



Somsen horizon

Volume 16 – number 27 – July 2013

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Colophon

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Objective of the Foundation

The aim of the foundation is:

To preserve and promote the solidarity between people bearing the family name of Somsen, those who are/were related to them or those who are interested in them

The foundation will try to achieve this object for example by:

- ◆ doing historical research into the family history and the history of the region
- ◆ collecting documentation and genealogical data
- ◆ keeping and taking charge of a family archive and data bases
- ◆ publishing a periodical
- ◆ providing information to persons, institutions and official authorities
- ◆ organising activities so as to realise the object of the foundation



Cover photo

A last get together in New Ulm on the Monday after the reunion in 2012

Preface



Johan Somsen

I would like to invite you to read our family magazine Somsen Horizon. It is the 27th issue and you will find all kinds of adventures that relate to members of our widespread family.

From the following it may become clear that our tentacles are widespread indeed. Last winter I picked up my old job again for a period of five months after having been retired for over seven years. At the local grammar school in Apeldoorn they were in desperate need of a qualified teacher with experience due to illness of a colleague. I was finally persuaded by the principal, a young woman whose cradle had stood in De Heurne of Dinxperlo within less than 500 metres from the spot where I was born, and who knew everything about the Somsen-branch to which I belong. In addition, our Board Member Wim Somsen [518] had been her high school teacher. Then it was impossible for me to refuse.

In the first lesson when making the acquaintance of the students the name Rauwerdink popped up. When I asked the young man if he had any relatives in America by chance he said that it was known in his family that a Rauwerdink had married a Somsen in the 19th century and that they had emigrated to America. So this young man was distantly related to the ancestors of the American 1881-branch: Jan Hendrik Somsen [308] and Janna Hendrika Rauwerdink [309]. It's a small world.

Via email and otherwise many of you have learned that Emma Somsen [1190] passed away. In this issue you will find an In Memoriam by Petra Veerbeek, her neighbour, who accompanied her last year to the Somsen reunion in New Ulm where we had such a good time together. Very many American relatives have responded with words of comfort and support for which we are very grateful.

In our previous publication we already announced that Somsen Horizon 27 would appear in June – it has become a little later because of various circumstances. The printer had his vacation and I myself have just returned from a 640-mile hike along the English South West coast.

Next autumn we will publish our newsletter in which we will keep you informed of small and big events in our family. You are always very welcome to hand in stories, newspaper clippings, photos, etc. for which we are always grateful.

On behalf of the Board of our Foundation I wish you much reading pleasure.

Johan Somsen [1089]

Family BBQ on Saturday, 24 August 2013 in IJzerlo

The next BBQ is on Saturday 24 August 2013. You are welcome from 6 pm.

Of course you can also camp out and there are still Somsens who come to IJzerlo with tent or caravan. However, there will be no more organized visits to the Japikshuis to the Somsen-tree. Because of a decreasing number of participants we unfortunately have to stop with this tradition.

If you want to join the BBQ of 2013 please register before 15 August by phone or email at Wim Somsen.

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Photo of one of the foregoing Somsen BBQ's

Publication book about terrazzo makers Monasso

by Harry Somsen [146]

In the following article you will find a piece of family history on the Italian Monasso family. It shows research that relatives of the Monasso family did into their origins in Italy and their journey from Travesio (Italy) via Bocholt (Germany) in 1896 to Aalten on 19 May 1915.



Signing of the Monasso book

Rita Baron - Monasso from Aalten had already been busy trying to collect everything about her family originating from Italy for more than a quarter of a century. She also visited places in Italy that played a role in the oldest family history. "My retirement as a teacher and the support of several family members, who have also provided a lot of information, stimulated me to finish the work on this book " The Somsen family enters our history in Aalten when the Monasso family flee from Bocholt (Germany) to Aalten during World War I with their belongings on a horse-drawn wagon.

Frederik Hendrik Somsen [16], the blacksmith from the Landstraat, has already bought a house in the Koelmansstegge, now Stationsstraat, for one of his children when he hears about the Monasso family through the Association for the Improvement of Housing which he had founded together with some other people in 1912. Therefore it is not difficult for him to decide that Giovanni Monasso and Angela Chivilò with their 4 children and Antonio and Lucia Monasso with their 8 children can move into that house on 20 May 1915. They stay there for over a year until the marriage of Derk Jan Somsen [40] and Aleida Gezina Stronks [46] on 4 October 1917. This family lives in this house for 10 years before they leave for Doesburg. Afterwards, the Kempink family, the bicycle repairman, lived here. The house was demolished several years ago for the expansion of Café Leuven. If you were standing at the back of the house of Geling you could see it.



Home in 1954
Photo collection Monasso

The presentation of: The Monassobook, history of the family in The Netherlands, was on 12 April 2013 in the former Schiller Society in Aalten. This location had been chosen because an old framed membership list of the Schiller Society shows the names of the three ancestors and brothers Giovanni, Felice and Antonio Monasso. A year after their arrival in Aalten, so as early as 1916, they had become members of the Schiller Society.

During the search for material for this book by Marion van der Werff - Monasso, her sister Ellen Koolenbrander - Monasso and cousin Mario Monasso they got so much information from various sides so that it was far too much for this book. Calls in the regional papers and information from the Somsen family have contributed to this. A second edition with additional material is not unlikely. It is a pity not to publish this material.

It was a particularly pleasant gathering of this family

and it reminded me of the presentation of the Somsenbook Omnes Generationes in 1997 at Erve Kots in Lievelde and being there together with old and new family members. Up to the present day this has given me pleasant contacts and enrichment in life. Who knows this family will start a website and a Monasso Horizon in the future. A number of them are more than enthusiastic.



Interior of the Monasso book

The First World War: How a Somsen housed three Italian families

by Marion van der Werff-Monasso

"I was born in the old Somsenhouse. I weighed twelve pounds: my mother tore the wallpaper from the wall " – Willie Monasso, born in the old Somsenhouse in Aalten op 20 April 1916.

When I started researching the history of the Monasso family a few years ago together with a number of my relatives I remembered these words of my father. He often told this to his children, the old Somsenhouse was the house of his birth and we also knew the exact location of the house: at the beginning of Stationsstreet, behind the shop of Geling, there you have to look upwards and then you see it situated on the slope of a small hill: a large house in white stucco work.

But what about that exact history of that Somsenhouse and how did three Italian families end up in the border village of Aalten in the First World War?

My grandfather Giovanni Monasso came from Travesio, a village in the Pre-Alps in the Friuli area in the northeast of Italy. Because of poor soil conditions in the area and the resulting poor agricultural yields many Friuli men specialized in a handicraft. With this handicraft they tried to earn a living in the cities of Italy and later, particularly from about 1850, abroad. The

most special craft that Friuli has yielded is undoubtedly mosaic and terrazzo work. The ancient Greeks and Romans already knew this work but the craftsmen from Friuli and especially from Sequals and its surrounding villages were particularly good at it. They made use of various types of coloured stones that they gathered in the valleys of the rivers Meduna, Tagliamento and Cellina. As early as the year 1586 the fraternity of Terrazzo workers was founded in Venice and from that time many young men have been trained there to become a Mosaic and Terrazzo worker.



