before that my father had been turned down for a job at Sears because he was too old; they wanted people to work at least 20 years before mandatory retirement at age 65. Uncle Joe was furious. "Lie about your age, Phil," he said. "They never check." So when he filled out the application for U.S. Rubber, he put down his age as 45. He got the job.

His first job was studying U.S. Rubber's tire operation in Detroit. He lived in Detroit and came home on weekends. He knew absolutely nothing about the making of tires, but he knew about inventory. He knew that you had to turn over your inventory as fast as you could to make money, and he was shocked by U.S. Rubber's tire inventory. Too many different tires. Too many styles. The warehouses were full, and there were few customers. This was the depression.

He slashed production, cut out whole lines of tires, and got the inventory down. He did the same thing for belts, tools, and the other products that U.S. Rubber made. A lot of people lost their jobs because of his work. But he said, "You're making this stuff we're not selling, why should we be making it?" - Hard to argue with that.

In 1931 the company moved him to Passaic, New Jersey where he worked for a few years until the company moved him to its headquarters in Rockefeller Center in New York. The family moved to New Jersey, and he worked in Passaic and in New York until he retired at age 67 in 1943. {See second segment in wife Nora's History Page}.

More About MR. PHILIP ALOYSIUS SCHNEIDER:

Fact 2: ST JOSEPH CEM, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA

Social Security Number: 109-10-0517 issued in NY

Notes for MRS. NORA O'SHAUGHNESSY:

Died 6:45 Saturday morning, Oct 16, 1943

Ken C. remembers his grandmother as "Shotzee" (sweetheart in German). He was 8 when Nora died. She died in her sleep after ailing with high blood pressure. She was worried at that time because she had 4 boys in the service overseas (Lou, Joe, Jerry and Jack), and Dan was in Maryknoll seminary. She did not live to see Fr. Dan ordained. Nora had a brother Joe, Jerry, and sister Nell, plus about three or four who died of diphtheria in childhood. Ken C. remembers her as always pleasant and optimistic. She was active in church clubs. They lived at 143 Montross Ave in Rutherford. The house was large, and always full of people. Nora was told by her father, shortly before her marriage to Philip, that this "Dutchman" is a skinflint, and she will have a difficult time ever having enough money, even to buy her children shoes. Therefore, he said, I am giving you \$2000 with the understanding you will never let the Dutchman get his hands on it. Nora used the money to buy Government Bonds, and used the interest to provide for family needs. However, Philip's younger brother, Frank, obtained a

franchise to operate a household finance corporation for the State of Ohio. He mortgaged his home in Washington, DC and took every bit of his savings to provide capital for the venture. This was just after WW I. Frank asked Philip to seek from among his friends those who might purchase stock in the new corporation. Phil found a number of friends who were quite interested. One day, he told Nora about the investment opportunity, and without giving it a thought, Nora said she wanted \$2000 worth of stock. That stock produced \$150 of income every 3 months for the next 20 years. When Phil lost his job in 1928, it was the income from that stock that supported the family for two years. Philip received the stock when Nora died in 1943, and when Philip died in 1971 the stock was worth \$250,000. The company was called HFC, then Household International. Nora and Philip were married October 4, 1905 in St. Francis of Assisi church, Buttles Ave, Columbus OH, on the feast of St. Francis of Assisi. Nora narrowly missed being part of a great disaster when the Iroquois Theater in Chicago burned in the late 1890's (actually 12/30/1903-- see below). She was to have attended that matinee but got sick. She was visiting her uncle Mike, the "drummer boy" (see Mike's history notes).

Subject: History Notes
Date: Wed, 09 Feb 2000 21:30:53 -0500
From: Raymond Pinglora <pinglora@warwick.net>
To: "Schneider, Ken & Marylou" <kschneider@worldnet.att.net>
CC: "Schneider, Dan & Mary" <schneiderdan@msn.com>

Dear Ken, The following are the stories that dad told me. I hope that they are accurate. Ask dad about any of the details Also, we have just gotten a fax machine. FYI our fax number is: 914-477-2608.

February 9, 2000 Dad told me that he was watching a program on television that featured the events of the last century. He mentioned in particular a great fire that occurred in I think it was, the Palace Theatre in Chicago in 1903. He said that his mother Honora O'Shaughnessy set out to visit her aunt Cecilia O'Shaughnessy (widow of civil war veteran Michael O'Shaughnessy) who lived in Chicago at that time. It was in December and Cecilia had purchased tickets to the Christmas show at the Palace and was planning to take Honora to see it. After the train trip from Columbus , Ohio to Chicago, Honora became ill and was sent to bed with a fever. They were unable to attend the show. Over 300 adults and children died in a fire that swept the theatre on the day that they were to attend. This fire set forth the passing of stricter safety guidelines for theatres.

In the early 1930's Dad had a difficult time finding work due to the depression. A friend of his worked for Johnson&Johnson and told him that his company was looking for someone to promote their new product the TEK toothbrush as the "TEK Radio Man". He thought that dad had a nice voice that would sound good on the radio. Dad was hired and would travel from city to city setting up his promotions at drug stores in places like Times Square, Washington D.C., Kansas City. He would sell the toothbrush with a free toothpaste and this would be live on the radio. People were encouraged to come down to REED Drugs or whatever store it was to get their toothbrush and meet the TEK Radio Man. It had a new technology with a smaller head to reach back teeth.

Once, he went to set up in a store in times square and realized that the store did not have the same electric current as his equipment. He had to take the subway and go downtown to an electrical store to buy and adapter and set it up before he was to go one the air. He said that the thing was heavy but he always carried it with him by hand just in case he would ever run into that problem again.

He was dating mom at this time and they were planning on getting married. Mom wanted to get engaged on 6-6-33. Dad was scheduled to be on the road at that time and would not be home then. However, the ring had been engraved with that date. So, they arranged to meet in Pennsylvania. Mom was chaperoned by Uncle Mart. When they all arrived in PA in was necessary to get a room. They could only afford one room, so mom got to have her own bed and Mart slept with dad and everyone was fully clothed.

The people at J&J were very pleased with dad's work and offered him an even bigger territory to cover and he would have to plug the TEK toothbrush out west. Dad felt that that was not the sort of job for a married man and he turned down the job. Dad said that his friend was so angry that he never spoke to him again. He however had no regrets. Must be the power of love.

Copied from:
http://cpl.lib.uic.edu/004chicago/disasters/iroquois_fire.html

1903, December 30: Iroquois Theater Fire

Chicago's most deadly fire occurred less than a month after the opening of the new, supposedly fireproof Iroquois Theater at 24-28 W. Randolph. It was standing room only for a holiday matinee of the popular musical "Mr. Blue Beard, Jr." Of the 1,900 people in the audience, mostly women and children, at least 600 perished. Among the 500 performers and backstage personnel, only the tightrope artist caught high above the stage died.

Due to a long history of theater fires in the U.S. and Europe, by 1903 fire precautions were well developed, but not followed by the Iroquois Theater management. The primary danger came from the stage scenery consisting of many canvas backdrops painted with highly flammable oil paints and suspended in midair close to a large number of hot lights. In a number of fatal fires, including the Iroquois the scenery caught fire, then quickly reached almost explosive proportions.

Standard precautions which had functioned well in other localities included firemen stationed near the stage with fire extinguishers, hoses and pikes for pulling down scenery. In case of fire, an asbestos or iron curtain would drop down cutting the audience off from the stage and its burning scenery. Adequate exits and trained ushers would prevent deaths from panic.

Neglect of all of these factors contributed to the huge death toll in the Iroquois Theater fire. At 3:15 p.m. a hot light started flames crackling up a velvet curtain. The on-duty fireman was equipped only with two tubes of patent powder called Kilfyres. Sprinkling these on the fire proved totally ineffective. The theater lacked fire hoses, extinguishers or any other means of fighting fires above the fireman's head.

The asbestos fire curtain got stuck before it reached the full down position due either to projecting lamps or cheap wooden tracks. This left a gap which exposed the audience to flame and smoke. The curtain was apparently instantly consumed in the fire anyway. Testimony revealed that the curtain was probably not made of a fire proof material. Curtain reinforcements as well as the tracks in which it rode were cheaply constructed of wood leading to probable failure in a fire. The inexperienced stage crew was slow to pull down the curtain, not able to unjam it, and as at least one witness testified, may have pulled down a scenery curtain, instead of the ineffectual fire curtain.

As the fire started the orchestra played on, and the leading actor urged people to remain seated. Although this no doubt prevented some deaths from panic, those who heeded his advice perished in the explosive smoke and flames. A number of bodies were found still seated. The theater management had added iron gates over many of the exit doors. Some of the gates were locked, others were unlocked but opening them required operation of a small lever of a type unfamiliar to most theater patrons. Other doors opened inwards. The theater had had no fire drills so ushers and theater personnel neither opened the doors, nor directed people to safe exits. Many people were trapped behind unopened doors. The time it took to open other doors added to the fatal panic as it forced almost everyone to use the main exits.

Even though it was outside the fire area, trampled bodies were piled ten high in the stairwell area where exits from the balcony met the exit from the main floor. More fatalities occurred when fire broke out underneath an alley fire escape. People above the fire jumped. The first to jump died as they hit the hard pavement. Later jumpers landed on the bodies and survived. The same scenario happened as patrons jumped from the balcony to the main floor of the theater. All injuries occurred within 15 minutes of the start of the fire, which was put out by the fire department within half an hour.

The largely undamaged building reopened less than a year later and operated as the Colonial Theater until it was torn down in 1925.

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Here are Father Dan Schneider's recollections about his mother's family, as set out in 2005 on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of his ordination. See his father's history file for his narrative about the Schneider side of his family.

(Second Segment of Father Dan Schneider's account, continued from husband Philip's History page]
From Horses to Funerals to the Dam

The first O'Shaughnessy, Jerry, came to America from Ireland around the time of the potato famine in about 1848 or 1850. His first job was working with relatives on the Eire Canal. Then he went to work on the railroad as they laid tracks to the west. He settled for a time in Crestline, Ohio, a big junction where the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central tracks crossed over. There was a lot of employment there.

My grandfather, Jerry, was born in Crestline in 1853. The family moved on to Columbus. Grandpa O'Shaughnessy married a woman named Ann Donovan. Ann Donovan, I think, was one of thirteen children. The family was wiped out by tuberculosis. Ann was one of two who survived. He married Ann, and they lived on Neil Ave. in Columbus in a tiny house. My mother, Nora, was born in 1883. She had two older brothers, Jerry and Joe, and a younger sister, Nel. The younger Jerry was called "Duke," to distinguish him from his father, I imagine.

Grandpa O'Shaughnessy made his living running a livery stable. He rented horses, and carriages. He discovered that funerals were big business for livery stables because people wanted big, expensive carriages for funerals, so he expanded into the undertaking business. He didn't know anything about funeral direction or embalming, but he knew business, and he made a viable business out of it.

Grandpa O'Shaughnessy was an energetic man. He found people to manage the livery stable and undertaking businesses, and went to work for the water department of the city of Columbus. He worked himself right up, and eventually became superintendent of the waterworks. He saw that Columbus was going to be a big city some day, and would need an ample water supply. So he proposed building a new dam, and he battled the City Council over it. He would show that people were dying from typhoid fever, that well water was being contaminated by outhouses. He died in 1921, but the dam was built. It was dedicated in 1926, and it was named the O'Shaughnessy Dam. Young Jerry O'Shaughnessy and my sister, Ann, were the ones that pulled the string on the big bottle of water to have the dam dedicated. I was there. I was nine years old.

Not a nice thing to say

Duke and Joe O'Shaughnessy knew my father, Phil Schneider, all the way through school. That's how my father met my mother. He must have known my mother from the time that she was in grammar school. It was quite unusual because the Germans and the Irish didn't like each other and didn't associate with each other. Even though they were friends, there was tension. My grandpa O'Shaughnessy always called my father the Dutchman and his son Duke always called him the Dutchman too. It was not a nice thing to say. It was like calling an Irishman a Mick. Funny, but sort of not funny.

And there were real differences. My father was very frugal. I think dad had the first penny he ever earned. And, of course, Dutchmen aren't Germans. Dutchmen are legendary for their frugality. The O'Shaughnessys were not frugal at all. I remember Uncle Duke smoking English Oval cigarettes - expensive smokes. He appeared to be prosperous, but I think he lived pretty close to the edge. He took over the funeral business from his father, and anybody that didn't have any money in Columbus always got buried from O'Shaughnessy's.

More About MRS. NORA O'SHAUGHNESSY:

Fact 2: ST JOSEPH CEM, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA

Marriage Notes for PHILIP SCHNEIDER and NORA O'SHAUGHNESSY:

Married Oct 4, 1905 in St. Francis Church, Columbus Ohio by Father Leyden

Children of PHILIP SCHNEIDER and NORA O'SHAUGHNESSY are:

- i. ANN⁵ SCHNEIDER, b. June 28, 1906, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA; d. 1987, PASSAIC GENERAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA.
6. ii. MR. PHILIP ANTHONY SCHNEIDER, JR., b. April 21, 1908, COLUMBUS, OHIO; d. January 19, 2004, Warwick, NY.
- iii. LOUIS SCHNEIDER, b. September 30, 1909, Columbus, OH³; d. January 22, 1996, Houston, Texas; m. ELIZABETH "LIZ" UNKNOWN.
- iv. EDWARD JOSEPH SCHNEIDER, b. August 19, 1912, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA; d. April 27, 1914, COLUMBUS, OHIO³.

Notes for EDWARD JOSEPH SCHNEIDER:

Died of pneumonia. Stared with measles. Both he and his brother Louis got pneumonia-- Louis pulled

through.

More About EDWARD JOSEPH SCHNEIDER:
Fact 2: ST JOSEPH CEM, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA

- v. FREDERICK SCHNEIDER, b. October 16, 1913, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA; d. August 07, 1921, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA.

Notes for FREDERICK SCHNEIDER:
Used to deliver groceries. Died of Typhoid Fever.

More About FREDERICK SCHNEIDER:
Fact 2: ST JOSEPH CEM, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA

- 7. vi. MARY ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER, b. March 08, 1916, Columbus, Ohio, USA; d. December 10, 1985, Ann Arbor, Michigan.
- vii. REV. JOSEPH DANIEL "FATHER DAN" SCHNEIDER, b. December 18, 1917, Columbus, Ohio, USA; d. December 05, 2009, Maryknoll (Ossining), NY.

Notes for REV. JOSEPH DANIEL "FATHER DAN" SCHNEIDER:
"Dan" was a Maryknoll priest who worked in Korea for 20 years. He "retired" in Kansas City, MO where he worked at St. Elizabeth's Parish on Main Street. He gave marriage and engaged encounters. He worked with the Korean Catholic Community in KC, Kansas.

Ordained June 10, 1945 by Bishop James E. Walsh, MM, DD. He was the first priest to be produced from St. Mary's Parish in Rutherford, NJ. After graduating from St. Mary High, he graduated from Fordham University, and entered Maryknoll after his graduation.

