

Origins

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Origins is designed to publicize and advance the objectives of The Archives. These goals include the gathering organization; and study of historical materials produced by the day-to-day activities of the Christian Reformed Church, its institutions, communities, and people.

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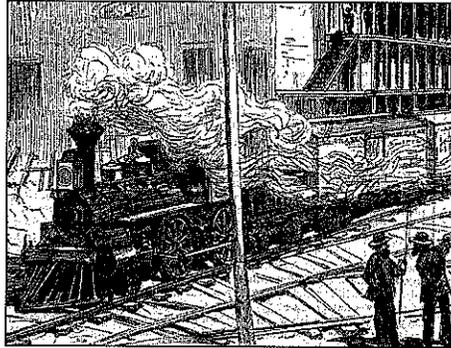
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Schoolhouse with students in
Groningen, Michigan, ca. 1870



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Montana

Introduction — The Trek

The story about the Dutch in Montana has been recorded frequently by a variety of participants. The colonization was staged between 1900 and 1930 by pioneers who scattered in all directions after the agricultural depression of the Twenties and dust bowl disasters drove them off of the land. Some returned to older, well-established settlements—Chicago, Grand Rapids, and Northwest Iowa—others moved westward to Washington, California and Canada. Most of these migrants became successful farmers, business people, and craftspeople in their new homes, but Montana remained vividly in their memories. After retirement a large number of the old settlers revisited the scenes of their youthful dreams while others wrote extensive recollections of their Montana years.

A number of these written recollections have been deposited and preserved in Calvin's Heritage Hall Archives. The William Recker article (in this and an upcoming issue of *Origins*) oozes with adventure, danger and charm—delightful reading. Other accounts, some covering the same events which William Recker describes, are more factually precise. For example, the great snowstorm which plagued the guest preacher in Recker's story is also described by the preacher himself, Rev. Ted Vander Ark. His version, submitted to the Archives by Cecile Triemstra, of Bozeman, Montana, follows.

I had been in Manhattan, Montana but four months when I was called upon to go to Columbus, Montana. It was the 22nd of May and I thought cold weather was a thing of the past, so I could leave my fur coat at home. So I thought—it was a heavy coat, and wasn't it almost summer? So everything seemed fine.

The area where I had to go was unknown to me. A realtor, who wanted to do me a favor, had promised a week before to take me to the settlement of our Christian Reformed people in his car. All this looked good and I was happy. But what disillusionment awaited me when I arrived in Columbus at a quarter to three [in the afternoon] and my sweet dreams fled from me. Whom did I see approaching me—was it my chauffeur who would speed me to my destination in the area of this new settlement? A cold rain or wet snow was falling making it rather precarious for auto travel. I saw two men approaching me who were to take me to the home where I was to spend the weekend. Approaching me, one of the farmers asked me if I was the "dominie." At my affirmative answer he took my suitcase. In turn I asked him if I was to ride with him in his buggy and "How far it is?" It nearly knocked me over when he said, "eighteen miles." Had I heard all right? All too true. I had never expected it to be that far. Ah! Eighteen miles. I looked at the dark sky and my thoughts went back to my fur coat. The brethren led me to their open buggy standing at the side of the station. I looked at the ponies and thought by myself they won't cause a runaway. At first they had quite a bit of energy. I took my seat next to the driver and since there was no other seat, the other brother had to sit on the bottom of the buggy in the back.

We hadn't been riding very long when my whole body was shivering. A wet

snow struck us in the face. What was it—snow or rain? I was becoming very cold which the others could see. My knees were wet and my thoughts went—wasn't it natural—to my coat. Although the road was muddy we proceeded at a jog trot for some ten miles when we had to climb a hill which, on places, was quite steep. The horses had a hard, difficult pull. It became very slippery as we approached the top of the hill. The question arose—are we going to make it? Yes, we succeeded but now new woes awaited us. There was now level country covered with about a foot of snow. What a lot of snow and wasn't it the 22nd of May?

The ponies proceeded at a walk. Who dared hope that they could keep up their trot. It began to get very tiresome because of the cold. It didn't seem to have feet any more. That's why I got out of the buggy and started to walk. There won't be a runaway. However, I couldn't keep it up wading through the deep snow and got in the buggy again. We proceeded slowly, the wheels cutting through the deep snow.

Nowhere did we see a road and it became difficult to see one because the driving snow blinded our faces. This area had but recently been settled and there were no well-marked roads with fences at the sides. It can very well happen that one loses his way in such an area. Such was not only a supposition; it became a reality. We were lost, which I gathered from the conversation of the brethren. All of a sudden one of the ponies stepped in a hole and it was of a mind not to stand up again. My companions had to help it, the one pulling on his head, the other his tail. This brought results, the exhausted pony again was on his four legs.

Counsel was held how to get on the right way. We finally succeeded and in my dreams I saw myself soon in the

home where I was to stay. Another difficulty awaited us. We actually had now come to the farm of my host (the driver of the ponies) where I was to spend the night. The night was rapidly approaching. We looked in every direction for his house. This new experience shocked us. No house was to be seen and the snow was coming down in large flakes. Lost again. So near home and yet lost.

My companion, the farmer, lost on his own farm and for him, seemingly, impossible to locate his own house! It was dusk everywhere and our minds were in a similar condition. Our hearts were heavy, our bodies cold and wet. We would go on a bit then listen. Now and then a bit of hope—nothing happened. Nobody could help, only the Lord would.

We shouted—nobody seemed to hear. We rode on—now in a zigzag course, then straight. Then again in a circle. We knelt on the ground trying to find some indication of a trail to lead us to the farmer's house.

Now what had befallen the one pony, now happened to the other. He fell into a hole and broke the harness. It was useless to repair it. The ponies

were unharnessed and we followed after them—two farmers and one shepherd. We were brothers in a difficult situation. Walking was difficult through the knee-deep snow and to my grief I noticed that I had lost one of my rubbers.

This wading through the snow soon became too much of a strain for one of my companions. He was getting a pain in the region of his heart—a condition which he had had for sometime. He decided to go back to the buggy to rest there, if necessary, to spend the night there covering himself with blankets. Inwardly he hoped that we would find the house. That was far more preferable.

We went on walking, the two of us, tired and cold, always hoping. All of a sudden a surprise. Was it true or not? Yes, we heard the loud barking of a dog and that determined the course we now must follow. As we neared the house, a girl came outside with a lantern to direct our way.

After having left the station some six or seven hours ago and enduring cold and weariness, it indeed was a great joy to enter a warm house. No credit to us for finding the house—to God

only and we thanked Him for it.

The brother who had been left in the buggy was brought home quickly. We ate, drank, and thanked God. We soon retired to gather strength for the work awaiting us on the morrow.

The following day was the Lord's Day and I ministered to the little flock which had met in the home of the older travel companion. My pulpit was a sewing machine and I had the privilege of ministering God's Word and to proclaim His death. That was the purpose for my coming here and the hardships of the journey were put in the background.

I have retained memories of that trip and I have never regretted it. One thing I know—I'll never forget my fur coat again. Montana with all its sunshine can at times be very capricious.

Another Montana story, penned by Minnie Voetberg Brink in 1984, details the Voetberg family's experiences in Conrad, Montana, 1911-1919. We expect to publish some of this in our next *Newsletter*, February 2000.

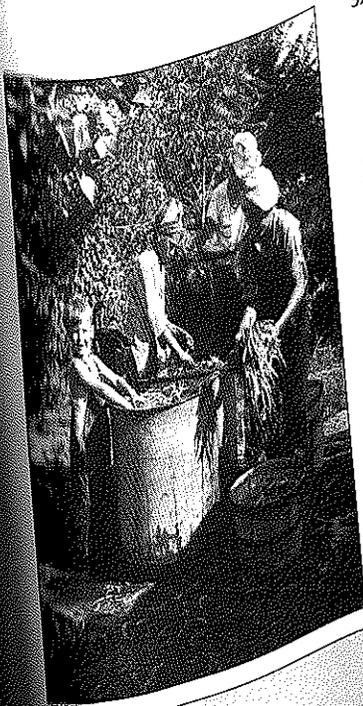
H.J.B.

The Trek to the West Begins

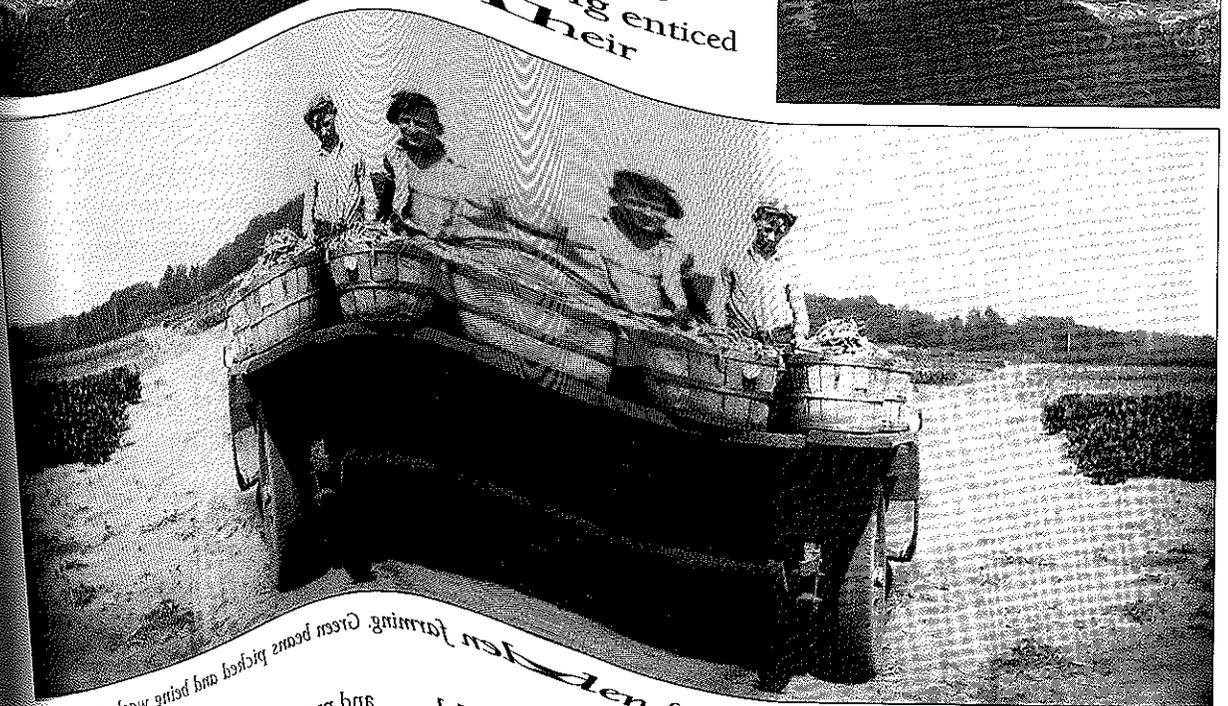
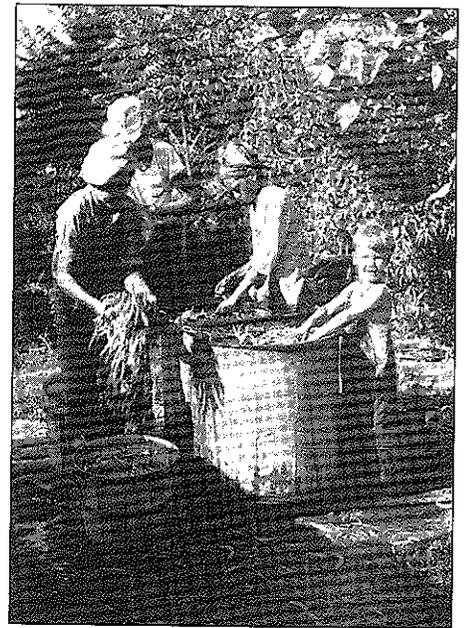
William Recker

The spring of 1915 was a very wet and discouraging season for the farmers of Illinois and Indiana, so much so that it created a bonanza for the land agents and railroad companies of that day. Middle Western farmers were easy targets for the glowing word pictures that the agents painted. Some agents honestly believed their own advertisements and likened themselves to Moses leading his people to the promised land. The

glowing descriptions had a simple purpose: to get the people of the soggy Midwest to pull up stakes and cross the Mississippi River to some far-off place in Montana or Wyoming, where they would not drown out as they were doing that spring. Many folks were ready to leave, spurred on by the promise of big crops ready to be harvested. As they gazed on their own fields full of water, their tomatoes barely peeking their heads above the flood on some of the overflow land, they listened again to the agent when he came for the second or third time. For a small sum, home-seeker tickets could be had for a party of five or six to go to see the promised land, land available for ten to fifteen dollars an acre, and capable of producing forty to



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sible. Usually a local settler was notified in advance to be ready to feed the home seekers and was promised a commission on any sales made. The locals would help the agent praise the country and tell how easy it was to become an independent farmer or grain grower. In this way some of the settlers worked together with the land agent, hoping that their homesteads would become more valuable if the entire country was settled. As a result, some Illinois and Indiana farmers were talked into a section or a half-section of Montana land. After taking pictures of the growing crops, they returned to the East to tell their families and friends that they were going West—not to become rich, as some accused them of hoping, but to become owners of a piece of land and to get away from gardening or milking cows. When it was so much easier to farm in the West, why should anyone crawl on the ground when he could ride on a machine?

Because it was too late in the growing season for spring crops, the new grain farmers-to-be sent their sons ahead to break the ground and plant winter wheat so that when the families arrived, a crop would be on the land from which immediate income could be had. Some families pooled the efforts of their sons so that they could live together and work together, and invest in one tractor instead of two. It was also cheaper to send two parties in one immigrant boxcar than for each party to go separately.

After much talking and planning, the first boxcar was loaded, and a new settlement would soon be established on the prairie. At the time of their departure, the boxcar migrants thought the trip would be the hard part. The rest would be easy.

Boxcar Migrants— Indiana to Montana

Four horses, two cows, and five little

pigs were the first animals to go West with the migrating farmers from Indiana, along with some household goods, farm tools and equipment. A small laundry stove to serve as heater and cookstove had been loaded on, too, and also one bed, which was thought to be enough at first. In addition, plenty of blankets and food were included in this first load. Two young men were to go, Bud,* the son of one of the land purchasers, and I. Bud had had two years of college, and I had been employed in a factory. These were not exactly the proper qualifications for a pioneer, you might say. But we both had that stimulating spirit of the Eastern editor who said, "Go west, young man, go west."

The horses and cows had been tested on the farm where they were raised and had been found free of disease. But soon the difficulties of transportation came upon us. Since only one man was permitted to accompany each boxcar, it was agreed that we would take turns being the one in whose name the contract with the railroad was made. If difficulties arose, the one who was caught would

* Dick Staal.

leave and take a passenger car to the destination point. All went well until we reached the Chicago Stockyards, where all cars that contained livestock were held up for inspection.

At the yards we were told that inspections made at home did not suffice. Therefore, horses would be tested for glanders, cows for tuberculosis, and, the inspector said, "The pigs are out. Nothing doing on the pigs, for they are the worst carriers of disease there are. No, boys, you must absolutely get rid of the hogs."

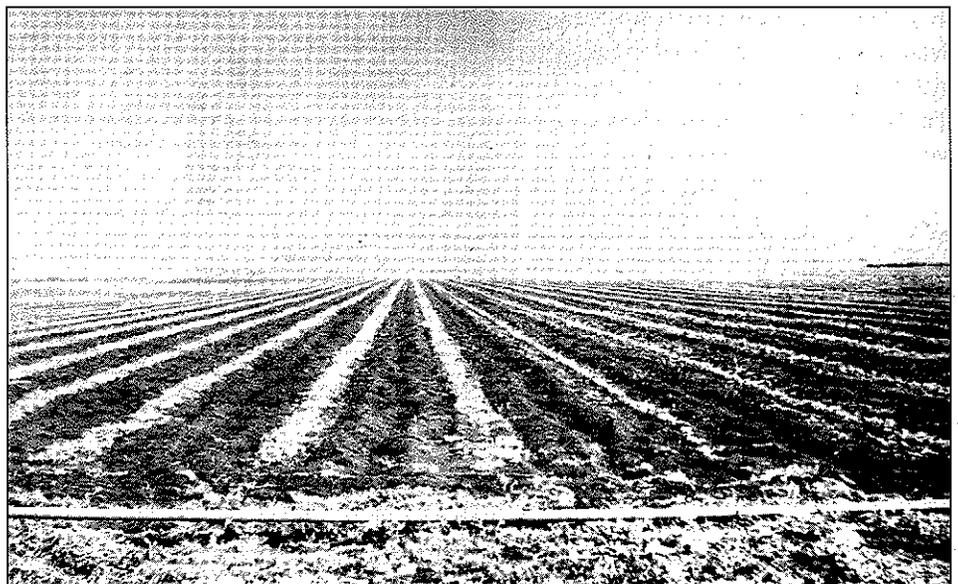
"He can't do that to us," said Bud, our educated college man. "We will call Montana and see what they say."

So a telegram was sent to the state veterinarian of Montana, who wired back the following message: "We will take the hogs and horses, but no cattle, unless found all right by the yards' inspector."

This business took three days, and still we pondered the matter of how we would get our two cows and five little pigs out of Chicago to the ranch. Bud said, "I know what we'll do. We'll take a chance."

"What do you mean by taking a chance?" I said.

He replied, "Get rid of the pigs or



Row crops on the Leep farm in Martin, Michigan.

else stay here until we do, for you can't bluff that fellow. We will let the pigs decide this for themselves. We open the crate, and if they jump out of the car, they are gone. But if they crawl under the freight, we'll sneak them through. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "but what if we get caught? Then we'll have to unload the whole car to get those pigs out from under all of that junk?"

One end of the car was loaded with horses and cows. The other end was packed with machinery and equipment. A wagon box had been put in upside down, and a few bales of straw had been shoved into the open end. The pigs were in a crate in plain view in the center of the car.

The final day arrived, and, as the inspector was to come at nine o'clock in the morning, the little pigs were fed early, and a few bales of straw were pulled out of the wagon box.

"Now, here goes," said Bud. With an axe he broke a few boards of the crate. The little pigs, which had just been weaned, soon found the open end of the wagon box. Hurriedly, we shoved a few bales of straw into the end of the box, and our little pigs were trapped.

Just at that moment the inspector walked in and said, "Well, boys, you will have to sell the cows, for they have TB, but the horses are all right. I see you have rid yourselves of the pigs, so if you get rid of the cows by noon, I'll clear you out at one o'clock."

Just then one of the pigs let out a little squeak. Bud grabbed a couple of water buckets and rattled them until the questioning look disappeared from the inspector's face. After looking around the car once more, he jumped out to the ground. He was no more than out when the pigs set up an awful squeal.

"Boy, oh boy," I said. "That was a close shave." The sweat stood out on our foreheads.



Grain farming in Montana. Rob Kroes, *Windmills in Montana*, p. 48.

Bud said, "Let's sell those cows in a hurry and get out of here."

This we did, and so at last, without cows for milk but with five little pigs which were needed so badly, we got the okay, and the locomotive backed up to the boxcar, hooked up, and took us to the yards of the CB & Q. There we were put into a train being made up for St. Paul and Minneapolis.

In relating this I am not excusing our actions and conduct, but let the reader decide if this was a good start on so huge an undertaking. We both had God-fearing Christian parents, and we had been taught what was right and wrong. Now for the sake of a few pigs we had lied!

"I don't think that was quite right," I said the next evening while waiting in the Argo yards.

"Why not?"

"Well, we just about lied about those pigs."

"We did not," said Bud. "The inspector said, 'I see you got rid of the pigs,' and we did not answer him. After all, the pigs were out of the crate, weren't they?"

"Yes, but it just doesn't seem right to me."

"Well, they got our cows, didn't they? And after all, they lied about those cows, because the vet back home found them okay, and just because they are afraid of their old hoof-and-mouth disease is no reason why we should lose everything, is it?"

"Well, let's hope that it turns out okay," I said, "but you know what you said the other day, that every action has a reaction. Whatever you meant, maybe that applies to this also."

"Ah, shut up about those lousy pigs. You'll be glad next winter that we snuck them through," said Bud.

"Yes," I said, "but they got our cows, so now what are we going to feed those pigs over there on the prairie?" He did not answer a word.

We had already spent three days in our boxcar home, and we could still see the smoke of Chicago. Montana was fourteen hundred miles away.

We're Off!

The next morning we were awakened on our bales of straw which served as our beds by a steady click-clack, click-clack. At last we were rolling, and the Illinois countryside was unfolding before our eyes as we partly opened

one door. After feeding the horses and the pigs, which had again come out from their new home, we satisfied ourselves with some bread and sausage. We then sat in the doorway watching the scenery pass by.

Every time a siding stop was called, one of us would get out of sight because the brakemen were very near us, since our car was the tenth from the caboose. We knew very well that only one man was allowed in each immigrant car. Thus, until the evening of that first day of the trip, we spent the hours looking toward the open doorway. At dusk we became more bold, and we both sat near the door. As we were busily talking, we did not notice footsteps overhead. But suddenly we were gazing into the face of the rear brakeman, who, going toward the front of the train had heard voices and was now lying on his stomach with his toes hooked onto the runway of the car. From his upside-down position he was looking into the car.

He gazed for a moment and then disappeared.

"What now?" I said.

"Oh, if he stops the train to investigate, I'll jump off," said Bud, "and hook a ride on a car farther up the train and see you in the morning."

While we were thus speaking and arguing who was to go, the train suddenly began to jerk and, as the brakes were applied, slowly came to a stop. It had by now become quite dark, and my friend quietly jumped from the opposite door, from where he was to run forward and grab the train as it went on.

Just then a lantern came bobbing from the rear, and I, who by now had closed the other door, saw a brakeman coming into the car.

"Say, friend, what is going on here?" he said. "Where is the other guy I saw with you?"

"He jumped out when the train stopped," I said.

"Oh! Yes? Well, I'll have a look around," where-upon he started to swing his lantern around

to light up the dark corners of the boxcar. Suddenly, thinking that the other man might be in front of the horses, who had their heads to the front end of the boxcar, he moved toward them. As soon as he tried that, a mare named Queen would soon have hoisted him to the ceiling had he come any closer. However, a shout from me brought him up just in time, as Queen's hoofs came whistling through the air. He then made me go in front of the horses with the lantern so that he could see clearly that no one was hiding there.

"Who was that guy, and what did he want in here?"

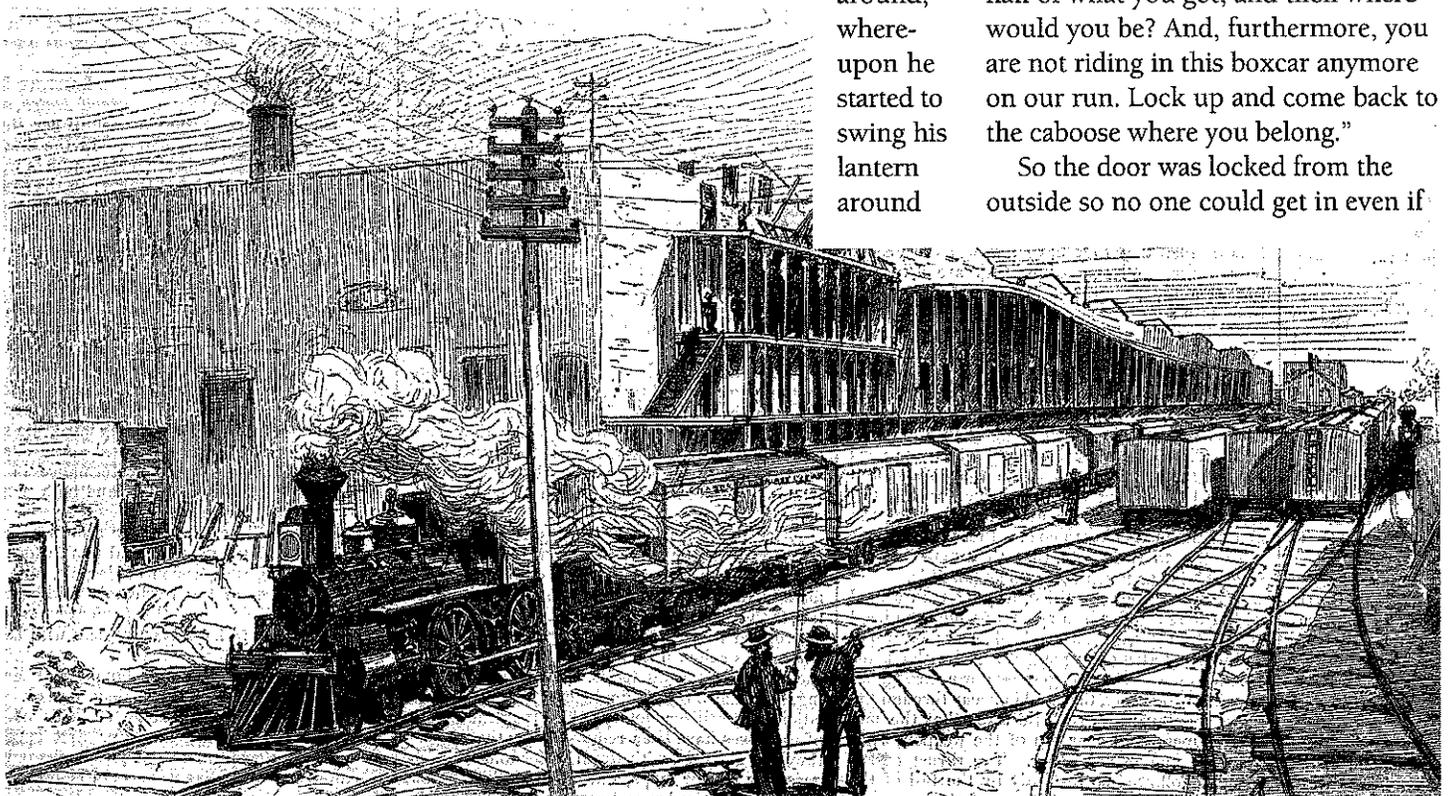
"Oh, he was a fellow who wanted to go West."