Village of origin in the Dolomites (Google Maps)

Also Felice Monasso (born 1871), brother of my grandfather. At a young age he left for Venice to learn the trade. After having gained work experience in Frankfurt (Germany) and with his cousins Bortolussi in Münster (Germany), he decided to start his own business in Bocholt, near the Dutch border in 1896. As the demand for terrazzo work was great, he asked his brothers Giovanni and Antonio to come over to establish the firm Monasso Brothers. The three families moved into a large house in Münsterstreet and there was plenty of work. Many houses, churches, schools, convents and hospitals were equipped with terrazzo work so that they had to import professionals from the region of origin. At one point the three brothers employed dozens of Italian servants. Unfortunately the outbreak of the First World War abruptly put an end to this prosperous period.

Italy remained neutral at the outbreak of the war in 1914 but in the course of 1915 this changed. In exchange for retaining its neutrality Italy had demanded a big expansion of its territory. Throughout the month of April of that year tension built up and the world waited if Austria would grant the claims or if it would result in a war between the two countries. After Austria had rejected the claims on 26 April 1915 Italy secretly signed the Treaty of London and switched to the allied camp. There were headlines in the German and Austrian newspapers that Italy had betrayed its traditional allies and as a result the Italian workers living in Germany and Austria suffered enormously: due to slanging-matches and threats many were forced to return to their homeland. Several sources reported that the hate against Italians was growing from day

to day and that the traders and ice-cream sellers no longer dared to come out of their houses.



House in the Münsterstrasse in Bocholt

Also the members of the Monasso family had encountered these hostilities. My father often told that children at the schools and the workers on the construction sites were verbally abused. "Italian traitors" sounded everywhere and the atmosphere was so oppressive that they decided to leave Bocholt on 19 May 1915, five days before Italy officially declared war on Austria.

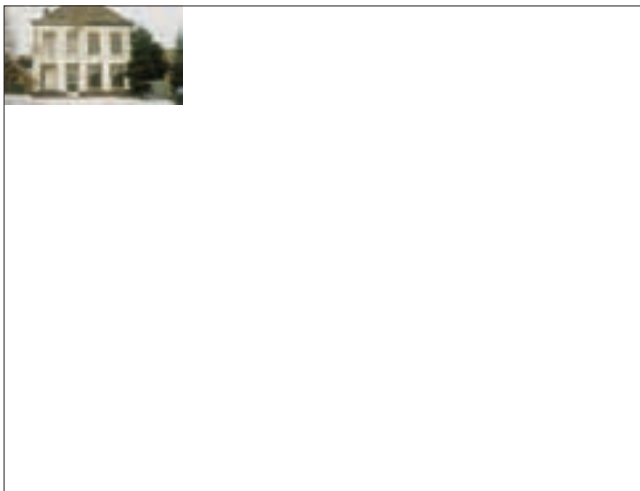
The families and some servants walked to the nearest border crossing, Hemden/Aalten, that day. Household goods were loaded on a wagon drawn by a horse. Theresia Monasso, 8 years old at that time, told us many years later that she had walked to the border holding her mother's hand and that they had been very afraid.

At the border the company learned that women and children could pass through but that the men were only allowed into the country at the border crossing at Beek. Probably they could only obtain the necessary documents at this larger border crossing. At the sight of the dark-haired Italians the inhabitants of the border area thought that a group of Gypsies had arrived. When they had a drink in the café at the border the landlady said to 6-year-old Elisabeth Monasso that she was such a beautiful gypsy girl.



The shop of blacksmith Somsen in the Landstraat in Aalten

The first night the three families slept in Vultink's Café in Dijkstraat, nowadays Plein Zuid. According to tradition the Mayor of Aalten, Mr. Monnik, mediated to find accommodation. And this is where Frederik Hendrik Somsen (1859-1941) comes in. He was a blacksmith and he lived with his wife and six children at his smithy in Landstreet. In addition Somsen was a board member of the society for the improvement of public housing from its foundation in 1912. Behind the smithy and dwelling house in Landstreet there was a big white house. This house at Stationsstreet 4 was purchased by Somsen at some time probably to house his eldest sons in the future. The married couple Giovanni and Angela Monasso with 4 children and the married couple Antonio and Lucia Monasso with 8 kids were offered to move into this house. Felice and Margherita Monasso and their 5 children were accommodated in a house in Bredevoortsestreet, nowadays number 82.



Stationsstraat 4 in Aalten

On 20 April 1916 my father Wilhelm was born in the "Somsenhouse". Some days earlier, on 11 April 1916, a niece of him, Wilhelmina Margaretha Monasso, was born. Since the youngest sister of my father, Emma, was born in a house in Dinxperlosestreet in 1918 it is likely that the family had already left the property in 1917. On 4 October 1917 Frederik Hendrik Somsen's eldest son, Derk Jan Somsen, married with Aleida Gezina Stronks. From contacts with the Somsen family it became clear to me that this family lived in the white house for some time.

Soon after the flight from Bocholt the Monasso family recovered both in the social field and in the economic field. The children grew up and got married with partners from the region for the most part. The mosaic and terrazzo work was unrelentingly popular and we still see the work from that early period in the entire Achterhoek.

The housing in the Somsenhouse was the beginning of an ever-growing Monasso family which has now become a very large family in Netherlands!



Terrazzo floor in the Nijhof farm in Aalten, made by the Monasso family

Flood disaster Eibergen 9 February 1946

by Sien Overduin – Somsen [400]

In the September 2012 issue of the magazine "Old Nijs" of the Historical Circle Eibergen the following article by Sien Overduin – Somsen was published. Her brother Dick Somsen [408] notified us and Johan Baake of the Historical Circle was kind enough to put a few old photos at our disposal. When we asked Sien for permission for publication it was of course no problem for her to share this essay on the flood disaster in Eibergen with you. She wrote it in an exercise book when she was a 12-year-old.

Saturday February 9: 7 o'clock in the morning. My sister Willemien and I got up, we got dressed and laid the table. We learned from Dad that there had been a terrible storm at night. We had not noticed and were greatly surprised when father said that he wanted to go to the River Berkel to watch how high the water had risen. After 15 minutes Dad returned and told us that our street was already flooded. We immediately went out to have a look. The water had almost reached our house. We could never have guessed so. First I found it kind of fun. But I could not just keep watching because I had more brothers and sisters.

But after breakfast I immediately went outside and left Willemien behind with the dishes. With more neighbouring girls and girlfriends we went out to have a look. With the exception of a few, most streets were largely flooded. Many country roads and quarters of our town were completely flooded. We saw people wading through the water. An old neighbour was supposed to

feed his chickens but then he had to go through a few streets that were submerged. As a result he had to change four times that morning. Young and old were wading through the water. I also saw some people on their bikes but they usually did not get far because it was way too tiring. Everywhere you saw canoes and rowing boats navigating through the streets. You also saw cars of all kinds that were stuck in the water as the exhaust was blocked.



Meanwhile, while we were watching, the water kept rising. I did not like it at all anymore. At the other end of the street there was also water now, so it was coming pretty close. You could see the water rise. A bridge across a small stream was entirely damaged and the water swirled through. Also the three bridges near the village of Rekken were largely washed away. Last Friday night a woman was drowned near one of them. She was only recovered from the water the next Tuesday. The Bleaching plant was also totally flooded. This flood caused even greater damage than all the bombing during the war did. You saw barrels and crates floating in the water. It was all a big mess. In the afternoon it was completely impossible to go through the streets so we had to climb through other people's gardens to do some shopping.



When I came home in the afternoon my feet were soaked. By five o'clock the water was only a few meters away from our house. Also in the suburbs the water swirled with full force. Now I understood what it meant when the dikes broke. Never had I imagined that it would be so serious.