Fr. Dan's missionary work began in South Korea. He did parish work in remote areas of the country, and eventually was named Regional Superior for Korea. He returned to the US in 1972 and served the Korean Catholic Community for 15 years as Spiritual Director. In 1974 Fr. Dan began parish work at St. Elizabeth Catholic Church in Kansas City, MO, and ministered as a team priest for Catholic Marriage Encounter and Engaged Encounter. In 1999 he resided in Kansas City and continues his ministry with the Korean Catholic Community.

As of January 2005 he lives in the Maryknoll Fathers & Brothers residence in Maryknoll, NY and travels frequently to family and friends and often ministers in Kansas City.

Here, in Father Dan's own words, are his recollections as set out for the celebration of his 60th Anniversary of ordination. Unfortunately, only a few pages of the 30 pages he wrote will fit in this history file:

The first part may be found in his father's history file (Philip A Schneider)-- it tells of his early childhood.

The Second part tells the history of the O'Shaughnessey family and may be found in his mother's file (Nora Schneider)

Here is Father Dan's story about his vocation as a priest.

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[A continuation of Father Dan's account that begins in his father and mother's history files]

II

A Movie in Third Grade

The first thought I ever had about the foreign missions was when I was in the third grade at Holy Name School in Columbus, Ohio. A priest came in and showed us a movie of missionaries in China. We watched this guy in all his priestly clothes walking along in a rice paddy. He had a big hat on, and he was surrounded by people planting rice in the rain. All I could think of was, after I saw that movie, "the one place in the world I'd never, never want to go is China or any part of the Orient." The heat, the dirt, the poverty - it repelled me.

Later that changed. I had thoughts of priesthood. I didn't want to be a diocesan priest. When I was a senior at Fordham, I went to a Catholic Students Mission Crusade in New York where I heard a priest speak about the missions. He mentioned China. In the spring of my senior year I started looking for a job. I knew accounting, and I read this ad in the New York Times, "Looking for accountants to work for Mobil Oil in Shanghai. Interviews." That intrigued me. I remembered the priest talking about China at the Mission

Crusade. I thought that China would be an exciting place to go. I had my interview. Finally, the Mobil recruiter said, "Listen, you're a young fellow. Why do you want to go to China? You'll be terribly lonely over there. With the ability you have, you don't have to go there." I said, "But I think I could help those poor people. And the very fact that I'd be working for Mobil Oil, I could be getting their kerosene for their lights. I could be helpful to them." And the recruiter said, "Maybe you ought to be thinking of being a priest in the foreign missions."

I felt crushed. But I also felt that he might be right. I talked to my spiritual director about it. He sent me to see the Jesuit Provincial. He told me that the Jesuits didn't have any missions in China. Maybe I could go to the Philippines as a Jesuit, he said, but if I wanted to go to China, I should go talk to Maryknoll.

So I went up to Maryknoll without an appointment. I took the train to Ossining. I didn't have a quarter to take the taxi from the train station, but I did have a nickel for the bus. I got to see Fr. Drought, the Vicar General. He talked with me outside; I still remember the exact spot where we talked. He sent me to a priest in charge of vocations. We talked. Then he introduced me to Bishop James Edward Walsh, the superior general himself. Everybody made me feel welcome. They invited me back for a weekend.

I spent a weekend with the seminarians and really enjoyed it. The rest followed quickly. I decided to apply. They sent me an application. I filled it out, sent it in, and was accepted by the time I graduated from Fordham.

Breaking the News

I told my mother about it in the back yard of our home. She was hanging clothes. I told her I was thinking of becoming a priest. In fact, I wanted to be a Maryknoll priest and go to China. She kept hanging clothes on the line as I talked. I finished. She kept working until all the clothes were hung on the line. Finally she said, "Dan, your father and I would be very pleased if you became a priest. I want you to remember, and don't you ever forget it, if you go away to Maryknoll and you don't like it, this is your home. If you go to China and become a priest and you don't like it, you don't want to remain a priest, this is your home." And I never forgot it. It was a tremendous release because in those days anyone who left the priesthood was disgraced. He was called a Judas.

My father was outwardly supportive. Years later, when we were able to talk freely together, he told me that my decision was the greatest disappointment he ever had. He and my mother were passionate about giving their children an education. My father always felt the sting of not having an education. He had something special planned for me, the son who was getting a business degree. He had some influential friends who had pulled some strings and gotten me accepted at the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania for an MBA program. They'd lined up a scholarship for me. This was going to be my graduation present.

He said, "When you told me about Maryknoll, it crushed me. I thought that going to China was the dumbest thing I ever thought of." He told me this years later. Outwardly he supported my decision. And later he was genuinely happy at my ordination, and proud of the work I did in the order. But it was a different story when he first heard the news.

Everyone in the family supported me with the possible exception of Uncle Duke, my mother's brother. He made a joke of it, "'May Poles,' what in the world is the 'May Poles?'" he said. Why the heck wouldn't you join the Dominicans? They're somebody. But the May Poles is nobody." But I think he was pleased too. (He was partial to the Dominicans. His son, Bill, became a Dominican priest.)

My mother was the happiest of all. She always wanted one of her sons to be priest. She probably wouldn't have minded if all her sons became priests. The sad thing is that she didn't live to see it. She died in October, 1943. I was ordained in June, 1945.

Taking orders in the seminary

Seminary life was very strict. There were many rules, and you learned to follow them without thinking. I encountered my first strange rule as soon as I was accepted into the order. They told me I had to take philosophy all over, even though I had a major in philosophy from Fordham, because the Holy See required priests to have their philosophy in Latin. Mine was in English. So I spent a year at the apostolic college at Venard sitting in philosophy classes taught in Latin. They never gave me any mark, had no record except I was just putting in my time.

At the novitiate (called officially the Probatorium) in Bedford, Massachusetts, they made you memorize portions of the gospel of St. Luke and then get up in front of the class every Sunday morning and recite them. I don't think I read Luke for five years afterward because it was so unpleasant for me to think about all that work memorizing and the embarrassment when my memory failed me. Another novice and I didn't know anything about cars. So the novice master told us to completely disassemble a car engine, clean the parts, and put it back together. When we got it all back together, we turned the key and of course it wouldn't start. In the seminary there was great fear of heresy. The professors were under surveillance. They could be kicked out of teaching if they said the wrong thing. We memorized everything in theology. I graduated from seminary not knowing anything about how to write a homily. And I had to sign the oath against Modernism in order to be ordained. This said, among other things, that the world was created four thousand years ago. I tell young people today about that and they say, "That's crazy. You're only sixty years a priest, but you talk like it was three hundred years ago."

The Man who saved my vocation

In winter, 1943, I was approaching my final vows and I was pretty much disgusted. The seminary experience was awful. I didn't think I was learning anything in my classes. It was a tightly regimented system. We had started off in our novitiate with about thirty-seven men. About twenty had left in a two-year period. They went to join the armed forces, but there was more to it than that. Guys felt they were spinning their wheels. So did I.

One night in January or February, a priest came up to my door, made himself right at home, sat down, and says, "How are things going?" I had never met him before. He introduced himself as John Martin

"So, how are things going, Dan?" he said.

"Terrible," I said.

To my surprise, he agreed, "This is a god-awful place."

I elaborated. "They keep after you. They say 'show some initiative'. The minute you show some initiative, they complain that you're stepping out of line. So you pull back, and they say 'you don't do anything. Are you having a difficulty asserting yourself?' It doesn't make any sense. The classes are terrible. We're not learning anything. I'm finishing my third year in theology and I don't know any more than I knew in religion in my first year of high school. There's nothing creative about the classes...I'm pretty well fed up. Besides, my mother died a few months ago and I have four brothers in the service. I'm thinking about joining them."

Father Martin heard me out. Then he told me that he had the very same feelings when he went through seminary years before, after he had served in the Navy in World War I. But he was convinced that things were going to change. "You want to be around for that," he said. "You need to learn the art of making things change."

That visit made all the difference to me. Looking back on it, it's hard to understand why. Things hadn't changed at Maryknoll in the many years since Martin has been in the seminary, and this was twenty years before the Vatican Council, but somehow John Martin gave me the encouragement I needed to go on and get ordained.

John Martin remained a good friend. Things changed in Maryknoll, just as he said they would, but he wasn't altogether happy about it. The last time I saw him was in about 1970. He had had a stroke, and was living in the retirement home. He was just melancholy over the terrible way the Church was going, how Maryknoll had all these lay missionaries now, and they're not putting the emphasis on priests. He was old Church. It made me very sad.

Cigarettes and French Theology

I began to experience the first stirring of changes in the Church in the late 1940s. I had been ordained, and I was working at the Maryknoll headquarters. I had a room in the seminary that was separated from the others, and the seminarians took to visiting me. I let them smoke. You weren't supposed to smoke on the property, but the idea was they would say they came to me for spiritual direction, and the spiritual director could let them smoke if things got tense.

And I said, "Listen you guys, it's okay, you can come, I welcome you. But I just can't sit here and talk nonsense. You know theology. I want to know what you're studying, and I want to study what you're studying."

"How were you in French?"

"I studied a lot of French, I said."

"Well, you know, all the good theology is all in French, it's not in English."

"Why not?"

"Bishops don't want it done in English. So we have to do it in French."

So they got me reading De Lubac and Danielou and the other French theologians who were far ahead of their time. I began to get an idea that John Martin's dream is coming true, that seminary is going to change. But what happened was that in my head I was all prepared for change. Emotionally I wasn't, because everything that held me together in the Church was strict discipline. We don't need you to think at all, they said.

One story from my seminary days. I was doing an exam on Church history. An essay question asked for a thousand words on the reasons for the first crusade. I'd been reading. I learned absolutely nothing about church history in class, but I read on the side. So I said that the reason for the first crusade is that the Pope was struggling with the kings for power, and he wanted a rallying point. So he launched a Crusade to kill Muslims, saying you could get to heaven by killing Muslims. It was very popular.

After dinner one day, my Church History professor calls me over. He's got the paper there in his hand, he says, "What's this about the crusades? Where'd you get all this stuff about the Popes? I didn't teach that in class." I told him I'd been reading. He scowled at me and told me I'd passed. But when I asked for the paper back he refused. "No," he said. "The paper goes in the files."

Learning about the Missions

In the seminary we heard about the missions all the time. At meals we listened to readings of the diaries of missionaries. We were constantly hearing about the various things the priests were doing overseas to make

converts. Our basic orientation was, "Get over there, and no matter what you do, get people baptized. If they don't get baptized and they die, they're going to hell." Converts had to memorize a catechism. We used a Korean translation of what we called the Shanghai Catechism, which was very much like the Baltimore Catechism. We used it for years. After people memorized it, we baptized them. Then we urged them go out and bring their friends and family members into the Catholic community.

Maryknoll's work in those years was directed to the Orient. The missions were in China, Japan, and Korea. We worked in Hawaii too, although it was a U.S. territory, because so many Chinese and Japanese lived there. Pearl Harbor and World War II caused a huge upheaval in Maryknoll. The Asian missions were closed to us. So the Holy Father asked us to work in South America. While I was in the seminary we opened missions in Bolivia, Peru, Chile, Ecuador, and Mexico. All the seminarians had been studying Chinese - two hours a week of written Chinese and daily practice at speaking Mandarin. With Pearl Harbor, we dropped Chinese and replaced it with Spanish.

The shift to Latin America caused a shift in Maryknoll's thinking about its mission. The official line was, "this is fine, we'll go where the Holy Father asks us to go, thank God there's a place where we're needed." But there was grumbling, and some discomfort. The original idea of Maryknoll was to convert non-Christians, build up the local church, and eventually turn it over to the local clergy. But in Latin America we were dealing with baptized people in Catholic countries where local clergy was already in place. With Latin America, Maryknoll's mission broadened.

The mission has broadened still more in the last 40 years. But when I went out to Korea, I still had the old idea of mission. I thought that if those people didn't get baptized, they were going to hell.

Working in the Office

I joined an order of missionary priests, but my first assignment was to work at Maryknoll headquarters. I stayed there for ten years. I had no regrets about staying in the U.S. It was important work and it had to be done. My attitude was, "I'll do what my superiors tell me to do."

I was thrown into office management, something I had never done. I learned about publishing Maryknoll magazine - from the time someone sends a card asking for the magazine, through writing, editing, printing, and mailing it. I was put in charge of Graphotype Department - something I knew absolutely nothing about - so the brother who ran the department could go on in his Novitiate training. The next year I took over the department where the magazines were addressed so that another brother could go to Guatemala. I was assigned to purchasing next; the priest in charge of purchasing went to China. I released another priest when I took over the filing department. So I released two brothers and two priests to go to the missions.

Missionary Spirit vs. the Intellectuals

Being assigned to the office in a missionary order was a delicate matter. I learned that you had to say the right things about how you felt about it. Most priests who were assigned to jobs at Maryknoll were constantly asking to go to the missions. I didn't do that. When I was asked, "Would you accept a mission assignment if it was given to you?" I said, "Gladly." When I was asked, "Do you want to go to the missions?" I said, "Yes, I want to go to the missions. But I want to work here too. I want to do what the society wants me to do."

One day, Father Al Nevins, the editor of Maryknoll magazine, told me that I wasn't answering those questions right. He said, "They think you want to go to the missions." And I said, "Of course I do. You do too, Al." "Sure, but I'm not asking for it." "But I'm not asking for it either." "Well, that's how it's being interpreted. You want to go to the missions."

Al said that the correct answer to the question, "do you want to go to the missions?" was not "Yes, but I want to do what my superiors want me to do," but rather "I'll go to the missions if my superiors want me to do it, but what I want to do is the best possible job I can do here."

The whole thing confused me. I eventually realized that there were disagreements within the Society about this issue. On the one hand were those who insisted on an unqualified missionary orientation for all members of the society. When Bishop Lane was Superior-General he gave talk in which he said "If there's anybody in the society who does not want to go to the missions, they don't belong here." He thought that everyone must always express a desire to go to the missions.

On the other hand were those who thought the Society must have some permanent people in the United States, professionally trained for demanding jobs. They were called "the intellectuals" because the argument focused on the need for a seminary faculty. They said that the Society had to send some men for doctorates and assign them permanently to teaching. That's basically what happened. We developed a faculty. And some priests with special skills never went to the missions. Al Nevins never went to the missions. Several other gifted priests like John Considine and Charley McCarthy, my boss, never went to the missions.

But there was tension over this, especially in the 40s and 50s. Some seminary faculty stayed. Some went to the missions. Some of them taught in missionary seminaries. It's not much of an issue now because we don't have a seminary of our own. Seminarians go to the Catholic Theological Union in Chicago for their seminary education.

When I was a seminarian, no one ever told me that I might not go to the missions. If someone had, I would have said, "I am fully open to that because I want to serve the Society." So in a way I guess my vocation was to the Society, and not necessarily to the missions.