"Do you have any money with you?" asks brakie.

"Some," I said.

"Well, let me tell you that picking up bums and giving them a lift may cost you your life someday. Those bums will slit your throat for less than half of what you got, and then where would you be? And, furthermore, you are not riding in this boxcar anymore on our run. Lock up and come back to the caboose where you belong."

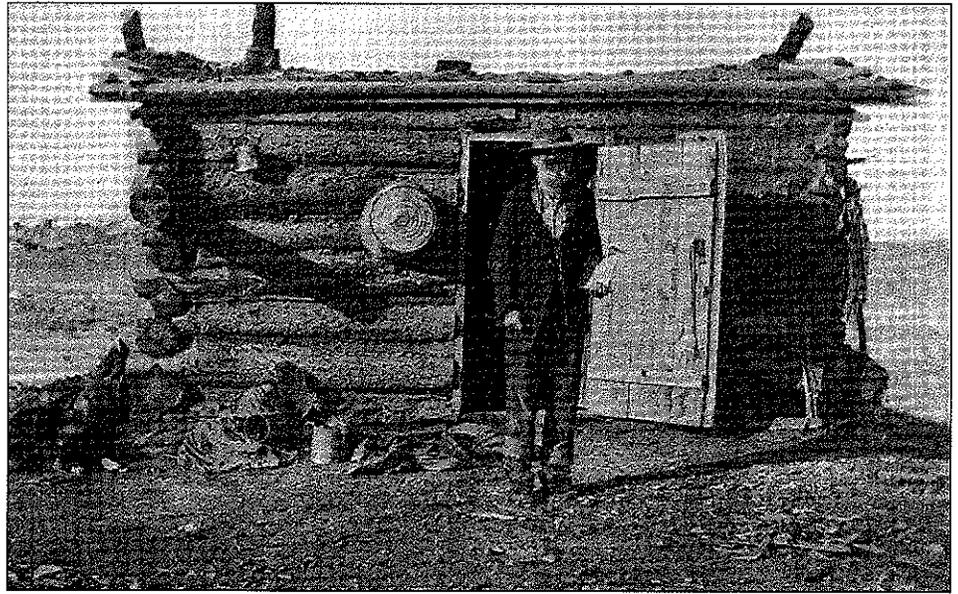
So the door was locked from the outside so no one could get in even if



Chicago rail connections in the Chicago Stockyards, Harper's Weekly, Oct. 28, 1882, pp. 680-681.

he tried, and I had the key. I was escorted back to the caboose by the brakie. On arriving at the shanty on wheels, I got another sermon, this time from the conductor, who was sitting at his desk looking over the train's manifest. Again I was told some horrible stories about how bums had killed trainmen and others for a little money. In the meantime, the brakeman had signaled the engineer, and the train was again moving northward along the Mississippi, heading for St. Paul.

While the conductor was talking, I was wondering how my pal was faring up ahead and hoping on the return of the brakeman to hear some more news of the so-called bum. The train began to buck and jerk as it gained more speed, and I feared that Bud would be flung from his precarious hold on the handrails of some box- or tank-car. Finally the brakie returned and, after growling a few words to the conductor, climbed up to his perch in the cupola. The conductor motioned to a bunk along the wall and advised me to get some sleep. I lay down, but sleep was far from me, and morning could not come soon enough so that I could go back to the car and open it in order to give my buddy a chance to crawl back in. Terrible thoughts raced through my brain as I lay there thinking that for the price of a railroad fare a life might have been lost. How would I ever explain this matter to his father in case he became lost or hurt? Why had we been so foolish as to try to steal from the railroad company the price of a fare and thus call down upon ourselves all this misery? And there were still over a thousand miles to go. All sorts of things came to my mind—what could be happening to him? Even in this July weather it was no joke riding in the breeze. Finally, I thought, oh, he'll be all right; I'll see him in the morning. And I fell asleep. Such is the optimism of youth.



Montana settler's cabin, p. 24 in *Sunset: The Pacific Monthly*, April, 1917.

As I awoke, sunlight was streaming into the little windows of the caboose, and after a few moments I realized where I was. Jumping from the bunk, I rushed up to the conductor and said, "I must hurry to my car to feed the horses. Stop the train, please!"

"Sit down, buddy, sit down. I'm stopping no train for a reason like that. At division point you'll have plenty of time to feed your horses. We'll be there in about seventy minutes." Seventy minutes of torture and agony these proved to be for me. My mind again began to conjure up all sorts of calamities. But even seventy minutes come to an end, and the train pulled into the yards some miles from St. Paul.

I quickly ran to the car and unlocked the door. The other door had not been locked, and with the jerking of the car it had opened about an inch. Ah, I thought, Bud is in the car. So cautiously I whistled, then talked, and then shouted, but no one answered. Only the horses whinnied. I came to the realization that my partner had not been able to get back in the car. Oh! What now? There was open prairie on one side, and the Mississippi River on

the other, but where was my partner? I fed the horses, and then I made a sandwich of some bread and cheese from the war chest, as we called it. But the food was as ashes in my mouth. Even the little pigs looked at me with gloomy eyes and seemed to have lost interest in the trip.

After a short stop the train moved on, and about six hours later it pulled into the St. Paul yards. It was a maze of tracks and trains. Where in all this jumble would Bud find the car, if he had gotten this far? The train was put on a siding, and a crew of men went to work checking the journal boxes and wheels, while others looked after the air brakes.

I asked one of these men where the office was, because I knew that from here another railroad would take the boxcar the balance of the trip to Montana. I was told to go about one-half mile up the tracks, and with my papers in my pocket I started off to have the transfer made. With lagging steps I drew near to the office, and then I noticed a man limping badly as he walked down one track and up the other. As we came closer, the limping one raised his arm and waved. Sure

enough, here was my lost pal. In those first moments I forgot the limp and so, too, all the horrible nightmare of the night spent in the caboose. It seemed as though we had been separated for a week instead of one night and one day. As evening was falling, we quickly had the transfer made and went slowly back to the car—all thoughts of buying a ticket quite forgotten.

On getting back in the car, I said, "Now tell me how you got here and how come you are limping. Are you sorefooted from walking so far?"

"Let me lie down," he said, "and take a look at my leg. There is a hole below my knee. Can you see anything in there?" So I lit the lantern and proceeded to examine his leg.

"Why, it's all swollen and blue," I said. "How on earth did you do that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "When I jumped out of the car that night, I ran up ahead about ten cars while the train was stopped. After the train started, I grabbed a handrail and was going to climb to the top, but I saw a lantern light come bobbing forward, so I clung to the side. That brakeman walked all the way to the engine, and, not finding me, he started back, swinging his lantern below the roof, first on the one side of the train and then on the other. On coming near to me he swung his lantern right over my head, and I thought that he missed me. But he had seen my white fingers, clinging to the ladder on the side of that boxcar. The train was rolling along at a pretty good clip by now, and I was wondering what he would do. He said, 'Get off,' but I did not feel like jumping into the dark, so I didn't say anything. I simply hung on. He then said, 'Jump, or I'll step on your fingers,' and he started down toward me. Not waiting any longer, I heaved out and jumped. I landed on one of those cattle guards that they have near the road crossings

and must have jabbed a piece of wood into my leg. I rolled into the ditch and lay there for a bit and watched the lights of the caboose disappear into the night."

"Did you stay there all night?" I asked.

"No, I lay there for a few minutes, and thought I better find some place to sleep the rest of the night. My leg did not pain me then, so I had no difficulty walking up the road and finding an old straw stack. I crawled into the straw for the night but did not sleep much. So, as soon as it was dawn, I looked for a house. There was a farmhouse not far from the tracks, and, as my leg hurt badly, I hobbled down there. The dogs began barking, and the farmer, who was just out of bed, came out to see the reason. I guess that I did not look like a bum to him, so he said, 'What is the matter, stranger?' I tried to tell him, but he dismissed this in a hurry when he heard I had hurt my leg. Then he said, 'Go into the house. My wife will get you some breakfast.' They fed me well and told me that it was six miles to the next depot, where I could catch a train for St. Paul. After breakfast I went out to the pump and bathed my leg in a tub of cold water. That helped some, and after thanking my good friends, who would accept no pay for the breakfast, I started down the railroad to a little town. Here I waited until the local train came in. Paying my fare to St. Paul, I soon caught up with you. I passed you sometime

around noon and knew you would arrive this evening, so I hung around the yards, looking at every train that came in. But I'm done talking. Go ahead and do something about that leg."

He lay back on his bale of straw, and I studied that wound for a few minutes. When I would touch his leg near the wound, he would jerk. I said, "I don't know, boy. This will hurt, for it has to be probed. There seems to be something in there."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead," he said.

After washing his leg once more, I sterilized a knife by holding it above the flame of a match, and then I started the first operation of my career. I no more than started digging with that knife when he howled and jumped about a foot.

"Boy, that hurts. What are you trying to do to me anyway?" I then explained that I could see some



Montana shepherd, p. 152 in *Montana, A History of Two Centuries* (Seattle: Univ. of Washington Press, 1976).

Origins

foreign material in there, and again he said, "Well, go ahead; dig it out."

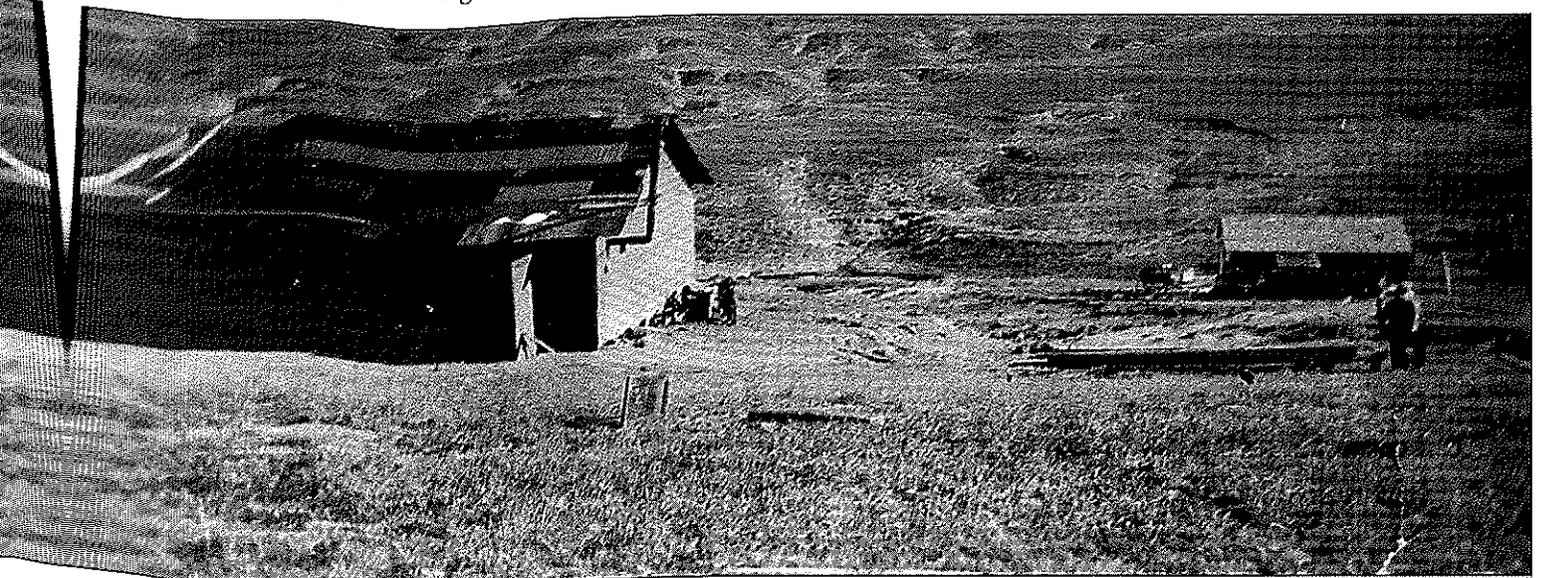
But he first pulled a button from his coat sleeve, and, with this firmly fixed between his teeth, he growled again, "Go ahead." This time he took it, and the first thing that came out was a piece of overall material that had been dragged into the wound. The railroad car swayed back and forth considerably, and as I could not hold the knife steady, the wound became larger with every probe I made. The blood began to flow also, and that made it more difficult, with the lantern swaying, then again in the shadow and then out. After a few more tries he said, "Enough! Let me alone!" We then discussed bandages, and, not being prepared for this sort of thing, naturally we had no bandages on hand. But we tore a few clean handkerchiefs into strips, and we decided to put a poultice on the wound during the night. But poultice material was also scarce. We decided to make a paste out of a bar of laundry soap. Since Bud had heard that tobacco was also good for open wounds, we also added a pinch of that to the paste. To apply this poultice took but a moment, and after quickly wrapping the bandage to

hold the paste in place, we decided to get some sleep.

I slept like a log once I hit my straw bale, but the patient did not fare so well. When that poultice started to take hold, it kept him awake all night. In the morning we unwrapped the leg and washed away the poultice. The swelling had gone down, but the wound looked ugly. So, after washing it again, we decided to probe some more. The coat button again served as a local anesthetic, and the probing soon disclosed something solid. At first I was not sure whether I was digging into his leg bone or not, but I pried away. Suddenly out popped a piece of wood the thickness of a lead pencil and three-quarters of an inch long. The bleeding then began in earnest. By continually bathing the wound, we finally stopped the flow of blood. My patient was as white as a sheet, but I'll admit that he was tough. Since all of this was done in motion, in a swaying boxcar, the reader can readily understand why I made several bad stabs and punctured a few new holes around the wound. But a new poultice was applied, and after a day or two my buddy was hobbling around again. In the meantime we had crossed Minnesota and were in North Dakota.

Our boxcar had a steel roof, and it was fiery hot in there in the daytime and really cool at night, even in July. Thus we had a foretaste of what was in store for us. I would jump out and lock Bud in when we would pull into a siding near a town and then quickly run to get some groceries. As for our water supply, the engine would usually pull alongside to give me water from its tank, and I would fill the two barrels we had with us. We soon found out that having a small board floating on top would eliminate a lot of slopping and waste, as water was hard to get at some stops.

So we slowly drifted west until we crossed the state line and entered Montana. I had made the trip before by passenger train with one of the groups of home seekers, and as the train we then were on was one of the fastest of its time, we did not realize how large Montana really is. It was now nine days since we had left home, and we still had two more days of traveling in Montana. So it took us, including our delay in the Chicago Stockyards, eleven days to make that trip of 1,400 odd miles. We had not figured on so many days, and our feed had long run out. Thus our horses had their first Western hay along in



Barn and home of William Recker and his friends—the first homestead in Columbus, 1916.

the Dakotas somewhere. Most of the trainmen on the last thousand miles knew we were together, and they were good sports indeed. For with my partner in such bad condition I had to do all the running. He would have been in a fix if I would have been obliged to leave him.

On the eleventh day, about noon, we pulled into our new town and at once began unloading the horses. They were very shaky on their feet and stood braced even on the ground, afraid that they would be jerked and bumped again. But, after walking around a while, they soon got their legs under control. We decided to load up a small load on our wagon and start for the section. We knew the number of the section was twenty-one, but that was all we knew about it. We had no idea that it lay out there in the hills, twenty-two miles from the railroad. The wagon was soon set up, and the pigs were shooed back into their original crate. Some of the farm implements were loaded, and the team was harnessed. The other harness was thrown on the wagon. And with two horses tied behind, we started off after inquiring where the road was to the Holland settlement, as it then was already called.

After a mile or so we noticed that the horses were puffing like steam engines and soon found that we had to stop occasionally to let them get their wind, not realizing that we had transported them from an altitude of 700 feet to one of 4,400 feet above sea level. This was too much for our Eastern horses, as we soon found out. After leaving the valley, we had a steady climb of ten miles which brought us to an immense hill that was the gateway to the benchlands above which the Holland settlement was located. Our first team was completely exhausted by now, and as dusk was approaching, we decided to try the other horses, which had trotted and

walked along behind. As our Eastern wagon had no brakes, we would dash down one hill and try to make it up the next one all in one pull. But, when we reached the big hill, we realized that it would be some job to get to the top.

"How far is it after we get up there?" said Bud, gazing toward the top.

"Oh," I said, "not far. From the top you can see the house where we are going to stop overnight."

We decided that our load was too large for the first try, so we unloaded some of the stuff at the foot of the hill, not worrying about finding it later, because too much was just too much, and that was all there was to that. Since Bud's leg was still bothering him, I was elected to walk behind the wagon, carrying a large boulder to slip in back of one of the hind wheels whenever the horses stopped. So, at last, all was set. We made the first rise, and then a turn to the next ascent brought the horses up sharply. Immediately the wagon came rolling back. I jumped to my post and slipped my rock behind the wheel, glad to get rid of it, as I also was puffing of the exertion of trying to keep up with the wagon and carry the boulder as well. The next hitch was only about thirty feet. Again the horses stopped. I had hardly got a good hold of my boulder, and again the wagon came back at me. Puffing, with Bud hollering at the horses, I finally got set, but we had lost about ten feet. Just then I glanced downhill. It looked like we had come straight up. Then I looked ahead of the team and saw what was still before us. I thought the team might make it, but I never would. By then my heart was pounding like a trip hammer. The horses' sides were heaving in and out, and their nostrils were wide open, showing red. Glancing back at me, all of a sudden my friend began delivering his first sermon of a series on the

foolishness of the whole undertaking.

"Why," he said, "didn't you ever see this hill before when you were here? Anyone that would buy land up on top there must have been blind or crazy! Where was Dad's common sense, if you didn't have any, to buy land in such a forsaken wilderness?"

I didn't say much but tried to explain that the land agents had taken us out there in autos and that we had not even noticed a hill. After about five minutes of this we decided to give it another go. The team was willing enough, but after about fifty feet they suddenly halted again. I scrambled with my boulder and slipped it behind the wheel, but this time the wheel bounced right on over the boulder, and the wagon and team came backing down the hill. I looked around for another rock among the scrub pines which were growing all over those slopes, but it was too late. The wagon got twisted in the trail and soon landed crosswise among the pines with the rear axle hooked on an old stump. This stump saved the whole mess from rolling clear down to the bottom. With a sigh the driver came off his high perch and delivered sermon number two. This took another five minutes, and then we decided to let the works hang there and go on ahead with just the horses.

After we removed the harness, the horses looked at us with grateful eyes. I guess they thought now we were finally showing some sense. These horses had never seen a hill like that in their lives, and here they were, pulling a load up and only five hours out of a boxcar. Our enthusiasm was slowly running out as we plodded up the rest of the hill. It had become dark, and on reaching the top, the horses were spent again. Way off we could see a light. "That's where we are going," I said, "and it looks like it's about two miles off."

Bud thought so, too, and then, each

on a horse and leading another, we headed for the light. There were no regular roads then as we knew them in the East. They were simply trails following the ridges and hogbacks, as they were called. Bridges had not been built over creeks or streams. They had to be crossed by fording at the likeliest spot. After riding this way for about a mile, we seemed no closer to the light, and Bud began sermon number three, on the foolishness of mankind. We trudged slowly on, and after hours of this, with an occasional application from my partner, it began to look as if the light was becoming brighter.

The horses walked slower and slower, their heads hanging down. "They are disgusted with us," said Bud, "for taking them on this wild-geese chase." Suddenly the light disappeared, and we had lost our beacon. We then headed in the general direction of where we had last seen it, for our would-be friends must have gone to bed. We finally arrived on the ranch yard, and the sound of our horses' hooves on that hard-packed yard brought the man out of bed to see what was going on. He recognized me, and after putting our tired horses in his lean-to barn, we went into the house and tried to explain where we had left our wagon. He understood the situation at once, perhaps having gone through the same experience a year or two earlier.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "We'll get it in the morning. It's only twelve miles from here." Bud looked at me but then decided not to preach anymore that night. We were given some blankets and rolled in on the floor.

The following morning we learned that this upland was one thousand feet higher than the railroad and also that we were two miles from Section 21, the land of our destination. At first we worried about our boxcar, but we finally decided that it was impossible

to unload it all and haul it in the days allotted without paying demurrage.* A man went with us to the big hill, and, starting from the bottom, we picked up the stuff that had been thrown off until we got up to the wagon. The rancher had sent four horses with us to haul our wagon behind his, so at last the load arrived on the rancher's yard.

The next day, our horses being rested, we made another trip to town, but we stayed in the boxcar overnight. We got an early start the next day. We brought the pigs with us that second trip, and on arriving at the ranch early in the afternoon, we decided to find our own location. The rancher went with us to find a spring or water hole so we could build our camp near water. We found a spring, as springs were plentiful that wet year, and dumped all our stuff on a hillside above the spring. When our final load was hauled, a week had sped by, and still we had no lumber with which to build a shack. The pigs had been dumped near camp and a few slats knocked off the crate so that they could use it as a coop. They stayed around the camp the first two weeks, and we fed them some grain brought from town. They became a regular nuisance to us, and many times we wished them back in Indiana. As we had no tent and the weather was still warm, we made a tent out of a bed by wiring a pole upright on each end, connected by a pole from one to the other. Over this we stretched a canvas, so our tent was as large as the bed. Under the bed went our suitcases and grub box. Those five little pigs soon found out how to get onto that bed, and many evenings we would have to chase pigs out

before we could crawl in. Finally they left us for good, and for six weeks we did not know whether the coyotes

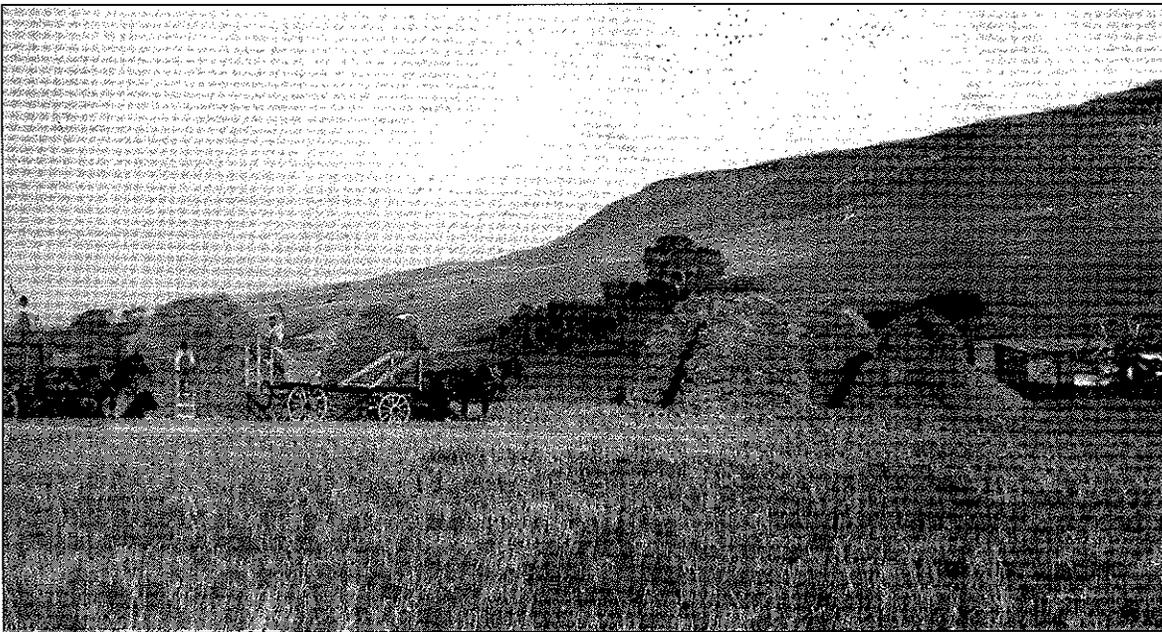
*Payment for delaying the departure of the boxcar.

had got them or not. But one night as I came in from hunting rabbits, I heard some noises near the big hog crate, and, sure enough, they had come back. Now they were too big to all get back into the crate. So they were pushing and crowding to see who would have to sleep out.

We began hauling lumber at once, and often when we came back to camp, we found everything upset by the cattle that roamed about the country. They could smell our salt and dumped everything to find it. This caused us to hurry our building project—a barn large enough to hold ten horses. We boarded up one corner to serve as our living quarters. As we were now well into August, it became apparent that not much actual farming could be done that year. Furthermore, our tools and plows were too light for this heavy soil, and our horses could not pull a plow through that sod. We sent word to this effect back East.

While we were hauling lumber, we used up much time, as three trips a week was all our horses could stand. We would go in one day and come back the next. To save expenses, we would sleep in the livery barn, sometimes in empty mangers and then again upstairs in the haymow. Now, this worked all right as long as the weather was mild, but as fall weather set in, we spent many a cold night in the hayloft of the livery barn in town. Since we had only carried one blanket on the wagon seat, no other covering was to be had.

Hotel rates were high, and our Dutch people thought that room rent was so much money thrown away. Some of our people can tell stories of getting out of that haymow during the night and stamping up and down the street to get some life back into their chilled bodies. The hotel keepers did not like this very much and began putting pressure on the liverymen, using the fire hazard as an excuse to



Stacking the wheat crop, Aldrich Recker farm, 1921.

expel visiting men from sleeping there, thus forcing them into the hotels. I have slept in the haymow when there were at least twenty men up there. That would have meant ten rooms at the hotel at \$2.50 each.

The same held true with meals. Fifty cents was the minimum charge for any meal, and our new settlers were hearty eaters. Some began to carry lunches, but that was a difficult thing to do, for it meant carrying at least three meals and coffee for two days. All the immigrants soon realized that it was imperative that what money they had must be used to the best advantage, for nothing could be taken in for an entire year. But the town businessmen were not worried about that. They tried to get all they could while there was still something to get. Often men would leave the settlement for town and only buy one meal in two days, for they needed their money to buy lumber, implements, and seed. Everyone in the country took advantage of this new influx of people. Cows that had sold for \$40 were soon bringing \$100, as one settler bid against the other for a decent milk

cow. Horses, which were practically given away before the settlers came, soon rose to \$400 a team.