At 9 p.m. we went out for another look: fortunately the water had fallen for about 2 meters. Now it was bound

to disappear completely. And with peace of mind I went to bed that night.

The next day, Sunday, it had fallen still further. But there was also something else that had happened. In the night from Saturday to Sunday we had got a little sister who was called Rieki. If it had been a little boy we might have baptised him Moses. Anyway, the water had dropped. We could not go to church in the morning, though, but in the afternoon ladders with boards on top were laid out, so we could pass through. Then the water started falling so fast that you could almost walk along with it. In the evening almost all the water in the village had disappeared. We were saved.

The following days everybody talked about it. Never had there been such a flood in Eibergen.

Postscript: after many years my youngest sister Rita (Rieki) did not appreciate it at all that her birth was only casually mentioned in the essay. It looks, she said, as if mother gave birth to all nine of us while doing the housekeeping.

Oliebol

by Oscar Somsen [2040]

Every winter a miracle happens in the Netherlands. In November and December market stands appear in public places all over the country. During the Christmas season "oliebollen" are produced and sold in these stands in a number of varieties. But, in the first week of January all these stands disappear just as miraculously as they appeared and will appear again ten months later. What's the story behind the "oliebol"? An "oliebol" (plural "oliebollen", pronunciation "oh-li-ball") is a traditional Dutch delicacy. The literal translation of "oliebol" is "oil ball". They are traditionally eaten on New Year's Eve and at funfairs. According to Wikipedia they are also known as "smoutebollen" (literally lard balls) in Belgium and as Dutch Doughnuts in English.

"Oliebollen" are a variety of dumpling made by using an ice-scooper or two spoons to scoop a certain amount of dough and dropping the dough into a deep fryer filled with hot oil. The dough sinks to the bottom and expands and finally a sphere-shaped "oliebol" emerges. The dough is made of flour, eggs, yeast, some salt, milk, baking powder and usually sultanas, currants, raisins and sometimes zest or succade. A notable variety is the "appelbeignet", which contains a slice of apple. The dough needs to rise for at least an hour.



Oliebollen with fireworks

“Oliebollen” are usually served with powdered sugar. Wikipedia informs us about the history of the “oliebol”. They are said to have been first eaten by Germanic tribes in the Netherlands during Yule, the period between December 26 and January 6. The Germanic goddess Perchta, together with evil spirits, would fly through the mid-winter sky. To appease these spirits, food was offered, much of which contained deep-fried dough. It was said Perchta would try to cut open the bellies of everybody she came across, but because of the fat in the “oliebollen”, her sword would slide off the body of whoever ate them.

The custom is to make your own “oliebollen” on the last day of the year and to eat them all through the day and evening. Especially the deep frying process can be smelt at many places during that day. However, it is possible to buy them in supermarkets, bakers and especially at the special market stands all through the month of December. The Dutch newspaper Algemeen Dagblad holds an annual widely-read “oliebollen” test at the end of each year. The stand with the best “oliebollen” may rejoice in long queues on the last days

before New Year’s Eve.

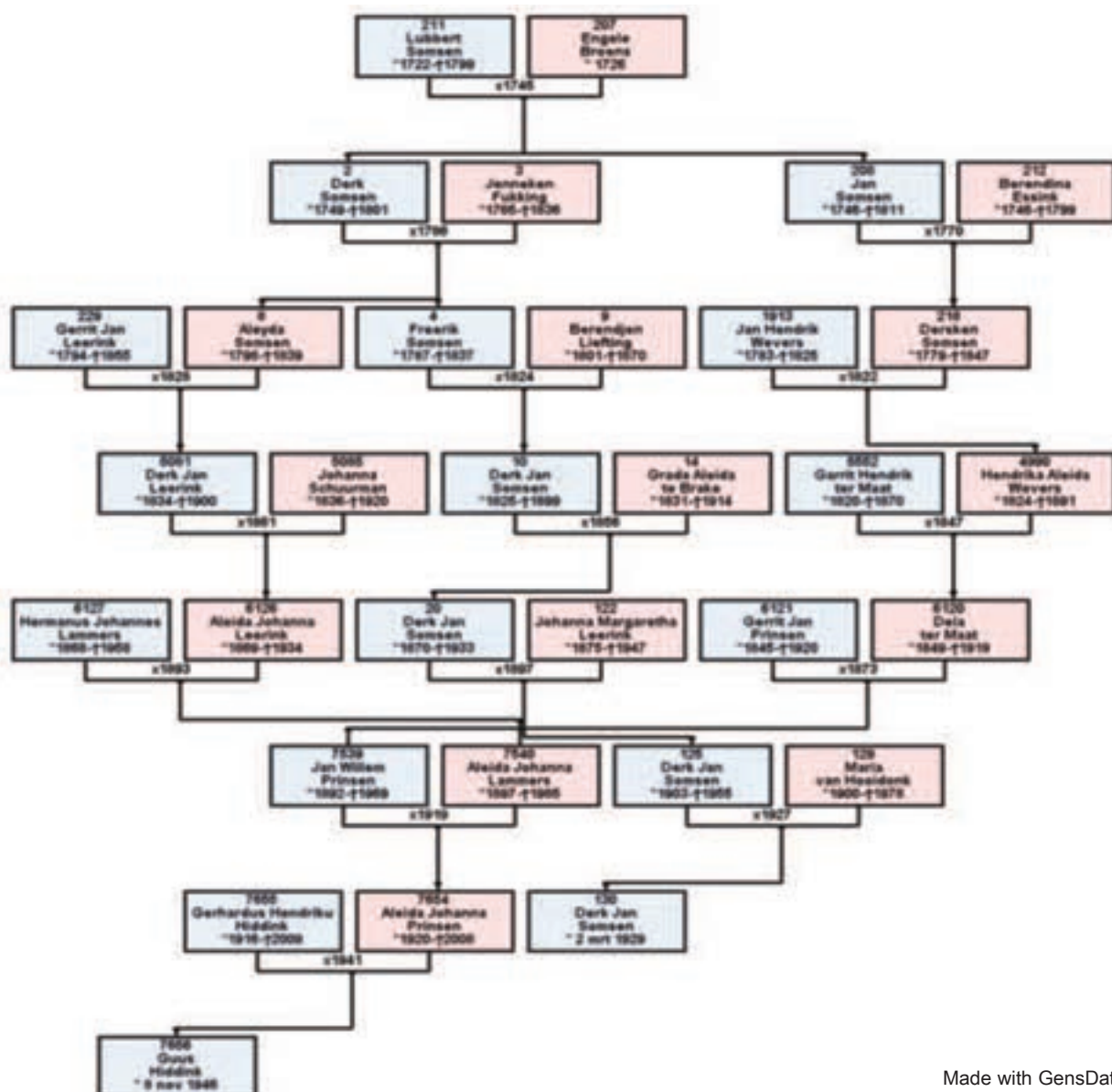
On the first day of the New Year there are always “oliebollen” left over. But in general they are not eaten again until the end of the year.

Kinship line of Derk Jan Somsen to Guus Hiddink

The roots of the famous soccer player and national team coach Guus Hiddink [7656] lie, just like those of “the Somsens”, in the Achterhoek.

With kind support of Frank Rijckaert, the webmaster of the Dutch Genealogical Society, Department Achterhoek and Liemers, we are able to construct a geneagram showing that Lubbert Somsen [211], living in 1700, is the ancestor of both Guus Hiddink [7656] and our family genealogist Derk Jan Somsen [130].