Struggles at Yale

When the assignment finally came to go to Korea, I was first sent to Yale for a year to study Korean. When Fr. Booth, a man with experience in Korea, heard about that he said, they're making a mistake in sending you to Yale. You're going to have a very very difficult time. You're too old to learn a language in a classroom. You should ask to be sent directly to Korea and study right on the spot there at your own pace." And I said, "Thank you, Father, but I would never do that, I would never ask for any sort of an exception." So I did go, and I struggled tremendously at Yale. The class was small, three newly ordained priests and myself. I was almost forty. The priests moved ahead nicely. I had an awful time.

It's since been proven that age is big factor in language success. You never want to even attempt to send somebody over forty to learn an oriental language. It's too difficult. But the attitude then was that nothing is too difficult.

I think I was sent to Korea because Maryknoll needed a bishop in Korea, and they thought I might be the one. I had administrative experience. I needed mission experience, and I needed the language. It never happened. Several years later, another Maryknoll priest in Korea was made a bishop about the time I was sent back to the United States. A good thing, too. It would have been a catastrophe if I had become a bishop.

At my age I should have gone to Latin America. Language wouldn't have been an issue. I knew a good deal of Spanish. But I think I went to Korea because of the bishop idea.

III

Early days in Korea

When I returned to Korea after an absence of four years, the superior, Father Gervis Coxen, sent me to the university for language instruction. It was the Presbyterian University, which I liked very much. After the second class, they made an announcement, "on Fridays, bring your bibles, we're going to have a worship service, and everybody is expected to be at worship service." So I went back and told Jervis Coxen, "I am not going to go to the worship service because it's contrary to my beliefs, it's contrary to the instructions from Rome. We're not in any way supposed to participate in any denominational service, and so I'm going to have to withdraw from the language course." He says, "C'mon! That's old fashioned. The church is changing. Here we are, 1962, there's going to be a Vatican Council. Forget what they said in Rome." I went and I really enjoyed it. It was my first Protestant service. And I went to it every Friday for two semesters.

Then I spent almost a year going around from parish to parish, helping out so other priests could take a break. The language was very hard. I never reached a point where I could prepare a sermon. I had a tutor who helped me write the sermon, but I had to read the sermon.

In 1964 I was appointed as pastor of a church in Naisou. This was near Chongju, about a ten or fifteen minute ride in the car north up the main road. I really liked being pastor there. It was a very good, healthy environment, the people were not poor. I worked awfully hard. For about two years, I traveled by bicycle or I walked on rice paddies. Then I got a motor scooter, which helped a lot. I really enjoyed it there.

Father Eddie Richardson, a young priest, came one time and he heard me read a sermon and he said, after mass, "You read your sermon, I mean anybody could get up there and read the sermon, but why don't you get up and talk extemporaneously? You've got so much enthusiasm, it doesn't come through when you read your sermon." So I started preaching spontaneously. I got an idea about what I want to say and I just spoke. It was much better.

What it was like in Korea

In 1956, when I went to Korea for the first time, mission work was highly organized. The French missionaries that preceded us had a system where one priest would cover an area of maybe twenty miles north and south, ten miles east and west - two thousand square miles. That would be his parish. Four times a year, he'd get on his horse and ride around the area, saying masses and baptizing converts. What held the small communities of converts together were daily prayer and an Office of the Blessed Virgin in Korean. Catholics would gather for morning and evening prayer; if you didn't show up, there had to be a good reason. That was the system we inherited. A territory, about fifty miles from north to south, and about thirty miles from east to west, was assigned to Maryknoll in 1953. There were three or four large parishes (today there are more than forty parishes).

Tension over rice

Korea was recovering from the war. After the armistice, millions of refugees from the north came south. They'd link up with relatives already in the south and eke out some kind of existence. Many of them survived on relief goods.

The first big conflict within Maryknoll was a fight over the relief supplies. Priests controlled a lot of this relief food. The older priests would give relief goods to the Catholics first, and only to non-Catholics if there was anything left over. They targeted people who showed some interest in becoming Catholic and gave them food. These converts became known as "rice Christians." The younger priests opposed that. When I got there, my pastor and I agreed we were going to give rice to the people who were hurting the most. We worked with government people to identify them. We got in a lot of trouble. The superior called me, he

didn't call the pastor, and he said, "You shouldn't do that. You're breaking a primary rule of missionary work. We give the relief goods as a reward to the people who are Catholics." We ignored him. We gave relief to hungry people. They were very grateful, and many of them got interested in the Church as a result of meeting us that way. We took the old idea of rewarding people for being Catholics and turned it around. We tied extra corn meal and rice to work on projects. We got people draining marshes, building dams, and digging wells. They reclaimed land and started farming it. We got involved in livestock. We had a big project, pig and cattle raising. We organized co-ops. We changed the orientation of missionary work with these development projects. A lot of the priests thought "it's not the old fun we had of just going out there and baptizing. It's a long-term project." Maybe this had something to do with priests losing interest and leaving. It was hard work, and it really was a long-term project.

The Buddhist and the bishop

Around the time of Vatican II, I went to visit Fr. Joe Herbert, a younger Maryknoller, who had been doing some great things in his area. In particular, he had a wonderful credit union. People could come and borrow money to maybe get a cow or some tools - things that immediately improved their lives. Joe was making a lot of converts too.

One day he took me to visit one of his Buddhist friends - the first Buddhist monk I'd ever met. The guy was a college graduate; he spoke English far better than I spoke Korean. We had a wonderful conversation. At the end, I invited him up to my parish to give a talk on Buddhism, and he accepted. I happened to mention this casually to Bishop Pardy. He was stunned. He says, "You're going to do what? You're going to bring a pagan in to talk to your Catholics? Do you realize you're going to endanger their faith? They might want to become Buddhists." He forced me to cancel the invitation, which I did very unwillingly.

That goes to show you how my thinking had already changed. The Vatican Council had not yet taught a different approach to other religions. I had been taught in the seminary that Buddhists are atheists, that Buddhism was a terrible religion, the devil's religion. They taught that in the seminary, and then I met some Buddhists and found them to be wonderful people.

Some time later a priest from the U.S. came over and gave us a retreat. He asked me to introduce him to a Buddhist monk. I took him to a monk in a hermitage nearby, a man who spoke English. I said, "This is Fr. Fraser. He teaches theology in New York in America. He has a question." "Father, what's the question?" the monk said. It is, "Are Buddhists atheists or agnostics, or do they believe in God?" The monk walked over to a dogwood tree in his garden. He put his fingers on the trunk of the beautiful tree and said, "For the Buddhists that is God."

His love of beauty moved me. But of course he really didn't answer the question. Or he answered it in an enigmatic Buddhist way. Buddhists don't use the word, "God." I think Buddhism is more of a philosophy than a religion.

The Phone and the Sign of Death

When I went to Naisou, just north of the capital city of Chongju, in 1963 I had a dickens of a time trying to get a telephone. I'd ask for it and nothing would happen. I finally found out that my catechist, my in-between man, wouldn't accept a telephone number that had a four in it. And the only telephone number left was 444. And for the Koreans, the number 4 is a sign of death. So he says, "Oh, you don't want that, no one will call you." The Bishop says, "I don't care what the number is, I want you to have a telephone so I can call you."

More About REV. JOSEPH DANIEL "FATHER DAN" SCHNEIDER:
Fact 6: June 10, 1945, Ordained a Maryknoll Priest

- 8. viii. WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE) SCHNEIDER, b. September 03, 1919, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA.
- 9. ix. JEREMIAH T. SCHNEIDER, b. June 10, 1921, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA.
- 10. x. JOHN HENRY SCHNEIDER, b. August 08, 1924, COLUMBUS, OHIO.
- xi. MRS. JEAN ELLEN SCHNEIDER, b. April 12, 1926, COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA; m. MATTHEW L. ROGERS, JR.; b. September 15, 1924, Rutherford, NJ; d. November 15, 2001, Passaic, NJ.

Notes for MATTHEW L. ROGERS, JR.:

Matthew had surgery (cadaveric vein graft) to correct a circulation problem in his leg earlier this year. He did well until a week or so ago, when the problem recurred. He had a diagnostic angiogram yesterday, and a few hours later suffered a massive stroke and went into a deep coma. Father Dan visited him in the hospital around 3PM until 3:30 today. His condition was hopeless, and he died around 5:00 PM. Ken Schneider 11/14/01.

From Newark Star-Ledger:

Matthew L. Rogers

11/17/01

A Mass for Matthew L. Rogers, 77, of Rutherford will be at 9:30 a.m. Monday in St. Mary's Church, Rutherford, after the funeral from the Collins-Calhoun Funeral Home, 19 Lincoln Ave., Rutherford.

Mr. Rogers, who died Thursday in the General Hospital Center at Passaic, was a bricklayer employed by the International Union of Bricklayers and Allied Craftworkers Local 25, Carlstadt.

He served in the Navy during World War II.

Born in Passaic, Mr. Rogers lived in Rutherford.

Surviving are his wife, Jean; sons, Mark G. and Jeffrey L., daughters, MaryBeth Rogers, Faith Sanson and Robin Rudikoff; a brother, Robert; sisters, Anne Jurkowski, Helen Boyd and Mary Agnes Mullaney; eight grandchildren and a great-grandchild.

From Bergen Record:

MATTHEW L. ROGERS, 77, of Rutherford died Thursday. Before retiring, he was a bricklayer and member of International Brotherhood of Bricklayers and Allied Craftworkers Union 25, Carlstadt. He was a Navy veteran of World War II. He was a parishioner of St. Mary R.C. Church, Rutherford. Arrangements: Collins-Calhoun Funeral Home, Rutherford.

More About MATTHEW L. ROGERS, JR.:

Nickname: "Pud" (probably was called "Puddin Head when a baby)

4. FRANK JOSEPH⁴ SCHNEIDER (*FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born January 1884 in COLUMBUS, OHIO, and died 1975. He married (1) CATHERINE BROWNE. He married (2) MARGARET HALSTEAD.

Notes for FRANK JOSEPH SCHNEIDER:

Frank was quite wealthy. He had a Chris Craft cruiser. Ken C. Schneider, his grand-nephew, rode with him under the George Washington Bridge. He married Kitty Brown. His children were, Frank Jr., Bernadette (Barney), and Leslie. Leslie married Jack Halstead. Their daughter, Sally, lives in Phoenix. They have three small children (in 1995).

Frank's boat once nearly blew up. It filled with fuel fumes in the bilge in Albemarle Sound on the Intercoastal Waterway. See notes under Nora O'Shaughnessy Schneider re his founding of Household Finance Company of Ohio (and FHC franchise). Leslie had a child before she was married to Jack. This marriage was annulled in the Catholic Church (her first husband falsified his baptismal and birth records. He also spent many years in Sing Sing prison). Ken J. Schneider met Greg Halstead (son of Leslie) when Ken visited Fr. Dan in Kansas City. Greg and his wife Cathy lived in Overland Park, KS as of 1995.

Ken C. Schneider learned to walk at Uncle Frank's home in Lyndhurst, Ohio, in 1936.

More About FRANK JOSEPH SCHNEIDER:

Fact 2: CLEVELAND, OHIO

More About CATHERINE BROWNE:

Fact 6: Known as "Aunt Kitty"

Children of FRANK SCHNEIDER and CATHERINE BROWNE are:

11. i. FRANK JOSEPH⁵ SCHNEIDER, JR., d. May 25, 1999, Florida.
- ii. BERNADETTE SCHNEIDER.
- iii. LESLIE MAUDE SCHNEIDER.

Notes for LESLIE MAUDE SCHNEIDER:

Had a son who took the name "Halstead." Some confusion here, as Frank and Margaret adopted two children who took the name Halstead.

5. RAYMOND⁴ SCHNEIDER (*FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born October 1888 in COLUMBUS, OHIO. He married CECILIA MCKENZIE.

Notes for RAYMOND SCHNEIDER:

Date: Fri, 24 Mar 2000 16:36:37 -0600
From: Daniel J Schneider <rvdannel@juno.com>
To: kschneider@worldnet.att.net

Dear Ken and Mary Lou,

Have your genealogy. Need to print it out to make corrections but my printer is out of business.

Do you work from Family Tree software?. I have the O'Shaughnessy genealogy on that system with a diskette you could copy. If not what software do you use?

Met Rose Kaiser Getreau at the wake of Ray Schneider, Uncle Ray's son in Columbus this week.

She says the spelling of Grandma's maiden is Leaukeauf or something like that. Grandma's Mother's history is quite blank as far as she knows. Grandma's Mother Leaukauf married Will Kaiser.,

Will try to fill, you in on some of this genealogy you sent.

I send much love and prayers. What do you think of your Dad?. I am quite concerned. He is having a tough time accepting his eye trouble and though he is smart enough to know he is losing his sight in one eye does not want to talk about it with me. Nothing unusual, it is a big burden for him but maybe he shares some of his apprehension with you.

Father Dan

Children of RAYMOND SCHNEIDER and CECILIA MCKENZIE are:

- i. RAYMOND⁵ SCHNEIDER, JR..
- ii. THOMAS SCHNEIDER.

Generation No. 4

6. MR. PHILIP ANTHONY⁵ SCHNEIDER, JR. (*PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*)⁴ was born April 21, 1908 in COLUMBUS, OHIO, and died January 19, 2004 in Warwick, NY. He married MRS. GRACE ELANOR COLE September 18, 1934 in ST. MARY'S, RUTHERFORD, BERGEN, NEW JERSEY, daughter of URIAH COLE and ELANOR SHALLOO. She was born March 02, 1911 in RUTHERFORD, BERGEN, NEW JERSEY, USA⁵, and died May 12, 1992 in RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY, USA⁵.

Notes for MR. PHILIP ANTHONY SCHNEIDER, JR.:

PHILIP A. SCHNEIDER, 95, of Rutherford died Monday [JAN 19, 2004]. Before retiring in 1973, he was a sales executive for Pitney-Bowes. He was a graduate of Ohio State University. He was a parishioner of St. Mary R.C. Church, Rutherford, where he was active in several of its ministries. Arrangements: Collins-Calhoun Funeral Home, Rutherford.

OBITUARY:

Philip A. Schneider, Jr., 95, of Rutherford, passed away on January 19, 2004 at Schervier Nursing Home in Warwick, New York. Born in Columbus, Ohio, on April 21, 1908 Philip was the second of eleven children of the late Philip and Nora (O'Shaughnessy) Schneider. A graduate of Ohio State University, Philip moved with his family to Rutherford 70 years ago. He was a Sales Manager with Pitney-Bowes until his retirement in 1973. Philip was a member of St. Mary's RC Church, where he was active in several ministries. He was predeceased by his wife, Grace Elanor (Cole) after 58 years of marriage. Philip is survived by sons Kenneth C. and wife Mary Lou, Philip A., III and wife Mary Ann, and J. Daniel, and wife Mary, of Rutherford, by two daughters, Ellen H. White and husband, Bernard, and Regina A. Pinglora and husband, Raymond, 15 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren, as well as 4 brothers, Rev. J. Daniel, W. Joseph, Jeremiah T., of Rutherford, and John H., of Richmond, VA, and one sister, Jean E. Rogers of Rutherford. Phil will be greatly missed by all his loving family

and many friends. Visitation 2-4 and 7-9 PM on Thursday, January 22 at Collins-Calhoun Funeral Home, Rutherford, followed by on Friday, January 23 by a 10:30 AM Mass of Christian Burial at St. Mary's R.C. Church, Rutherford. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery, North Arlington.