The Eastern horses that were brought by the settlers soon died off, many going the first spring after the settlement took form. These horses nibbled at the locoweed, which grew all over those prairies and which was the first green thing to appear in the spring. Some of the horses went crazy, or "locoed," as it was called, and jumped imaginary ditches and fences. They would not back up, nor would they be led. Some started off like a fire horse, and others would not go at all. Altogether, many horses, cows, and sheep fell prey to this weed. When more of the prairies were plowed, this weed disappeared except for places which were too rocky to plow.

New Recruits

We were still building our barn when one day three boys from the East came to our camp.* They told us that they had come to stay and help us. Their

* The five young men were the author, William Recker, along with Dick Staal, Al Recker, Jake Kikkert, and Peter Zwier.

fathers had formed a company with my partner's father to have one large tractor in common and thus quickly to plow some of each man's land so that a crop could be harvested the following year.

This arrangement caused the building of the barn to be finished ahead of schedule. We moved in one rainy day as soon as part of the roof was on. But our friends had brought only their clothes.

They had no blanket

or bed, no dishes or anything needed in a well-ordered household. We all had to sleep on the only bed we had. As we could not all lie on it lengthwise, we decided to add to the width with some boxes, and thus all lie on it crosswise. This worked out pretty fair except for the blankets and for turning at night. When one wanted to roll over, we all had to roll over at the same time, and we would murmur "over" in our sleep.

Our home was a ten-by-twelve-foot rectangle in the corner of the barn. A few packing boxes nailed to the wall served as a cupboard and pantry. A homemade table and a few chairs and boxes to sit on served as our dining area. One small stove and a few suitcases and trunks filled our cabin to overflowing. There were no frills, and no one missed them either as long as there was enough food to eat.

We took turns cooking, one week for each, so if there were any complaints, you could get even when your turn to cook came. Our stove had only two burners for cooking, but it had an extra place on it for baking hotcakes right on top of the stove. A small oven

for baking biscuits completed the outfit. These stoves were known as sheep stoves, as all of the sheepherders had them in their covered wagons.

The country was dotted with sheep wagons when we first came, each herder having a band of two thousand sheep to look after. The camp tender would come from the home ranch once a week to move these wagons to a new location and bring some firewood and groceries and to take back any sheep pelts which the herder had skinned out. As this was early fall, the tenders were moving their wagons back toward the home ranches where the sheep were wintered until after lambing time. One old sheepherder with whom I occasionally spent some time told me that the sheep business produced three crops a year. I sat and pondered this for a while, as I could only figure two, lambs and wool. When I asked him what the third was, he said, "Pelts from the dead sheep." And as he said this, he picked up his rifle and took a shot at a coyote that was sneaking up to a stray ewe a quarter of a mile away.

Sheepherders had a lonely life, and many became insane from the continuous bleating of the sheep. Every morning they counted the sheep by counting the black ones, of which there was one to every fifty white ones. So, if one black one was missing, they figured that the coyotes had stolen fifty white ones. The old sheepherder told me that this averaged out pretty close on the final count. At night the sheep were brought around the wagon. The herder would set up four stakes in a square around the sheep and on each stake would hang a lighted lantern. The sheep stayed in this imaginary corral all night, relatively safe from the coyotes, which were afraid of lights. If a sheepherder heard any noise during the night, he would fire a few shots into the air, and then all would quiet down.

The dogs these men had were wonderfully trained. They could round up a band in a few minutes. These herders all told us that we were tackling a hopeless proposition in plowing this land and trying to raise wheat and oats. They told us that God had created this land for grazing purposes and that the rainfall was not always as ample as this year. But their advice fell on deaf ears. We thought, "They don't want us here. They wish to keep the range free."

One day as we were plowing, after the tractor had finally come, an Indian rode by on his pinto pony. After watching us for a while, he shook his head and said, "Wrong side up, wrong side up." We thought, "Here is another person who wants to keep it the way it was." We could not be shaken in the conviction that we could farm this ground the same way that we farmed in Illinois and Indiana.

We managed to get about forty acres in winter wheat that first fall, while more and more settlers came and started building their new homes. Some lived in tents for a whole year before starting their house building.

Many were the experiences which the five of us had in that original barn. We had never before heard of the Western winds and storms, and the wind would blow our stove pipe down just about the time we had to prepare a meal. Many remarks about the other fellows' cooking were made, and most of these were not complimentary. One day we were having rice for dinner, and it was not very well cooked. So Bud said, "Wait till my turn to cook comes, and I'll show you boys how to cook rice!" We were willing to be shown, as rice cooked in water becomes tiresome very soon. We would add apple butter to change the color because all of us were sick of rice. Finally Bud's turn came, and he decided to cook his rice the night before. Hence, we were all present.

First, he took two pounds of rice and put it in a small pan to soak a few minutes. Then he set the same pan on to boil. Soon the rice began to multiply and increase in his pan, and he divided the contents into two pans. Soon these also were bubbling over, and with much advice and cheering from us, he had four pans of rice boiling on the stove. He was showing us how to cook rice, and we cheered him on. But then we began to realize that there was enough rice there for days, and our ardor cooled somewhat.

We had other household problems too. Our bed soon sagged so badly that the ends started to come together. The whole thing looked like a large letter U, which made sleeping a difficult proposition. That bed was the talk of the settlement for a long time afterward, and we kept it as a sort of connecting link to the past.

Five healthy young men in a small space was not conducive to good housekeeping. When a wrestling match was held in the middle of the room, the walls would groan and creak, and pots and pans went flying helter-skelter out of our cupboards. We also had to watch for fire as we had no regular chimney, only the stovepipe coming from the wall. Several times the wall caught fire from the overheated pipe, and we soon realized that that meant no fire at night. This was all right that summer, but when fall came, it was not so hot! Occasionally we would have visitors, and then indeed the cabin was too small. To spend the evenings, we would argue about anything and everything. Bud would take any side, just for the sake of argument. This often ended in a row, and blows would be struck before it was finished. We came to know each other fairly well.

The Day of Rest

While all of this was going on that first

fall, about eight families met regularly every Sunday at what we called the home ranch. Here lived one of the early settlers, and at this home services were held on Sunday morning and afternoon. There were a few single men around who also joined this group, and soon it was decided to organize a church. In view of all the settlers coming in, they thought it was best to organize a congregation at once. Some thought a mission station was the thing to have, but one Sunday the missionary of the classis arrived and preached two sermons for this group. After the second service the missionary asked what the group wished to do. It was decided to organize a church, and this was done with eight families and three single men, of whom I was one. We had reading services but were at once promised that we would now get some classical appointments, namely, ministers sent out to preach for us. It was

very impressive to me to be a charter member of this gallant band who had not neglected their worship on Sundays though they were all far removed from their home churches.

We had no fancy accommodations, only a log house which had been a bunkhouse just a year before for a group of shepherders. It now became our house of worship. How those psalms of David echoed against that log roof covered with earth. Some boxes and homemade benches served as seats. The pulpit consisted of a large box, and there we were. Only a few had songbooks, so we sang the familiar songs, those which had been memorized in former days.

About a month after this, we received a letter from a minister who



Three of the "five young men" (l-r), unknown, William Recker, Dick Staal.

was stationed in a charge a little over a hundred miles to the west. In this letter he told us that he was coming on a classical appointment and that the Lord's Supper would then be celebrated. Children would also be baptized if there were some who had as yet not been baptized. All in all it was going to be a big day. Eagerly we all looked forward to that Sunday, as the preacher had but newly arrived from the East. This was his first classical appointment in the area.

But late fall weather brought an early snowstorm, and before that Sunday arrived, the earth was covered with a white blanket of snow. Two elders and one deacon had been elected from our group, and the lot now fell to an old elder to go to town

on that Saturday in order to haul this minister out to the settlement. He left early that Saturday so that he could rest his horses somewhat before the return trip, as the train came in sometime in the afternoon. He met the minister at the train. The minister had left home early that day with the sun shining brightly, so he thought he needed no overcoat, but on arriving, he soon wished that he had brought his fur coat, especially on hearing that a twenty-two-mile trip in an open spring wagon lay before him.

They first fortified themselves with some hot coffee and then began the trip. All went well up to the big hill, but on it a blizzard was raging. The minister was getting cold, so the elder suggested that he should walk a while and hang onto the back of the wagon. They made a few miles this way, until the elder had to get down himself to see if they were still on the trail. It became

dark early because of the blizzard, but slowly they trudged on. After a couple of hours of this they came to the conclusion that they were off the trail, and all of a sudden the horse went down, having stepped in a hole. They both helped the horse back to his feet, and then on went the procession—the elder leading the team and the minister bringing up the rear. He often thought of his fur coat was hanging safely in the parsonage one hundred miles away. The elder finally called a halt and confessed to the shepherd of souls that he was lost.

At that time there were few fences, and so they had nothing to go by in the storm. The hills all looked alike, and the team kept turning their tails to the blizzard, wanting to drift with the

earth seemed to drop away in front of the team, and still they seemed ready to go on. Standing thus, he heard a different sound on the wind of this blizzard, and, yes, sure enough, a dog was barking somewhere below him in the storm. He headed for the sound, the team went crashing over the rock rim, and man and team piled up below. The folks at the elder's house had become worried, and the two sons were getting their horses ready to go to search the road to town for the travelers. While they were in the barn saddling their horses, their dog had begun to bark, so they went outside and stood listening. On hearing some noise at the rim, they rode over there with a lantern. Sure enough, here was their father, covered with snow, trying to straighten out the team.

"But where is the buggy, Dad?" they both cried out.

"Well, boys, it's back on the hill somewhere, with the minister sitting in it waiting for help. Hurry up there and try to find him before he freezes to death. I realize now that I should not have left him alone, as I don't even know how far away that buggy is."

Well, those boys led their dad to the house, and the mother took charge of him. They climbed to the rim and started riding in half circles from the rim to the rim, ever widening the arc, shouting and waving the lantern. Suddenly one of them saw a black shape ahead in the storm. Yes, there sat the minister, too cold to shout back at the boys. They wasted no time and hustled that minister to the house, which was only a quarter-mile away. The team had headed straight for home after all, but they had taken a direct route, the way the crow files.

The minister was soon dressed in some dry clothes, warmed, and fed, and with dry slippers on his feet. He called them together and humbly thanked God that they had arrived safe and sound. Thus began that

servant of the Lord's first trip to the settlement. With a big day ahead on the morrow, they all went to bed thankful and hopeful, for tomorrow the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated for the first time in eight months for some and almost a year for others.

The old elder did not sleep well that night, and, in fact, the strenuous trip of the day had been too much for his weak heart. From that time on he was never well again.

When morning came, the snow had stopped falling, and the weather was clear and cold. It was thought to be too cold in the bunkhouse, so services were to be held in the large kitchen of the ranch house. Long before nine the people began to arrive, so before the service the boys told everybody the story of the lost preacher. But they spoke very highly of his grit and were quite proud of being the ones to find him the night before. They were called to bring in some boards to sit on. If a long board was laid on two chairs, five or six people could sit down on it. As they had no small table, the sewing machine was rolled to the front to serve as the communion table.

The service began, the minister's clothes looking slightly shopworn after being dried by the stove. Yet he looked dignified to us. Anyway, this was no reading service. I will never forget that communion service. The kitchen was filled with men, women, and children. Even the children seemed to realize that this was special, for they all kept quiet. The minister behind the sewing machine read the form, and when he had broken the bread, it was so quiet that a pin could have been heard falling to the floor. Surely, here was the communion of the saints, in rather a strange setting to be sure. But we were all aware of the fact that "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them." §

“For Sale”: Advertising in Dutch Immigrant Communities

Harry Boonstra

Anyone need some whiskey or some Boerhave's Bitters or a psalmboek? How about a stump and grub extractor? Or maybe some of the best *Hollandsche koek*? The folks reading the *Sheboygan Nieuwsbode* or *De Hollander* in 1899 were tempted with advertisements acclaiming these and other wares. Like immigrants from most ethnic and cultural groups, the Dutch showed something of who they were in the newspapers they published. In his *The Immigrant Press and Its Control* (Harper, 1922), Robert E.

Eerlijkheid en duurzaamheid is de grondslag waarop onze fornuizen worden gefabriceerd door Hollanders.

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De Wachter, May 10, 1916, pp. 6-7

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DIT IS IETS NIEUWS. HET ZIET ER UIT ALS LINOLEUM, IS EVEN STERK MAAR KOST VEEL MINDER. OM ONZE VRIENDEN MET DIT ARTIKEL BEKEND TE MAKEN, HEBBEN WE DEN PRIJS TIJDELIJK ZEER LAAG GESTELD.

WARD-O-LEUM VOOR 64¢ PER YARD IS ZES VOET BREED. U KRIJGT DUS VOOR 64¢ EEN STUK VAN EEN YARD OF DRIE VOET LANG EN ZES VOET BREED. DIT NOEMT MEN HIER EEN "RUNNING YARD".

WARD-O-LEUM IS WATERDICHT. TREKT NOOIT OP. BLIJFT VLAK LIGGEN EN LEENT ZICH VOOR ELK VERBOD. ONDER ALLE WEERSGESTELDHEDEN BLIJFT ONS WARD-O-LEUM GELIJK.

DIT IS ECHTER MAAR EEN ARTIKEL UIT DE DUZENDEN IN ONZEN CATALOGUS AANGEGEVEN. WERKELIJK HIER IS EEN GELEGENHEID GELD TE BESPAREN. WANNEER U MONSTERS WENSCHT TE ZIEN, ZOO SCHRIJF ONS. HEBT U ONZEN VOORJAARS-CATALOGUS REEDS ONTVANGEN? HIER IS DE COUPON. SCHRIJVEN IS EVEN GEMAKKELIJK ALS UITSTELLEN, MAAR HET EERSTE GEEFT ALLEEN RESULTATEN.

HOOGACHTEND EN AANBEVELEND,

Montgomery Ward & Co.
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY,
FT. WORTH, PORTLAND.

DEPT. L. 137 S. V. P. invullen en opzenden
Mr. J. Hofstra.—Verzoek toezending van Catalogus.

Naam

Postkantoor Box

Staat R. N.

De Wachter, May 10, 1916, pp. 6-7

Park made the point that the advertising in the foreign-language papers often affords an accurate picture of many facets of immigrant life. This observation is certainly verified in the newspapers and magazines published in the Dutch immigrant communities. The language, the aspirations, the social climbing, the relation to the American community, the concerns of ordinary life—all these are reflected in advertisements. Indeed, the advertising columns of a newspaper at times probably gave a more truthful portrayal of immigrant

When you see the name

WHALE-BACK

Get down in your memory and never let it escape you that it means

a High Grade 5c Cigar

The Van den Berge Cigar Company

De Wachter, Aug. 23, 1916, p. 8

P. S. BOTER & CO.
16 West Eighth Street, Holland, Mich.

Qualiteit Wint

Onze Kleeren zijn vol waarde en distinctie. Daar is niemand in de stad die zulk een debiet heeft van Overjassen als wij. De Overjassen zijn zeer deugdelijk gemaakt en zeer net van patroon, niets dat opzienbarend is—slechts Jassen van de nieuwste mode zoover 't harmoniceert met goeden smaak.

We hebben een grooten voorraad van

Protector & Plain Collar Coats

in prijzen van

\$5 tot \$25

Ge kunt altijd iets beter doen door te koop van

BOTER

Society Brand



De Wachter, Dec. 29, 1909, p. 8

life than the editorial page did. A brief look at the ads of several Dutch papers in America will yield an interesting glimpse into the early years of immigration.

First, a look at the use of language in the advertisements. During the early years of immigration, Dutch was used almost exclusively; however, after 1900

some papers ran as many as half of their ads in English. Even when Dutch was used, the mother tongue was often corrupted in the ads. Dutch words were

Anglicized, and English words and phrases freely intermingled with the Dutch—no doubt very much as they did in daily speech. A few random examples illustrate the point—“Nog enkel fancy Coats tegen Cut Prices,” “Surplus en overdeelde winst,” “Waggens en Buggies,” “het splitten van Floorings,” “Clear Stof in Onze Dubbele Store.” And in 1932 Het Oosten regularly carried an ad offering “Dames Katoenen Bloesjes en Rayon Undies.” Learning the language was obviously important to the immigrants, and shopkeepers capitalized on the need by ads such as

CLOTHES

Men and young men can find their choice of styles and materials at our stores. A boundless array of stripes, checks, mixtures and solid patterns, plaids, etc.

Collegian Clothes \$15 to \$27.50
Other well-fitting makes at \$10 and \$12.50

Our stores are showing the newest and highest values in Neckwear, Shirts, Hose, Collars, Hats, Caps and Undergarments.

<p style="text-align: center;">Ladies' and Misses' Spring Coats</p> <p>Newest styles and fabrics at \$7.95 to 12.50</p> <p>Chinchilla Sport Coats at \$8.95 to 12.50</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Ladies' Tailored Suits</p> <p>Poplins, Serges, in pleasing models at \$12.95 to 20.00</p> <p>Children's Coats, Checks, Serges, Poplins, belted effects \$1.79 to 5.95</p>
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J. N. TROMPEN & CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

548-550 EASTERN AVE. 823-825 DIVISION AVE.
405-411 GRANDVILLE AVENUE

De Wachter, May 10, 1916, pp. 6-7

Hollandsche Theebladen



van Echt Nickel met fraai gedecoreerde Tegel of in Blauw Delft met Windmolen en Schepen.—Prijs \$5.00.

10 verschillende soorten Theestooftjes om uit te kiezen. Catalogus wordt op verzoek gratis toegezonden.

D. KWANTES,
551 Eastern Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

De Wachter, Sept. 6, 1916, p. 3

Van Nederland



Tegen toezending van postwissel van \$5.00 zenden wij u dit KEURIGE SET franco thuis.

JUIST IETS VOOR CHRISTMAS

D. KWANTES,
551 Eastern Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

De Wachter, Dec. 20, 1916, pp. 6-7

SLOAN'S
POPULAIRE MEDICIJNEN
worden verkocht bij
S. LAING EN H. S. MARSH TE SHEBOYGAN,
en bij *Winkeliers, Apothekers, enz., in bijna elke town in de Ver. Staten en Canada.*
GROOT GENEESMIDDEL!



SLOAN'S
beroemde huis-zalf,

Is zacht, nimmer nadelig en het grootste uitwendige geneesmiddel dat ooit gebruikt is. Het bestaat in atreksels van planten en bezit eens geneeskracht, onovertroffen in geneeskundige schriften ter geneezing van ontstekende ziekten.

Het is algemeen als eene onfeilbare remedie erkend, in elk geval waar het voor het menschlijk ligchaam is gebruikt geworden, ter bevordering van ongevuelige uitwasming, en is onschikbaar voor alle ongesteldheden van het vleesch. Booze zweren, oude wonden, winterhanden, zeere keel, braaden, snoden, huidziekten, zeere tepels, zwerende borst, oogziekten, ague in het gezigt, vliegende jigt, pijn in de zijde, rug en andere deelen des ligchaams, kwaad hoofd, kneuzingen of versche wonden, speen en allerlei zweren bevattende de minste ontsteking worden volkomen door dit grootte geneesmiddel geheeld.

HEELENDEN KRACHT.

Het is eene, zoowel hier als over den Staat en inderdaad over alle Westelijke Staten erkende *gaaftzaak*, dat Sloan's Medicijnen eene wijd uitgestrekte vermaardheid en roem hebben verkregen, welke zij met recht verdienen om derzelver *“heelende kracht.”* Wij behooren niet onder diegenen, die geneigd zijn om elk kwakzalverij die uitkomt, voor goed aan te nemen, hebben hierom onze goedkeuring uitgesteld, tot dat zij in staat waren om dubbel zeker te zijn, niet alleen door dezelve zelf persoonlijk te beproeven, maar van het getuigenis van eene ontelbare menigte der rondom ons wonende bevolking.—(Illinois Globe, 15 April 1850.)

SLOAN'S
Paarden & Hoornvee Medicijn.

Geen geneesmiddel heeft in gebruik zoo vele *buiten-gewoone geneezingen* veroorzaakt, en zulke *algemene ooldoening* in elken aard en graad van ziekte gegeven, of dat zulk eenen *grooten en snellen verkoop* heeft als *Sloan's Zalf* en *Conditie Poeder*.

De *zalf* verdrijft snel alle andere zalf en verzachtende middelen ter geneezing van versche wonden, allerhande gal-blaas, verrekking der pezen, kneuzingen, gekwetste pooten, ringbeen, gezwollen enkels, nekgezwel, wratten, spatien, fistel, zadel-knobbel, verwrikking, kreupelheid, stijve pooten, stramheid, schurft en paarden ziekte.

De *Conditie Poeder* verdrijft elke ontsteking en koorts, zuivert het bloed, maakt het vel los, reinigt het water en versterkt elk deel des ligchaams; en heeft een uitmuntend geneesmiddel voor de volgende ziekten getoond:

Stijfheid, ziekte, vastheid der huid, gebrek aan eel-lust, inwendige verrekking, geel water, ontsteking der oogen, vermoedens van narden arbeid; ook rhu-matisch (gewoonlijk stijfheid genoemd) hetwelk in dit land voor zoo menigpaard joodelijk is. Het is ook oek veilig en zeker middel voor hoest en verkoudheid, welke zoo vele noodlottige ziekten na zich slepen.

Deze remedies *schuden nimmer* en *genezen altijd*, indien de voorschriften worden opgevolgd.

Tot nadere informatie en eene *menigte bewijsstukken* van *belangrijke geneezingen*, haal boekjes bij de Agenten.
W. B. SLOAN.
j. 2 n 62. Hoofd-depot, 40 Lake Str., Chicago, Ill.

Sheboygan Nieuwsbode, April 4, 1851



Levertraan Vervalsching

LEVERTRAAN behoort ongekwijfeld tot die geneesmiddelen die meer dan anderen gevaar loopen vervalscht te worden, omdat een vervalsching ervan minder gemakkelijk te ontdekken is. Daarvan overtuigd zijnde en tevens doordrongen van de wenschelijkheid om zuivere, onvervalschte Levertraan te kunnen leveren, contracteeren wij ieder in winter een groote hoeveelheid tonnen, die ons direct van uit Noorwegen worden toegezonden. Opdat onze Levertraan aan al de eischen der zuiverheid zal voldoen, verpakken wij ze zelf in geele, maathoudende flesschen, met onze handteekening in rood. Daarom waarborgen wij onze Levertraan als volkomen zuiver en ongemengd, als de beste verkrijgbaar.

H. HAMSTRA & CO.
Importeurs van Nieuwe, Zuivere Noorwéegsche Levertraan

Vraag uw Drogist of Winkelier

De Van Ouds Bekende Doctor Aankerslein

Nieuwe Zuivere Noorwéegsche Levertraan

In Amerika ingevoerd door **H. Hamstra & Co.** Grand Rapids, Mich.

De Wachter, Dec. 29, 1909, p. 8

years there were hardly any non-Dutch advertisers there. The Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids papers, on the other hand, always carried an appreciable number of ads for products and services of people outside the Dutch community, but these ads were often in Dutch and often listed the name of a Dutch salesman.

The economic and social status perhaps even more clearly. The early years of Holland's *De Hollander* gave generous space to ads trying to locate missing cattle and offering the stump and grub



Niks, Met Je Nieuwe Soorten Koffie

EN JE GETEUT VAN „VOOR JE GEZONDHEID”. GEEF MIJ MAAR ZOON VISITE SNEEDJE POMPERNIKKEL MET KAAS EN EEN KOPJE

Hamstra's Hollandsche Java Thee

EN JE VOELT ZO HEERLIJK FRISCH ALSOF JE WEER IN HOLLAND ZIT. AL JAREN IS DIT MIJN GEWOONTE NU IK IN AMERIKA HAMSTRA'S HOLLANDSCHE THEE KAN KRIJGEN.

H. HAMSTRA & CO. Thee-Importeurs CHICAGO, ILL.

De Wachter, Dec. 20, 1916, pp. 6-7

extractor and other farm supplies. But, as the years passed, the emphasis became less strictly utilitarian: the gold watch became a prominent item, and after

1900 the ads for pianos and for music lessons speak of both greater affluence and an increased interest in the finer things of life. Also, whereas the early papers often showed a reliance on the non-Dutch community for professional services, later papers attest to the emergence of bankers, lawyers, and doctors from the immigrant ranks. But apparently not all medical personnel had their own transportation. A veterinarian advertised in the *Sioux Center Nieuwsblad* that he could be summoned at night “if someone will fetch me.” (One macabre sidelight speaks of the realistic evaluation of the medical profession of that day. In the 1906 issues of *De Gids*, the professional directory always had the

doctors followed immediately by *lijkbezorgers*, that is, the undertakers.) Another increasingly apparent fact of immigrant life was that economic realities made it possible and sometimes



SLAAPT UW KIND GOED

Een vredig, rustig slapen is gewoonlijk een teeken dat uw kind goed gezond is en wel gevoed wordt. Als het kind onrustig is, veel schreit, dan is het eerste waarop moet worden toegezien het voedsel dat uw kind ontvangt. Naast de moedermelk is

Geil Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK THE ORIGINAL

het zuiverst, beste en gemakkelijkste klaar gemaakt voedsel, dat duizende zwakke zuigelingen heeft medegeholpen op te groeien tot sterke en gezonde personen.

Knip deze Coupon uit en zend heden naar **Borden's Condensed Milk Company, New York City, N. Y.** en gij ontvangt kosteloos een boekje van 52 bladzijden, gedrukt in 't Hollandsch, „Welvaren van het Kind”, dat u mededeelt hoe uw kind gezond en wel kan opgroeien.