On request our genealogist can make a similar geneagram of anybody bearing the name Somsen. His address details can be found on page 2.



Made with GensDataPro (c)

North Dakota and the Oil Extraction Industry

by Rory David Owen Somsen [7478]

Rory is one of our family members living in Jamestown, North Dakota. He has trained as an electrical engineer and has worked in oil for several years. He is proud of this industry where North Dakota ranks among the largest in the United States. He loves to talk about the rocks, the oil and his work. Here is his story.



Rory David Owen Somsen

Oil was first found in North Dakota in 1951. Much of North Dakota's booming economy can be credited to this "black gold". It was first believed only one formation of oil existed beneath the plains of North Dakota, which today is known as the Bakken formation. But recently the hot topic has been the Three Forks Sanish (TFS) formation located directly below the Bakken shale. Composed

mainly of sand and porous rock, it was believed by drillers that this oil seeped down through the shale from the Bakken, but now geologists think it is a separate formation. The Bakken, was named after Henry Bakken, a farmer in Tioga North Dakota who owned the land where the formation was initially discovered. It is estimated at 18 billion barrels of recoverable oil and occupies a 200,000 square mile area. Geologists are still testing widespread well sites to gain more knowledge of the little known TFS formation, but rumors speculate that this formation dwarfs the Bakken. It is said to cover the entire western half of North Dakota, into parts of Canada, Montana, South Dakota, Colorado, and Wyoming.

North Dakota oil production has been on a steady rise, seemingly record breaking after overtaking Alaska as the #2 oil producer in the United States, right behind #1 Texas. Expectations are high in the oil community, that North Dakota oil production in the coming years will pass Texas and light the way for America to pass Saudi Arabia as the #1 oil producer in the world. Oil is found all over the United States in small "pockets" but relies largely on five major oil producing states for the bulk of extraction. In order from top production these are Texas, North Dakota, California, Alaska, and Oklahoma.

The oil industry is my workplace. I had 4 years of school in electrical engineering and 4 years of on the job experience before I obtained my "Journeyman License", after putting in 8000 hours and passing a state exam of the electrical code and basic wiring methods. Most of my knowledge of the oil field came on the job. The oil patch is its own entity so to speak. There are a lot of basic concepts and principles used throughout the electrical trade, but much of the safety and work routine are designed specifically for the sites. My typical day begins at 5:30 a.m. when I get out of bed. I prepare everything for the day while the truck warms up since the winters here are pretty cold. I then pick up my apprentice and we drive approximately 90 miles to the sites out by Newtown. Some projects keep us at the same site for days or weeks, but there is much moving from site to site taking care of anything deemed a priority or "911." The oil field is a remote area in itself. Most pads are out of town a ways even though there are some close.

I work with mostly electricians from our company, but we do work with roust-about crews (pipe-fitters), grounds crews (trenchers/excavators), insulators, pumpers, and anyone else whose job intersects with ours. Some of the guys meet up after work for a beer or supper, but for me work is mostly kept at work, and I tend to keep to myself during the evenings. Then there were women, lovely creatures, in the industry. They work mostly for engineering, but there are women out in the trades. I don't personally work with any, but I have seen some from other companies. There are some tasks they would be limited to as far as physically able, only because we know how you women love to stay in shape, and sometimes the jobs just require some extra weight, to a point where some of our smaller bodied men struggle. This is an area where I'm thankful to be the size I am.



Oil extraction in North Dakota

The first step in oil production is locating the oil using techniques such as infrared, x-ray and radar/sonar, even from space. Once the oil is located, heavy equipment like excavators, back-hos, belly-scrapers, and



Drilling for oil

many forms of dirt movers, create roads to develop a "pad" where the site will be located, typically at a lower elevation to reduce the depth that needs to be drilled. Once the site is created they bring in a drilling rig and bore the hole which can be up to 20,000 ft. deep before gradually angling outward and boring horizontally for several miles. In the early years of oil drilling, oil extractors used the, "cup and straw" method, drilling into a pocket of oil and extracting until that lone pocket was dry. New technology has allowed to drill several miles below the formations and then use fracturing of the bed rock beneath the oil. This allows the oil to strain from many pockets into the bored hole, back to the original vertical hole and up to the surface. Once the path for oil to travel has been completed, they cap it off where the pressure allows the oil to free flow to the surface. After free flow has slowed way down, they install a pump which may be an ESP (Electric Submersible Pump), a Roto-flex, a Gas-Lift, or a Beam Pump. If you drive through North Dakota, typically you will see the Beam Pump, which looks like a hammer and moves up and down in a see-saw like motion.



Beam pump

Some oil is very pure crude called sweet oil, but often it contains sand and porous rock along with water and poisonous gases such as H₂S (Hydrogen Sulfide). There are many regulations and safety training is required to work on sites deemed to have H₂S present. It requires the use of gas masks and oxygen tanks and fire resistant clothing covering from our ankles to our wrists and necks besides hard hats, safety glasses and steel-toed boots. A treater separates water, sediment, and gas from the oil. The water flows into tanks, and

the sediment is collected in "traps". Tanker trucks transport the oil to a refinery where it is made into fuel. With the goal seeming to be complete automation, we see more and more oil being sent down pipelines to save fuel in tanker trucks and reduce the wear and tear they do to the roadways. The gas flows out to a VRU (Vapor Recovery Unit) and an engineered flare to safely burn off. North Dakota and Federal legislature and the EPA (Environmental Protection Agency) allow only so much of this gas into the atmosphere. Tax incentives stimulate to harness this natural gas to be used elsewhere or site to run generators. As far as the fracturing, some people worry about harmful chemicals getting into the water table. The same worries occurred with oil extraction the old style. It is risky. And fracturing is less tested simply because it is new. But the sites are watched very carefully to make sure they don't leak or spill into the water, and if an accident occurs, a very thorough cleanup is done.

Many resources are required including manpower, specialized equipment, theory, management, and the opportunity to live in a place where such things take place. Many of the theories of oil extraction is simple, but the complexity is many systems working as one to perform a common task. It provides many well paying jobs to the people of our country. If you look on Google Earth or Maps, you should be able to see satellite images of western North Dakota. The Bakken region is now known as one of the only things, other than the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, which is viewable from space because of the thousands of fire pits and flares, where the greatest technologies we have in all trades come together to provide the world with the sweet nectar of wealth and opportunity that so many strive for.

In my immediate family I'm currently the only person to work in the oil extraction industry. I first started working out in the oil patch about a year ago. At first I didn't have much responsibility, due to lack of experience. Being an electrician, I work on anything electrical from motors, to pumps, lighting, heating, communication wires, ignitors, etc. Day to day operations vary depending on the tasks needing completion deemed by the EOG (Energy Opportunity & Growth formerly known as Enron Oil & Gas before the scandal where the company broke away to avoid being drug down with the crooked businessmen). I have been installing a safety feature called a "stuffing box" or an environmental catch can. This feature is an enclosure placed around the well head to catch leaking oil. Once it fills up, a float closes a switch and sends a to shut the pump down. Then, it actually sends a text message to the pumper who's responsible for that site to come drain the can and restart the pump to continue producing oil. There have been other tasks I've performed, such as wiring up emergency flow gas lines in the event of a power failure. I do pretty much everything on a site, but most of it has been these stuffing boxes and flow lines, also connecting chemical pumps, that inject cleaning agents into the well head to prevent buildup.



Rory working high on a platform

Also we wire these engineered flares, wire in pressure and temperature transmitters that communicate irregular operating temperature or pressures, once again shutting down the pumping unit to prevent damage to equipment, persons, or property.