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Dad remained alert and well oriented until about a week before his death. He died in a nursing home in Warwick, NY, quite close to the homes of his two daughters. Ellen and Nina were with him when he died. He was anointed by his brother, Father Dan Schneider on the morning of his death. Father Dan offered beautiful prayers, and told Phil that it was "time for his suffering to end." Father Dan had to be driven back to Maryknoll, NY after lunch. He could not find his beret-- looked everywhere-- later the girls found that Dad had it clutched in his hand.

As he neared death, many other residents of the nursing home gathered around his bed and they recited the Rosary. His wake service, funeral Mass and commitment service were attended by his surviving siblings, his children, grandchildren, and many many friends.

Of interest is the fact that Mary Lou and Ken hosted a reunion on June 28, 2003 year for our "immediate" family at the fire house in Rutherford-- about 65 people came. On that very day our family home of almost 60 years at 139 Springfield Avenue was torn down! The firemen had conducted a drill with smoke bombs etc. the day before. They salvaged a piece of wallboard upon which, over the years, family members had written down significant events, such as: "They made Springfield Avenue a one-way today... Uncle Googs died yesterday... Ken and Mary Lou getting hitched tomorrow... The first diesel came through on the Erie... The Chevy finally gave out..."

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Phil was raised at 69 E. Oakland Avenue in Columbus, OH. Graduated from Ohio State University. Majored in Pre-law and Political Science.

In 1931, the family moved to 143 Montrose Avenue, Rutherford NJ after his father transferred to work with US Rubber Company. He soon met Grace Cole when she visited from St. Mary's Church taking the Parish census (however, Grace said she was collecting for the Propagation of the Faith). Their first home was an apartment over the White Front Market on Union Avenue at the corner of Springfield Avenue in Rutherford. After they were married, in the middle years of the Great Depression (The Depression occurred between 1929-1939), Phil took various jobs. He worked as a mothproofer for a Spradlin mothproofing franchise, visiting homes to treat garments in storage closets with sprays and fumers. Ken remembers this, as Phil continued mothproofing as a side job into the early 1940's. In 1940 Phil worked in New York City for a WPA project for young people, the NYA. He called it a "political job."

During WWII, Phil was deferred from the draft. He worked as a Civil Defense air raid warden and was in the police reserve. Just after Ellen was born, Phil started working as a salesman for August Krazeis (sp), manufacturer of ladies belts, in New York City. The job took him all over the eastern and midwestern States. He sold to major outlets such as Kresgies, Woolworth and jobbers. Ken remembers visiting the belt factory and playing with "ferry boats" and "docking slips" cut out of scraps of belt material, on the floor of the factory.

The family moved to a rent house at 164 Springfield Avenue, then in 1943 (a month after his mother died) they moved to 139 Springfield Avenue (see History notes under Grace and Ken). Info from Philip in 1999: They bought the house for \$4300 (\$100 down payment), from Police Chief Eddie Bigleman. Helen B. invited Grace to see the house. She loved it. The down payment probably came from her mother-in-law, Nora, as Phil was away on a business trip and she sent him a telegram saying "We just bought a home!" Old man Bigelman built the house around 1911, and Pop (Uriah J) Cole, who lived next door, helped on the project (Pos said he never used a square or a level). Doctor Louis Cartnick (a dear family friend as well as the family doctor) lent them the money, which they paid back at about \$36 - \$39 per month at 6%. Grace thought the interest rate was excessive. There were some hard times when they could not make the payments, but "Doc" let the note ride along and it was paid up on time. Phil sold the house in January, 2002 for \$160,000.

Ken remembers that the fire bell for the volunteer fire department was located to the rear of the house. It had a mechanical system with a weight that had to be cranked up like a clock. The telephone system connected to it. In the 1940's it was moved to the nearby fire house (Company #3?) and eventually replaced with a horn before, in the 1990's the Fire Department switched over to pagers.

Phil worked with Kraseise until about 1957, when fashions changed and ladies stopped wearing belts. This was

just the week that Ken got his acceptance from Seton Hall Medical School. He was unemployed for a few months. Sons Phil and Dan had paper routes and they offered to help out financially. Ken was working at the A&P and was able to meet his college expenses. Phil then got a job with Pitney Bowes in sales. He became very ill just as he was starting the new job ("blood poisoning), and nearly died. Grace took care of him at home, and Doc Cartnick made daily house calls. His territory eventually included the Empire State Building. It was a slow start, but he stayed with them for 15 years until taking retirement, around 1973.

Phil developed spinal stenosis and peripheral neuropathy, along with congestive heart failure. By 2001 he was unable to keep on living independently, so his son Dan and his wife Mary H. invited him to live with them on Feronia Way. After the family home was sold in January of 2002, it remained vacant. Renovation was prohibitively expensive, so the new owner eventually decided to tear it down.

On June 27, 2003, Dad (Phil) attended a family reunion in Rutherford at Firehouse#2, sponsored by Ken and Mary Lou Schneider. His surviving siblings attended: Father Dan, Joe, Jerry, John, and Jean. All his children and most of his grandchildren were there. Also, Ray Noble (Brother Thomas More, CFR) and 5 of his 6 daughters were there, along with his 3 grandchildren. There were over 65 people in attendance. He was in great spirits and took part in the celebration. Remarkably, the owner of the old house at 139 Springfield (our family's home for nearly 60 years) had planned to tear it down that very day! The firemen had conducted training in the structure the day before, knocking down doors and smashing through walls. They encountered a piece of unfinished wallboard in the attic, upon which the family had recorded significant events since the 1940s: "27 inch snow today"... "Erie RR ran a diesel through town today"... "They made Springfield Ave a one-way today"... "Uncle Googs died today"... "Ken got hitched"... "The Chevy finally gave out"... The firemen surprised us by displaying the wallboard at the party.

More About MR. PHILIP ANTHONY SCHNEIDER, JR.:

Burial: January 23, 2004, Holy Cross Mausoleum, North Arlington, NJ

Notes for MRS. GRACE ELANOR COLE:

Grace Elanor Cole was born at 143 Springfield Avenue, Rutherford, NJ. Collecting for the Propagation of the Faith on behalf of her parish church (St. Mary's), Grace visited the new Schneider family who lived in the corresponding house, number 143 Montrose Avenue. She met Phil, and they immediately became friends. After marriage to Philip, they lived over the White Front Market on the corner of Springfield and Union Avenues in Rutherford. Then, about three years after Ken was born they moved to a rental house at 164 Springfield. Finally they bought the house at 139 Springfield, right next door to where Grace was born. (This house belonged to Police Chief Eddie Bigelman). Grace's medical problems included late-onset diabetes, breast cancer diagnosed in 1991(it had already spread to lymph nodes at time of her surgery in 1991), heart failure, and a brain tumor (cranial meningioma). She had broken her hip in 1990 just before her scheduled trip to Dallas (forcing cancellation of Ken and Mary Lou's celebration of renewal of wedding vows on their 30th anniversary). Before that she had been in relatively good health. Grace was a devoted mother to her five children. She enjoyed collecting antiques (especially glass and china pieces). She died at home under the loving care of her husband, the last of the "Springfield Avenue Coles."

Married on a Tuesday

Social Security Record: GRACE SCHNEIDER

Born	02 Mar 1911
Died	12 May 1992
SSN	146-54-7383
Issued	New Jersey

HOW GRACE COLE GOT HER NAME (as told by Grace to her son Ken)

Grace's father, Uriah ("Pop") was raised Anglican, but usually attended Roman Catholic Mass with his Irish wife and the gang of children. At Communion time, he would wait in the pew as the family went to the rail to receive. One Sunday morning, when Ella was pregnant with my mother (who was to be their sixth surviving child), Pop followed the family up to the altar at Communion time. After the family received, the priest turned to Pop. Ella said " 'Huhy, no." The priest told Ella it was OK and proceeded to give Pop the wafer. As it turned out, Uriah

had secretly been taking lessons in the Faith, and he and the priest planned his acceptance into the church as a surprise. In gratitude, Ella named her newborn baby girl "Grace." There was precedence for the name Grace in the Cole family-- at least two earlier Coles bore that name.

Written by one of Grace and Phil's nieces (probably Phil's brother Joe's family)

More About MRS. GRACE ELANOR COLE:

Burial: May 16, 1992, Holy Cross Mausoleum, North Arlington, NJ

Fact 2: April 15, 1992, HOLY CROSS MAUSO, NORTH ARLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, USA

Fact 6: June 03, 1990, Fell, broke hip and shoulder, cancelled trip to TX for Ken/ML 30th Anniv

Fact 7: State of issue: NJ⁵

Children of PHILIP SCHNEIDER and GRACE COLE are:

12. i. DR. KENNETH COLE⁶ SCHNEIDER, b. August 29, 1935, ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA.
13. ii. MRS. ELLEN HONORA SCHNEIDER, b. May 08, 1939, ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA; d. October 20, 2005, Warwick, NY.
14. iii. MR. PHILIP ANTHONY SCHNEIDER III, b. November 05, 1941, ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA.
- iv. MR. JOSEPH DANIEL SCHNEIDER⁶, b. January 05, 1946, ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA; m. MARY ANNE HALFPENNY; b. December 20, 1946.

Notes for MR. JOSEPH DANIEL SCHNEIDER:

Born 2:45 PM on Saturday[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at St. Mary's Hospital.

15. v. MRS. REGINA ANN SCHNEIDER, b. January 21, 1951, ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA.

7. MARY ELIZABETH⁵ SCHNEIDER (*PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born March 08, 1916 in Columbus, Ohio, USA⁷, and died December 10, 1985 in Ann Arbor, Michigan⁷. She married JAMES MANNEY February 12, 1943. He was born July 09, 1914⁸, and died May 15, 1992 in Ann Arbor, michigan⁸.

More About MARY ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER:

Fact 6: Social Security #: 425-42-1866⁹

Fact 7: State of issue: MS⁹

More About JAMES MANNEY:

Fact 6: Social Security #: 302-05-2614¹⁰

Fact 7: State of issue: OH¹⁰

Children of MARY SCHNEIDER and JAMES MANNEY are:

16. i. JIM⁶ MANNEY, b. June 24, 1945.
- ii. JOSEPH MANNEY, b. December 02, 1946.
17. iii. JOHN MANNEY, b. June 18, 1948.
- iv. MARY ELLEN MANNEY, b. March 20, 1953; d. 1976.

Notes for MARY ELLEN MANNEY:

Committed suicide

- v. THOMAS MANNEY, b. September 12, 1959; d. 1967.

Notes for THOMAS MANNEY:

Died of Leukemia?

8. WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE)⁵ SCHNEIDER (*PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born September 03, 1919 in COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA. He married LUCILLE VOLKENING October 23, 1959.

Notes for WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE) SCHNEIDER:

Known as "Joe." A bomber pilot in World War II in Europe/Africa. Flew B-25, many bombing missions.

Children of WILLIAM SCHNEIDER and LUCILLE VOLKENING are:

- i. WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE)⁶ SCHNEIDER, JR., b. January 13, 1950; m. JUDITH HOLMES.
18. ii. FREDERICK CARL SCHNEIDER, b. June 02, 1951.
- iii. LUCILLE SCHNEIDER, b. March 31, 1953.
- iv. GRETTEL SCHNEIDER, b. October 23, 1954.
19. v. MELINDA SCHNEIDER, b. January 08, 1958.
20. vi. HENRY SCHNEIDER, b. June 22, 1959.
21. vii. HEIDI SCHNEIDER, b. March 20, 1961.
22. viii. JENNIFER SCHNEIDER, b. May 22, 1967.

9. JEREMIAH T.⁵ SCHNEIDER (*PHILIP ALOYSIUS*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born June 10, 1921 in COLUMBUS, OHIO, USA. He married KATHERINE SNYDER June 05, 1947.

Notes for JEREMIAH T. SCHNEIDER:

Jerry ran an Esso service station on Route S-3 near Berry's Creek south of Rutherford. He got to know many Yankee ball players who stopped there. When the highway was widened to make Route 3, his station was demolished. He later opened the Roadrunner, a popular lunch restaurant on Park Avenue in Rutherford.

Children of JEREMIAH SCHNEIDER and KATHERINE SNYDER are:

- i. GEORGE⁶ SCHNEIDER, b. March 25, 1948; d. June 1958.

Notes for GEORGE SCHNEIDER:

George fell from the roof of Rutherford High School and died of head injuries. Micky Mantle and other Yankee players came to his wake, as his father ran an Esso station on S-3 that they used.

23. ii. KATHERINE (KIT) SCHNEIDER, b. August 23, 1949.
- iii. ANN SCHNEIDER, b. November 20, 1950.
24. iv. NORA SCHNEIDER, b. January 06, 1952.
- v. MARGARET SCHNEIDER, b. March 12, 1953.
- vi. JERRY SCHNEIDER, b. May 22, 1954; m. HELEN DRUMMOND.
- vii. SALLY SCHNEIDER, b. July 06, 1956; m. GUY BEHL.
25. viii. MARK SCHNEIDER, b. December 28, 1957.
26. ix. LOUIS SCHNEIDER, b. April 25, 1960.
- x. WILLIAM MICHAEL SCHNEIDER, b. October 26, 1962.

10. JOHN HENRY⁵ SCHNEIDER (*PHILIP ALOYSIUS*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born August 08, 1924 in COLUMBUS, OHIO. He married MRS. MARGARET DEREVJANIK July 06, 1957 in ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, USA. She was born September 17, 1929 in Franklin Borough, PENNSYLVANIA, USA, and died November 25, 2008 in Virginia.

Children of JOHN SCHNEIDER and MARGARET DEREVJANIK are:

27. i. MRS. ANN MARIE⁶ SCHNEIDER, b. July 01, 1958, St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California.
- ii. PHILIP ANDREW SCHNEIDER, b. September 14, 1959, St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California.
28. iii. DR. JOHN HENRY SCHNEIDER, JR., b. February 02, 1961, St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California.
29. iv. MRS. JEAN MARGARET SCHNEIDER, b. June 02, 1962, St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California.
30. v. MRS. HELEN TERESA SCHNEIDER, b. November 18, 1963, St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California.
- vi. AGNES FRANCES SCHNEIDER, b. April 25, 1966, St. Mary's Hospital, Richmond, Virginia; m. EDGAR "NED" BOTHWELL, December 27, 2003.
31. vii. CARL JOSEPH SCHNEIDER, b. October 02, 1968, St. Mary's Hospital, Richmond, Virginia.