Naam

Adres

De Wachter, Sept. 6, 1916, p. 5

necessary for certain immigrants to move again in order to find work. The lure of financial improvement elsewhere was always kept alive by large ads from other Dutch settlements. A 1907 ad in *De Wachter* featured a full-page spread of Billings, Montana, complete with nine photographs of successful settlers, and an 1858 ad reads, “2000 Arbeiders worden verlangd aan den La Crosse en Milwaukee Spoorweg.”

Advertising also reflected the social taboos of the immigrant communities. Announcements of circuses, plays, and

HOLLANDSCHE KOLONIE "PRINSBURG," IN MINNESOTA.

HET AANTAL KOOPERS NEEMT GESTADIG TOE.

De Oogst is Uitstekend in tegenstelling van de meeste Plaatsen in het Noordwesten, waar alles verdroogd is.

Overal zijn nieuwe huizen verrezen en groote stukken prairie zijn allerwege omgeploegd.

Wekelijksche Excursies van Chicago of Milwaukee, voor Tien Dollars.

VOLMAAKTE "TITLES" WORDEN GEGARANDEERD. GOEDEKOPE PRIJZEN EN GEMAKKELIJKE BETALINGSCONDITIEN.

SCHRIJF AAN DE ONDERGETEEKENDEN OF HUNNE AGENTEN.

JOHN R. VAN DAM, Grand Haven, Mich.; ALBERT RIDDERING, Drenthe, Mich.; P. PFANSTIEL, Holland, Mich.; HENRY LANGELAND, Muskegon, Mich.; LOUIS SIKKENGA, Montague, Mich.; JOHN DIJS, Grand Rapids, Mich.; J. GLAS, Kalamazoo, Mich. —1919

PRINS & KOCH,
NO. 51 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

De Hope, Feb. 2, 1887

movies were conspicuously absent. Only *De Standard* of 1916-1917 carried movie ads. Liquor was advertised sporadically, probably indicative of the conflicting opinions about the prohibition movement. The most conspicuous liquor ads were found in the *Sheboygan Nieuwsbode*, where Becher and Drossel advertised "Brandewijn, Hollandsche Jenever, Wijnen, Likeuren, Ohio Whiskey." Sometimes the storekeepers

In his discussion of advertising in the foreign-language press, Park asserts that patent medicine and fraudulent advertising flourished much longer in the foreign-language press than in the English press. The Dutch press certainly had its share—complete with pictures, testimonials, and extravagant claims. If the readers would swallow a sufficient amount of a certain medicine, they would forever after be cured of malaria, asthma, bronchitis, influenza, pleurisy, whopping cough, rheumatism, stomach and kidney maladies, and female problems.

Perhaps the public believed all the claims, but were the editors honestly convinced of the curative powers of the drugs, or was the financial reward which the ads supplied too tempting to turn down? Except for the advertisements, the papers said very little about patent medicines. A notable exception was a series of hard-hitting articles in *De Wachter* in February 1907. The writer attacks most of the patent-medicine ads as "mendacious, pernicious, and ungodly" and by implication condemns the papers (including his own) for running the ads.

While these advertisements demonstrated the immigrants' weaknesses and foibles, they also sketched a story of tenacity, hard work, and triumphs. The rise from stump-pulling settlers to bankers, doctors, and executives in three generations, as well as the changing cultural aspirations of the Dutch immigrants, is chronicled vividly in the advertisements of the Dutch-immigrant newspapers. §

—This article is partially based on the author's Master's thesis in Library Science at the University of Chicago: "Dutch-American Newspapers and Periodicals in Michigan, 1850-1925."

Dr. M. Veenboer, Genees- Heel- en Verloskundige.

Gegradueerd en Professor van het P. M. College te Indianapolis. Post-Graduate van de twee voornaamste medische scholen in het land, zijnde de Polyclinic en de Post Graduate School of Medicine te New York. Beroepen professor aan de Universiteit van Florida in de leer der Geneesmiddelen en ook laatstelijk beroepen als professor in de Gezondheidsleer aan het P. College te Chicago.

De Oudste Hollandsche Dokter in deze stad, in Professie.

Dr. Veenboer, wiens kantoor in No. 157- Monroe straat (boven) te Grand Rapids is, zal Donderdags niet in zijn kantoor te spreken zijn.

Herinner dat hij een specialiteit maakt van Huid- en Chronische ziekten—ook TUMORS—en kan deswege geraadpleegd worden op alle andere werkdagen, 's morgens van 10 tot 12, 's middags van 3 tot 5 en Zondags morgens tusschen 9 en 10 ure. Des avonds alleen op Dinsdag en Zaterdag avond, tusschen 7 en 8 ure. Telephone No. 1087. Woonplaats, hoek Hastings en Livingston straten.

23-17.

BEREKEN HET ONDERHOUD VAN UW EIGEN TANDEN

VERONACHTZAAM DEZE HOOG AANBEVELING NIET
Breng ons een bezoek. Wij geven garantie voor ons tandenkundig werk tegen prijzen die geen aanbeveling behoeven.

\$1 SPECIAAL

Tandtrekken zonder pijn

X-stralen photo's

Pyorrhoea behandeling

Schoonmaken en

Prophylaxis

Gouden kronen en brugwerk

Vulling met zilver of porselein

Herstelwerk voor gebroken platen—voor zenuwachtige patienten de allerbeste behandeling.



RUBBER PLATEN

Speciaal\$10

Economy Plaat 15

Kunst-sluit-plaat 25

DR. SAVIET — Dentist — Sedert 1916

Phone Sh. 2-7856 — Hours 9-7

58 BROADWAY

Hoek Main St. — Boven de sigaren winkel

PATERSON, N. J.

Het Oosten, March 3, 1932

Van Raalte and Scholte: A Soured Relationship and Personal Rivalry

Robert P. Swierenga

In the 1830s Hendrik P. Scholte (1805-1868) and Albertus C. Van Raalte (1811-1876), his understudy, first became friends as students in the theological faculty of the University of Leiden. In 1834-1835 they together led the Secession movement from the Netherlands Hervormde Kerk and helped organize the Seceder emigration to America. Then they both emigrated at the head of large bands of followers. Until January 1847 they planned to settle together and build a



Albertus C. Van Raalte, 1811-1876.



Hendrik Pieter Scholte, 1805-1868.

rolling prairies of Iowa.

From then on these erstwhile friends and religious associates became archrivals in recruiting immigrants to their settlements—Holland, Michigan, and Pella, Iowa. Religiously they also parted company. Van Raalte aligned himself with the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of the East; Scholte remained independent and founded his own congregation, the Christian Church of Pella. The breach between the founding fathers of the two major Dutch colonies in America was not only a personal tragedy; it also had major consequences for the immigration and hastened the subsequent dispersion of the Dutch throughout the West.

These two immigrant leaders were

major Dutch colony in the heartland of the United States. But when Van Raalte, who departed first, unexpectedly chose a heavily forested site in Western Michigan, Scholte refused to join him and instead opted for the

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destined to clash, and no single colony could have contained them both. No stable can have two stallions. Van Raalte and Scholte were born leaders with steel in their bones. They set ambitious goals and had the self-discipline to reach them. They both wore many hats—*dominie* (“lord”) in church life, land dealer, town planter, banker, physician, businessman, publicist, newspaper editor, school inspector, and, for Scholte, justice of the peace, lawyer, realtor, and politician. Moreover, their personalities and religious temperaments differed so much that it was difficult for them to keep cordial personal relations. It was thus better for both men that they lived and worked five hundred miles apart.

Nevertheless, for fifteen years, from 1832 until 1847, Scholte and Van Raalte as Christian brothers maintained the bonds of friendship and cooperation. In a series of very personal letters between the men, Van Raalte addressed Scholte as “Dearly Beloved Brother” and “Dearly Beloved Friend and Brother in Christ.”¹ Their falling out occurred in America, not in the Netherlands. And even then, both desired to maintain a cordial, if not warm, relationship. Van Raalte from the outset looked up to Scholte, five years his senior, who was the intellectual giant among the Seceders and a pacesetter in the emigration with the financial bankroll to back it up. Because Van Raalte so heavily relied upon Scholte for guidance and advice, his disappointment and disillusion-

ment with Scholte’s spirit of independence was even greater.

Hendrik P. Scholte

Scholte was born into a wealthy evangelical-Lutheran family in Amsterdam that had for several generations owned businesses in the sugar-refining industry. The family, one generation removed from its native Germany, lived in a fashionable district and became staunch Orangists during the Napoleonic occupation. So business and politics ran in Scholte’s blood, and he always had a cosmopolitan outlook. When Hendrik was seventeen, his father died, and Hendrik took over managing the

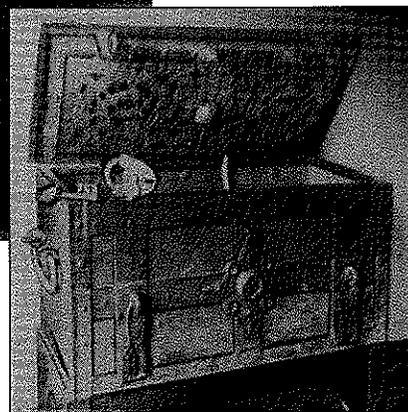
business for six years until age twenty-three, when the death of his mother and his only sibling freed him to join the Netherlands Reformed Church (Hervormde Kerk) and go to the University of Leiden. With a f40,000

parents and brother only intensified his religious convictions and inclined him to study for the ministry.²

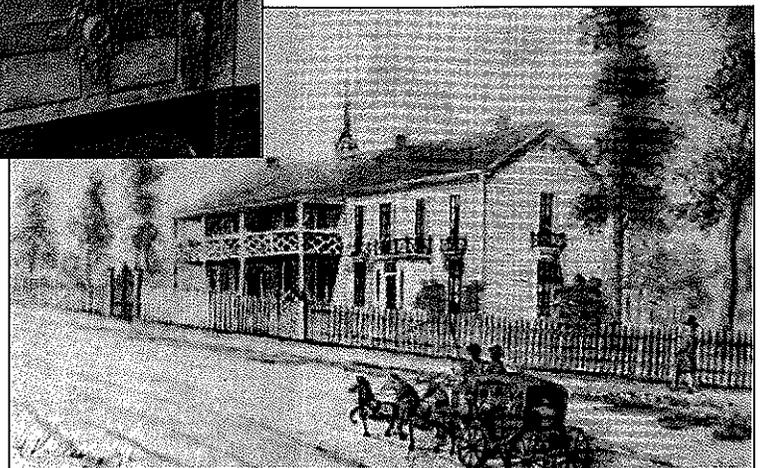
Leaders of the Swiss Revèil in Amsterdam, notably Isaac Da Costa, a brilliant lawyer and Jewish convert to the Reformed faith—and Scholte’s mentor—instilled in Scholte the hope of a great Calvinist revival in the Dutch national church, which had succumbed to the rationalism of the Enlightenment. Scholte brought this reformist vision to Leiden in 1829, where he and five like-minded students soon clashed with the professors. The students skipped classes to study with lay leaders in town, notably Willem Bilderdijk, the father of the Dutch Revèil, and Johannes Le Fébvré, a pious old grain merchant. Scholte gathered the rebels into his Scholte Club, which included the future brothers-in-law Albertus Van Raalte, Anthony Brummelkamp, and Simon Van Velzen, all of whom married daughters of the prominent De Moen family of Leiden, which also favored the religious awakening. Scholte had already graduated when Van Raalte joined the club, so Van Raalte never developed as close a personal relationship with him as did the other members.³ The youthfulness of these “soldiers of the cross” is noteworthy; Scholte was the oldest at twenty-nine, and Van Raalte and Brummelkamp were the youngest at



Scholte composite, from the Path of Delft, by Muriel Kooi.



inheritance and no family obligations, he might have dissipated his fortune, but the early deaths of his



only twenty-three. The radical students were marked men, but all except Van Raalte graduated and entered the ministry of the Hervormde Kerk before the authorities could marshal their forces.

Albericus C. Van Raalte

Van Raalte grew up a "preacher's kid" in the family of a prominent Hervormde parsonage, and after completing the gymnasium program in 1830, he enrolled at the University of Leiden. Meanwhile, his father, whom he much admired, had died, and great Albericus himself faced death in 1832. These events inspired him to follow in his father's footsteps, and he entered the theological seminary. All the six members of the church in Leiden. Van Raalte had the honor to graduate last, in 1835, and his path into the pastorate was paved by professors and church members who refused to recommend him for candidacy. This rejection was doubly painful because Van Raalte had a strong desire to remain in the church of which his mother and father had remained faithful members.⁵

Organization of 1833-1835

In 1833-1835 the protest movement grew to a head and gained a name, the "seceding" or "secession," under the leadership of Hendrik De Cock in Noord-Holland, Hendrik Scholte in Noord-Brabant, Anthony Brummelkamp in Zeeland, Albericus Van Raalte in Friesland, and Cornelius Van der Meer in Zeeland, among others. In 1833 Scholte took the initiative and invited the leaders to convene at Rotterdam for the first synod, which was organized by Van Raalte and Scholte. Van Raalte was in the ministry, but he was not in agreement on church-order matters and he hampered the synod. At its conclusion the body adopted a new church order, written by Scholte, but Van Raalte rejected it and formed a new denomination, the Reformed



Drawing of a field preacher illustrating the activity of Van Raalte and the other seceded pastors in the Netherlands.

Church Under the Cross (Gereformeerde Kerk onder het Kruis) and reaffirmed their commitment to the Dordt church order.⁶

By 1838 bitter feelings against Scholte surfaced in the infant denomination, and Van Raalte made a special point of visiting Scholte at his home in Utrecht to discuss the situation. "I believe . . . our discussion served to revive brotherly love," Van Raalte wrote his wife, adding, "I fear that the devil quietly, through suspicion and distrust, causes destructive schism and friction among the brothers."⁷

The dissenting church grew rapidly in the years from 1835 to 1839, despite numerous "brothers' quarrels" caused by differing personalities and visions of the true church. Three main factions emerged. On the right was the rural and very orthodox northern-based party of Van Velzen and Hendrik De Cock, who wanted to restore the Dordtian traditions of historic Dutch Calvinism. In the center was the urbane and liberal southern-based party of Van Raalte and Brummelkamp, who defended a

free church polity and liberty of conscience. On the left stood Scholte, who wanted to restore the pure form of primitive Christianity in a congregational structure. In 1840 Scholte, charged with slandering Van Velzen, was expelled by the Seceder church synod when he refused to apologize. Van Velzen's three brothers-in-law, Brummelkamp, Van Raalte, and C.G. De Moen, led the charge. Scholte thereafter moved farther toward the fringe by espousing a separatistic, premillennial, nonconfessional Christianity—"no creed but the Bible." He went into nontraditional paths that led to "ecclesiastical anarchy," according to Van Raalte. As E.W. Kennedy recently wrote in an illuminating article in the *Church Herald*, Scholte deserves to be studied anew, since his way of nondenominational congregationalism and biblicism has become dominant in American evangelicalism.⁸

Surprisingly, Scholte actually showed up at the 1843 Seceder synod, and, as the delegates worshiped together, the peacemaker Van Raalte

seized the moment to attempt a reconciliation by offering a resolution to endorse the Dordt church order. Scholte refused, as did Brummelkamp, Van Raalte's own brother-in-law. At this, Van Raalte and twenty-one delegates left the meeting. But Brummelkamp and Van Raalte continued to befriend Scholte thereafter, and Scholte offered to come to Arnhem to teach in Brummelkamp's theological school. Scholte was not only very talented, said Brummelkamp in a letter to Van

Raalte, but also wealthy enough to work without a salary. "Is it not foolish," Brummelkamp added, "to let Scholte with all his talents be discarded and ignored because he is still in trouble, while at the same time we feel we are in trouble up to our ears?"

The reference was to the division evident among the Seceders at the 1843 synod.⁹

Seceders Consider Emigration

The deposition of Scholte did not end cooperation between Van Raalte and himself. When thousands of Seceders in 1844 began considering overseas emigration to escape social ostracism and economic hardship, the two men worked harmoniously again. They cooperated first in a plan to establish a colony of Seceders in Java in the

Netherlands East Indies. Scholte presented the proposal in person to the ministry in The Hague. When the government balked at the project, the men agreed to investigate vacant land in the upper Mississippi Valley above St. Louis, where an advance party of Scholte's followers, led by Hendrik Barendregt, had already gone. In May 1846 Scholte wrote positively about overseas emigration of Seceders in his periodical *De Reformatie*, and Van Raalte and Brummelkamp penned an



Drawing depicting A.C. Van Raalte's arrest for leading unauthorized worship.

emotional letter to leaders of the Reformed Church in America appealing for assistance for the arriving Seceders.¹⁰ Rev. Thomas De Witt of New York's Collegiate Church read the letter shortly before visiting the Netherlands, where he met with Scholte to learn more about the movement. Van Raalte was bedridden at the time with typhus. While recuperating, he made his decision to emigrate with his family and settle in the same vicinity (*de zelfde streek*) as Scholte.¹¹

Already in early July Scholte had decided to go to America, and in August he founded an emigration society at Utrecht, composed of seventy families mainly from Zuid-Holland and Utrecht. The society was directed by a committee of delegates from the various congregations. "Although they were unable to tell to just which part of the United States they would be going," Scholte reported in *De Reformatie*, "they had at that [August] meeting primarily Iowa in mind as being most suitable for colonization."¹² Scholte had his eye on Iowa prairie land because he had read about it in German travel guides; the society collected enough money to buy 11,000 acres there. The vanguard of the Scholte party left Rotterdam on October 2, one month after Van Raalte had departed, and headed for St. Louis via New Orleans. Scholte sent them off with instructions to link up with the Van Raalte party and steer them to Iowa.

The Emigration

Van Raalte had departed first, in September of 1846, because Scholte's infant child had died and his wife was seriously ill. This tragedy delayed Scholte until the spring of 1847. Otherwise, Scholte would have headed up the emigration, just as he had instigated it. Scholte had reported that Van Raalte's plan was to go to the same region that the Utrecht society had in mind, namely, Iowa. Thus, several families of Scholte's group joined Van Raalte, "who took upon himself the responsibility of exploring the different districts and sending back the necessary maps as soon as possible."¹³ Barendregt wrote Scholte in mid-December to say that Van Raalte's party had not yet arrived at St. Louis but was expected shortly.

The basis for Scholte's belief that Van Raalte was headed for Iowa is unclear, because from the outset Van



Illustration by Hubert, 1847. *The Illustrated London News*, April 10, 1847.

party leaned strongly toward Wisconsin, where a number of seceders had already settled. But Van Raalte had tried to keep an open mind, and he intended to meet Barendregt in St. Louis during his scouting trip to Illinois.

When the Van Raalte party arrived in New York in mid-November of 1846, the Wit of the Collegiate Church gave them a warm welcome. They pressed on for Wisconsin immediately because the lake steamers were slow to stop running for the season. The party left New York by stagecoach for Albany, and to save some time Van Raalte chose train transport from Albany to Buffalo instead of the cheaper but slower Erie Canal boats. The group was delayed at Buffalo for three days by gale-force winds. On November 27 they sailed for Detroit, then the state capital, on the lake steamer *Great Western*. This proved not unexpectedly to be the last voyage of the season because the ice came early that year. As Albert Barendregt puts it, "Only the icy wind of winter prevented them from

executing their plan."¹⁴ If the party had crossed the Atlantic in the normal four to five weeks, instead of six weeks, they would have gone directly from Detroit to Milwaukee. De Witt kept Scholte fully apprised by letters of Van Raalte's progress.¹⁵

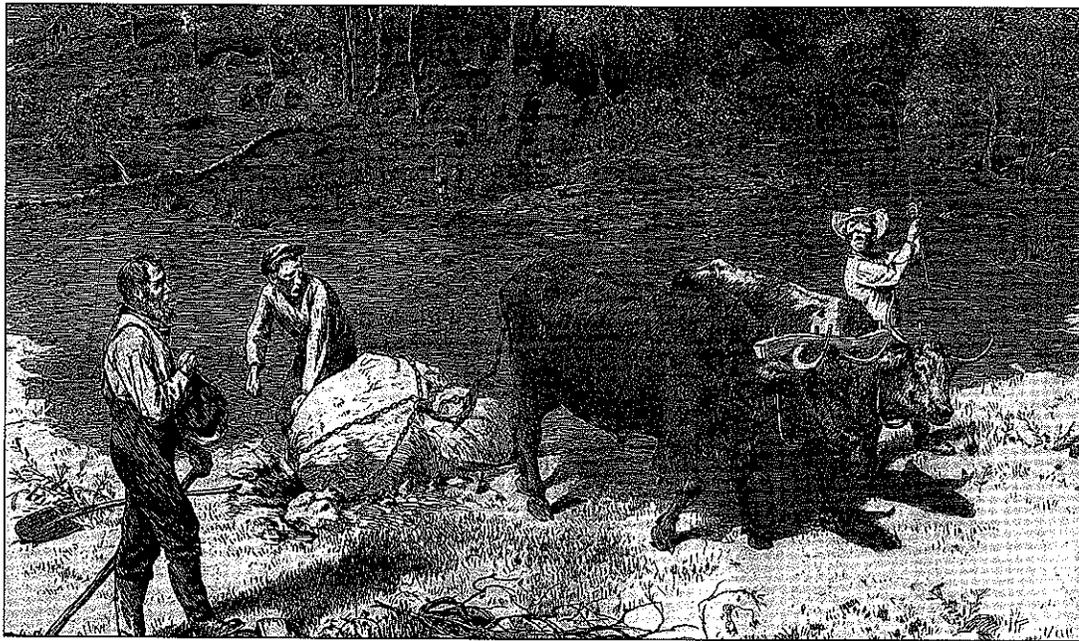
Since Van Raalte could not reach Wisconsin over the Mackinac straits by water, he wanted to proceed immediately by train to Kalamazoo (then the end of the line) and from there by stagecoach to St. Joseph and across southern Lake Michigan by steamer to Chicago and Milwaukee. But the dominie feared running out of funds if he had to bring the entire group to Milwaukee by rail, stage, and ship. Only \$400 remained in the common purse. So the party wintered in Detroit, and the delay gave Van Raalte time to explore his options, which were also severely limited by the winter season.

Van Raalte Chooses Michigan

Van Raalte meanwhile began to have doubts about Wisconsin because in Detroit he was enticed by Michigan

boosters and promoters to consider Michigan.¹⁶ These men—notably Theodore Romeyn, old Knickerbocker Presbyterian minister Ova Hoyt in Kalamazoo, and Judge John Kellogg in Allegan—convinced him to choose the Black Lake site. In late December 1846 Van Raalte left Detroit alone for a month-long scouting trip to Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Michigan still did not figure prominently in his plans. He carried letters of introduction from Rev. Duffield in Detroit to Presbyterian colleagues in Kalamazoo, Chicago, Lockport, Milwaukee, and St. Louis. His plan was to go first to southern Wisconsin via Chicago and then to go west on horseback to La Crosse and down the Mississippi River to St. Louis to meet up with Scholte's advance party. "I urge you," Van Raalte wrote Brummelkamp, "to pray fervently and earnestly for the Lord's leading in this matter." The Lord answered his prayer before this letter reached the Netherlands. He never got farther than Kalamazoo, the first stop on his western trip.¹⁷

In Kalamazoo Rev. Hoyt, who



Clearing land on the woodland frontier.

impressed Van Raalte as “a man of influence, and with a cordial interest in the Holland immigration,” convinced him first to investigate the area of Western Michigan along the Grand River, where government land was still available in large blocks. Hoyt put him in contact with Judge Kellogg of Allegan, who owned many acres in northern Allegan County and happened to be in Kalamazoo just then. Kellogg offered to show the dominie potential sites around Ada, Ionia, and Saugatuck. Van Raalte agreed and accompanied Kellogg to Allegan.

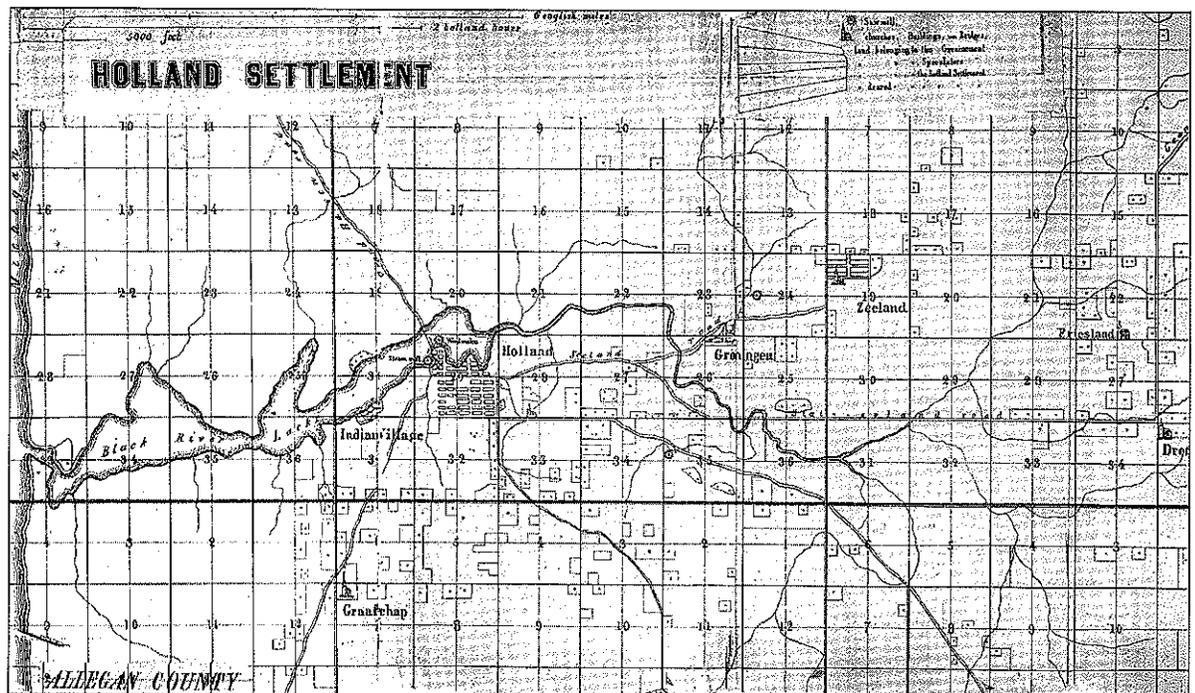
That Hoyt and Kellogg were persuasive is revealed in Van Raalte’s letter to his wife, written on Christmas Eve, in

which he opined that the judge was a “true, righteous, and intelligent person” and that he was grateful to have “fallen into such good hands . . . More and more I am coming to believe that Michigan will become the state in which we shall establish our home.”¹⁸ On Christmas Day Kellogg

and Van Raalte, with an Indian guide, set out to check northern Allegan and southern Ottawa counties, and the rest is history. Van Raalte chose Michigan even before consulting his followers—and before making contact with Barendregt in St. Louis.