Connecting pumps

With the work I have done over the past years I am now eligible to take the masters test, the top dog, the top of the pyramid, the crowning jewels of a career. Studying is another thing. It's not necessarily hard to study. It's just making the time to do so. I haven't been a study bug, but it's something I do think about towards the horizon. My work won't change unless I choose start my own company. A lot different! I would have to plan everything, and also do all the work, until I grow large enough to acquire help. Work all day and paperwork in the evenings. YUCK! I imagine though, someday, this probably will happen. I have been pondering that after getting my masters license, I could put that on hold and work my way through Music College. I

always wanted to go to school for music, just never really did it. My only hang up is I don't know if I would like to teach. I could produce music or perform, but I'm not really sure if I'd be able to sustain a career. So for now, I'm just going to keep wiring, and asking God to move me where I go. I hope this has been informative. I'm quite proud to be in the middle of a great time periods in North Dakota, almost sheltering us from the hard times much of our nation faces. The knowledge, regardless of wage, I will retain for a lifetime is the true wealth blessed upon me by God and my family and hard work.

Jasper Somsen [1197], youth coach at FC Den Bosch

*by Oscar Somsen [2040], with assistance
and English translation by Jules Stuyt.*

Saturday the 18th of May 2013. I am in the train towards Den Bosch to meet with Jasper Somsen [1197]. It's a confusing appointment because my own nephew is also called Jasper Somsen [2850]. I checked the genealogy (www.somsen.org) and I found twice another Jasper Somsen [2583, 4057] and a Daniël Jasper Somsen [677]. It would be nice to take a picture with all of them. This Jasper Somsen is also special. Last year he became a youth coach at FC Den Bosch. With the help of the boyfriend of my oldest daughter, Jules Stuyt [no number yet] I collected some useful information about him. This professional soccer club finished eleventh in the First Division, but used to play frequently in the Dutch Eredivisie. The best result during this time was finishing sixth in 1984 and 1985. Ruud van Nistelrooy is one of the most famous players who started his career at FC Den Bosch. Jasper is working as a coach of the C-pupils until the age of 14 at the moment and because of that, he is a part of the youth academy.



Jasper Somsen [1197]

Jasper started as a 16-year-old boy at his own amateur club with the coach training. The coach license itself was not that important that time. When he started to make some serious effort to become a coach, he did the training again. At the moment he has obtained the certificate of UEFA B. Apart from that he is also studying in the field of endurance improvement and rehabilitation. At Den Bosch he is able to apply this knowledge. The physiotherapist knows how the injured player is doing. The coach knows what is happening during training and the matches. And those two aspects have to be dealt with in a good way to make sure these inju-

ries will stay away. Because of his knowledge, Jasper is asked by several teams to advise them when it comes to the rehabilitation of injured players.



The start of the training

Meanwhile, the players make their entrance on the field. They are still little boys. But they know what will happen. They have to walk out of the dressing room in a row, followed by their coach and staff. Jasper is looking concentrated. I have no chance to talk to him. The opponents of KV Turnhout from Belgium are one year older and a bit bigger, but the players of Den Bosch don't seem to be influenced by that. They are several times smarter than their opponents and are passing the ball nicely towards each other. It does not take long before the first goal is scored. Jasper will tell later that the C until the age of 14 is a cosy team, but they have to get rid of this. They are all friends and they try to protect each other. But they have to analyse the performance of the other players as well and talk to each other during the match now.



In the dug-out

The voice of Jasper is echoing around the field frequently. He talks with individual players about their performance and how that is influencing the game. And of course, how it should be changed. Jasper also gives them a compliment, not much time later. On this age everything is about the soccer itself. The team is training three times a week and plays one match. And for players who come from other clubs and don't live

nearby, it's a lot of work. This team is doing walking training, but no special endurance training and especially no strength training. They go too much through a growth at the moment to start with strength training. It is important to combine the most useful condition training and the soccer training. This is also the task of a coach and because of that Jasper carried out a special study in this field.

Until last year Jasper used to play at the amateur club GDC from Eethen. Because of his study and his work he was less involved in this enthusiastic group of players he trained himself. They joined the first team and wanted to take the club to a higher level. With Jasper as the captain of the first team, the club advanced from the fourth to the second division of the amateur competition. But after that, he got an offer of FC Den Bosch to work there. Jasper had to decide whether to play soccer or to become a coach, and he decided to choose the last option. He also is employed by the Royal Dutch Soccer Association to give advice to amateur clubs in the region on several topics. Whether it about the development of a policy about volunteers or to train coaches: Jasper advises them to realise it and to develop a better sports climate. And he is doing that besides his, temporarily full-time job as a guide of light mentally disabled persons. All his work is about people. It is affecting each other. Sometimes he tells his players that the behaviour of them is similar to his clients. And they don't like that, of course.

The second half is going to start and the players are making their entrance on the pitch again. Jasper is still very concentrated, but I am able to shake hands with him. Now he knows I am here. The parents of the players are also here. They shout, "Come



Off to play the second half

on Den Bosch". And sometimes: "Come on Turnhout". No sign of fanatic parents who want their children to be better than others. After a while, the physical difference between the teams is noticeable. The field play of the team is getting less and the game is moving more in front of their own goal. A few minutes before the end of the game, the opponents score the goal. "Keep on going" is screamed by Jasper and yes, the team is playing decent again towards the end of the game. But no goals are scored and so, the game ends with a draw. Jasper is leaving the pitch with his game, discussing with one of his players about the way he passed

the ball a few minutes ago.

I am waiting a few minutes near the dressing room, and Jasper leaves the room after a few minutes to welcome me. He takes me to a meeting room where we can discuss the match and his work with a cup of coffee. The draw of this afternoon is not a big disappointment. It's about the development of the players, he says.



Youth players in action

The team will continue to the C until the age of 15 next year and Jasper will join them. Eventually he likes to work full-time within the field of soccer. Jasper and his family definitely have their roots in the Achterhoek in The Netherlands. His parents moved to the North of The Netherlands. But especially a big part of the family of his mother is still living around Aalten. They use to visit it frequently. He is watching the Somsen family from a distance. He likes to read an article of the Somsen Horizon at his parents. He hasn't been able to visit a reunion, because a soccer player or coach is always busy during the weekends. Maybe we have to ask him for the next international reunion to come and play a friendly game against a football team from Aalten, with the football team he is coaching at that moment?



The players with the technical staff

Happy Mother's Day 2013, Mom!

by Amy Vargecko [2542]

It should not have surprised me when I looked online and saw that Mother's Day is so universally celebrated. It should be. I don't think family reunions would have existed without them.



Amy Vargecko [2542]

I was fortunate to have been able to have my mom (Sharon Lea Somsen [872]) spend this Mother's Day with me in Logan, Utah. I enjoyed sitting with her and talking, eating, laughing and remembering.

Many of my childhood memories with her are still quite vivid but as happens to the majority of us many of the details of those memories start to fade little by little with time. So I asked her to share some of her more vivid memories she had of her life growing up. I had always known that she and her family had moved around quite a bit when she was growing up, but never realized just how many different places she had actually lived as a child. This is how she related the story to me.