11. FRANK JOSEPH⁵ SCHNEIDER, JR. (*FRANK JOSEPH*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) died May 25, 1999 in Florida. He married (1) UNKNOWN Abt. 1945. She died Abt. 1985. He married (2) DOROTHY UNKNOWN Abt. 1989.

Notes for FRANK JOSEPH SCHNEIDER, JR.:

Called "Junior."

Child of FRANK SCHNEIDER and UNKNOWN is:

- i. JAMES PHILLIP⁶ SCHNEIDER, b. April 22, 1948, Ohio; m. MELANIE ANN SIMPSON, Abt. 1990.

Notes for JAMES PHILLIP SCHNEIDER:

Gainesville, Georgia

Date: Mon, 12 Jul 1999 13:10:51 EDT

From: Melanie A Schneider <mysugar@juno.com>

To: kschneider@worldnet.att.net

It will take me several days to get some names and dates for you. I look forward to doing it, though. Let me tell you a little about Jamie. He is the youngest son of Frank, Jr. and Dorothy Schneider. Jamie was born April 22, 1948 in Ohio. The family moved to Belair Beach, Florida when Jamie was two years old. Most of his life, the family resided in Tampa, Florida. Out of the Navy, Jamie finally ended up here in Gainesville, Georgia after traveling the U. S. for sometime. That is where I come into the family.

I am a registered nurse since 1974. The pressures of schooling took a toll on my marriage at the time to Tommy Nabors, a very good man and the father of my two sons. Stephen is 31 and single. David is 29. He has cerebral palsy from birth. His birth gave me the desire to become a nurse.

When I met Jamie, I was divorced and raising my two small sons. Jamie was working in radiology transporting patients. The rest is our history. We met, fell in love, and married. He has been a very good father to my sons.

The director of the nursing school took an interest in Jamie. She encouraged him to go on to school. He graduated from LPN training after we married. It is his only marriage. He has worked in the ER, and in Orthopedics in the NorthEast Georgia Medical center. You know the heavy lifting that nurses do can exact a price on the back. He was given the opportunity to work for an Orthopedic Surgeon in his office in 1990. He took the position and is very happy. His help has allowed The Dr. to double his office practice. So, you can see that Jamie is diligent, loyal and a hard worker. He loves orthopedics.

I was a pediatric, Medical, and Psychiatric nurse. My specialty was in Psychiatry. I have been at home now for about 15 years. I stay home with David, my son. I also help people out in the church that needs a good nurse. I am also able to go to family when I am needed. These volunteer opportunities still give me the satisfaction of what is inside every nurse---- to help people.

Jamie and I were with Frank, Jr. the last week of his life. He married after his first wife died. He and Carol had been married about ten years. They lived in Palatka, Florida close to her children. Frank's health had been declining during that time. He had emphysema (though he had quit smoking 30 years ago), pernicious anemia, circulatory problems, a pacemaker----Lots of the diseases that come with advanced age. He died with pneumonia. The hospital staff was so good to let Jamie "live" in the semi-private room with his Dad and care for him.

Jamie and his Dad were very close. Frank died peacefully on May 25, 1999. He was cremated and had a small, simple Catholic mass as was his wish.

Jamie and I are at 6150 River Run Circle, Gainesville, Georgia 30506-2976. Our telephone number is 770-983-7054.

Thank you for taking time to enlarge our horizons on learning about the family. Would you tell me about yourself and family? Where were you born; memories about your grandmother; Where you practiced medicine; went to school; How you wound up in New Mexico; Etc. ----You know women never run out of questions!

I will let you catch your breath before I go on.

Melanie

Generation No. 5

12. DR. KENNETH COLE⁶ SCHNEIDER (*PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*)¹¹ was born August 29, 1935 in ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA. He married MRS. MARYLOU NOBLE June 11, 1960 in Assumption Church, Wood-Ridge, NJ, daughter of JOHN NOBLE and

KATHRYN SULLIVAN. She was born December 19, 1937 in St. Mary's Hosp., Passaic, NJ.

Notes for DR. KENNETH COLE SCHNEIDER:

Kenneth was born at St. Mary's Hospital in Passaic, at 8:15 AM (Thursday).

Kenneth writes (7/99) in an e-mail to Melanie Schneider:

Our youngest child of four was Glen Philip. He was born in 1967. At the age of 15 months he had a measles vaccination-- he was incubating chickenpox at the same time, unbeknownst to us. He had a bad reaction with fever of 106 and seizures about a week after his vaccination. He was diagnosed with encephalopathy. He never recovered the ability to walk or talk, and went downhill with frequent seizures. His mental age deteriorated to 3 months and he had spasticity as in cerebral palsy. Mary Lou stayed home to care for him until he died at age 24, in 1992, Dallas, where he is buried.

I graduated from NJ Med School in 1961, and after a rotating internship practiced family medicine for 3 1/2 years in Bloomfield, NJ, awaiting the draft. Was drafted and took my commission in US Public Health Service in 1966. Served in public health positions in El Paso, Louisiana, Phoenix area and Dallas. MPH at Tulane, tropical medicine fellowship in Central America with LSU. My specialty is General Preventive Medicine. Was on long-term detail to the Health Care Financing Administration Regional Office in Dallas for 21 years, where I was in charge of quality assurance programs such as the survey and certification programs for Medicare and Medicaid in a 5-state area that included New Mexico. Retired here after Glen died. Love the mountains and the 4-seasons.

Mary Lou was a Business Ed major, graduated from St. Elizabeth's College in NJ. We went to the same high school and were married before my senior year in med school. Our eldest child is Karen, graduate of Arizona State, a speech pathologist in Arizona-- she has one son, Justin, who is visiting us now. Second child is Ken, graduate of Univ of St. Thomas in Houston, a supervisory meteorologist with the National Weather Service at Amarillo, Texas-- he and his wife Marie have 2 sons. Then comes daughter Jackie, who now lives in Puerto Rico with her husband Rolando, who was born in Cuba. Jackie graduated from Trinity U in San Antonio as business major and had a career in the insurance industry until they moved to PR two months ago. Now she is trying hard to improve her Spanish. She and Roly (Orama) both worked for Chubb Insurance in Connecticut when they met. Glen was our last child.

Bored yet?

I took up genealogy suddenly when my Dan and his wife Mary and we were planning a trip to Newfoundland only last year. My maternal grandfather was from Torbay, NFLD and we visited there and met relatives we did not know existed. The Internet has led to a few more contacts. I am in the process of uploading my and Mary Lou's family trees (earlier generations only) at my web site, noted below.

Mary Lou and I have a consulting business (health care quality, including compliance with Medicare and patient anti-dumping regulations). Actually we are trying to wind down the work, as we have been attending Elderhostels all over the country-- travelling to make up for the lost time all the years she was home with Glen. We have done Elderhostels in Outer Banks of North Carolina, Catalina Island, Yellowstone, Navajo Country in New Mexico, St. Mary's Georgia, and SE Arizona. We plan another on the Oregon Coast in late September, on the birds. We also have trips scheduled to Chicago for Mary Lou's nephew's wedding, to Puerto Rico for Thanksgiving, and even next June to Denali Park for a second, longer visit, God willing!

Again, thanks and we look forward to hearing from you.

Ken and Mary Lou Schneider

Schneider Associates, LLC, -- PO Box 66, Cedar Crest, NM 87008

Voice:(505)281-6470 Fax:(505)281-2580 Mobile:(505)263-4955

kschneider@worldnet.att.net -- <http://home.att.net/~kschneider/>

1999- Talked to Dad, Philip A. Schneider, about where we lived. Ken was born while Grace and Phil lived at 335 Union Avenue, Rutherford. This was an apartment over the White Front Market, on the SE corner of Union and Springfield. Ellen was also born while we lived there. Around 1940, we moved to a rent house just down the

street at 164 Springfield. Philip III was born when we lived there. In November 1943, just a month after Grandma (Nora) Schneider died, our family moved into 139 Springfield Avenue. The down payment on this house was \$100. It was the former home of Police Captain Eddie Bigelman, and was right next door to Grandma and Grandpa Cole's home at 143 Springfield. The homes had a shared driveway between them, and the back yards ran together. Pop Cole (U.J.) kept chickens and pigeons and had a big garden, as well as a woodworking shed. Ken remembers helping Pop sharpen saws and kill chickens. Ken and his cousin Corkey (Walter Cole) used to keep track of the eggs the chickens produced. Ken knew all the laying chickens by name (and even by the shape, size and color of their eggs) and was devastated when one ended up in the stew pot. Pop set out traps for the many rats, some of whom Ken and Corkey also recognized. One old wiley rat lost his tail in a steel trap and evaded capture for several months until it was caught again by the stub of its tail and then pulled the trap over and "committed suicide" by taking the bait from a wooden trap. It was held fast head and tail! Once Ken and Corkey decided to control the rats by shooting them with a bow and arrow (Ken had gotten a nice archery set for Christmas). They rigged a stepladder and shot through a small window. After several near misses as rats scurried about on the dirt floor of the chicken coop in the darkness, Ken thought he had a good bead on one. He pulled the arrow all the way back, but as it was released it stuck the side of the window opening and veered sharply up and to the right, into the roosting chickens. It hit one chicken in the rear. It clucked wildly. We quickly pulled the arrow out. Pop never knew why one of his chickens died of a lingering illness! We hope nobody ate it.

4/9/00 Talked to Dad today. He reminisced about the big flood of 1913 in Columbus. Our Kaiser relatives lived on the west bank which was inundated. He was only 5 but he remembers them taking shelter with his family until they rebuilt.

Dad also reminded me about the family car, a 1937 blue four-door Ford sedan with a V8 engine. Dad bought it in 1938. It was a demonstration or "courtesy" car, one of many that had only been driven in the American Legion Parade in New York City. Ford Motor Company employees were given the opportunity to buy them at a discount. Dad's brother Lou worked at the Ford plant (Export Division) in Edgewood, NJ, and he was able to arrange for Dad to buy it. That Ford was in our family until around 1955. Ken inherited it. Its body was in almost perfect shape (because it was garaged), but it burnt about a quart of oil every 30 to 40 miles, leaving a great cloud of blue smoke. Its fuel pumps broke down so often that Dad always carried one or two spares. One time his brother Joe borrowed the car for a big date with Lucille, and he ended up playing mechanic in his good clothes. The clutch slipped badly despite repeated repairs, and had to be treated gently to keep it from smoking and burning up. During the World War shortage/rationing we bought used crankcase oil from the garage across our property on Union Avenue, in 10 quart cans. Later we kept buying new oil in bulk.

One day Ken was driving around with about 10 empty oil cans in the trunk. He brought a few high school friends to Rutherford Field for a football game. After parking near the field, he saw a vacant lot with a lot of trash in it and decided to discard the cans. After throwing the cans into the field, a neighbor lady gave him a sharp reprimand and the cans ended back in the trunk. After the game, with Don Scanlan and Neil Reardon, Ken drove to Clifton for hot dogs. Near Ott's Spot there was a gas station with a sign "we buy used oil cans." It was dark. The guys decided to do a favor for the owner of the station, and neatly piled the empty cans at the island by the gas pumps. Just as the last can was being put in place, a cop car drove up. We all thought we would be arrested for dumping so we began putting the cans back into the trunk. The cops stopped us. They carefully inspected and sniffed each of the cans to see if we were stealing gas-- it never occurred to him we might be stealing oil cans! They let us go, but not too far up the road (on Valley View) the oil gauge started jumping. We pulled in a drive at a florist shop with a greenhouse. It had a very brightly lighted sign in front but was dark inside. We only had a new can of oil, and it had a tin foil seal that was tough to break without a tool. One of the guys started looking around on the ground in front of the florist for a sharp rock or something. As he got near the door of the shop it opened and there was a young German kid with a big rifle pointed straight at us. He told us they had been robbed recently and had been standing guard. He was shaking. He yelled for his father, who took over the guard duty after calling the police. The kid started looking around the greenhouse and pointed out that some of the pots had been knocked over, implying we had entered it. The cops came and they were the same guys that had stopped us earlier at the gas pump! One of them took my two friends in the patrol car, and the other drove me in the '37 Ford. He did not know how to use the clutch or shift, so the gears ground and the clutch slipped like crazy and the car smelled like it was on fire. At the station, they completely searched the car, pulling out the seats and carpets, and scattering the glove box contents all around the parking lot. They held us maybe for an hour, and it was getting late. They asked me who we knew, and I said the Police Chief of Rutherford, Ed Bigelman, was my friend (we bought his house). Don Scanlan's father came to the station and he was really mad-- "What are you cops doing harrasing kids when there are bank robbers and rapists on the loose?" They let us go, but it was one

exciting day!

[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at St. Mary's Hospital.

=====

Letter to high school classmates Pete and Mary Ellen (Lyons) Polumski November 2, 2001

Hi, Mary Ellen--

Glen's reaction was so rare that most literature says it "never" happens. Seven days after the shot, he developed morbilliform rash and temp of 105+. He went into status epilepticus, stopped by IV Valium. Then he came down with chicken pox within a few days (one of our other kids showed signs of varicella the day he got the shot, not noted until he got home. At the time of the shot he also was recovering from otitis media, but the pediatrician deemed it ok to go ahead. He had no pre-existing problems such as convulsions or developmental delay. He walked and said a few words. He gradually lost meaningful speech and only walked with support. At first the docs (and of course we) chalked it up to the side effects of anticonvulsants, but within a few months he had another bout of status and then myoclonic jerks, and his milestones were clearly behind. At first he crawled quite well and played, but became increasingly dependent and apathetic. He had some good days when he would seem to recognize us and smile. He was always very patient, though he suffered a lot.

We really had the course and watched him deteriorate to a total care situation into young adulthood. Neurologists mostly said to institutionalize him, but Mary Lou and I would have no part of that. In order to qualify him for compensation under the National Vaccine Injury Compensation Act, we did not have to prove causality, but they put him through genetic and invasive neuro testing, all negative except for high titers of measles antibodies in his blood. Since the law at that time only required a temporal relationship between immunization and symptoms, we thought he could immediately qualify. Instead we had a prolonged legal fight, but won in the end. He was awarded \$1.5 million in a reversionary trust, to be used for lifetime care. We actually spent very little of it, since he died within 4 years of the award. The residual money was returned to the US government for use in other vaccine injury cases.

Glen turned very bad (difficulty breathing) while I was attending my mother's funeral in NJ. Mary Lou had called his doctor, but he was away and the covering physician did not make much of his condition. Mary Lou didn't really lose it with me until Mom was in the ground and I told her I was on my way to go out to dinner with the family the night of her funeral. Then she said that I'd better get right home or there was going to be another funeral. Of course I heard the despair in her voice and grabbed a plane out that afternoon. I found Glen in extreme respiratory distress and cyanotic, needing immediate O2. He had double pneumonia and died within two weeks.