Van Raalte found the forests appealing because his mostly poor people, who hailed from the sandy, forested eastern Netherlands, could exploit the woodland resources. Scholte’s group, however, came from the flat, clay-soil western Netherlands, and they wanted and could afford to pay for

productive lands ready for the plow. “It would be impossible,” Van Raalte noted, “to be located in the wilderness [of Wisconsin or Iowa] with such a penniless group without waterways and an abundant forest.”¹⁹ Woodlands provided an immediate source of income. Trees were like money in the



Holland Settlement map, ca 1855.

bank, a gift of God waiting to be exploited. Forests can become fertile prairies after being logged, but prairies cannot grow trees in the same amount of time.

True, forests cause problems for farming and road building, but they enable craftsmen to earn a good income as coopers, basket weavers, tanners, carpenters, joiners, and cabinetmakers; businessmen can open steam sawmills, distilleries, and bakeries; and manufacturers can build furniture and ships and wharves if the forests are near navigable water. The huge trees also can provide the raw materials for roof shingles, tar, pitch, potash, tannin, and maple sugar, all of which are marketable in large cities like Chicago for cash. The milder climate near Lake Michigan could also produce excellent fruits and cranberries. Trees could furnish free firewood and building materials for houses and barns, which on the prairies had to be brought in at great cost. Pigs could root among the acorns in the woods, and cattle could graze on the forest grasses, even in the winter.²⁰

Moreover, forest work required heavy manual labor, so there would always be work for newcomers “who have capable hands.” Learning to use the axe and adze, however, was no mean feat for the Dutchmen who had little prior experience with forest enterprises. Many an errant blow injured feet and legs, and many a tree fell in the wrong direction until Americans nearby could instruct the Dutch in the skills of axe and saw. Forestlands had other advantages as well. The soil was guaranteed to be fertile, said Van Raalte; to prove it, he pointed to the many huge trees. Farmers could plant Indian corn and potatoes among the stumps as soon as the trees were felled in windrows. And the forest settlers would not have to bear the great expense of a three-yoke ox team manned by three men to break

the tough prairie sod, as they would in Iowa.

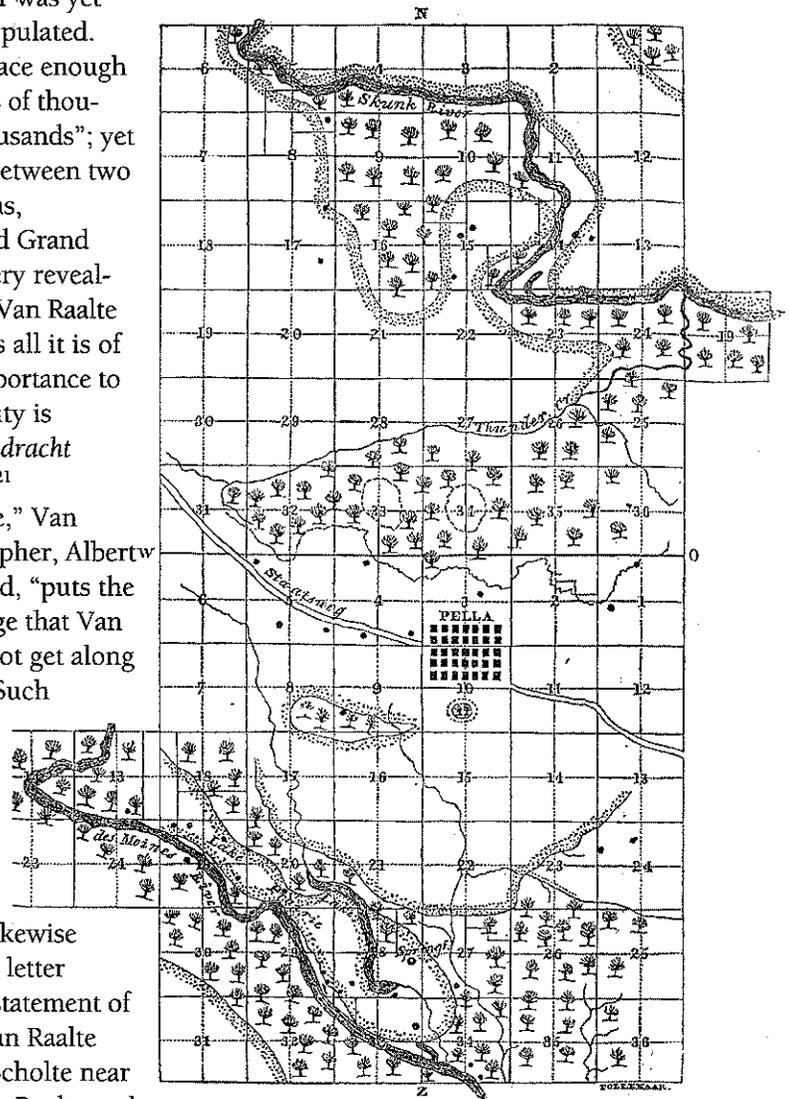
Van Raalte still hoped to persuade Scholte to join him in Holland, the name he had chosen for the new township. Writing to Brummelkamp on January 30, Van Raalte restated his desire to keep the people together: “We had wished this, also Scholte had desire it . . . I felt the need of sensible brothers near me; I hope Brother Scholte will not go to Iowa; I believe that he cannot do better than to settle in Michigan. If Brother Scholte does not wish to be on the Black River, then there is opportunity on the other rivers—the Grand and Kalamazoo.” Van Raalte noted that the watershed of the Black River was yet virtually unpopulated. There was “space enough for settlements of thousands and thousands”; yet it lay nestled between two populated areas, Kalamazoo and Grand Haven. In a very revealing statement Van Raalte added, “For us all it is of the utmost importance to be united, ‘unity is strength’ (*eendracht maakt macht*).²¹

“This desire,” Van Raalte’s biographer, Albert Hyma, declared, “puts the lie to the charge that Van Raalte could not get along with Scholte. Such certainly was by no means the case.” Scholte’s biographer, Lubbertus Oostendorp, likewise stated that this letter disproves the statement of Dosker that Van Raalte did not want Scholte near him.²² But Van Raalte and

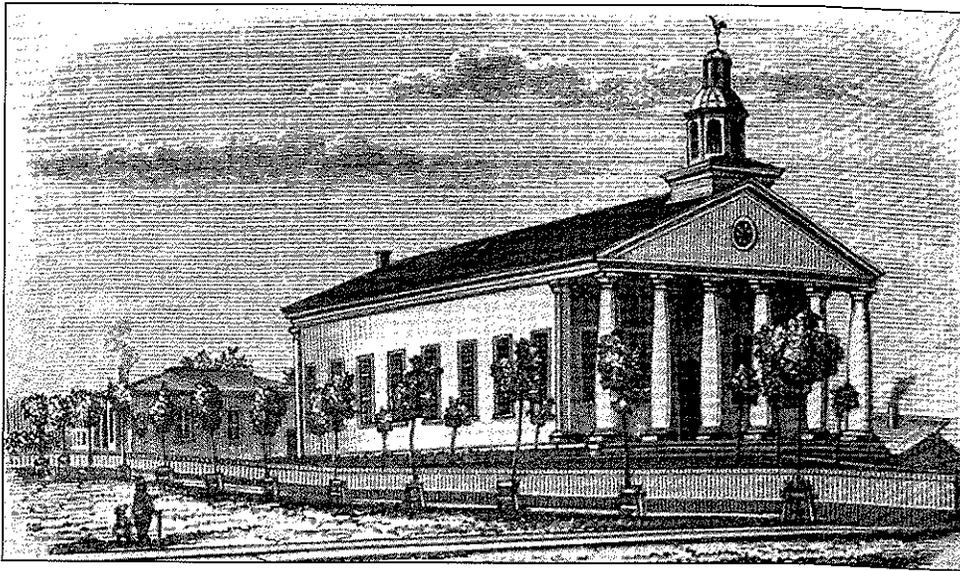
not Scholte had broken the tacit agreement to settle in Iowa or Wisconsin. And by being the first to plant a colony, Van Raalte forced all the other Seceder leaders in the Netherlands to address the big question: to join or not to join Van Raalte.²³

The Breakup of a Friendship

Van Raalte must have had an inkling that his Michigan decision would jeopardize the dream of one big Holland in America. He knew Scholte’s strong independent character and the slim chance that he would yield. Indeed, when Scholte learned that Van Raalte had chosen a site in Western Michigan instead of linking



Map of Pella area.



1870 engraving of Van Raalte's Pillar Church on Ninth Street.

up with Barendregt at St. Louis, he considered it a betrayal and parted company. Michigan was an "unlucky choice," he declared. It was unhealthy, isolated, without good roads, and in the control of land speculators. "In Albany and New York people expect the outcome will be bad," Scholte lamented.²⁴ Scholte's low view of Michigan was confirmed by a letter from a friend who had journeyed from Wisconsin to Ottawa County and was so disappointed that he returned immediately to Wisconsin.

Scholte, in a tone dripping with sarcasm, wrote prospective immigrants that he did not wish to detract from the value of timberland nor "from the pleasure of hearing the warble of birds in the cool shade of virgin forests. I had, however, experienced enough of real life to know that stumps of trees are disagreeable obstacles to farmers, and that the value of wood decreases very much when everything is wood." Scholte continued, "The Hollanders who were coming to North America were more prosaic than poetic and consequently thought not so much of pleasing their eyes and ears as of buying suitable land for farms, the easier to cultivate the better." They are

not at all inclined "to prefer axe to spade or to become dealers in wood." Moreover, he read in a New York newspaper advertisement that the Michigan Hollanders were raving about a certain medicinal pill, notwithstanding Van Raalte's claims about the healthfulness of the colony. Michigan, "as everywhere else in the world, had to wrestle with indisposition and disease," Scholte concluded.²⁵ The Iowa leader also predicted sourly that Van Raalte's hopes for a good lake harbor would always remain a pipe dream. This was Scholte's tit for tat rebuttal to Van Raalte's charge that Pella was too far removed from waterways.²⁶

Competition for the Zeelanders

Competition for immigrants became the name of the game for the now rival promoters. Scholte charged Van Raalte with an unseemly promotion of Michigan: "Van Raalte is trying to get people there; he has become a regular American." In another letter Scholte complained that in New York agents "cause all kinds of difficulty in urging arriving Hollanders to go to Michigan; Van Raalte is not innocent of it."²⁷

But Scholte worked just as hard to

recruit newcomers, as is evident from his contacts with the newly arriving Zeelanders. This group of Seceders was led by the Rev. Cornelius Van der Meulen and the wealthy landowner and elder Jannes Van de Luyster. Most Zeeland Seceders followed Scholte in the early years because Van der Meulen had studied for the ministry in his parsonage and Scholte's church at Doeveren was nearby.²⁸ Beginning in the early 1840s, however, the Zeelanders had a falling out with Scholte over issues of church governance and other matters, and they gradually went over to Van Raalte. Yet the situation was still very fluid in 1847.

Since his was the first of three Zeelander contingents to arrive at New York in June of 1847, Van de Luyster had the responsibility by prior agreement to select the site for the colony. The choices were to join Van Raalte or to accompany Scholte to Iowa, where the latter was heading at that very time to select land. Before leaving the Netherlands, the association members had agreed to join Van Raalte, and Van de Luyster had sent a letter to Holland ordering the construction of four shelters for the arriving Zeelanders. But Scholte met the Zeelanders at the dock in New York to try to change their minds. He found Van de Luyster willing to listen and convinced him that Van Raalte had made a big mistake in choosing Holland, for the reasons already recited.

Van de Luyster was persuaded, and he even contracted with railroad companies for tickets to Iowa for his entire party. Scholte then left for St. Louis, believing the Zeelanders were following him. But certain members of the Zeeland group, led by the young ministerial candidate Cornelius Van Malsen, who had studied under Brummelkamp, had second thoughts about Iowa, Van Malsen and a small

ad hoc committee consulted with Rev. Isaac Wyckoff, pastor of Second Reformed Church at Albany and a friend of the immigrants. They also spoke in Buffalo with the noted Judge Van der Pool, who was knowledgeable about the Midwest. The committee then concluded that Michigan was preferable to Iowa. Van de Luyster accepted the decision and managed to break the transportation contract to St. Louis without penalty and arranged instead for tickets to Holland. Thus, after a series of wavering decisions, due largely to a lack of good informa-

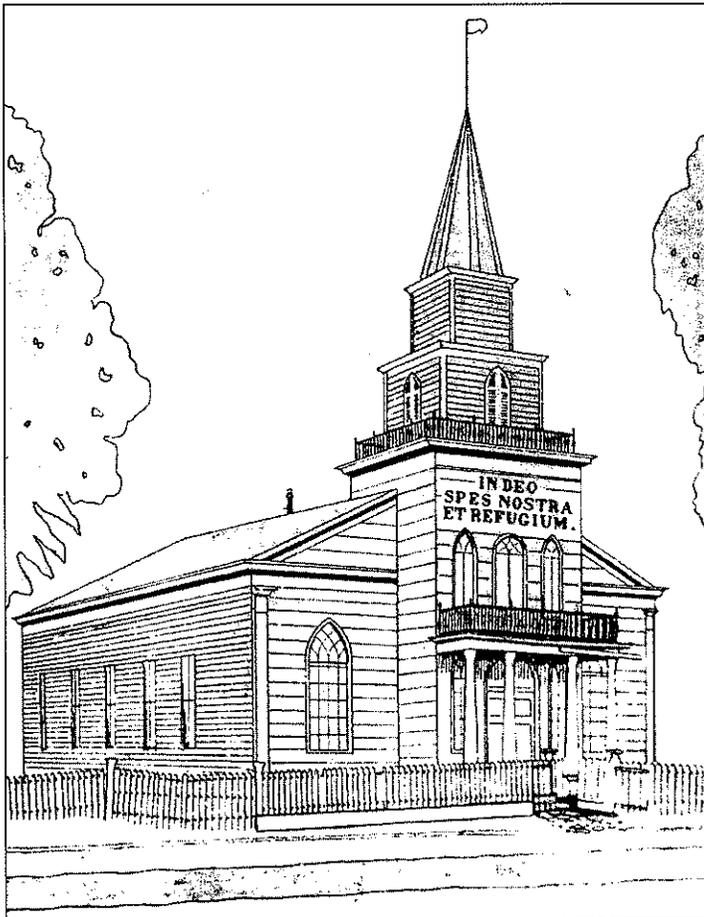
a site. Perhaps the fact that Van Raalte had a warmer personality also helped his cause. Van Malsen's sister, Cornelia, in a letter to her father in the Netherlands, reported that Scholte had convinced Van de Luyster to change plans "in a none too Christian manner."²⁹ The letter does not elaborate on this cryptic comment. But A.N. Wormser of Burlington, Iowa, captured the skeptical mood of many Hollanders when he said, "The information given by Revs. Scholte and Van Raalte is charlatan in nature, given only to attract people to the colonies."³⁰

Scholte from the outset got the pick of the immigrants. Gerrit Van Schelven, the first serious historian of the immigration, recalled that Scholte sent word to the Netherlands that the open prairie required immigrants with money. Van Raalte sent the opposite message, that poor folks were welcome in Holland. "And both were right in this," Van Schelven concluded.³¹ Jacob Van der Zee in his book *Hollanders of Iowa* reported that "Scholte is said to have led 'the

as Iowa attracted to her fertile prairies during the same period." Only those with capital could afford Iowa lands, while the many poorer people could get a start in the forests of Michigan. Moreover, said Van der Zee, Van Raalte's character and more effective promotion methods won the day. Within months of founding Holland, Van Raalte published a lengthy pamphlet in the Netherlands entitled *Holland in America, or the Dutch Colony in the State of Michigan*, which explained the rationale for his choice, described the advantages of the locale over Pella, noted the economic opportunities in America, and suggested the best travel routes for prospective settlers. Most effective were the testimonials from "trustworthy men" that the forestlands of Michigan were healthier and better served with water supplies than the semiarid prairies of Iowa, where the rotting of the turned-over prairie sod produced a vapor, a miasma, that causes sicknesses in the first years. Although this belief about the miasma of the prairies was misguided American folk wisdom, Van der Zee noted that Van Raalte's pamphlet hit home because of its attractive style and informative content.³³

Scholte had the last word, however. Van Raalte soon learned to his chagrin that the damp forests and swamps were less healthy than open prairies and that the cutover lands did not make for good farmland. Many died of malaria the first year, and latecomers had to spread far to the north and east in search of better land to farm. Rev. Pieter Zonne of Milwaukee wrote to a Seceder leader in Amsterdam in September of 1847,

The death rate in Michigan must be high. Rev. Van R. wrote us that there is much malaria. It is obvious that Michigan is very unhealthy and particularly the place V.R. has chosen for settlement. I cannot imagine a more



Scholte's independent church in Pella.

tion, Van der Meulen's congregation ended up in Zeeland.

As a practical matter, Iowa was much farther inland than Michigan and hence more expensive to reach. Iowa also had a higher uncertainty factor because Scholte had yet to pick

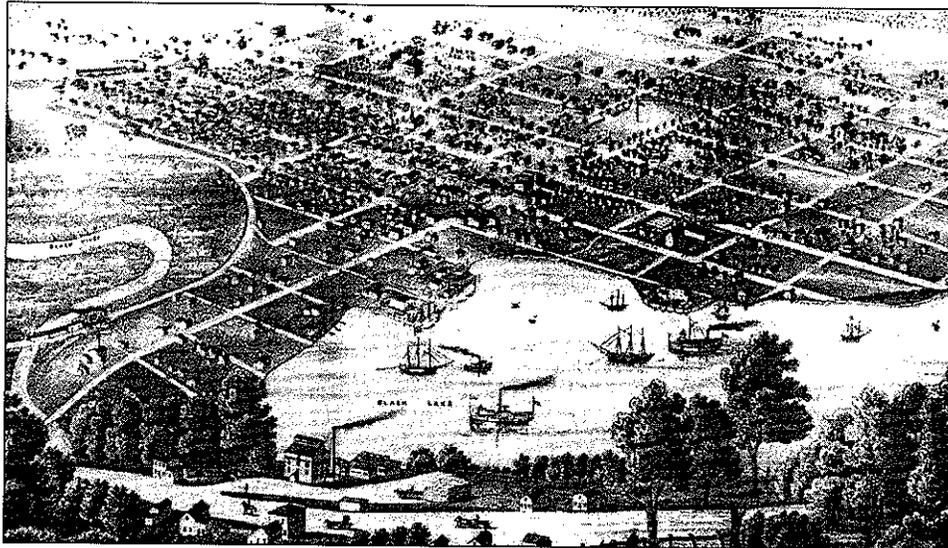
flower of the Dutch emigration of that day."³²

But Van Raalte by 1870 had clearly won the contest for settlers. In Van der Zee's words, "The northern State succeeded in luring more than twice as many Dutch immigrants to her forests

unhealthy area and the advantages put forth by him are 9/10 exaggerated. The Black River is not navigable and they are completely isolated so that everything is more expensive there than here and sometimes there is lack of food. A cow and a calf cost 25 guilders here but 50 guilders in Michigan . . . if available. I doubt that it will last.³⁴

Taking his cue from Van Raalte, Scholte published two lengthy promotional pamphlets in 1848. In them he complained about attempts to turn families bound for Pella to Michigan instead. "Already in New York, but also in other places such as Buffalo, men are busily engaged in scaring the immigrating Hollanders away from Iowa and having them go to Michigan instead. This is done," Scholte continued, "partly by a few persons in New York and elsewhere who are connected with the Dutch colony in Michigan, and partly by agents of land speculators." Scholte did not name the persons, but one key person he likely had in mind was Rev. Wyckoff in Albany, who was a staunch ally of Van Raalte.³⁵

In any case, Scholte took the high road. He declined a proposal to place his own agent in New York. "I was firmly convinced that the growth of our colony was not dependent upon efforts of human beings, that I had given sufficient information in Holland [i.e., the Netherlands] about our Colony, and therefore I would leave the rest to God's guidance . . . Let no one think I want to say anything detrimental to the settlement in



Bird's-eye view of Holland, Michigan, 1875.

Michigan," Scholte added. "Nowadays we frequently correspond with some of our acquaintances who live there. According to their letters they are content . . . We appreciate the immigration of our compatriots, especially Christians, but let it be entirely of their own free will and on clear and reasonable grounds."³⁶

Scholte clearly had no qualms about refusing to join forces with Van Raalte in Michigan, and unlike Van Raalte, he never expressed any regrets about not "keeping the people together." Oostendorp, Scholte's sympathetic biographer, put it as clearly as ink can: "He stood as close to Van Raalte as any of his fellow Seceders, but was determined not to be a second to any man . . . To say the least," Oostendorp concluded, "Scholte showed no desire to live near his fellow ministers or to form one large colony."³⁷

Indeed, Scholte did not show much partiality even to fellow Hollanders. As Henry Lucas says, he "welcomed Americans to Pella and encouraged the process of amalgamation." Within one year eighty Americans lived in Pella, because of his promotional efforts, and within thirteen years half of its population was Americans, thanks to the founding of the Baptist Central

University in 1853, which Scholte supported financially and as a trustee. In 1858 five of the eleven stores in the town were operated by Americans. By contrast, Ottawa County, Michigan, in 1860 had only fifty-two non-Dutch households, or 12 percent, and only two or three stores were run by

Americans.³⁸

Van Raalte's attitude toward Americans had much to do with this contrast between Pella and Holland. In the early years he did not want a mixed multitude in Holland. "Americans usually do not possess that certain open heartiness and mutual understanding of each other, which the Dutch possess," Van Raalte wrote Paulus Den Bleyker of Kalamazoo. "An impassible chasm of language, character, and custom separates you from the Americans . . . Above all—Americans are disposed to despise Hollanders, and we Hollanders naturally become embittered against them because of their cold selfishness. They may approach us with bold flatteries, but in reality they are after our money and influence, yes, they actually despise us. They take us for a dull, slow, uncultured people and boldly boast of their own superior intelligence." Better to "do your business among our own people," Van Raalte opined, "in a community that is developing internally and contains only a few Americans."³⁹

Religious Differences

In church matters Van Raalte and Scholte also went separate ways in

America. According to Oostendorp, "Van Raalte wanted a Dutch Colony, the Reformed Church, and tradition, and a theocratic society. Scholte really wanted none of these." Van Raalte remained true to traditional Reformed doctrine and polity, as defined by the Synod of Dordt (1618-1619). He wished to plant a Holland colony in America where children would be brought up in Christian schools from the first grade to the academy and thereby to preserve the Dutch Reformed way of life. In 1848 he organized the newly founded churches in the colony into a separate Holland Classis, and in 1850 he led that classis into union with the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in America (the future Reformed Church in America). Van Raalte thus cast his lot with the two-hundred-year-old American daughter of the Netherlands Reformed Church (Hervormde Kerk).⁴⁰

Scholte continued on the independent course he had set in the Netherlands. He was determined to make his colony a religious experiment, a Christian, though not necessarily a Reformed, bastion in republican America. He would not consider being subject to classes or synods of the Dutch Reformed Church in America. Rather, he established the independent Christian Church of Pella, which he built largely with his own monies and which he served without pay. The nondenominational church would take its place within the broad stream of American evangelical Christianity.