"Your grandfather (my Dad-Joseph Don Somsen [2398]) was a grocery man all his life. He was trained by Safeway, which was probably one of the first chain grocery stores. He met grandmother (my mother, Dorothy Louise (Dotty) Roberts [2444]) in Oklahoma where she was a "nanny" for an LDS family. They married and for a couple of years they lived with his parents. I was born during that time. Then we as a family moved into a small duplex there in Oklahoma City. This was during WWII - my Dad was not accepted in the armed forces because of a health issue that later was resolved. Dad was transferred to a couple of stores in Oklahoma and we as a family had 3 (I think) different houses. A couple of them were sort of out in the country. I know that for sure since my brother (Don Allen [873]), who was born in 1944, and I were given colored chickens for Easter one year. By the time I started school we were back in a small town called Tonkawa, Oklahoma.

In 1947, my Dad got the chance to go to Venezuela to manage commissaries for Standard Oil Company. At that time when the oil companies would go into a country like Venezuela, the government said that all US employees were welcome but the companies had to take care of them and their families. Because of that, entire housing projects were built, along with schools, sometimes country clubs, and grocery stores which were called commissaries. Some fresh produce would be obtained for the stores from the local economy but the vast majority of the food - canned goods, dairy products, meat, everything, was shipped into country by

the oil company for the use of their employees. I never saw the inside of one of these commissaries because children were not allowed, nor were any of the Venezuelanos.

My mother, brother, and I were not allowed to move down with my Dad until he had been on the job for a year. Then Standard Oil Company shipped all the personal household goods we wanted to take with us. The houses were all furnished so we did not have to take beds, tables, and the like. During the year Dad was gone, my mother, brother and I went and stayed 2-3 months at a time with relatives. Each time we went to stay with someone else, I had to change schools, but being 7-8 years old it was not a hard thing for me to make new friends. After we were allowed to join my Dad in Venezuela, (in the summer of 1948) we lived there for almost 4 years. Standard Oil was, perhaps still is, a huge presence there and there were a number of "camps". That is what the housing units were called, although they looked like small towns. Anyway, Dad was transferred to 3 different commissaries during the time we lived in Venezuela so we got to move as well and see other parts of the country.



left to right: Stacey Vargecko – Aikens [2541] (sister of Amy), Diny Geerts – Bovenhoff [1370] (the others stayed with her during the 2007 reunion), Amy Vargecko [2542] and Sharon Somsen – Vargecko [2398], mother of Stacey and Amy.

Somewhere in late February or early March 1952, my Dad's employment with Standard Oil ended and we moved back to the U.S. We landed in New York, bought a car and headed out West. Because the school year had not ended, Don Allen and I were left with my Mother's parents in a small town called Ripley in Illinois to finish my fifth grade, Don's 2nd grade. In the meantime, Dad and Mom took our younger brother and sister (Deanna Lynn [2534] & Max Leroy [2535]) and went to Utah to see my grandmother (Dad's mother, Isabelle Maud Tanner [852]) who had been a widow for 3-4 years, and continued on to California to visit some friends he had there. By the time the school year was up they had pretty much decided they wanted to stay in California, so when Don and I joined them we bought a house in North Sacramento, a suburb of

the capital of California. That was the first house my parents had ever owned. We lived there for 5 years, the longest time we had been in one spot. My Dad was a grocery man for Safeway again and my mother got a job as a civilian employee at McClellan Air Force Base. In June, 1957, before my junior year in High School, Dad and Mom decided to move to Utah to be closer to some of Dad's family. We were there until July of the next year when we moved to Moab, a small town in Southeast Utah, where I graduated from Grand County High School, where my senior class had a total of 23 students. That was 1959 – I was 19 years old. I sat down one day and calculated how many schools I had attended in my 12 years of school... it was 17. It was sometimes hard to make the moves, yet it gave me a sense of confidence so when I got the chance to join the Foreign Service of the State Department, off I went."

Listening to her tell of all the moves she made during her childhood made me appreciate even more the fact that I was able to grow up in the same house on Ebony Street in a suburb of Salt Lake City, Utah for my entire childhood.

My favorite story that she shared with me that morning, however, was when she and her family had decided to move back to Utah. She said she got all sorts of odd looks and expressions from people because she was a woman wearing pants. They had just made the move from California where women wearing pants was already widely accepted. Obviously the concept had not made it to Utah yet. "Who knows, Mom, you may have been the one to start the whole pants revolution for women in Utah!"

I'm sure she's seen and experienced so many societal and even world changes over the course of her life so far. It's fun for me to hear her share those stories. More importantly, though, it helps the memories last a little longer and remind me where I came from.

Happy Mother's Day 2013, Mom.

Hester Marie-Jeanne Somsen [395], the new Dutch Ambassador in The Lebanon.

*Taken from newspaper Trouw 06-27-2013;
by Harry Somsen [146]*

Hester Somsen, a political scientist and daughter of Theo Somsen [227] and Josette Jooose [394] is the upcoming Ambassador in The Lebanon. Hester, born in Apeldoorn on 03-15-1972, is currently head crisis management of the Safety Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Hester has a lot of experience from several posts in Foreign Affairs where she was employed.

In Tanzania she was responsible for the correct distribution of 80 million development funds. Part of it was intended for the creation of a media fund to finance investigative journalism for Tanzanian journalists. This also provided information that was valuable for the Embassy in its dialogue with the Government.



Hester Somsen [395]

Because of that the Embassy got access to a large network, which contributed to a better understanding of Tanzanian society according to Hester.

Hester likes clear language. A Department should make it clear what it is doing. Clarity should be part of our work. A Department should certainly not turn its back on society or other Departments in The Hague. We must also seek connection with interested citizens and business.

Not everything happens in the large conference rooms. We should not only focus on Governments, but a larger audience must be reached with presentations by diplomats. That is also part of your work as a diplomat.

The Facebook page of her Security Department has about 1500 followers at the moment. "Sometimes there are very nice discussions between students and journalists".

German raid into the Hogeweg school - in Middenmeer-Amsterdam 1941

by Willem de Graaf [1385] and Dieneke Somsen. [1380]

Reason for the arrests: spreading the banned newspaper Vrij Nederland.

In the afternoon of that disastrous day, 3 March 1941, a police assault van stopped in front of the Hogewegschool and two staff members, Miss Snel and Chris Arntzen, were arrested. Kees Troost, who was also on the German list, was absent that afternoon. Reason for the arrests: spreading the banned newspaper Vrij Nederland. That same week Kees Troost is still arrested just as Goof Somsen and Jan Kassies because of the same offence. Troost and Kassies were among the founders of the illegal journal. My father, headmaster of the school, was stunned: a number of his teachers were arrested! And also Goof Somsen, from Linnaeusparkroad 99, who was a friend of the family and Jan Kassies, from the Hoge-road, who was a friend of his son Joop. And a small part of the board of governors of the school even blamed the staff members that they had spread illegal papers!



The Hogewegschool Middenmeer in 1930

All prisoners were transferred to the prison at the Weteringschans where Miss Snel, who was advanced in years, died after some weeks. Later the others went to the Oranjehotel (a prison of the Germans) in Scheveningen and were sentenced to imprisonment in Germany. Chris Arntzen ended up in Rheinbach/Alsace and was released in December 1943.



The staff of the Hogewegschool in 1930. On the 2nd row far right Miss Snel and on the 2nd row 3rd from left the Director Mr de Koning, father of David de Koning. (Photo: 1930 with thanks to Henk de Koning)

The other three remained in custody until the end of the war. Chris Arntzen still got his salary: every month my father went to Lomanstreet 91 with his salary to hand it over to his parents. After his release he came

back to the Hogewegschool. Kees Troost became an editor at the newspaper Trouw and Jan Kassies became a celebrity in The Netherlands as Chairman of the VPRO (a national radio and television station) and later he became a member of the Senate for the labour party. Goof Somsen*, who was employed at the Elthetoschool in the Indian quarter before his arrest, returned there after liberation day and became headmaster later on.