Sadly, Mary Lou's mom, who lived with us because she had become somewhat infirm, suffered multiple strokes and dementia which worsened after we moved to NM in 1993. Mary Lou then became her 24-hour caregiver. We had help during the day, but she was often up all night, disoriented, wandering and in great distress. I finally had to insist that Mother be put in an Albuquerque nursing home for about a year. That's a whole other story. We were the family from Hell at that nursing home! I became chair of the Family Council, and hope we did some good to improve care there. She died there in 1996.

Say hello to Smitty and Neal for me. Don't either have e-mail? I had many fun times with them. It's funny how high school seemed such a special time. Maybe we hadn't yet learned to take ourselves so seriously.

From your question about the other kids, I assume that you did not get or were unable to read the letter I sent to Ken Foster. It is included below our signature line. You might try the Web links that I mention in the letter to get a better picture of life here in the mountains.

Love,

Ken

--

Kenneth C. and Mary Lou Schneider
Cedar Crest, New Mexico 87008
Voice:(505)281-6470
kschneider@att.net -- <http://home.att.net/~kschneider/>

Dear Ken [Foster],

It was great hearing from you. Your family picture is impressive! We have not been able to get everyone together for a group photo since our 25th Wedding Anniversary. Someone is always missing. Mary Lou and I will be celebrating our 42nd in June. Actually, two of our children live nearby. We have four grandchildren.

Our oldest, Karen Cox, lives in Snowflake, AZ, about 4 hours to the west of our home. Karen is a speech therapist in independent practice, a graduate of Arizona State, with two Masters degrees from Northern Arizona University. She has one son, Justin.

Our second child is Kenneth John, who is a meteorologist with the National Weather Service in Amarillo, Texas, about four hours to the east. Ken and his wife, Marie, have two sons and one daughter. Ken's specialty is wild fire weather, so he has some interesting stories to tell. He is a graduate of University of St. Thomas, in Houston.

Our third child, Jackie Orama, lives in Puerto Rico with her husband, Rolando (Roly). She graduated from Trinity University in San Antonio as a business major, and worked for Chubb Insurance in Dallas, New Jersey and New Haven, where she met her husband. They relocated to Cleveland, and then, because her husband speaks Spanish, they were "temporarily" sent to Puerto Rico to train a new manager. They expected their tour to be brief, but Roly seems to be doing so well that they are holding him there for the time being. Despite the luxury of expatriate benefits, they would much rather live Stateside.

Our fourth child, Glen Philip, died at the age of 24 in 1992. He was brain-damaged by a reaction to the measles vaccine at 15 months age. This left him with cerebral palsy, epilepsy and severe mental retardation. Mary Lou cared for him at home right up to his death.

My dad is now 93 and living with my brother Dan and wife Mary in Rutherford. His mind is very sharp, but his mobility is limited by spinal stenosis and heart trouble. He just sold the old homestead at 139 Springfield. The new owner will probably tear it down and rebuild on the site. Mom died two weeks before our Glen, in 1992.

As you know, I was in family practice in Bloomfield until I was drafted, in 1966. I took a commission in the US Public Health Service. My first duty station was El Paso, Texas. The assignment involved working with Immigration and Customs, as well as the US Army at Fort Bliss and William Beaumont Hospital and Mexican health authorities. Our concerns were mainly TB, VD (not called STD then), and rabies control.

This experience provided me with a new perspective and changed my career plans. I took a residency in General Preventive Medicine in New Orleans, and got a Masters in Public Health from Tulane. Also served a Louisiana State University Fellowship in Tropical Medicine in Central America, working in all the countries there except for Belize. As I owed pay-back on top of my draft time, I stayed on in New Orleans as Deputy Director of the PHS Hospital and Adjunct Associate Professor at Tulane University School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine.

Then I was invited to direct a new program in Dallas, which led to a long-term detail to the newly formed Health Care Financing Administration, also in Dallas. The detail provided me with stability, and we lived in Dallas for 21 years. My responsibilities included oversight of Medicare and Medicaid inspection programs for hospitals, nursing homes and other health care providers, and Medicare physician peer review contracts, in Texas and the other 4 adjacent States. I also had clinical duties in the Family Medicine Clinic at the Dallas Naval Air Station, and was Clinical Professor, Department of Family Practice and Community Medicine, at The University of Texas Southwestern Medical School, Dallas. (I delivered two of Tom and Mary Ann O'Dea's sons. One of them looked me up in Dallas—he wanted to meet the doctor who brought him into the world, and his visit was really a thrill!)

While I was visiting Mom in the hospital in 1992, I met Maureen Mullaney. Her mother was hospitalized on the

same floor. I think Maureen lives in San Antonio, and has an executive position in the nursing field. She looked great and I really enjoyed visiting with her, despite our circumstances.

I talked to Adam Klys on the phone a few years back, and Don Scanlan visited my father in Rutherford when he was in town for the Sports Banquet. Dad got a great kick out of that, and recalled the days of “Schneider’s Gambling Casino,” when we played penny-ante roulette and Don swallowed guppies and goldfish on a dare.

We did get out to Virginia Beach to visit Don Scanlan a few years ago. Mary Lou and I did an Elderhostel on the Outer Banks. We were based at Nag’s Head, and we spent the night with Don and Linda on the way back home. Never laughed so much in my life, about our escapades at St. Mary’s. Linda was very tolerant!

New Mexico has always held a special place in my heart. When I retired from the Service in 1993, we found an ideal location in the Sandia Mountains east of Albuquerque and south of Santa Fe. We built a home at 7000 feet in a 44-lot subdivision that borders the Cibola National Forest Wilderness. We enjoy four seasons, with an annual average of 42 inches of snow at our level, and ten feet at the top of the mountain in front of our house. No need for air conditioning in the summer. There are two miles of wooded trails in our 55 acres of dedicated open space, and they connect with those in the National Forest. We have wonderful neighbors. I have served as Board member and two terms as President of our Homeowners Association. The only downside is that we are 12.5 miles from the nearest supermarket, and about 17 miles from the nearest mall, so we must coordinate our shopping and volunteer trips.

Mary Lou and I started a consulting business specializing in assisting hospitals to comply with federal emergency care requirements (see <http://home.att.net/~kschneider>). It was quite busy for the first five or 6 years—too busy, in fact, and I started cutting back. We thought we could close down the business last year but clients kept showing up. With only one client at present, it should be possible to shut down by the end of 2002.

We have enjoyed travelling in semi-retirement. We have taken two Alaska cruises and in between we trekked deep into Denali National Park and stayed at Camp Denali. We have visited our daughter and her husband in Puerto Rico twice, and have made 13 Elderhostels. Since both Mary Lou and I enjoy hiking and bird watching, every trip has an added dimension as we explore the forests and count up our new birds! We are both active in ministries at our Parish, which includes eight old mission churches in a 300 square mile rural area (see <http://members.aol.com/holychildparish/index.htm>).

I still play the piano and keyboard, and sing and play a Cuban tres (3-string guitar) and a Cuatro Puertorriqueño (5-string guitar) with a Spanish group from one of the missions. Mary Lou and I both lead Saturday morning bird walks at the Rio Grande Nature Center State Park in Albuquerque. Of course we go out to see our grandchildren every chance we get. Three of Mary Lou’s brothers are reasonably nearby. As you know, Larry Noble lives near Phoenix, Jack is in Tucson, and Bob has recently moved to Henderson, NV.

Thank God, our health has held up, and we are looking forward to “full” retirement. We hope that when your travels bring you to this part of the country, you will plan to visit with us. Thanks again for writing, and let’s keep in touch.

Ken [Schneider]

In each family there is one who seems called to find the ancestors. To put flesh on their bones and make them live again. To tell the family story and to feel that somehow they know and approve. To me, doing genealogy is not a cold gathering of facts but, instead, breathing life into all who have gone before.

We are the storytellers of the tribe. All tribes have one. We have been called as it were by our genes. Those who have gone before cry out to us: Tell our story. So, we do. In finding them, we somehow find ourselves.

How many graves have I stood before now and cried? I have lost count. How many times have I told the ancestors you have a wonderful family you would be proud of us?

How many times have I walked up to a grave and felt somehow there was love there for me? I cannot say.

It goes beyond just documenting facts. It goes to who am I and why do I do the things I do? It goes to seeing a cemetery about to be lost forever to weeds and indifference and saying I can't let this happen.

The bones here are bones of my bone and flesh of my flesh. It goes to doing something about it. It goes to pride in what our ancestors were able to accomplish. How they contributed to what we are today.

It goes to respecting their hardships and losses, their never giving in or giving up, their resoluteness to go on and build a life for their family.

It goes to deep pride that they fought to make and keep us free. It goes to a deep and immense understanding that they were doing it for us.

That we might be born who we are. That we might remember them. So we do. With love and caring and scribing each fact of their existence, because we are them and they are us.

I tell the story of my family. It is up to that one called in the next generation to answer the call and take their place in the long line of family storytellers.

That, is why I do my family genealogy, and that is what calls those young and old to step up and put flesh on the bones.

(Unknown Author)

AMA Web Site Information:
CEDAR CREST , NM 87008
Gender
MALE

Primary Practice Specialty Self-Designated by Physician
GENERAL PREVENTIVE MEDICINE
Secondary Practice Specialty Self-Designated by Physician

FAMILY PRACTICE

Medical School
UMDNJ-NEW JERSEY MED SCH, NEWARK NJ 07103

Year of Graduation from Medical School
1961

Residency Training
TULANE U SCH PH TROP MED , GENERAL PREVENTIVE MEDICINE
MOUNTAINSIDE HOSP , FLEXIBLE OR TRANSITIONAL YEAR

Major Professional Activity
INACTIVE

American Board of Medical Specialties Certification
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AM BRD OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

Practice Philosophy or Description
I HAVE A PRIVATE HEALTH CARE CONSULTING PRACTICE, PROVIDING ASSISTANCE TO HOSPITALS FACING MEDICARE CERTIFICATION LOSS. I HAVE EXTENSIVE EXPERIENCE IN QUALITY OVERSIGHT PROGRAMS FOR MEDICARE CERTIFIED HOSPITALS AND HAVE SERVED ON A TASK FORCE THAT RECOMMENDED GUIDELINES TO ENFORCE EMERGENCY CARE OBLIGATIONS. I AM RETIRED FROM THE ACTIVE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

Physician Availability

I AM CURRENTLY WORKING STRICTLY IN A CONSULTATIVE CAPACITY FOR HOSPITALS. I AM SEEING NO PATIENTS.

Key Professional Achievements and Awards

FELLOW, AMERICAN ACADEMY OF FAMILY PHYSICIANS (1988, 1997), AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE (1972)

RECIPIENT, HEALTH CARE FINANCING ADMINISTRATION ASSOCIATE ADMINISTRATOR'S CITATION (1992), PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE OUTSTANDING SERVICE MEDAL (1988)

More About DR. KENNETH COLE SCHNEIDER:

Degree: MD, MPH¹¹

Fact 6: February 08, 1991, Ken and Mary Lou renewed vows with Fr. Dan Schneider (30 Yr Anniv)

Occupation: 1961, Intern, The Mountainside Hospital, Glen Ridge, NJ

Notes for MRS. MARYLOU NOBLE:

Mary Lou was born at St. Mary's Hospital in Passaic, NJ, at 7:30 PM on a Sunday. She married Kenneth C. Schneider on 6/11/60.

[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at St. Mary's Hospital. See notes under husband Kenneth.

More About MRS. MARYLOU NOBLE:

Education: 1959, Graduated College of St. Elizabeth, BS (Business Ed major)

Children of KENNETH SCHNEIDER and MARYLOU NOBLE are:

32. i. MS. KAREN ANN⁷ SCHNEIDER, b. July 25, 1961, ST. Mary's Hospital, Passaic, NJ.
33. ii. MR. KENNETH JOHN SCHNEIDER, b. June 02, 1963, Glen Ridge, Essex County, New Jersey.
34. iii. MRS. JACQUELYN MARY SCHNEIDER, b. May 08, 1965, Mountainside Hospital, Glen Ridge, Essex, New Jersey.
- iv. MR. GLEN PHILIP SCHNEIDER¹¹, b. October 09, 1967, US PUB HLTH HOSP, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, USA; d. May 29, 1992, DALLAS, DALLAS COUNTY, TEXAS, USA.

Notes for MR. GLEN PHILIP SCHNEIDER:

Glen was normal at birth, but was given a measles vaccination at 15 months of age. He suffered high fever and seizures a week later, and was diagnosed with vaccine encephalopathy. He went on to develop persistent seizures, and was determined to be mentally retarded at two years of age when his family was in Phoenix, AZ (his father was serving a medical residency and was stationed there for three months) at the Indian Hospital. He gradually lost the ability to talk, walk, and finally could no longer even crawl. At age 22 he was confined between bed and wheelchair. Up to age 21 he received care from the Dallas School District (earlier at Special Care School in Carrollton/Farmers Branch, and later at United Cerebral Palsy of Dallas). He was awarded a sum of money which was used to fund annuities with the objective of providing him with lifetime care at home. The award came from a claim under the US National Vaccine Compensation Program.

He was cared for by his loving mother, at home. His weight persisted at about 53 pounds, and he had to be fed a protein drink, one sip at a time. He developed bleeding from his esophagus due to a lax valve that let acid seep up from his stomach. This caused anemia which gradually worsened. Glen's paternal grandmother, Grace, died in April of 1992. While his father was in New Jersey attending her funeral, Glen suddenly developed trouble breathing. He needed oxygen, and was placed on antibiotics and IV fluids at home. He worsened, and died on his maternal grandmother's (Kay Noble's) birthday, at the age of 24 years.

Glen's funeral Mass was celebrated by a dear friend of the family, Father Fran Pistorius, S.J., who had been an associate pastor at St. Rita's in Dallas. Fr. Fran himself had a severely retarded brother, who died at the age of 22. Glen's uncle, Father Dan Schneider, came in from Kansas City to be on the altar. Father John O'Connell, O.P., a cousin of Kay Noble, and Father Ed "Bubba" Coles, S.J., of St. Rita's joined Father Fran on the altar. Fr. Bubba had brought Communion to Glen during the last months of his life. [ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at US Public Health Hospital.

More About MR. GLEN PHILIP SCHNEIDER:

Fact 2: June 01, 1992, CALVARY HILL MAU, DALLAS, DALLAS COUNTY, TEXAS

13. MRS. ELLEN HONORA⁶ SCHNEIDER (*PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born May 08, 1939 in ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA, and died October 20, 2005 in Warwick, NY. She married BERNIE WHITE¹¹. He was born Abt. November 01, 1936 in County Leithram, Ireland.

Notes for MRS. ELLEN HONORA SCHNEIDER:
Born 8:40 AM on Monday[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at St. Mary's Hospital.