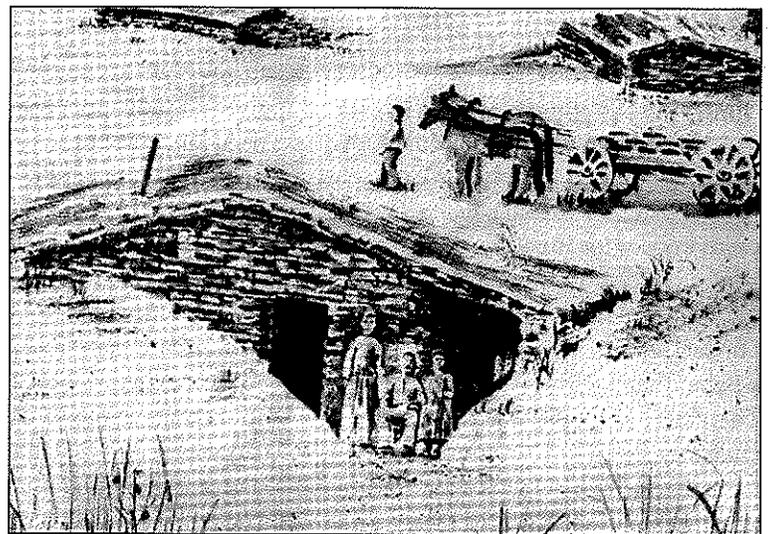
Although Scholte did not deviate significantly in doctrine from the Reformed confessions, he rejected the Dordtian church polity. He espoused the premillennial teachings of John N. Darby, founder of the Plymouth Brethren Church, celebrated the Lord's Supper weekly, and encouraged the elders to preach regularly and administer the sacraments. Scholte took the title of elder, not minister, and he

regularly led only the afternoon service. This left the congregation largely rudderless—and freed up Scholte for his numerous business and political affairs.⁴¹

Scholte's principles of church polity were flawed. In Oostendorp's familiar words, Scholte's followers "were sheep without a shepherd." He could maintain unity in the congregation for only four years. In 1851 two small groups began meeting separately, one of which wanted to join the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, as Classis Holland had done the previous year. By 1854 the breach became irreparable when Scholte arbitrarily, but with good reason, sold to a businessman the parcel of land he had earlier designated as the "church square." When his church consistory strenuously objected to the unilateral action and demanded that he rescind the sale, Scholte refused and offered another parcel nearby in a quieter place. The consistory then closed the pulpit to him and suspended him, after which action they unsuccessfully took the matter to court. Scholte held his dwindling band by building the Second Christian Church, which continued until his death in 1868 and then disbanded. "Scholte's self-will and lack of consideration," said Oostendorp, is what caused the separation.⁴²

The remnant of the First Christian Church, led by Rev. A.J. Betten, in 1856 decided to seek affiliation with

the Reformed Church and Van Raalte came at its invitation to effect the union. The new body was so impressed with the dominie from Michigan that it called him as its first pastor. The admiration was mutual. In a letter to his friend Rev. John Garretson, secretary to the Board of Domestic Missions for the Reformed Church, Van Raalte (in broken English) expressed a deep concern for the believers in Pella: "Sheeps without pastor and half ripe professors I found, deplorable in religious state of things there, I felt great pity out of the midst of a bable [sic] . . . Now I am troubled much since last week by receiving a call from that church and begin to believe that it shall be my duty to go and to live in Pella." The immigrants in the Pella area needed to be "gathered in," Van Raalte continued; they have suffered from "many divisions and contentions" due to Scholte. Then Van Raalte made a gratuitous attack on the leading citizen



Sod shanties (Strawtown) drawing by Sadowna McClun.

of Pella: "Mr. Scholte has been always a difficult man, always scattering new things, notions, and inventions among the people; a great number of such people is gathered there around him. It would be to [sic] hard a task for a man without experience; also my

coming would satisfy and heal divisions If I go to Pella on [sic] of the greatest wants wil [sic] be to build a church not smaller than this in Holland."⁴³

Despite being pulled hard toward Pella, Van Raalte ultimately declined the call so as to fulfill his vision to establish the Holland Academy. But he used the call to threaten his congregation to subscribe within twelve days to a substantial gift for the first building. The intimidated congregation raised \$250 for what became Van Vleck Hall.⁴⁴

Another probable factor in Van Raalte's declining of the call was the so-called "Scholte problem." Could he share such a small stage with the "difficult man" whose spirit had gone underground and poisoned church life in Pella? The Reformed congregation called Van Raalte a second time in 1859, and he again declined, but he did fill the pulpit for several weeks while awaiting the congregation's call to his friend A.M. Donner, Seceder pastor at Leiden. Donner also declined, despite Van Raalte's poignant letter urging him to accept: "Pella is close to my heart," Van Raalte wrote, and that is why I desire that God send you. We need a Brother here that can unite Pella with the other [Reformed] congregations Pella is a disgrace to God's name and a shameful stain for our Netherlander people I found a Babel that I will not speak of to you. Their state of affairs was too strong a challenge even for my courage and patience.

Late that year Van Raalte's own son-in-law, Pieter J. Oggel, accepted the call to become the first permanent pastor of the First Reformed Church of Pella.⁴⁵

While in Pella, Van Raalte took great satisfaction in helping to establish a Christian day school, a second Holland Academy. Scholte, who was then the Pella school supervisor,



Scholte House ca 1920, before modernization.

opposed Christian schools on the grounds that "the free [public] school is the institution for a country where sovereignty is vested in the people." Scholte no longer feared the "Devilish State," as he had labeled the Dutch government before emigrating; generic, Christian tax-supported schools were perfectly acceptable in republican America. In the end, Van Raalte settled for the same public system in Holland, although in principle he and Scholte differed radically on the issue.⁴⁶

At the same time that Van Raalte was in Scholte's backyard in early September 1856 to organize the First Reformed Church, Scholte was campaigning among the Dutch in Western Michigan on behalf of the Democratic party and its presidential nominee, James Buchanan.⁴⁷ It's doubtful that the timing of Scholte's trip was accidental, although party leaders in Michigan had invited him to come. Scholte himself claimed to be motivated by the highly partisan endorsement of the newly organized Republican Party by Jacob Quintus, editor of the most influential Dutch-language newspaper in America, *De Sheboygan Nieuwsbode*. Quintus had heretofore been a Democrat, like almost all the Dutch immigrants in the Midwest, but he had switched party

allegiance. His unhappiness with the proslavery Democrats increasingly resonated with Van Raalte, Van der Meulen, and other Dutch leaders in Michigan. Soon all would be ardent Republicans—as would Scholte himself three years later. That is why the Democratic leaders needed Scholte to bolster their lagging fortunes among the Dutch.

Scholte spoke in Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Holland, and Zeeland to rousing crowds, and the Democrats carried Ottawa County handily. But Quintus gave voice to many when he charged that the dominie, as a servant of Christ, had no place on the political stump. To this Scholte replied in his own newspaper, "Mr. Quintus of *The Pella Gazette* begs Mr. Quintus of *De Sheboygan Nieuwsbode* to notice that any man, even a clergyman, may express his candid opinion on political matters; but no man and least of all a Dutchman should sell his principles and his countrymen for a fat office." This was a swipe at Quintus for running as a Republican for the post of county clerk.⁴⁸

More remarkably, during Scholte's political swing through Western Michigan, the elders of Van Raalte's Pillar Church at Holland opened the pulpit to him, as did Rev. Cornelius

Van der Meulen of Zeeland and Rev. H.G. Klyn [Kleijn] of Grand Rapids. Van der Meulen had studied for the ministry in Scholte's parsonage at Utrecht and appreciated his friendship. The Pillar Church consistory minutes make no mention of Scholte's visit, but one of the parishioners, Geesje Vander Haar-Visscher, caustically noted in her diary that "people didn't like him. He was not as orthodox in his preaching as Van Raalte."⁴⁹ If Van Raalte approved Scholte's preaching in Pllar Church, it can best be attributed to his longing for Christian unity. But there was a stiff price to pay for the dominie's gesture toward his old friend and colleague in the Seceder cause. When Classis Holland convened the next month, several elders and preachers, led by Rev. Koene Vanden Bosch of the Noordeloos congregation, objected to Scholte's being allowed to preach in the churches because he had been deposed by the mother church in the

tion the next year and the creation of the rival Christian Reformed Church.⁵⁰

Conclusion

The breakdown in cooperation between the two men was understandable and perhaps even inevitable, given their personalities. Both were strong-willed men who needed to be first among equals. The diminutive Van Raalte was more irenic of spirit than Scholte, but he too "carried himself like a military general," said his nephew, to which Stellingwerff added, "That reminds one of a little Napoleon, a leader, just like Scholte was."⁵¹

The paths of these men had many common elements. Both wore many hats besides the clerical, both were leaders in the Secession of 1834, both organized the Seceder emigration and planted successful colonies, both founded churches though only Van Raalte's still continues, both obtained

state grants to develop navigable waterways, and both faced repeated charges of dictatorial conduct and were repudiated by most of their followers within ten years of the colonization.

Biographer Hyma, though his rhetoric may seem somewhat hyperbolic, summarizes well the relationship of these two

significant characters in the Dutch-American story:

In the early years of the Separation in the Netherlands (1834-1837) Scholte appeared like a giant and Van Raalte like a pygmy. Afterward the former assumed the role of a modern John the

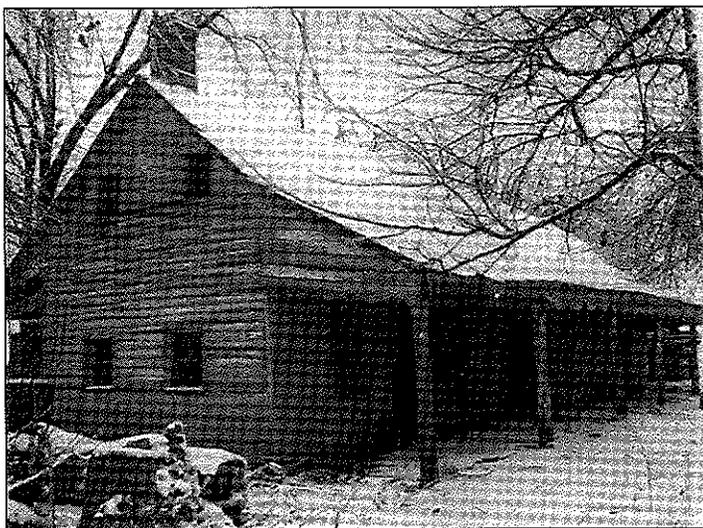
Baptist. His stature declined as that of his disciple increased. We must bear in mind that Van Raalte received his certificate of ordination from Scholte and De Cock. Who would have thought it possible that some day the humble candidate of 1835 was destined to surpass by far his teacher and leader?⁵² ❖

Endnotes

1. Nine of Van Raalte's letters to Scholte, written between 1837 and 1844 and now in the Scholte Papers, Central College, Pella, IA, are published in Cornelis Smits *De Afscheiding van 1834, Derde Deel: Documenten uit het archief ds. H.P. Scholte, bewaard te Pella, Iowa, U.S.A.* (Dordrecht: J.P. van den Tol, 1977), 168-82. In the letters Van Raalte reveals his admiration for and reliance on Scholte, following his lead on church-state matters, seeking his advice on biblical teaching guides, and requesting monies for church buildings and business ventures. But Van Raalte also gently chided Scholte at one point for his "distinctive course of action." Another time Van Raalte chastened Scholte for attacks on a brother: "Your actions are now unexplainable to me." Accusing each other of hypocrisy is a terrible sin which seems to hang on both of you. You cannot conquer the devil with the devil." Ellie Dekker's translation of this series of letters is available at the A.C. Van Raalte Institute for Historical Studies, Hope College, Holland, MI.

2. Lubbertus Oostendorp, *H.P. Scholte: Leader of the Secession of 1834 and Founder of Pella* (Ph.D. diss., Free University of Amsterdam, 1964; published at Franeker by T. Wever, 1936); J.A. Wormser, *Een schat in aarden vaten. Vol. II. "Door kwaar gerucht en goed gerucht: Het leven van Hendrik Peter Scholte* (Nijverdal: E.J. Bosch, 1915); J. Stellingwerff, *Amsterdamse emigranten: onbekende brieven uit de prairie van Iowa* (Amsterdam: Buijten & Schipperheijn, 1975), 17-23. John Izenbaard prepared an English-language typescript of this book, which he graciously shared with me.

3. H. Reenders, *Albertus C. van Raalte als leider van Overijsselse Afscheidenen*, in *Van scheumakers, onruststokers en geheime opruiers. De Afscheiding in Overijssel*, 101 (ed. Freek Pereboom, H. Hille, and H. Reenders (Kampen: Uitgave IJsselakademie, 1984).



Log house, O.H. Viersen farm, still standing in 1922.

Netherlands. Classis turned aside the call to ban Scholte, asserting that letting him preach did not imply endorsing his "ecclesiastical positions." This decision disappointed Vanden Bosch and his allies and led, in part, to their secession from the denomina-

An English translation of this chapter by Ellie Dekker is available at the Van Raalte Institute. The citation in the typescript, which the author revised slightly, is on 4.

4. Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 37-43; Gerrit J. tenZythoff, *Sources of the Secession: The Netherlands Hervormde Kerk on the Eve of the Dutch Immigration to the Midwest* (Grand Rapids, Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1987).

5. Jeanne M. Jacobson, Elton J. Bruins, and Larry Wagenaar, *Albertus C. Van Raalte: Dutch Leader and American Patriot* (Holland, MI: Hope College, 1996); Henry Dosker, *Levensschets van Dr. A.C. van Raalte* (Nijkerk, 1893), English language typescript by Ellie Dekker, *The Life of Dr. A.C. van Raalte*, p. 7 (available at the Van Raalte Institute); J.A. Wormser, *Een schat in aarden vaten, Vol. 1, In twee werelddeelen: Het leven van Albertus Christiaan van Raalte* (Nijverdal: E.J. Bosch, 1915).

6. The complete acts of the general synods of the Christian Seceder Reformed Church are published in *Handelingen en verslagen van de algemene synoden van de Christelijk Afscheidene Gereformeerde Kerk (1836-1869)* (Houten/Utrecht: Den Hartog, 1984). The two denominations merged in 1869.

7. Letter, A.C. Van Raalte, Utrecht, to his wife, July 20, 1838, Van Raalte Collection, Box 8, folder 107, Calvin College Archives. English translation by Leonard Sweetman, published in Sweetman, ed., *From Heart to Heart: Letters from the Rev. Albertus Christiaan Van Raalte to His Wife, Christina Johanna Van Raalte-De Moen, 1836-1847* (Grand Rapids: Heritage Hall Publications, 1997).

8. *Classis Holland Minutes, 1848-1858* (Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1950), 221; William O. Van Eyck, *Landmarks of the Reformed Fathers, Or What Dr. Van Raalte's People Believed* (Grand Rapids, MI: Reformed Press, 1922), 140; Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 118-28; Earl William Kennedy, "Eden in the Heartland," *Church Herald* 54 (March 1997): 8-10, 15.

9. Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 128-31; Reenders, "A.C. van Raalte als leider van Overijsselse Afscheidenen," 169 (typescript, p. 95).

10. "Appeal to the Believers in the United States of North America" (May 1846), cited in Lucas, *Netherlanders in America*, 61; Stellingwerff, *Amsterdamse emigranten*, 42.

11. Quote in Scholte's religious periodical *De Reformatie*, cited in William O. Van Eyck, *Landmarks of the Reformed Fathers: Or What Dr. Van Raalte's People Believed* (Grand Rapids: Reformed Press, 1922), 19-20.

12. Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 149-53; Kommer Van Stigt, *History of Pella, Iowa, and Vicinity* (Pella: Weekblad Print Shop, 1897), English translation typescript by Elizabeth Kempkes, p. 31.

13. *De Reformatie*, p. 184.

14. Hyma, "When the Dutch Came to Michigan," 53.

15. De Witt's letters to Scholte, dated November 27, 1846; December 29, 1846; February 23, 1847, are in the Scholte-Papers. Summaries were printed in the *Christian Intelligencer*, December 31, 1846, and March 11, 1847. De Witt was concerned that the Seceder leaders had not planned the emigration with sufficient care nor selected a place of settlement before embarking by the thousands.

16. Letter, Van Raalte to Brummelkamp, January 30, 1847, Vander Ziel typescript, pp. 2-3.

17. Letter, Van Raalte to Brummelkamp, January 30, 1847, Vander Ziel typescript.

18. Hyma, *Van Raalte*, 72; Lucas, *Netherlanders in America*, 75.

19. Letter, Van Raalte to C.G. De Moen (Den Ham), February 11, 1849, in *De toestand der Hollandsche kolonisten in den staat Michigan, Noord Amerika, drie brieven aan C.G. de Moen door A.C. van Raalte, C. van der Meulen, en S. Bolks* (1849). An English typescript translation by E.R. Post and D.F. Van Vliet is in the Calvin College Archives, and another English translation by Johannes W. Visscher of Cleveland, Ohio, is in the Van Schelven Collection, Joint Archives, Hope College. *De toestand*, pp. 5-6; Letter, Van Raalte to Brummelkamp, January 30, 1847, pp. 6-7, 11-14.

20. Letter, Van Raalte to Brummelkamp, January 30, 1847, Vander Ziel typescript, p. 9.

21. Letter, Van Raalte to Brummelkamp, January 30, 1847, Vander Ziel typescript, pp. 17-18, 22.

22. Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 156, quoting Wormser, *Albertus Christiaan van Raalte*, 149-50, and referring to Henry E. Dosker, *Levensschets van Rev. A.C. v. Raalte* (Nijkerk, 1893), 7.

23. Hyma, *Van Raalte*, 114, 132; Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 156.

24. Lucas, *Netherlanders in America*, 166-68.

25. Quotation in Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 156, and in Jacob Van der Zee, *The Hollanders of Iowa* (Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa, 1912), 59-60.

26. Jacob Van Hinte, *Netherlanders in America: A Study of Emigration and Settlement in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries in the United States of America* (1928), Robert P. Swierenga, general editor; Adriaan de Wit, chief translator (Grand Rapids: Baker Book House, 1985), 323. Scholte had similar pipe dreams of navigating the Skunk and Des Moines rivers to provide an outlet for Pella to the Mississippi River at Keokuk.

27. Stellingwerff, *Amsterdamse emigranten*, 77, 111.

28. Van de Luyster did not meet Rev. A.C. Van Raalte until 1844, eight years after the Secession began (Beets, *Van de Luyster*, 14-15, 19; Lucas, *Netherlanders in America*, 120-22).

29. Lucas, *Netherlanders in America*, 124-25, quotation on p. 124.

30. Stellingwerff, *Amsterdamse emigranten*, 171. Van Raalte in Holland, Van der Meulen in Zeeland, and Seine Bolks in Overisel, answered Scholte's charge of immigrant recruiting to Western Michigan in frank individual letters to Rev. C.G. de Moen in Den Ham in early 1849. De Moen, Van Raalte's brother-in-law, published the letters in the pamphlet, *De toestand*.

31. Van Hinte, *Netherlanders in America*, 150.

32. Van der Zee, *Hollanders of Iowa*, 94-95.

33. Van der Zee, *Hollanders of Iowa*, 95-96; Letter, Van Raalte to Brummelkamp, January 30, 1847, Vander Ziel typescript, pp. 7-9.

34. Quoted in Stellingwerff, *Amsterdamse emigranten*, 90-91; Van der Zee, *Hollanders of Iowa*, 94.

35. H.P. Scholte, *Eerste stem uit Pella* (1848), translated into English and edited by Jacob Van der Zee, "The Coming of the Hollanders to Iowa," *Iowa Journal of History and Politics* 9 (1911): 528-74; H.P. Scholte, *Tweede stem uit Pella* (s' Bosch, 1848), translated into English by Mrs. Albert Raap and son Henry Raap and edited by Robert P. Swierenga, "A Place of Refuge," *Annals of Iowa Third Series*, 39 (Summer 1968): 321-57, quotations from pp. 328-29.

Scholte specifically mentioned some disaffected followers in St. Louis, who "do their best to tell the Hollanders who arrive there all kinds of evil about our settlement, pressing them instead to go directly to Michigan" (330).

36. Van der Zee, *Hollanders of Iowa*, 98; Swierenga, "Place of Refuge," 330.

37. Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 157, 158; italics added.

38. Lucas, *Netherlanders in America*, 193; Van Hinte, *Netherlanders in America*, 339, 341, for Pella figures. Ottawa County figures are compiled from the 1860 federal manuscript population census. There were 377 Dutch and 52 non-Dutch households, including 5 German. The three American merchants in stad Holland in 1848 were Henry D. Post, Edward J. Harrington, and Bailey; in 1856 there were Henry's son Hoyt G. Post, and Manley D. Howard, a miller. Two Yankee doctors, the brothers Wells R. and Charles P. Marsh, served the community as well. Henry S. Lucas, ed., *Dutch Immigrant Memoirs and Related Writings* (Assen, 1955; rev. ed., Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1997), 365, 371, 375, 376-77.

39. Letter, A.C. Van Raalte to Paulus Den Bleyker, January 9, 1851, in Paulus Den Bleyker Papers, Bentley Historical Library, University of Michigan; microfilm copy in Calvin College Archives. Translated by Leonard Sweetman and Herbert Brinks.

40. Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 158.

41. Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 159-62; 174-75.

42. Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 163-74; quotation from 174; Van der Zee, *Hollanders of Iowa*, 290-92.

43. Letter, A.C. Van Raalte, Holland, Michigan, to John Garretson, October 26, 1856; Correspondence of the Board of Domestic Missions, Box 13, folder Oct. 1856, Archives of the Reformed Church, New Brunswick, New Jersey (copies of many of Van Raalte's letters to Gerritson are in Elton Bruins's files at the A.C. Van Raalte Institute for Historical Studies; Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 174-78).

44. Aleida J. Pieters, *A Dutch Settlement in Michigan* (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans-Sevensma, 1923), 140.

45. Kennedy, "Eden in the Heartland," 10-11; Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 176-77; Van der Zee, *Hollanders of Iowa*, 295-96; Letter of Van Raalte (Pella) to Donner (Leiden), March 5, 1859, published in Stellingwerff, *Amsterdamse*

Emigranten, 294-98 (translation by John Izenbaard and slightly revised by author). During Oggel's tenure in Pella 1860-1863, Van Raalte and his wife visited their daughter's family several times to enjoy the grandchildren. Doubtless, Van Raalte then saw Scholte as well, although this cannot be proved. See Jeanne M. Jacobson, Elton J. Bruins, and Larry J. Wagenaar, *Albertus C. Van Raalte: Dutch Leader and American Patriot* (Holland, MI: Hope College, 1996), 199-200.

46. The Pella Christian School lasted from 1861 to February 1867, when it died for lack of interest (Oostendorp, *Scholte*, 175-76). In 1862, in a highly personal letter to Rev. and Mrs. G. Van der Wall, Van Raalte expressed great disappointment at his inability to build support for a Christian day school in Holland: "It is impossible for me to continue my work amidst this dissension, for my labors are rendered fruitless by it and my heart turns sour. In the first place, the public school system is extinguishing the parochial schools, and now I am called upon to promote the cause of public schools. In the second place, our congregation has been completely indifferent to the Holland Academy" (Hyma, *Van Raalte*, 225-26).

47. For Scholte's political career see Robert P. Swierenga, "The Ethnic Voter and the First Lincoln Election," *Civil War History* 11 (March 1965): 27-43.

48. Lucas, *Netherlanders in America*, 545-46; 549, 552-53.

49. Geesje Van der Haar-Visscher Diary, 1820-1901, Genemuiden, the Netherlands and Holland, Michigan; typescript English translation by Clarence L. Jalving, 1954, p. 18. Copy in Joint Archives, Hope College.

50. *Classis Holland Minutes, 1848-1858* (Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1950), 223-24; Lucas, *Netherlanders in America*, 554-55; Jacobson, *Van Raalte*, 91.

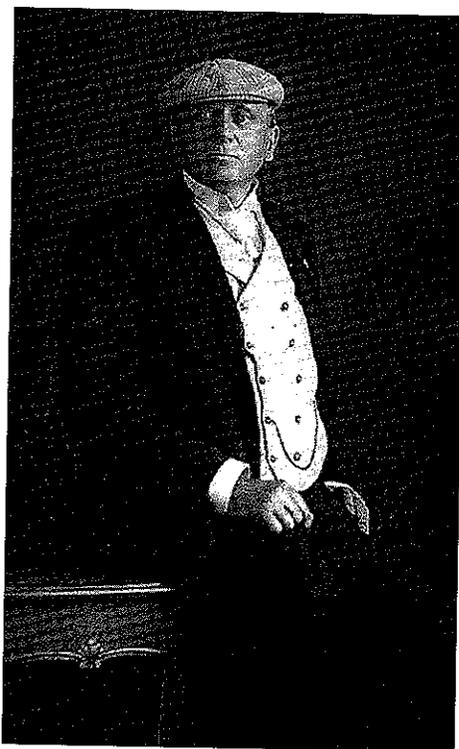
51. Quotation from the biography of Anthony Brummelkamp by his son, in Stellingwerff, *Amsterdamse emigranten*, 23.

52. Hyma, *Van Raalte*, 274-75.

Reinder E. Werkman—Promoting Western Land for Immigrants

Donald Van Reken

Reinder Werkman, who mounted a rather meteoric business career in Holland, Michigan (1870-90) transferred his efforts to Benton Harbor in 1890. That venture, the Werkman Furniture Company of Benton Harbor founded during the national economic crisis of 1893-96, so that the factory changed hands in 1894 and



Reinder E. Werkman.

closed in 1896. By then Werkman had gone to Europe as an agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad which hoped to sell farmland to immigrants from the Netherlands and its neighboring countries. To achieve these objectives Werkman returned to the US and settled in

Seattle, Washington where he promoted the sale of land on Whidbey Island.

A history of Whidbey Island in Puget Sound relates something of Werkman's activity there in 1894. It is probably no coincidence that his former employee and friend, Harm Te Roller, was also there in 1895 as an agent of the Home Seekers Bureau which settled Hollanders at Oak Harbor on Whidbey Island. These newcomers were described as those "who by their indomitable efforts and frugal habits have built up a prosperous, thriving community" in Oak Harbor.

In early 1895 the Holland, Michigan newspaper reported that R.E. Werkman had arrived from Seattle with an exhibit of products from the state of Washington, including "a Mastodon tooth of 14 ½ pounds, very fine handwork made by Indians, cornstalks 13 ½ feet long, fifty or sixty mountain views, smoked salmon, a section from a spruce tree eleven feet in diameter, fifty different varieties of lumber, different grains and fruits and hundreds of articles worth seeing." A January series in *The Holland City News* continued,

R.E. Werkman's familiar face and form were seen upon our streets this week. He is now engaged in organizing a Holland colony in Washington and will shortly exhibit here a collection of agricultural products, fruits, cereals, minerals and lumber from that far away Pacific coast state. After giving groups in Michigan a chance to view his collection he will take it to New

York and thence to the Netherlands, where he will remain some time.

The exhibition of Washington products in the Vennema Building, by R.E. Werkman, is drawing large crowds and eliciting much favorable comment. Wednesday next has been set apart as Ladies' Day. On that day women only will be admitted, and Mr. Werkman assures us they will be royally received and entertained.

Notwithstanding the elements, Wednesday was a busy day at R.E. Werkman's, at least two hundred ladies examined his Washington exhibits. They were all treated to a sample of his delicious smoked salmon. Next week Mr. Werkman will take his exhibit to Grand Rapids, from which place he has received urgent calls.