* Govert Willem Somsen [83], Ridderkerk 27-03-1906

Jan Hendrik [308], Derk [225] and their descendants

by Oscar Somsen [2040]

One of my ancestors that I hear much about is my great-great-grandfather Derk Somsen [225] who was born in Aalten in 1853 and who died in the same town 50 years later. What I know about Derk is to a great extent due to one of our family historians, Theo Somsen [227], who is a grandson of Derk himself.



Derk Somsen

A difference of two generations: Theo is younger than my father, but a generation older, something that can only happen in a big family with a long history. Some time ago I looked up the six generations of Derk's descendants in our genealogy database (www.somsen.org). Over a hundred people that I would like to know more about.

It is only recently that I found out that one of our famous emigrants is the next older brother of Derk. Jan Hendrik [308] was born in Aalten in 1850 and died in Baldwin, Wisconsin, 78 years later. Jan Hendrik left for the United States on the 7th of July 1881 with his wife Janna Hendrika Rauwerdink [309] and their first three children and, with this act, became the ancestor of the 1881-branch. Jan Hendrik and Derk were respectively the 4th and 5th offspring of Berend Hendrik Somsen [224] and Hendrina Boland [302]. After Derk was born in 1853 they lived in each other's vicinity for 28 years before saying goodbye for a very long time and putting an ocean between them. Jan Hendrik is family record holder with 15 children and the 1881-branch in the United States must be at least as numerous as the number of my great-great-grandfather's descendants.

Two branches of the great Somsen family that are 'closely' related. Not that I like the other Somsens any less. But to 'us' this may be something special. While in America last year for the world-wide reunion I met some of my 1881-family members. Again, I found out that our common history is not as ancient for some as it is for me. Some of Jan Hendrik's grandchildren were there and told me about their grandparents' home. Wonderful to hear and something that I would like to know more about. There must be many stories and artifacts from the house of Jan Hendrik and Janna still around. If you know about this or if you know somebody who knows about this, please let me know about it. I would love to collect the stories and publish them here or somewhere else. Here is a first story that I picked up.

Jan Hendrik's [308] Travel Trunk

door Miriam Vellinga [2687]

The beautiful house of Miriam [2687] and Mark [2703] Vellinga is located in Orange City, Iowa. A city with so many Dutch names that it's almost creepy. But very interesting. In the basement of Miriam's house there is a little secret. A travel trunk. Not as beautifully decorated as some of the trunks that you can see in the many migrant museums in the US. But, one that has a special meaning. It is a trunk brought by Jan Hendrik and his family when they migrated from Aalten in 1881. Here is what she tells about it.



Jan Hendrik Somsen [308]

My mom (Wilhelmina Henrietta Muyskens [341]) had the trunk as far back as I can remember. After moving it from Wisconsin to Iowa in 1970 when my family relocated my mother kept it in a closet that she used for storage. We were allowed to open it a few times a year when we would ask to see something that would come up in conversation over the years. My mom said that my dad's family had taken the trunk along when they immigrated from Holland to the US. I'm not sure why

my father was given the trunk when my parents married and bought a house.

My dad (Harry Somsen [340]) passed away in 1985 and my mom continued to live alone in their house until her death in 1992. When my family moved back to Orange City in 1990 I spent many hours with my mom helping her clean out her closets. I offered to take the trunk home with me and keep everything intact when she wanted it moved. My mom's mementos that her brothers had sent her while in the service were included as well as cards that my parents received after their 2nd child was stillborn. The biggest draw was the many love letters sent between Orange City and Baldwin during the year that my parents dated before getting married. My mother had gone to Baldwin to visit her brother who was the pastor in my father's church. After my parents were set up on a date for a church function they continued to write and my father asked for her hand in marriage. They were married in 1945.

The rest of the space in the trunk is taken up with photos and memory books along with some clothing items from my older siblings when they were small children. The suit that my oldest brother Corny (Cornelius William [2682]) wore for his first portrait is carefully folded and is still in good shape. I will need to go through the trunk with my children soon so the photos and stories are handed down to the next Somsen Generation.

Rustic Eggplant and Tomato Tart (Pie)

by Becky Errigo Kerr [3899]

The last evening before their return from the reunion in Ulm, to the Netherlands Yvonne Reijs and Johan Somsen had a delicious and very cosy dinner at the home of Becky and John Errigo in St. Paul. Pamela Rice from St. Paul had also joined to enjoy Becky's cooking. We do not want to keep the recipe for ourselves.



Yvonne Reijs [3926]- John Errigo [5731]- Ryan Errigo [7536]- Becky Kerr Errigo [3899]- Pamela Rice [3847]

1 – 9" tart shell
 2 medium Japanese or Italian eggplants (about 1 pound each)
 Olive Oil
 Sea salt and freshly ground pepper
 1 heaping Tablespoon finely slivered basil leaves, plus

a few leaves for garnish
 2 heaping Tablespoons pitted Kalamata or Niçoise olives, finely chopped
 3 to 4 eggs
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup half-and-half, cream, or crème fraîche (or combination to = $\frac{3}{4}$ cup)
 3 to 4 ounces crumbled goat cheese
 2 cups mixed small tomatoes, halved crosswise

1. Make and prebake the tart shell. (See recipe below, or purchase a pre-made shell)
2. Preheat the broiler. Brush a sheet pan lightly with olive oil.
3. Remove strips of the eggplant skin (if desired) leaving a few thin bands. Slice diagonally about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick and toss with 2 to 3 Tablespoons olive oil. Place eggplant on the oiled sheet pan in a single layer and broil until golden, 10 to 15 minutes if your broiler is hot. Turn and cook the second side, about 10 minutes. Transfer those that finish first to a bowl. When all are done, season with some pepper (recipe calls for a few pinches of salt, but I find the olives and goat cheese have enough salt).
4. Beat the eggs in small bowl with the half-and-half, crème fraîche and goat cheese, leaving the cheese a little chunky.
5. Add the olives, basil, and most of the tomatoes to the eggplant and toss together. Put them in the tart shell and pour the custard over all. Tuck the remaining tomatoes here and there where they can be seen and bake until the custard is set, about 35 minutes, at 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Serve warm or tepid.

A purchased tart shell can be used, however, below is a recipe for the crust I used when you and Yvonne joined us for dinner. The gluten-free version was made with quinoa flour.



Tart Shell

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cup whole wheat pastry flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plus 2 Tablespoons all-purpose flour
 $\frac{3}{8}$ teaspoon sea salt
 5 Tablespoons cold butter, cut into chunks
 3 Tablespoons sour cream, reduced-fat if you like
 Ice water

1. Combine the flours and salt.
2. Add the butter and blend with a pastry blender (I use the hand version) until coarse crumbs form. Add the sour cream and blend again. Dribble in just enough ice water, about 1 Tablespoon, to make damp looking crumbs, working as briefly as possible. Turn the dough out onto a board, gather into a ball, and then

shape into a disk. Refrigerate for 15 to 30 minutes.