Ellen H. White

WHITE - Ellen H. of Greenwood Lake, a Registered Nurse having recently retired from the Greenwood Lake Middle School and an area resident for 35 years, formerly of Rutherford, NJ, died suddenly on Thursday, October 20, 2005. She was 66. The daughter of the late Philip and Grace Cole Schneider, she was born on May 8, 1939 in Rutherford, NJ. Ellen was a member of the Gaelic Cultural Society of Greenwood Lake, a Catholic Daughter, Court Holy Rosary and a member of Holy Rosary R.C. Church. A Family Statement read: "Ellen had a kind and nurturing spirit. She touched the lives of so many with her humor and her kindness. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her". Survivors include her husband, Bernard White at home, their children, Maura Felix and her husband Jose of Middletown, Cara Hayden and her husband, Robert of Warwick, William White and his wife, Nicole of Cherry Hill, NJ, Anne White and her fiance, Dave Slaperud of Landing, NJ and Erin Fomin and her husband, Michael of Warwick and her grandchildren, Christine, Michael, Shannon, Kelly, Daniel, Christopher, Casey, Nicholas and Liam. She is also survived by her sister, Regina "Nina" Pinglora and her husband Raymond of Greenwood Lake and her brothers, Kenneth Schneider and his wife, Mary Lou of Miramar, FL, Philip Schneider and his wife, Mary Ann of Auburn, PA and Joseph Daniel Schneider and his wife, Mary of Rutherford, NJ as well as many nieces and nephews, both here and in Ireland. Visitation hours will be held from 7-9 PM on Sunday, October 23, 2005 at Holy Rosary R.C. Church in Greenwood Lake, NY. Burial will be at Orange County Veteran Cemetery in Goshen, NY. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions can be made in Ellen's honor to The Lenox Hill Hospital Women and Heart Disease Fund and mailed to Dr. Nieca Goldberg, 177 E. 87th Street, Suite 503, New York, NY 10128.

Published in The Record and Herald News on 10/23/2005.

Children of ELLEN SCHNEIDER and BERNIE WHITE are:

35. i. MAURA⁷ WHITE, b. January 03, 1966.
36. ii. CARA WHITE, b. May 20, 1967.
37. iii. WILLIAM WHITE, b. January 18, 1970.
38. iv. ANNE WHITE, b. August 10, 1971.
39. v. ERIN WHITE, b. October 10, 1972.

14. MR. PHILIP ANTHONY⁶ SCHNEIDER III (*PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*)¹¹ was born November 05, 1941 in ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA. He married MARY ANN WROBLEWSKI.

Notes for MR. PHILIP ANTHONY SCHNEIDER III:
Born 11:45 AM on Wednesday[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at St. Mary's Hospital.

Children of PHILIP SCHNEIDER and MARY WROBLEWSKI are:

- i. CHRISTINE⁷ SCHNEIDER, b. October 05, 1967; m. MIKE GRILLO, October 14, 1989.
- ii. LINDA SCHNEIDER, b. November 27, 1968; m. MARC LOVELAND, May 1997.
- iii. PHILIP SCHNEIDER, b. February 27, 1978.

15. MRS. REGINA ANN⁶ SCHNEIDER (*PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born January 21, 1951 in ST MARY HOSPITAL, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY, USA. She married RAYMOND PINGLORA¹¹ June 28, 1975 in St. Mary's R.C. Church, Rutherford, NJ.

Notes for MRS. REGINA ANN SCHNEIDER:
Born 8:30 PM on Sunday[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at St. Mary's Hospital.

Children of REGINA SCHNEIDER and RAYMOND PINGLORA are:

40. i. CHERYL ANN⁷ PINGLORA, b. February 15, 1977, Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N.J..
- ii. RAYMOND MICHAEL PINGLORA III, b. December 18, 1979, Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N.J.; m. BRIANA R. CEPPI, October 10, 2009, Lutheran Church.

Notes for RAYMOND MICHAEL PINGLORA III:
Announced engagement to Briana R. Ceppi, on May 23, 2008

- iii. MELISSA ELLEN PINGLORA, b. February 08, 1984, Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N.J..

16. JIM⁶ MANNEY (*MARY ELIZABETH⁵ SCHNEIDER, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born June 24, 1945. He married SUSAN CONNIFF, daughter of UNKNOWN CONIFF and DOROTHY UNKNOWN.

Notes for JIM MANNEY:
8/22/1999 from Jim Manney

Ken,

So good to hear from. Many thanks for the condolences. I appreciate the kind words. I will pass them along to Susan when I see her tomorrow. She went to New Jersey yesterday to be with her father and the kids and I will be joining her tomorrow. Her mother had been sick with cancer but died suddenly of a heart attack Friday.

We had a great time at the O'Shaughnessy reunion. The main event was held on the hottest day in Columbus in 30 years but people held up well. I was specially glad that three of my four kids were able to go. They knew virtually nothing about that branch of the family and are now quite impressed with all the O'Shaughnessy lore. Jerry O sent out a bunch of digital pictures. I think you were on the mailing list, but if you weren't let me know. They're residing on my computer. There was also a very impressive family tree about 10 feet long pasted to the side of the house. They were attempting to make it complete, fill in blanks, correct spelling, etc. and the plan is to distribute it.

I'd be interested in a copy of your family tree. I'll be happy to help fill in the blnks. I've got a fairly decent one from the Manney side and I'd like the Schneiders. One outcome of the O'Shaughnessy reunion was to kindle my kids' interest in the family. They range in age from 29 to 20 -- old enough to be interested in such things on their own. My address is 3 Lois Court, Ann Arbor, MI 48103.

Many thanks. Let's stay in touch.

Jim

3/9/2000 from Jim Manney:

Ken and Mary Lou,

Thanks for the compliment on the April God's Word Today. I came home from a trip last night and found my copy sitting on the kitchen table. I read some of it and I liked it!

I hadn't heard about Ray Noble's surgery. I pray that he will be well.

My daughter Sarah will graduate from med school at Michigan State in May and will be doing a residency in pediatrics in Grand Rapids. She's friendly with Jack and Kathy Schneider in GR and plans to see a lot of them

over the next four years. The medical Schneider tradition continues.

Good to hear from you.

Jim

From Franciscan University of Steubenville Catholic Writer's Festival 2002:

Jim Manney

Jim Manney is editorial director for trade books at Loyola Press in Chicago. He has been a book editor at Our Sunday Visitor and Servant Publications, and was editor of New Covenant magazine from 1987-1995. Jim has also written and edited five books, including "How I Pray Now" (Our Sunday Visitor) and "Let the Fire Fall" (Franciscan University Press) with Fr. Michael Scanlan. He and his wife, Susan, live in Ann Arbor, Michigan. They have four adult children.

Children of JIM MANNEY and SUSAN CONNIFF are:

- i. DAVID THOMAS⁷ MANNEY, b. January 13, 1970.
- ii. SARAH MANNEY, b. April 14, 1972; m. JOHN KURTH.

Notes for SARAH MANNEY:

Jim writes (3/9/00):

My daughter Sarah will graduate from med school at Michigan State in May and will be doing a residency in pediatrics in Grand Rapids. She's friendly with Jack and Kathy Schneider in GR and plans to see a lot of them over the next four years. The medical Schneider tradition continues.

- iii. LAURA MANNEY, b. August 03, 1975.
- iv. CAROLYN MANNEY, b. July 10, 1979.

17. JOHN⁶ MANNEY (*MARY ELIZABETH⁵ SCHNEIDER, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born June 18, 1948. He married BARBARA KLOSTERMAN.

Children of JOHN MANNEY and BARBARA KLOSTERMAN are:

- i. ANGELA MARIE⁷ MANNEY, b. April 07, 1980.
- ii. REBECCA THERESE MANNEY, b. September 14, 1981.
- iii. JOHN PATRICK MANNEY, JR., b. April 28, 1984.
- iv. MARY ELIZABETH MANNEY, b. December 11, 1986.
- v. CATHERINE GRACE-MARIE MANNEY, b. October 28, 1995.

18. FREDERICK CARL⁶ SCHNEIDER (*WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE)⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born June 02, 1951. He married MARILYN DUPRAU.

Children of FREDERICK SCHNEIDER and MARILYN DUPRAU are:

- i. ALLISON⁷ SCHNEIDER, m. RICHARD TARRIFF.
- ii. HILLARY SCHNEIDER.
- iii. DERRICK SCHNEIDER.

19. MELINDA⁶ SCHNEIDER (*WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE)⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born January 08, 1958. She married TIMOTHY CARNEY¹².

Children of MELINDA SCHNEIDER and TIMOTHY CARNEY are:

- i. MARIEL⁷ CARNEY.
- ii. TIMOTHY CARNEY, JR.
- iii. PATRICK CARNEY.

- iv. COLIN CARNEY.
- v. LIAM CARNEY.

20. HENRY⁶ SCHNEIDER (*WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE)*⁵, *PHILIP ALOYSIUS*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born June 22, 1959. He married JUDITH MILNE.

Children of HENRY SCHNEIDER and JUDITH MILNE are:

- i. WILLIAM JOSEPH⁷ SCHNEIDER III.
- ii. DOUGLAS SCHNEIDER.
- iii. SARA SCHNEIDER.
- iv. HENRY SCHNEIDER.

21. HEIDI⁶ SCHNEIDER (*WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE)*⁵, *PHILIP ALOYSIUS*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born March 20, 1961. She married PAUL MCKAY.

Children of HEIDI SCHNEIDER and PAUL MCKAY are:

- i. MEREDITH⁷ MCKAY.
- ii. PAUL MCKAY.
- iii. HALEY MCKAY.
- iv. CANDICE MCKAY.
- v. JOHN MCKAY.

22. JENNIFER⁶ SCHNEIDER (*WILLIAM JOSEPH (JOE)*⁵, *PHILIP ALOYSIUS*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born May 22, 1967. She married MARK HENNI.

Children of JENNIFER SCHNEIDER and MARK HENNI are:

- i. JOSEPH⁷ HENNI.
- ii. MARK HENNI.
- iii. JOHN HENNI.
- iv. INGRID HENNI.

23. KATHERINE (KIT)⁶ SCHNEIDER (*JEREMIAH T.*⁵, *PHILIP ALOYSIUS*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born August 23, 1949. She married WALTER GROUX July 04, 1973.

Children of KATHERINE SCHNEIDER and WALTER GROUX are:

- i. DANIEL PATRICK⁷ GROUX, b. September 24, 1979.
- ii. MARY KATHERINE GROUX, b. September 20, 1980; d. September 20, 1980.
- iii. KATHERINE FRANCES (KATIE) GROUX, b. January 14, 1982.

24. NORA⁶ SCHNEIDER (*JEREMIAH T.*⁵, *PHILIP ALOYSIUS*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born January 06, 1952. She married RICHARD RENZULLI September 10, 1978.

Children of NORA SCHNEIDER and RICHARD RENZULLI are:

- i. KRISTEN⁷ RENZULLI.
- ii. MATTHEW RENZULLI.
- iii. RICH RENZULLI.

25. MARK⁶ SCHNEIDER (*JEREMIAH T.*⁵, *PHILIP ALOYSIUS*⁴, *FREDERICK FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born December 28, 1957. He married LORI LAMULEVICZ PAMULEVIEV¹³.

Children of MARK SCHNEIDER and LORI PAMULEVIEV are:

- i. CHRISTIAN⁷ SCHNEIDER.
- ii. ALEXANDRA SCHNEIDER.
- iii. GRACE SCHNEIDER.

26. LOUIS⁶ SCHNEIDER (*JEREMIAH T.⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born April 25, 1960. He married ANGELA UNKNOWN.

Children of LOUIS SCHNEIDER and ANGELA UNKNOWN are:

- i. SARA⁷ SCHNEIDER.
- ii. GARIN SCHNEIDER.

27. MRS. ANN MARIE⁶ SCHNEIDER (*JOHN HENRY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born July 01, 1958 in St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California. She married DANIEL C. PERKINS May 26, 1984. He was born September 17, 1959.

Children of ANN SCHNEIDER and DANIEL PERKINS are:

- i. ALEX⁷ PERKINS, b. October 29, 1986.
- ii. JENNA PERKINS, b. January 09, 1989.
- iii. LOUIS PERKINS, b. January 06, 1993.

28. DR. JOHN HENRY⁶ SCHNEIDER, JR. (*JOHN HENRY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born February 02, 1961 in St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California. He married KATHLEEN BEGO July 08, 1989. She was born March 23, 1961.

Notes for DR. JOHN HENRY SCHNEIDER, JR.:

Physician in family practice

Children of JOHN SCHNEIDER and KATHLEEN BEGO are:

- i. HENRY⁷ SCHNEIDER, b. June 15, 1993.
- ii. KARL SCHNEIDER, b. May 17, 1995.
- iii. CLARE SCHNEIDER, b. May 17, 1997.
- iv. LEO SCHNEIDER, b. April 26, 2000.
- v. BENJAMIN SCHNEIDER, b. October 04, 2002.

29. MRS. JEAN MARGARET⁶ SCHNEIDER (*JOHN HENRY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born June 02, 1962 in St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California. She married VINCENT ALTIZER June 10, 2000.

Children of JEAN SCHNEIDER and VINCENT ALTIZER are:

- i. CAMERON⁷ ALTIZER, b. August 31, 2001.
- ii. JOSIE ALTIZER, b. April 30, 2003.

30. MRS. HELEN TERESA⁶ SCHNEIDER (*JOHN HENRY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born November 18, 1963 in St. Francis Hospital, Lynwood, California. She married CRAIG CLAGETT June 19, 1999. He was born April 15, 1950.

Children of HELEN SCHNEIDER and CRAIG CLAGETT are:

- i. KELLY⁷ CLAGETT, b. January 27, 1990.

Notes for KELLY CLAGETT:

From John Schneider Jan 2005

The corrected family tree that you sent (thank you for sending it) shows Kelly Clagett as a descendant of Helen. She is the daughter of Craig by first marriage. Kelly acts like we are her grandparents....dont know whether or not it should be changed.

Love Marge and John

- ii. BRYAN CLAGETT, b. October 04, 2002.

31. CARL JOSEPH⁶ SCHNEIDER (*JOHN HENRY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born October 02, 1968 in St. Mary's Hospital, Richmond, Virginia. He married ANGELA LOBB.

Children of CARL SCHNEIDER and ANGELA LOBB are:

- i. KATHERINE⁷ SCHNEIDER, b. November 24, 1999.
- ii. AMANDA SCHNEIDER, b. May 03, 2002.
- iii. JOSEPH SCHNEIDER, b. April 29, 2004.

Generation No. 6

32. MS. KAREN ANN⁷ SCHNEIDER (*KENNETH COLE⁶, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born July 25, 1961 in ST. Mary's Hospital, Passaic, NJ. She married (1) JERAN KING December 20, 1986 in NAVY CHAPEL, GRAND PRAIRIE, TEXAS, son of JIMMY KING and CANDY UNKNOWN. He was born 1966. She married (2) RANDALL (RANDY) COX May 15, 1999 in Las Vegas, NV. He was born March 13, 1958 in St. Joseph's Hospital, Elgin IL.