Werkman stayed in the Holland-Grand Rapids area until late in February 1895 "in the interest of his colony in Puget Sound." On March 1 the News reported, "a number of families will start from here for Washington on March 11th." A March 16 story noted that "R.E. Werkman and a party had passed through [Holland] on their way to Seattle, and thence to the Whidbey lands. Grand Rapids, Holland and Three Oaks each furnished their quota. The early party will be reinforced by others in South Dakota." In October the News reprinted an account from the Seattle Post Intelligencer with the headline "Whidbey Islands Wealth."

The mammoth farm products of Whidbey Island raised by the Holland colonists are to be shown to the eastern world, and R.E. Werkman, manager of the colony with a great collection of everything, "the largest of its kind," has arrived in the city on the way east, where he will seek more colonists. There are bunches of oats ninety-two inches high, from fields which yielded 125 bushels to the acre; there are sheaves of wheat of which the clustered heads make the bundles so heavy that two are enough for a man to carry. The heads are from three to four



Oak Harbor, Washington, main street with the local CRC congregation's first meeting place in the background.

inches long, with grains as large in proportion. It grew ninety-eight bushels to the acre.

One potato in the lot weighs seven pounds, and there are many fine ones of two and three pounds. The rutabagas, not full grown, weigh twenty-two pounds and are ten inches in diameter. One parsnip is thirty inches long and six inches in diameter. There are carrots four inches through at the top.

The apples are numerous and weigh as high as one and one-quarter pounds each. There will be numerous canned fruits and also a display of dried prunes of both the German and Italian varieties.

Mr. Werkman will visit Chicago; Duluth; Waupun, Wisconsin; Holland, Michigan; Orange City, Iowa; and Armour, South Dakota. He expects good results from his trip and already knows of many who are coming.

Dorothy Neil, a Whidbey Island historian, has done extensive research on the local community and in several books has given facts about the beginnings of the Dutch community on Whidbey Island. Of Werkman she writes,

He was a rotund gentleman whose

booming voice and general geniality quite overwhelmed those who met him for the first time, and continued to overwhelm those who he insisted were 'old friends' after the association had continued for only three weeks. Werkman's Dutch ancestry was a handy opening wedge in becoming acquainted with others of his nationality. He was kind, loud, good-natured, and a born promoter The transplanted Hollanders listened spellbound and, family by family, sold all they had, packed their belongings, and set out by train for Seattle where they were met by Mr. Werkman who loaded them onto the island steamer for the four-hour trip up Puget Sound to Utopia. [Quotes used with permission by Dorothy Neil.]

Dorothy Neil goes on to say that until the 1890s settlement on North Whidbey moved slowly because The Northern Pacific Railway . . . had bought nearly all of the unallocated land and held it until 1892. Meanwhile, by 1894 R.E. Werkman gained control of some Whidbey Island lands which had been owned by the Tucker Potter Land Company. That year the "first passenger list of Hollanders" came to the area. "Eighteen colonists



Typical of the hand-hewn structures the early settlers erected to house their families, this 1870s cabin housed the entire Heller family. It was soundly built and still exists.

This hand-hewn cabin and its occupants, the Onno Heller family, are both pictured in Dorothy Neil's *The Dutch Book Celebrating 100 years on Whidbey Island, 1894-1994*, pp. 16-17. For more information about the Heller family see *Dutch American Voices* (Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1995) pp. 154-171.

were aboard the steamer Idaho and one year later sixty more arrived with their families. Within two years there were two hundred Hollanders on North Whidbey." A January 1895 issue of Holland's *De Grondwet* carried a letter from an American sea captain who extolled the productivity of the soil. On November 15, 1895, sixty more settlers led by R.E. Werkman arrived on Whidbey Island.

There are few accounts of R.E. Werkman's doings after the close of the nineteenth century, Henry Lucas notes that Werkman endeavored to bring Hollanders to Crookston, Minnesota around 1914. He advertised in newspapers in Iowa, the Dakotas and Minnesota as well as in the Netherlands. He met people at the Crookston depot to show them the countryside and the farms he had for sale. Lucas also notes that Werkman, as a railroad agent, also tried to settle Hollanders in several Montana communities.



Heller family in 1896. Seated: Malenus and Magdalena. Standing: Martinus, Klaaske, Onno and Henry.

In 1916 he responded to an article in *De Vrije Hollander* (Orange City, Iowa) telling about Crookston, Minnesota in the northern Red River Valley area where the Wheeler Land & Loan Company sold and resold farms. Werkman, as a railroad immigration

where he settled for the balance of his life, Werkman participated in town meetings and maintained a vigorous interest in local government.

The scope of Werkman's Crookston business is indicated in a local news account.

One of the largest real estate transactions made in this section of the Red River Valley for a long time was completed yesterday when S.W. Wheeler, president of the Wheeler Land & Loan Company sold his interest in the company to R.E. Werkman. Mr. Werkman has been with the company for the past eight years and is well informed as to conditions. He has prospects of locating a number of Holland families who will make most desirable citizens for the community. The present holdings of the Wheeler Land & Loan Company includes over two thousand acres of the best improved farms in the vicinity of Crookston, Minnesota.

Holland, Montana

Het bloeiende Hollandsche settlement

Kom nu eens zien. Zie de vruchten op het land staan, dan kan men zien wat een beste landstreek het is. **De Vruchten toonen het, en het bewijs is er immers niet. Kom nu, zie het irrigatie en dat er overvloed van water is.** Stoor u niet aan praatjes, leugens die dikwijls zoo veel roed gsaac omtrent een nieuw settlement. Kom nu zelvo eens zien en overtuig u dat het een beste landstreek is, die niet alleen in den winter, zoo als meest alle andere landerijen ge-adverteerd worden; maar wij zouden u graag hier de vruchten op het land laten zien. De Homeseekers excursien tickets naar Billings, Mont., zijn te koop op

7 en 21 Sept. en 5 en 19 Oct.

Voor verdere informatie schrijf

R. E. WERKMAN,
Billings, Montana

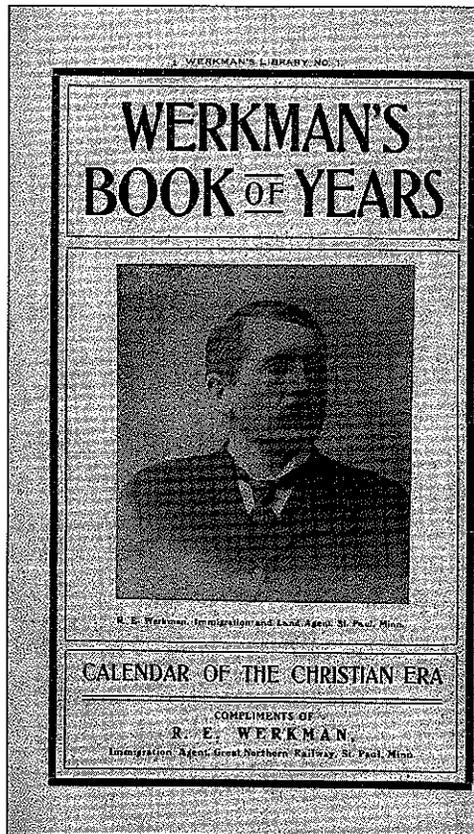
De Wachter advertisement, Sept. 11, 1909, p. 8, Holland, Montana.

agent, had an office in the Wheeler Building and became a partner of the company by 1923. In Crookston,

Reflecting on his career in 1926 Werkman wrote a lengthy letter which was published in the *Holland Sentinel*.

I was an alderman of the third ward when Holland's first city hall was built and I was the first one to have a cement walk laid, running from the sidewalk to the rear of my mother's home on 11th Street, next to the Hope Church parsonage. All that is, I think, doing pretty well for the time I was in Holland especially since I started out with only \$250 of borrowed money in a city that at that time had no banking facilities to speak of.

The mistake I made was leaving Holland. I should have started over again, and if it were not that I am past the seventieth milestone I should like to come back and again get into the push so as to help bring Holland to the



Montana, the Mighty—publicity distributed by R.E. Werkman (front and backsides of pamphlet).

Montana, The Mighty

Great in Opportunities for Money and Home Making

Montana is the third state in size in the union. It is rich in minerals, timber and soil. It has more water in rivers and lakes than all of the vast country south of it to the Gulf of Mexico. It has a most beautiful climate. It has fertile agricultural valleys, and wide ranges of grass land. It is one of the great live stock states, having more sheep, and producing more wool than any state in the union. It is famous too for cattle and horses. Its horses are favorites with the government for cavalry uses. Its cattle bring the highest prices for western beef in Eastern markets. It is adapted to mixed farming, live stock and grain, vegetables and fruits. It produces No. 1 hard wheat, making barley in demand by Eastern breweries, fine oats, and the best potatoes on earth.

It has not as yet been widely advertised. Land companies have not established agencies all over the state working up business, so, few people know the real conditions that exist at present in that wonderful state. It offers better inducements today than any other state. I know of VERY GOOD LAND can be had from the Government, or can be bought at very low prices, and on easy terms. These are lands that will produce very large crops, and there are splendid markets all about the country, where the produce can be disposed of to profitable advantage.

Considerable farming is done without irrigation, and most successfully, but my advice is, always secure an irrigated farm if possible. No matter what state you live in, irrigation is king over time. With irrigation there is no crop failure on account of drought, and no excessive rains to ruin your crop after you have raised it. You control the moisture for your growing crops and apply it just when it will be of the most benefit, and your harvests are not interrupted or damaged by storms.

I know of farmers in Montana who have made as high as \$35 per acre out of their grain crops; I know of men who have made from \$25,000 to \$30,000 in the last ten years by farming. Last year some farmers made as high as \$130 per acre out of their alfalfa seed, after having cut the first crop of hay. This goes to show what irrigation will do.

I do not wish to impress upon you the idea that you can do as well as the best have done, but I am satisfied that with a little capital, and if you are able and willing to work and practice economy, that you can make more money in Montana than in any other state in the Northwest.

I generally leave St. Paul on every Home-seekers' Excursion date to show people where they can secure good farming land with or without irrigation. My services are free, and anyone who wishes to avail himself of this opportunity should join one of my parties and let me know when he wishes to go. Please let me hear from you.

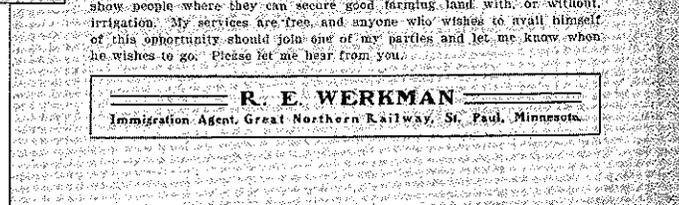
R. E. WERKMAN
Immigration Agent, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota.

homes in this city in the earlier days. It was considered quite an undertaking when he built eight [homes] on one street between what is now Washington School at Maple Avenue and Pine Avenue on 11th Street . . .

For some years these houses were called "Werkman's Paradise Row."

Mr. Werkman established and built the first furniture factory in Holland . . . He was identified with many other enterprises in the city . . . When Holland's water works system was built forty-five years ago, Mr. Werkman, as an alderman of the third ward, was closely identified with this undertaking. He also was alderman when Holland's first city hall was built . . . His name appears on the cornerstone in that building.

Mr. Werkman later moved to Crookston [Minnesota] where he was prominent in political life and was interested in the firm of Wheeler Land & Loan Company . . . He is survived by one daughter . . . and two grandchildren in Crookston. He was buried in the family plot in Holland's Pilgrim Home Cemetery on Saturday, March 14, 1931. 6



population that I once predicted to H.D. Post. He asked if I thought Holland would ever become a city of 10,000 inhabitants. The answer I gave him was this, that the time would come when Holland would be double that much. If I could be assured of another ten years with good health and a clear mind I would just like to take off my coat and come back, and help push Holland so she will be over 20,000 inhabitants. And I am satisfied that if the industries and business of the country will continue to prosper, Holland will pass the 20,000 mark in the next five years.

I still have a certificate of the South Ottawa and West Allegan Agricultural Society issued September 19, 1886, good for fifty years or until 1935. I think this goes to prove that there wasn't a thing going on in Holland at that time in which I did not take an interest.

When he died in 1931 the *Holland City News* eulogized,

Werkman can be considered Holland's pioneer manufacturer . . . Mr. Werkman was a believer in Holland and in fine homes. It is estimated that he erected not less than forty new



Grave markers in Holland, Michigan's Pilgrim Home Cemetery.

Worship

This article, compiled by Harry Boonstra, with the following article by Walter Lagerwey, continues the feature on religion begun in Origins, Volume XVI, number 1.

Worship Reminiscences

Origins sat down with a small group of friends for an informal discussion about the churches of their childhood and youth. They were Ruth Hoekema (Sherman Street CRC in Grand Rapids and First CRC of Roseland, Chicago, Illinois), William Spoelhof (Fourth CRC of Paterson, New Jersey, also known as Riverside Church), Enno Wolthuis (Grandville Avenue CRC, Grand Rapids), Lucille Van Wesep Wolthuis (Alpine Avenue CRC and First Protestant Reformed Church in Grand Rapids). The time they were recalling is around 1915 to 1930. The discussion ranged over a wide number of topics, from Dutch sermons to dressing up in Sunday clothes. Even though there were many differences in the worship of the various churches, there also was a great degree of similarity. We have not tried to identify the teller of each story, though sometimes the author's identity is obvious. We began with a discussion about the language of the church services.

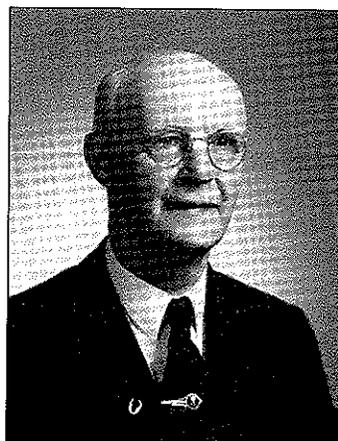
In the Paterson church, Dominie Timmerman, who served there for seventeen years, was equally fluent in German, Dutch, and English. It was during these years that the switch to English was started. Some ministers



Rev. John Timmerman (1865-1946).

preached four times a Sunday, twice in Dutch and twice in English. Soon after Rev. Doezema came to Roseland, the consistory eased his

load, and he was required to preach only three times. The second service was always in the afternoon. In some country churches, where people had to travel long distances, the second service came soon after the first, and



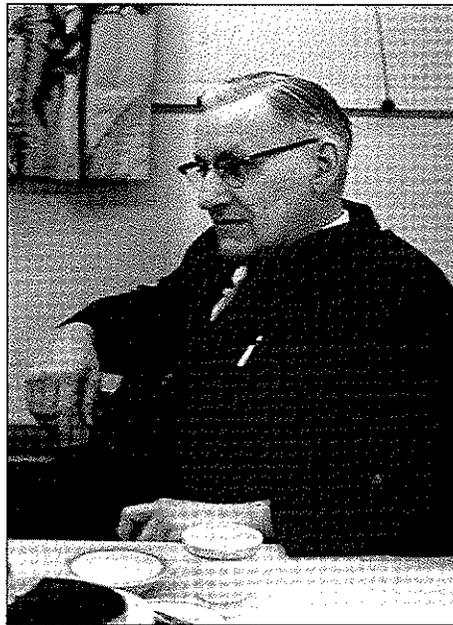
Rev. Samuel Volbeda (1882-1953).

the congregation ate lunch between the two services. Ministers were probably more visible

in our churches then than they are now. We didn't belong to Eastern Avenue, but we traveled across town to hear Rev. Hoeksema. He preached both Dutch and English. Our family always contrasted Dominie Hoeksema's preaching with that of Professor Volbeda. Volbeda's language was very formal and flowery; Hoeksema's was more direct and virile. The same was true in Paterson. My father always compared every visiting pastor to our own minister. Often he would speak favorably about the sermon, but without fail he would conclude, "*Maar hij is geen Dominee Timmerman!*"

Services usually lasted an hour and fifteen or thirty minutes. Anything much shorter was looked on with suspicion. But when Rev. Volbeda preached, the service often lasted two hours. He had a wonderful command of English, but you couldn't stop him. We often canceled Sunday school when he preached.

Young people usually sat in the balcony. When you got to be about sixteen, you didn't sit with your parents anymore but sat in the balcony, and there often was lots of giggling, or worse. Sometimes the minister would stop in the middle of his sermon and reprimand the young people. But Rev. Doezema had a way of looking up there, and that was usually enough to stop them. One or two consistory members would sit up there to keep an eye on the young people. In that way things have really improved today; we don't have that kind of situation anymore. On warm Sunday afternoons there always were some people who fell asleep, but the passing of peppermints helped to put an end to that. Collection time was also interesting to us. In our church the collection was taken with the "fish poles"—black pouches on long sticks. New deacons especially had difficulty handling those and would sometimes knock ladies' hats off. We always sat in



Calvin College President William Spoelhof.

exactly the same pew, and so did everybody else. The minister's family had its own pew—three rows from the front.

What I liked better in those days is that you always knew who the consistory members were, and we held them in esteem. That was partly because we could see every Sunday who was in consistory. The minister would lead the group as they came from the basement. He would come to the base of the platform, say a silent prayer, and step up to the pulpit. The elders and deacons followed, and one group would sit on each side of the church, toward the front. In our church they had special seats with slanted reading boards for the Bibles and psalters. (In some churches the consistory would

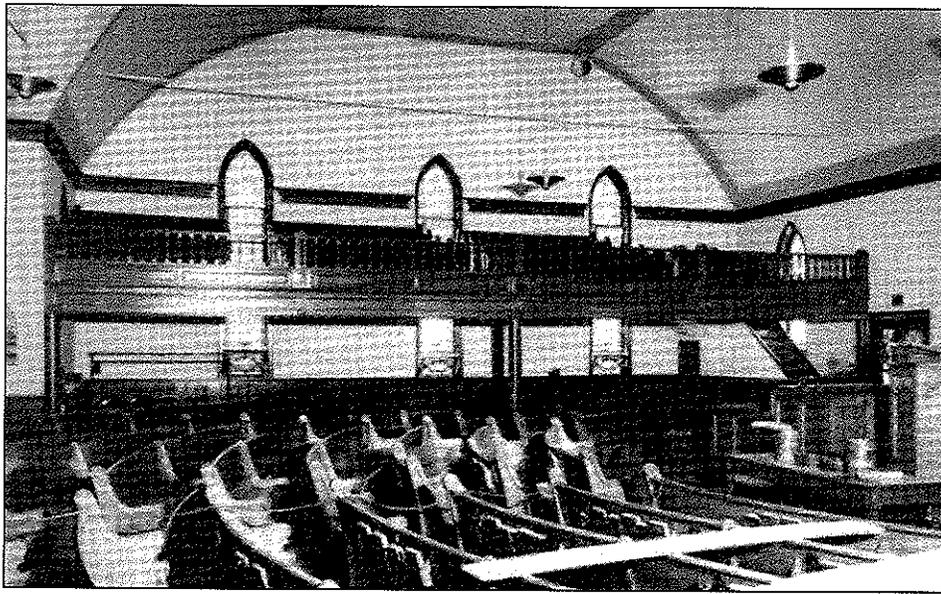


Emeritus Calvin College Professor Enno Wolthuis.

file in by age, the oldest leading the group.) The elders and deacons were more visible than they are now, and they always stood for the prayer, but the congregation stayed seated. At baptism one of the elders would hold the silver bowl.

Our family always sat near the front, and we could see the consistory come in. The minister would lead the parade. Just before he entered the church sanctuary, he took off his hat and put it on a shelf. He would also have a cigar in his mouth and take that out and put it on the shelf, and then he would come in. After the service the minister came off the pulpit, and each of the elders would shake hands with him to show that they agreed with the sermon. If someone refused to shake hands, we knew that was a bad sign; there would be trouble at the next consistory meeting. But the minister did not shake hands with the congregation; that started many years later.

Communion was always a very special event. It would begin the week before with the preparatory service. On communion Sunday our church put up a long, long table. The elements were covered with a white cloth. The elders would come and lift off the linen tablecloth and carefully fold it and put it on the platform. For communion the confessing members of each family would come and sit at the table (it took about eight sittings), and it seemed like a declaration of faith for the family to go up. It took a long time, and that's probably why we changed to serving communion in the pews. We used the common cup when I was little, but later we went to individual cups, because we had some (what we called) consumptive families and there was an influenza scare. There were also other reasons for changing to the individual cups. We always sat near a fellow with a great, long mustache, and when he took a



Balcony in Eastern Avenue CRC in Grand Rapids where at one time policemen were stationed to keep order.

big draft, his mustache was immersed in the cup! Of course, we always used wine. If there were people with a drinking problem, the consistory didn't seem very understanding of that. Alcoholism was considered a sin instead of a disease, and that was each person's responsibility.

Children were usually baptized early. My husband was baptized when he was only four days old, because his preacher-father was a strong believer in *vroegdoop* (early baptism). His mother said that was okay; since she lived in the parsonage right next to the church, she could hear the singing and got a blessing from the service even though she wasn't there.

Singing was restricted to the psalms, but the organist would cheat sometimes and play hymns for the prelude. In our church he once played "Darling, I'm Growing Old." I'm not sure if anyone complained! The choral societies were allowed to sing hymns. Of course, they were not allowed to sing during the church service but they gave special programs on weekday evenings. Even after hymns were officially allowed [1934], you still had to sing two psalms in every service.

Most churches had an organ by then; it had to be pumped by hand. That was hard work, especially in the summer or when the organist opened all the stops. (We knew exactly how many pipes there were in the organ because we always counted them during the service, as well as the ceiling tiles.)

Going to church was also an important affair because of the clothes we wore. We took our baths on Saturday night, of course, and the next morning we put on our Sunday clothes. Ministers often wore a Prince Albert suit; that was a double-breasted coat, almost down to the knees. Rev. Hoeksema wore tails, and he always flung his tails back with a flourish as he sat down.

People sometimes ask us if we didn't hate those long services, sometimes with long Dutch sermons. I suppose we were bored at times, but I mostly remember it as a very special time of the week. We really learned to worship God.

We also gleaned some additional reminiscences from other sources:

In spite of the ample padding worn under the clothing some forty years ago, it is amusing to learn that the consistory (consisting of four elders and four deacons) in May 1902 decided to "buy two cushions for the elders' and deacons' bench." Many other members furnished their own pillows—some singles, some two-seaters (for mom and pop), and others long enough for the whole family.

"Fiftieth Anniversary"
Midland Park CRC, Midland Park,
New Jersey

Father, you ask me if I have ever read a sermon for worship service here. Yes, that has happened. The first time I naturally offered a short prayer and read a short sermon so the entire service lasted only an hour. I dreaded it, and I prayed a good deal about it, but after I got started it was not too bad.

Dutch-American Voices, p. 97
Herbert J. Brinks, ed.

The people were not used to the American climate and often complained about its extremes. In the summertime they would find the heat very oppressive, and on coming to church would slake their thirst from two pails of water, using common dippers, without worrying about the germs which they might thus imbibe; and having quenched their natural thirst, they would enter the sanctuary to drink with deep draughts of the water of life. During the winter season they would frequently complain about the bitter cold. On one occasion several of them came to church with their ears and noses frozen, and when they approached the stoves in the church soon found the pain unendurable, so that they rushed outside to wash their faces with snow. But all this did not keep them from coming to church and from listening with warm hearts to the preaching of the Word.

"Fiftieth Anniversary Book"
Alpine Avenue CRC, Grand Rapids,
Michigan

Well, my dad was one of those stogie-smoking guys who always took one big last puff on his soggy cigar before gingerly stowing it between the bricks of the church to await his return after the service. Several men in his puffing class had their own niche in the bricks all around the building. I often wondered how my dad could so quickly relocate his own stale stogie after the doxology without accidentally picking up someone else's which might just be a bit longer in size and more tempting to take up again.

"Alpine Church, 1881-1981"
Alpine Avenue CRC, Grand Rapids, Michigan

One of my memories of growing up at good old Alpine CRC revolves around my participation at the Sunday

singing. I just made it a point to go up and down with the music as the organist slowly (and sometimes it seemed even mournfully) measured out the beats. It wasn't uncommon for these lovers of the psalms to sing all eight to ten verses of a given psalm, thus seemingly adding (at least to me) an eternity to the overall length of the worship service. To this day, however, I look back without any regrets for all the long afternoons spent sitting in a Dutch worship service.

"Alpine Church, 1881-1981"
Alpine Avenue CRC, Grand Rapids, Michigan

The minutes of March 23, 1864, contain an item of more than ordinary interest because the consistory decided that on Easter MONDAY we would

members would draw out a number, and that would be their seat for the next year. This system was in effect for quite a few years.

"Centennial, 1857-1957"
First CRC, Grand Rapids, Michigan

The church was first heated with stoves. Illumination at first was by kerosene lamps. One chandelier had four lamps, two of them each two, and there were fourteen ordinary single lamps.

Now that we had an organ, we needed an organist. At the consistory meeting held June 23, 1887, a member of the organ committee reported that Mr. Gerrit Winsemius had approached him about the subject. The consistory asked him to come to its next meeting, June 29. He then was asked if he was inclined or disposed (*genegen*) to play our organ. He was then asked if he was willing to play at each of our three Sunday services, and he had no objection to this. He was then asked what his salary should be. He was reluctant to put a price on his services and a member of the consistory proposed to pay him \$1.00 per week which was agreeable to both the consistory and Mr. Winsemius.

"Centennial, 1857-1957"
First CRC, Grand Rapids, Michigan



25 year poster for Grand Rapids Fifth CRC, 1887-1912 (Franklin Street).

afternoon Dutch worship service with my parents. My psalm-loving mother knew almost the entire psalter by heart and generally passed her personal songbook over to me. I usually smiled proudly and did my best to sing as loudly and lustily as everyone else in the place even though I oft-times hadn't the foggiest idea of what I was

have a service only in the morning inasmuch as in the afternoon the usual annual assignment of pews by drawing (*verloting*) would take place. As we understand it, the following is substantially the procedure followed. The pews in the church auditorium were all numbered. A corresponding number was put in a mailbox. Then

Americanization and Language Conflict

Walter Lagerwey

Introduction

The struggle against Americanization dominated the life and the language policy in the immigrant churches for several decades. That is particularly true for the churches which in 1857 withdrew from the Reformed Church in America to start a new denomination first known as the *Ware Hollandsche Gereformeerde Kerk*, a name which in 1880 was changed to *Hollandsche Christelijke Gereformeerde Kerk* (later, the Christian Reformed Church). It was especially in this church that there was a long and intense struggle for the retention of Dutch, not only in worship but also in the total life of the community.