3. Roll the chilled dough into a 10 to 12-inch circle. Drape it over the rolling pin, then lay it over the tart/pie pan. Gently settle the dough into the pan. Using your fingertips, press the dough against the sides so that they are about ¼" inch thick. (if using a metal pan, freeze for at least 15 minutes or until ready to prebake) Formed tart shells, well wrapped in foil, can be frozen for a week before using. (I use a glass pie pan, so I do not freeze, just placed in oven to bake. See note below.)
4. Preheat oven to 425 degrees Fahrenheit. Place the frozen tart shell on a sheet pan and bake in the center of the oven until lightly colored and set, about 20 minutes. Check a few times during the baking and prick any swollen spots with the sharp tip of a knife.

Note: I use a glass pie pan rather than a metal tart pan. Because of this I skip the freezing of the dough to avoid a cracked pan. The edges of the pie crust typically need to be wrapped with a bit of foil after the shell is filled, to avoid burning.

You could also purchase a pre-made pie shell and just pre-bake if you don't have the time to make a shell.

Exercise book with songs of Grandma Huinink-Somsen

by Minnie Huinink (married with Gerard Huinink [7538])



Exercise book of Leida Somsen

This notebook with Christian songs and lyrics in Dutch written down by Leida Berendina Somsen [1231] came from the administration of Aunt Daatje [1400].

Cousin Henk de Jonge had it but could not read it so he gave it to me. I have scanned the entire book and he says he can read it now since he has a translation program on his computer.

They are the rhymes and lyrics that she had to learn at school in The Netherlands when she was almost 10 years old (ca. 1895) and beyond. The only date we can find is in the second part of the book where it says Sunday 11 December 1904. That was a number of years before she got married in 1909. If there are amongst you who like to see it just make an appointment. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I do. (minniehuinink@execulink.com)

Norene Somsen – Pern [2675] passed away

by Harry Somsen [146]

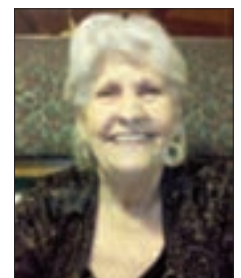
Norene Pern was born on 23 February 1941 in Mackay where she grew up in the mountains of Idaho. At the age of nine she fell down a mountain which created a traumatic brain injury. Her life knew many ups and downs but she enjoyed doing the things she liked most. Some of those were hunting, fishing, camping around a campfire, bowling, singing, playing her instruments. In High School she played the clarinet and she was a baton twirler. She got her first job at Wally's café in Salmon Idaho and took up a room along with her friend Deanne Gray. She was incredibly happy there. Later on she moved to Pocatello and enrolled in Business school. She got a job at the beautiful Bannock Hotel as the Hostess. Norene met John David Somsen on October 31st 1960 and in a whirlwind romance married 20 days later on Nov. 20th in



Norene in wedding dress

Mackay, Idaho and had the fairy tale wedding she dreamed of. While married to John Somsen, Norene had four children: Trinette [2676], John David [3438], Gaylene [3444] and Douglas [3441] in Pocatello Idaho. In 1976 after she received her degree in Cosmetology from Idaho State University she opened a beauty shop her husband John had built for her in their homes garage. Though it was a struggle to survive caring for 4 children after her divorce

in 1980, she managed. She had to take a second job at night. She found distraction in the music she played. In 1984 Norene met John Stanley Anderson. This marriage, which lasted 15 years, was not a great success and ended in a divorce. In 2005 Norene broke her pelvis and sacrum and continued to smoke though on oxygen for COPD and she had to stay in hospital. Her biggest battle by far was to "quit smoking after 50 yrs." After Norene made it to Meridian she struggled to learn to walk again and live. She enjoyed playing the piano, singing and bowling. Her daughter Gaylene made the decision to move her Mom to Meridian to live with her. Norene's life course was changeable. Her relationship with her other children was not particularly good. The period with her first husband was the best period in her life. She has always remembered that. Norene died in the arms of her youngest daughter Gaylene in the presence of her friend Peggy Dahl on 21 September 2012. Norene had four children, 12 grandchildren, and seven great grandchildren. Norene's ashes will be spread off the hills overlooking Mackay where her parents and brothers are laid to rest.



Norene Somsen Pern

In memoriam Emma Somsen

by Petra Veerbeek, also published in "Kerkleven" in East Gelderland, edition Dinxperlo number 9

Emma Somsen [1190] passed away on Saturday, 20 April, 2013 at the age of 66.



Emma Somsen and Petra Veerbeek

Emma was born on December 2, 1946 at Veldweg 64, later renamed Wilhelminastraat 4. When, after having sold her store, she had to move and she settled at Wilhelminastraat 4a. So Emma lived at the same address almost her entire life.

Emma was the oldest in the family of Willem Evert Somsen [1084] and Johanna Aleida van der Heijde [1189]. Three brothers were born after Emma. After

elementary school and high school in Dinxperlo she was trained as a pharmacist assistant in Apeldoorn. At an early age it became clear that she would continue her mother's drugstore (Somsen Horizon 21). And that she did for years with verve and skill. If necessary you could even get her advice or medication in the evening or in the weekend.

Emma has made many trips in her life. Two years ago she went to South Africa (Somsen Horizon 24) and last year to America. The fourth Somsen reunion was held there and Emma was a loyal visitor to the family reunions, which are organised every five years. Then it was already clear that she was seriously ill but Emma did not want to surrender, she remained brave and kept fighting her cancer. But she was also realistic for she regularly said that once she would lose the fight. When a few weeks ago it was clear that there was no more treatment for Emma she got worse very fast. Together we discussed her wishes for the cremation ceremony. Emma had thought about everything, about the songs, the poems and the bible texts.

On Thursday 25 April 2013 we took leave of Emma. We read Psalm 121, the Somsen-Psalm. When in the 19th century the first Somsens emigrated to America this Psalm was also read. We read it in unity with Emma Somsen and her ancestry and to the comfort and encouragement of those who remain behind: *"The Lord will keep you from all evil; he will keep your life. The Lord will keep your going out and your coming in from this time forth and forevermore."*

Family Announcements

In this column we would like to draw your attention to the family announcements that have reached us. We are very much pleased to present them to you and are grateful to everybody who took the trouble to inform us about the merry and sad events in their and our family.

This also enables our advisor Dick Somsen from Zwolle to keep our genealogical files up-to-date, so that we, in turn, can inform you in Somsen Horizon.

We really appreciate it very much that you send in your family announcements (together with pictures please!) to our secretariat: Somsen Foundation, Jan Tooropstraat 2, 3817 PZ Amersfoort, The Netherlands.

Born: no entries

Married: no entries

Correction/remove: Obituary notice in Somsen Horizon nr. 24 - June 2011 of Eleanor Minerva Behm [2760] because of wrong information.

Deceased:

- 19-01-2013: Alouis Johan (Appie) ter Horst [1982], 73, Dinxperlo
- 22-03-2013: Arlene Jane Wernlund-te Beest [809], 88, Baldwin, WI. USA
- 23-03-2013: Robert Henry (Bob) van Gilse [776], 69, Davis, CA. USA
- 30-03-2013: Jan Doornink [1333], 95, Aalten
- 09-04-2013: Ward Adrian Lear [3858], 92, Baldwin, WI. USA
- 20-04-2013: Emma Somsen [1190], 66, Dinxperlo
- 17-06-2013: Betty Catherine Roberts [2538], 83, Jacksonville, FL. USA



Emma

Photo backside: Pakkebier farm in Dale, autumn 2012



Pakkebjerg in Dale - Aalten, autumn 2012 after it was rebuilt by André Vrieselaar [1287]. Jan Hendrik Somsen [308] lived until he left for America in 1881.