Notes for MS. KAREN ANN SCHNEIDER:
[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at St. Mary's Hospital.

Child of KAREN SCHNEIDER and JERAN KING is:

- i. JUSTIN HUNTER⁸ KING¹⁴, b. September 26, 1987, YUMA, ARIZONA.

Notes for JUSTIN HUNTER KING:

Karen (Schneider) Cox writes:

May 22, 2008, Justin graduated from Army Military Police schooling at Ft. Leonard Wood, MO. He was a squad leader while in school, chosen to be one because of his ethics and leadership skills. Just before graduation he was awarded a "Coin of Excellence", one of four given to individuals in his group of 243 soldiers! He is really shining. We are so proud.

More About JUSTIN HUNTER KING:

Baptised: December 22, 1987, St. Rita's, Dallas by Father Dan Schneider

33. MR. KENNETH JOHN⁷ SCHNEIDER (*KENNETH COLE⁶, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*)¹⁴ was born June 02, 1963 in Glen Ridge, Essex County, New Jersey. He married MARIE BRUNNER¹⁴ March 21, 1994 in Brownsville, TX. She was born August 16, 1966 in Texas.

Notes for MR. KENNETH JOHN SCHNEIDER:

Kenneth is a professional meteorologist. Born at Mountainside Hospital.

[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at Mountainside Hospital.

Children of KENNETH SCHNEIDER and MARIE BRUNNER are:

- i. KENNETH JOHN⁸ SCHNEIDER, JR., b. September 14, 1995, NW TEXAS HOSPITAL, AMARILLO, TEXAS.

Notes for KENNETH JOHN SCHNEIDER, JR.:

[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at NW Texas Hospital.

More About KENNETH JOHN SCHNEIDER, JR.:

Baptised: November 22, 1995, St. Ann's RC Church, Canyon, TX

- ii. GLEN PHILIP SCHNEIDER¹⁴, b. November 15, 1997, Amarillo, TX, USA.
- iii. MARY CATHERINE SCHNEIDER, b. April 11, 2001, Baptist-St. Anthony Hospital, Amarillo, TX.

Notes for MARY CATHERINE SCHNEIDER:

Mary Catherine was born on her due date (Wednesday), at 11:29 PM. She weighed 6 lb 10.5 oz and was 18 3/4 inches long.

- iv. ELIZABETH ANNE SCHNEIDER, b. September 19, 2005, Baptist-St. Anthony Hospital, Amarillo, TX.

Notes for ELIZABETH ANNE SCHNEIDER:
Born at 5:25 AM; 7 lbs 4 oz; 20 " long

- v. RACHEL GRACE SCHNEIDER, b. November 25, 2007, Baptist-St. Anthony Hospital, Amarillo, TX.

Notes for RACHEL GRACE SCHNEIDER:
6lb 14 oz, 20 inches long

34. MRS. JACQUELYN MARY⁷ SCHNEIDER (*KENNETH COLE⁶, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born May 08, 1965 in Mountainside Hospital, Glen Ridge, Essex, New Jersey. She married ROLANDO ANGEL ORAMA August 21, 1993 in ST. Mary's RC Church, New Haven, Connecticut, son of ANGEL ORAMA and ANGELA ORTA. He was born November 22, 1962 in Sagua La Grande, Cuba⁴.

Notes for MRS. JACQUELYN MARY SCHNEIDER:
[ColeFamRamona.FTW]

Born at Mountainside Hospital.

Children of JACQUELYN SCHNEIDER and ROLANDO ORAMA are:

- i. GRACIELA MARIA⁸ ORAMA, b. April 05, 2004, Holistic Birthing Center, Miami, FL; Adopted child.

Notes for GRACIELA MARIA ORAMA:
Hello my friends!

I want to let you all know the great news. Last Monday, April 5th, Roly & I adopted a newborn baby girl!!
The story is as follows:

Back in August of last year, Roly & I lost our third pregnancy on our ten year wedding anniversary. It was very sad, and we were beginning to feel hopeless. Roly had started investigating adoption and told me that we should just make a call and see what happens. Roly believed that God was trying to tell us something – that there was a baby or child out there who needed us. Well, on February 4th, we met with a group called Adoptions by Shepherd Care. The agency is a Christian group who works really hard to save babies from abortion. All the people in the office are born again Christians, and all were absolutely giving and wonderful people. They seemed to take to us immediately, and we thought “maybe this is what God was trying to tell us.” It just felt “right”.

On February 12th, we had a formal meeting with the agency to be formally interviewed and to receive the mounds of paperwork that we would need to fill out for them. Four hours after this meeting, I received a call at home from the agency saying that they might have found a possible birthmother to match us with, and they wanted to show “our file” to the birthmother on Monday, February 16th. Well, we had no file to speak of yet (people usually get a few months to write their letter of desire to adopt, get recommendation letters from friends, family and co-workers, file papers with the state for police background checks and abuse, and organize the financials, etc.) The agency was asking us to try to put together pictures and a letter to the birthmother overnight! What a task it was, but we did it!

On February 16th, we received the call that the birthmother had chosen us!!! The birthmother’s name is Remedios (which means Remedy in Spanish), and we truly believe that she was the remedy to our situation. (The first sign from God.) Remedios was from a very small town in Mexico, and she came to Florida to “take care” of her situation. At the abortion clinic, she was told that she was too far along to have an abortion. (The second sign from God.) She believed that a child should be raised in a home with a mother and a father. She

was very drawn to Roly as she saw in him (through our pictures and letter) that he was a strong but gentle & loving man. She was impressed how much we have loved each other and saw that we have a strong commitment to each other. The birthmother was also impressed with the promise that we made to raise our children in a bi-lingual home.

On March 12th, we finally met face-to-face with Remedios at the agency. She had light skin, red hair and hazel eyes. It was a bitter sweet meeting as we were so excited and yet so sad for her. It was very emotional. By the end of the meeting, Remedios referred to the baby as "ours".

On April 5th at 12:44pm, Graciela Maria Elisa was born!!! She weighed 6lbs, 2 oz and was 18 inches long. Graciela was born in a small maternity/birthing center called Holistic Maternity Center in North Miami Beach. In about four hours after her birth, Remedios was released from the Center and signed the papers relinquishing her rights to the baby. Graciela was officially ours, and we were finally a family!!! We were able to bring Graciela home within six hours after her birth.

The name Graciela was chosen for the word Grace (which means a free gift from God), and that is definitely what she is to us! Maria was chosen in thanksgiving to our blessed mother Mary, and Elisa was chosen because it was the name of the deceased mother of Remedios.

Please enjoy the pictures attached. Roly and I are so happy!!!

More About GRACIELA MARIA ORAMA:
Adoption: April 05, 2004

- ii. CARINA ELISABET ORAMA, b. May 25, 2005, Holistic Birthing Center, North Miami, FL; Adopted child.

Notes for CARINA ELISABET ORAMA:

Events surrounding the adoption of Carina Elisabet were quite hectic. After the great disappointment of having another birth mother pull out of the agreement in late April, Jackie and Roly were overjoyed when the adoption agency called them only about a week later to tell them they had lined up a baby, due to be born June 21st. They planned a meeting with the birth parents, who are both Argentinian and have 4 other small children. The mother is 23 years old and had decided on an abortion. Because of an intervention by some Jehovah's Witnesses that knocked on her door, and also the misgivings of her husband, they prayed and decided to have the baby and give it up for adoption.

This couple had earlier been matched up with another set of potential adoptive parents, but the birth mother was very apprehensive about them. She felt she had to "sell" herself and her baby to them. There must have been bad vibes both ways. Thankfully, the other couple decided they did not want the baby once they found out it was to be a girl.

Ultrasound indicated that the baby would be due earlier-- they estimated June 12 instead of 21st.. Jackie and Roly got out to Miami to meet the birth parents. They flew in on Thursday, May 19th and had the meeting the next day. They got along extremely well, and our kids felt very confident about the situation when they flew back to Chicago on Sunday, May 22nd. Jackie made flight plans to come back here with Graciela on June 6th (yesterday). To everyone's surprise, the birth mother went into labor on the afternoon of May 25 and had the baby around 5 PM in a birthing center in Miami. Jackie and Roly and Graciela flew out here immediately, arriving around 11:30 PM. The mother had already been discharged (she did hold the baby for two hours before she left the birthing center). All papers were signed to release the baby to the agency (which is officially the foster parent of record until the adoption is final). They picked up Carina Elisabet at about 1:30 and drove her to our house. Of course we were up all night enjoying her!

35. MAURA⁷ WHITE (*ELLEN HONORA⁶ SCHNEIDER, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born January 03, 1966. She married JOSE FELIX.

Children of MAURA WHITE and JOSE FELIX are:

- i. CHRISTINE ISABEL⁸ FELIX, b. October 19, 1989.
- ii. MICHAEL JOSEPH FELIX, b. August 23, 1997.

36. CARA⁷ WHITE (*ELLEN HONORA⁶ SCHNEIDER, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born May 20, 1967. She married ROBERT HAYDEN March 09, 1996 in NJ.

Children of CARA WHITE and ROBERT HAYDEN are:

- i. SHANNON GRACE⁸ HAYDEN, b. September 27, 1999.

Notes for SHANNON GRACE HAYDEN:

9lb. 2.5oz

20-1/2"

9/27/99

4:14pm

- ii. KELLY ROSE HAYDEN, b. February 21, 2001.
- iii. DANIEL ROBERT HAYDEN, b. March 05, 2005.

37. WILLIAM⁷ WHITE (*ELLEN HONORA⁶ SCHNEIDER, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born January 18, 1970. He married NICOLE KIM BLOOM November 21, 1999.

Children of WILLIAM WHITE and NICOLE BLOOM are:

- i. AIDEN PHILLIP⁸ WHITE, b. November 29, 2006.

Notes for AIDEN PHILLIP WHITE:

Kayla Brielle (born 9:23 AM) is 7 lbs 6 oz and 19 1/4 inches and Aiden Phillip (born 9:25 AM) is also 7 lbs 6 oz and 21 1/2 inches. Kayla has red hair and Aiden has dark hair.

- ii. KAYLA BRIELLE WHITE, b. November 29, 2006.

Notes for KAYLA BRIELLE WHITE:

Kayla Brielle (born 9:23 AM) is 7 lbs 6 oz and 19 1/4 inches and Aiden Phillip (born 9:25 AM) is also 7 lbs 6 oz and 21 1/2 inches. Kayla has red hair and Aiden has dark hair.

38. ANNE⁷ WHITE (*ELLEN HONORA⁶ SCHNEIDER, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born August 10, 1971. She met (1) KEVIN DZUIBA. She married (2) DAVID SLAPERUD May 25, 2006.

Children of ANNE WHITE and KEVIN DZUIBA are:

- i. CHRISTOPHER⁸ DZUIBA, b. Abt. 1994.
- ii. CASEY DZUIBA, b. Abt. 1996.

39. ERIN⁷ WHITE (*ELLEN HONORA⁶ SCHNEIDER, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK FERDINAND³, NIKOLAUS², MARTIN¹*) was born October 10, 1972. She married MICHAEL PAUL FOMIN April 28, 2001 in St. Stephen's Catholic Church, Warwick, NY.

Children of ERIN WHITE and MICHAEL FOMIN are:

- i. NICHOLAS⁸ WHITE, b. Abt. 1988.
- ii. LIAM MICHAEL FOMIN, b. April 17, 2002.

Notes for LIAM MICHAEL FOMIN:

12th great-grandchild of Philip A. Schneider, Jr.

- iii. ASHLYN ELLEN FOMIN, b. August 18, 2006.

More About ASHLYN ELLEN FOMIN:

Baptism: November 19, 2006, St Stephens RC Church, Warwick NY

40. CHERYL ANN⁷ PINGLORA (*REGINA ANN⁶ SCHNEIDER, PHILIP ANTHONY⁵, PHILIP ALOYSIUS⁴, FREDERICK*

*FERDINAND*³, *NIKOLAUS*², *MARTIN*¹) was born February 15, 1977 in Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N.J.. She married MICHAEL ROURKE April 24, 2004.

Notes for CHERYL ANN PINGLORA:
Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N.J.
Engaged to William Rourke w/ wedding sched for 2004

Children of CHERYL PINGLORA and MICHAEL ROURKE are:

- i. CAROLINE GRACE⁸ ROURKE, b. April 06, 2007, 3:19 AM.

Notes for CAROLINE GRACE ROURKE:
7 lbs 15 oz, 20 1/2 inches

- ii. JOSEPH THOMAS ROURKE, b. April 25, 2009.

Notes for JOSEPH THOMAS ROURKE:

April 26, 2009 from Regina Pinglora:

Hi all,

Cheryl has a baby boy last night at 9:10, 2/25. His name is Joseph Thomas. Weighing in at 8 lbs,9 oz, 21 1/2 inches, it looks like he has blond hair and very little of it. Cheryl and Mike and Caroline are doing well.

Sorry I don't have pics. I'll send some soon!

Nina

Endnotes

1. Father Dan Schneider.
2. O'Shaughnessy.FTW, Date of Import: Aug 9, 2000.
3. O'Shaughnessy family notes dated Feb 9, 1921.
4. ColeFamRamona.FTW, Date of Import: Oct 13, 2000.
5. Brøderbund Family Archive #110, Vol. 2, Ed. 4, Social Security Death Index: U.S., Social Security Death Index, Surnames from M through Z, Date of Import: Jan 12, 1999, Internal Ref. #1.112.4.67208.54
6. ColeFamRamona.FTW, Date of Import: Oct 13, 2000.
7. Brøderbund Family Archive #110, Vol. 2, Ed. 4, Social Security Death Index: U.S., Social Security Death Index, Surnames from M through Z, Date of Import: Jan 12, 1999, Internal Ref. #1.112.4.6747.178
8. Brøderbund Family Archive #110, Vol. 2, Ed. 4, Social Security Death Index: U.S., Social Security Death Index, Surnames from M through Z, Date of Import: Jan 12, 1999, Internal Ref. #1.112.4.6747.136
9. Brøderbund Family Archive #110, Vol. 2, Ed. 4, Social Security Death Index: U.S., Social Security Death Index, Surnames from M through Z, Date of Import: Jan 12, 1999, Internal Ref. #1.112.4.6747.178
10. Brøderbund Family Archive #110, Vol. 2, Ed. 4, Social Security Death Index: U.S., Social Security Death Index, Surnames from M through Z, Date of Import: Jan 12, 1999, Internal Ref. #1.112.4.6747.136
11. ColeFamRamona.FTW, Date of Import: Oct 13, 2000.
12. Mariel Carney e-mail Dec 2 04.
13. Lawrence J. Brown, e-mail January 4, 2005.
14. ColeFamRamona.FTW, Date of Import: Oct 13, 2000.