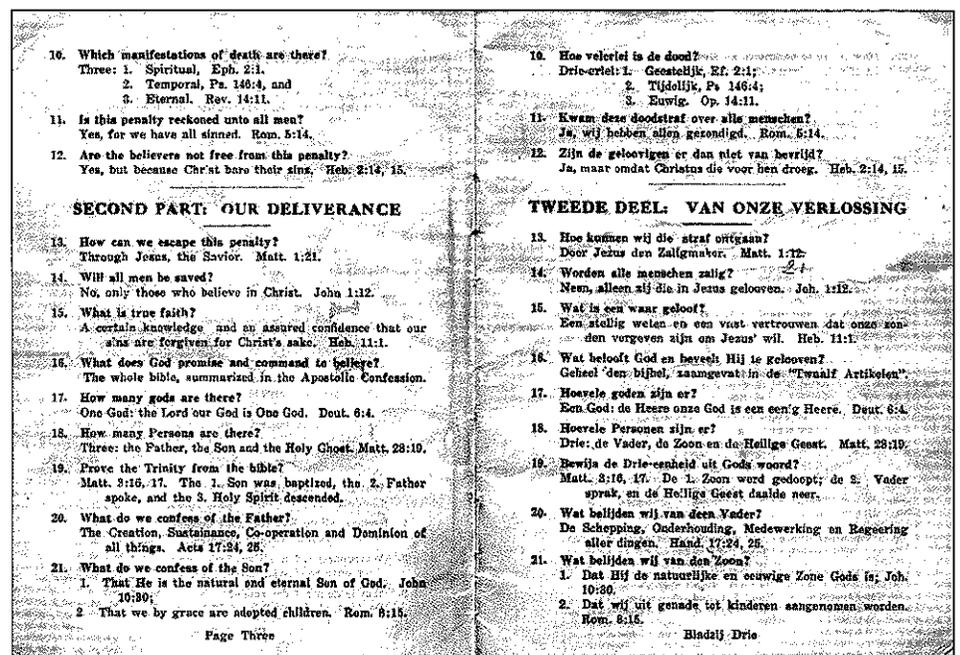
The church was concerned about the preservation of orthodoxy in the new world. Retention of the Dutch language was of vital concern in this

effort. As Dr. Diedrich Kromminga, president of Calvin Seminary, explained it,

A deliberate cultural and ecclesiastical isolation helped preserve the orthodoxy of the Christian Reformed Church. The use of the Dutch language, encouraged by the Church, protected it from environmental influences during a critical period in the development of theology. The church viewed American religious developments with a critical eye.*

This cultural and ecclesiastical isolation was further encouraged through the growth of Dutch communities, neighborhoods with their own churches and shops. In such a Dutch community there was little urgency for most adults to learn English well. There were such Dutch neighborhoods not only in Grand Rapids, Michigan, but also in Paterson and Passaic, New Jersey, in and near Chicago, Illinois, in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and in several communities in Iowa. For

*John Kromminga, *The Christian Reformed Church* (Grand Rapids: Baker Books, 1949) 124.



Walter Lagerwey is professor emeritus of Germanic languages at Calvin College.

Bilingual catechism compiled by Rev. Peter Jonker, ca., 1920.

example, in 1898 the city of Grand Rapids had approximately 100,000 inhabitants of whom 25,000 were Dutch immigrants. If you were a Dutch immigrant and did not live in one of the Dutch neighborhoods, you were really not a part of the group.

Numerous articles appeared in *De Wachter*, the theme of which, again and again, was the preservation of the Reformed faith and a Dutch life-style over against the many threats coming from the American churches and their theology. It was deemed especially important to protect the church from American Methodism, pietism, activism, and modernism. In order to preserve the Reformed faith and way of life, it was imperative that children learn Dutch and be nurtured in pure doctrine through sermons and through instruction in catechism and Sunday school. Accordingly, Sunday school lessons appeared in Dutch in both *De Wachter* and *De Hope*. And schools were established where Christian instruction could be given, preferably in the Dutch language. In addition,



Schoolhouse with students in Groningen, Michigan, ca., 1870. Note the traditional Dutch attire including wooden shoes on two front-row boys.

numerous Dutch-language newspapers, periodicals, and books for edification were being published.

In this way the Dutch Reformed community had a life of its own, in which the bond with the fatherland and the faith of the ancestors was repeatedly renewed, so that even the Calvinist revival in the Netherlands (from 1880 on) could play an impor-

tant role in America. The language policy of the Christian Reformed Church until about 1918 was aimed at language isolation.

The Schools

The following pronouncement by the second classical gathering held in Holland, on September 7, 1848, was characteristic for the Reformed immigrants from the Netherlands:

Schools must be promoted and encouraged by the congregation, as being an important part of the Christian calling of God's congregation on earth. All laxness and lukewarmness in this matter must be condemned and punished. (*Classis Holland Minutes 1848-1858*, p. 26)

The question was how to realize this ideal. Should the Dutch churches organize parochial schools, or could the public schools be trusted with Christian instruction? Again, the classis spoke:

With respect to Parochial Schools, it is the judgment of the assembly that the churches ought to take care that their children are taught in schools where they are brought under definitely Christian influence, and that consequently wherever there is an overwhelming influence of unbelief and

204 CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH

SUPPLEMENT XIV.

DIAMOND JUBILEE PROGRAM OF THE CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH

Held at the Armory, Grand Rapids, Mich., June 7, 1932

In Charge of
THE REVEREND HENRY BAKER
Pastor of the Franklin Street Church

Doxology.....AUDIENCE
PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW;
PRAISE HIM ALL CREATURES HERE BELOW;
PRAISE HIM ABOVE, YE HEAVENLY HOST:
PRAISE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

Invocation.....THE REVEREND W. P. VAN WYE
President of the Synod of 1929

Singing.....CHORUS
O, LORD JEHOVAH, BY WHOSE MIGHTY HAND
Westru — Valerius
O, Lord Jehovah, by whose mighty hand
Thy Church has dwelt secure in this free land,
Who through the years hast been her kind Protector,
In all her ways a Helper and Director,
We pray that Thou wilt even now
Our hearts with joy provide;
In love draw near and fill with cheer
This Thy beloved bride.

These sev'nty year and five have rolled along,
In which her few became a mighty throng,
Abundant blessings Thou hast poured upon her,
Her love to Thee, dear Saviour, Thou didst honor,
Her children dear preserved Thy fear,
Thanks to Thy truth and grace;
Didst on her shine with love divine
From heav'n Thy dwelling place.

ACTS OF SYNOD, 1932 295

May this Thy Church in purity abide;
Wilt Thou, O Erdgroon, tarry at her side;
The light of truth do not, O Lord, deny her;
May ne'er the pow'r of Satan terrify her.
Thy Spirit dwell in her until
Thou bring her home to Thee;
Preserve her soul and keep it whole
From all apostasy.

SEND OUT THY LIGHT
Psalms 43 and 20 — Ch. Grouod
Send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me,
And let them bring me in thy holy hill.
O let them lead me, and let them bring me to thy holy hill,
O God, then will I go unto thy altar;
On the harp we will praise Thee, O Lord our God!
Why, O my soul, art thou sorrowful,
And why cast down within me?
Still trust the loving kindness of the God of thy strength,
And my tongue shall yet praise him,
Who hath pleaded my cause!
Lord, our God! Thou wilt save thine anointed,
Thou wilt hear us from heaven;
Though in chariots some put their faith,
Our trust is in Thee!
They are brought down and fallen,
But the Lord is our helper,
We shall not be afraid.

Address.....THE REVEREND HENRY BEETS, LL. D.
"THE CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH AND THE PAST"
Ps. 125:5, "Jehovah hath done great things for us,
wherof we are glad."

Singing.....CHORUS AND AUDIENCE

Silver Offering
(The net proceeds for the General Fund of Home Missions)
Singing by CHORUS AND AUDIENCE during the offering

PSALM 66:3
God bands door de woeste baren
En breeke stroomen ons een pad;
Dnar rees zijn lof op steen en snaren,
Nadat Hij ons bevelligd had.
Hij zal ewig als ewig in roemen;
Zijn oog bewaakt het heidendon;
Hij zal d'vraligen vernemen;
Hij koort lutt troesche ontwerpen om.

Program for 75th Anniversary of the Christian Reformed Church—still bilingual.

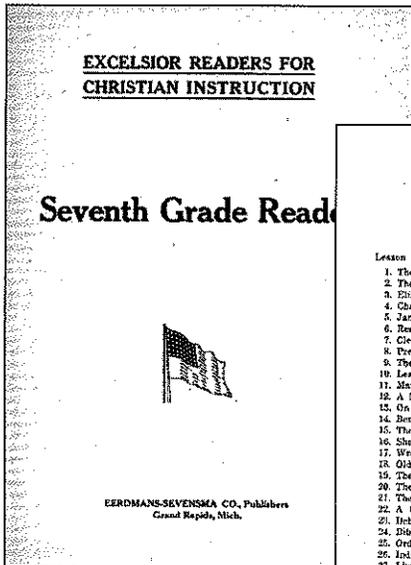
superstition, it is emphatically a duty to establish congregational schools. (Classis Holland Minutes 1848-1858, p. 157)

In these schools the Bible was to serve as a reading book, and the Catechism was to be taught, as well as

the district schools were in effect parochial schools, regardless of whether instruction was given in English or in Dutch. The children sang the psalms, used the Bible as an instruction and reading book, learned the catechism, and even reading, writing, and arithmetic were often taught in Dutch. Such schools were found in Graafschap,

in many articles in the church papers and newspapers. A quotation from an article by J.B. Hoekstra is typical of the arguments used repeatedly:

When we look about us, we observe a terrible corruption of morals. Coarseness and violence increase by leaps and bounds. Lawlessness shoves aside devotion to duty and fidelity. Licentiousness and levity crowd out scrupulousness and earnestness. Capricious fashion, the god



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Zeeland, Vriesland,

the Dutch language. In Grand Rapids there was the East Street School, a parochial school, sponsored by the Christian Reformed Church, where, in the summer of 1880, one hundred children had their lessons. Singing and arithmetic were taught in Dutch, and for reading and writing they used the instruction booklets *Borstius Vragenboekje* and the *Heidelberger Catechismus*. However, the parochial school in Holland, Michigan (established by Van Raalte), existed for only a few years, partly because the people did not support it financially. And that is somewhat understandable, given the great difficulties which confronted the early settlers. Some also thought that they could use the district school for their own educational ends.

In the years between 1860 and 1880

Collendoorn, Muskegon, and Grand Haven. In some schools, like the one in Graafschap, Dutch was taught only during the summer; in other schools Dutch and English were taught side by side.

However, the district school, which increasingly became a neutral school, remained a stumbling block for members of the Christian Reformed Church. In the first fifty years of the CRC (1857-1907), its members preferred the parochial school, closely tied to the church. Only gradually was this to change.

One asks again: Why this strong desire to retain the Dutch heritage for several generations? The main reason continued to be not so much cultural as religious and moral. A great anxiety about the many spiritual and religious dangers in American society is evident

of the age, is admired, praised, honored, and in posture, countenance, and clothing they dedicate to him their offerings. Lechery is becoming terrifying to behold, and is taking hold ever faster and surer.

The spirit of the age with its tinsel lies in wait for our youth. What to do so that our children are not carried along further to destruction on the runaway steed of the god of this age? Education in the positive basic truths of Christendom, the religion of the Bible. In the English school then? Not really, it too is nowhere near what it should be. Let Dutch education, in the spirit of the Bible, be your striving.

(De Wachter, Nov. 23, 1882:1)

However, by the turn of the century, there was a growing consciousness among leaders in the church that one neither could nor even should in the long run oppose

the penetration of English. The more the children of the immigrants began to speak the English language, the more urgent the question became: How do we keep our children? And in the schools one sees a change from Dutch, church-controlled schools to parent-controlled Christian schools with an



Beertje, children's reading booklet in Dutch.

exclusively English-language curriculum.

Churches

From 1857 till about 1900 the Dutch language reigned supreme in the CRC. Catechism classes, consistory (and classis and synod) meetings, and church services were all conducted in Dutch. However, the leaders in the church were worried about the young people, who increasingly wanted English, and, for fear of losing them, were willing to give in to the demand for preaching and catechism in the English language.

But the opposition to English remained strong and was to last for many more years. That was the case even when the CRC hesitatingly began to take steps to allow more room for

English by forming a few English congregations after 1887. Although by 1907 there were only eight of these congregations, in 1904 the editor of *De Wachter* already considered this a dubious matter when he wrote,

Our English churches, however, do not have an easy task, at least if they are not going to be satisfied with the appearance of playing church, but have set their heart on building up those young people into living stones of the house of God; because it is mostly the worldly-minded youth who are generally the most inclined to English. To cultivate those children of the Covenant to become practitioners of the Covenant must not be regarded as a small matter.

(*De Wachter*, Aug. 10, 1904:1)

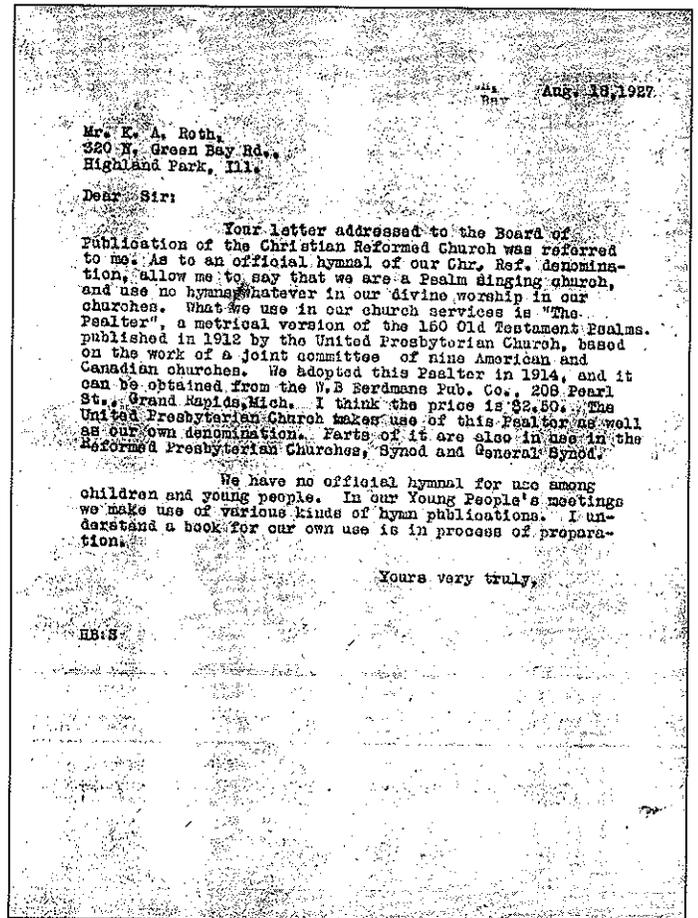
But other voices were much more positive. One of the principal proponents of Americanization and the use of the English language was Rev. B.K. Kuiper. He argued that it is the moral duty of the Dutch to become Americans without, however, losing their Calvinist character. It is precisely the desire to hold on to the Dutch language which threatens the Calvinist calling to carry one's principles into the world, Kuiper asserted. A similar view was expressed in *The Calvinist*:

Everyone knows what we mean by Americanization. It is the transposition, the change-over of our religion from the Dutch language

into English. It is becoming an American ecclesiastically, without being dissolved into the colorless, superficial American ecclesiastical world. It is occupying the place which God has assigned us, the spiritual care of our youth and coming out with our reformed principles in the world around us. . . . The Dutch language is foreign here, unnatural, it must wither away and its use is contrary to the interest of state and church, properly understood. . . . How we have locked ourselves up, all those years, within the narrow confines of our own church! If our church is to be a salvatory institution also for others, then our door will at last also have to be opened for the American.

(*Americanisatie*, April 13, 1918)

One other factor in the language conflict deserves mention—the attitudes of ministers. Usually the arguments about the choice of language centered upon the preservation of the



Henry Beets's 1927 letter explaining the psalm-singing character of the CRC.

CHURCH CHRONICLE

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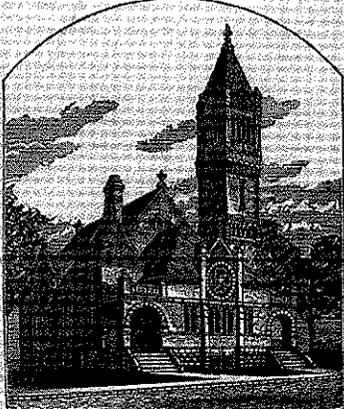
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THE CHURCH CHRONICLE

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL

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 The Board of the Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LaGrave Avenue CRC advertising in Church Chronicle, August, 1893.

Reformed faith and keeping young people in the churches. But a perceptive comment by Arnold Mulder shows an often neglected factor:

The chief casualties in this protracted war of languages, although they did not always know it themselves, were the ministers. The spiritual leaders of the first decade or two, educated for the most part in the universities of Holland, were often men of great linguistic attainments in their native tongue. Van Raalte, Scholte, Van Der Meulen, and many others had a

flexibility of Dutch style that made them truly great orators, and also writers of force if not of great distinction. They employed beautiful Dutch and passable English. But the ministers trained on the bilingual Dutch frontier often used a language that was neither English nor Dutch. In the days that are not yet wholly forgotten, many a pastor was required by his contract to deliver two sermons on a Sunday in Dutch and one in English, or perhaps one in Dutch and two in English. What these men of God did to the language of their fathers is difficult to estimate; what they did to the language of Shakespeare and Wordsworth was more than enough. The worst of it was that they did not realize what they were doing—men often of deep theological erudition. They were pronouncing English words, they were not speaking the English language; to a reasonably sensitive ear their locutions were often ludicrous. They had been deprived in youth of a precious possession—a native language. They were forced by the exigencies of their job to learn two languages, each of them imperfectly; they were working with blunted tools.

(Mulder 1947, p. 248)

Thus the language change was often a painful process. In reading commemorative histories of local congregations, one is struck by the frequent mention of “the language controversy.” But after 1900 the transition to English had to be faced by all congregations, and the change did come about. The Americanization process and the language transition were

hastened by America’s entry into and participation in World War I. The use of the Dutch language (which was the same as German to many Americans) and sympathy for Germany (defended by some CRC leaders) were judged to be unpatriotic by Americans. Thus there were difficulties, among others, in the state of Iowa, where a church was burned down. Nevertheless, after the war, worship services in Dutch were again held in many churches, and several Dutch-language newspapers were still appearing. According to a survey in the yearbook of the CRC for 1929, of the 2,055 services held in one month, 1,143 were in English and 912 in Dutch! In Grand Rapids there were still a few churches, both RCA and CRC, where services in Dutch were held regularly right up to World War II. But in the postwar period even this practice has died out almost completely. (In the CRC in Canada, history repeated itself, as post-World War II immigrants went through the same language transition process. The rate of change, however, was much more rapid.)

As the account above shows, the process of assimilation into American life was often troublesome—especially the change from Dutch to English. Linguistic difficulties, family traditions, cultural differences, and religious values all played a role. Especially in the school and church we see the human dimension of the language struggle, with the inevitable tensions and pain involved in the Americanization of these Reformed Americans, young and old. §

book notes

Review by Conrad J. Bult

Our Family Album— The Unfinished Story of the Christian Reformed Church

James C. Schaap

Grand Rapids, MI: CRC Publications,
1998. 423 pages. \$24.95

James Schaap is an extraordinary member of the Christian Reformed Church who during the last two decades has written in fiction and fact about a wide variety of “ordinary” members of his denomination. His characters embody the virtues and vices of the CRC people—himself included. In 1982 his *CRC Family Portrait: Sketches of Ordinary Christians in a 125-Year-Old Church* appeared, and now, almost twenty years later, he has written *Our Family Album* subtitled *The Unfinished Story of the Christian Reformed Church*. The publication of this volume concludes a project begun in 1981 which included the research notes and preliminary writings of Herbert Brinks and A. James Heynen. Schaap perused these sources thoroughly and credits them fulsomely.

For more than twenty years Schaap has taught English at Dordt College in Sioux Center, Iowa, where he has written several volumes of short stories about people familiar to all, but significant particularly to those who cherish firsthand memories of rural life many years ago. Because Schaap is a storyteller and not a professional historian his book blends two stories—one of the CRC and the other of Schaap and his family. Both narratives

are well-written and winsome, but Schaap’s design is not conventional. Remember always, Schaap hopes to pique the interest of a multitude of CRC members be they high school



William of Orange (1533-1584), founding father of the Netherlands Union of Utrecht, 1580, and dominant hero of the Eighty Years' War (1568-1650). Assassinated by an agent of Spain's Philip II in 1584.

students or gray-haired retirees, so he portrays the CRC “up close and personal,” often through his private lens.

In the initial chapter, “Why This Story,” Schaap writes about a grandmother who kept a scrapbook containing annual *Banner* pictures of ministerial candidates. His concluding remarks are:

It is my hope that this history, the story of the Christian Reformed Church, will help us understand the past we’ve come from, so that we can better know the today we see around us and the tomorrow of the new millennium. With this scrapbook of sorts, let me try to tell you our story. p. 23

Schaap devotes more than one hundred pages, seven out of his

twenty chapters, to a chronicle of religious history from creation to the mid 1840s when Van Raalte and Scholte with their followers migrated to Michigan and Iowa. In this pre-immigration historical panorama we learn from Schaap why sin, the Israelites, the Reformers, Calvin, Philip II of Spain, Arminius, the Synod of Dort (1618-1619), old world poverty and the potato blight are significant elements of our social, ethnic and religious heritage. Huss, Wycliffe, De Brès, Bilderdijk, Da Costa, Hendrick De Cock, Voetius, Groen Van Prinsterer, and a host of other figures each occupying a small or large niche in our past, are here. Van Raalte, Scholte, and those who followed them throughout the nineteenth century carried with them a religious-social-ethnic heritage forged in the Netherlands and later promulgated by individuals such as Abraham Kuyper and his immediate predecessors. The names of these individuals and their ideas became household items in the Dutch Calvinist communities of America and the Netherlands.

Crucial for understanding the CRC then and now are first, an intertwined ethnic-religious heritage, second, an often painful Americanization process, and third, three strands of thought personified by *inward* Christians (“Confessionalists”), *outward* Christians, often influenced by the world around them, and *upward* Christians who, above all, cherish a close relationship with God. *Outward* and *inward* types thrive in today’s CRC but regrettably many *inward* believers, those who oppose change, and as

Schaap observes, "treasure the creeds," have left the CRC.

The root causes for the trials, tribulations, successes and failures of the CRC can be found in one or more of these three elements. Schaap comes back to them again and again for an explanation of both past controversies and current dilemmas which continue to plague the CRC. Often these



Typical of the first homes built by settlers in the late 1840s.

currently perplexing situations are old issues in new garb.

Now, imagine your family and Schaap's in your living room leafing through *Our Family Album*, marveling at the many, often full-page, illustrations and reading the sidebars appearing in boxes on many of the pages. These sidebars written by the CRC's editorial staff and retired CRC ministers William D. Buursma and Tymen E. Hofman are, Schaap declares,

... warm, sometimes humorous, always informative ... [and] add a richness to the story—the kind of richness that comes from listening to many different voices and seeing things through many different eyes. p. 3

The pictures on almost every page are a feast for the eyes, including every aspect of the CRC's heritage. Here, as far as people are concerned, we see the great, the small, and those in between. *Banner* covers, including the *Bananer*, churches, synods, farms, factories,

urban scenes, rural life, military parades, and a sod house are here for you to look at. Photographs, both historic and recent, of the Netherlands, Canada and denominational activities, appear often and will delight even the most jaded observer.

While turning the pages of this lavishly illustrated *Album*, your family will listen to Schaap as he tells the

CRC's story and at the same time shares his feelings, often intensely personal, about why and how the CRC's Reformed heritage and a new world cultural environment daily shape his Christian life and that of his family.

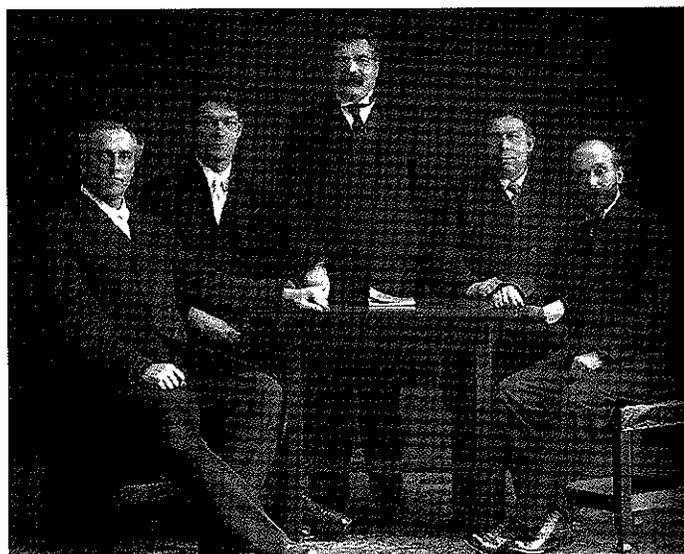
At the risk of being provincial, the part of the album which is most arresting

chronicles the history of the CRC in North America. In Chapter 7, "The Dream of Immigration," Van Raalte and Scholte come center stage with their vision of what a transplanted faith and community will mean in the new world. These pioneer ministers and their followers transported a religious and ethnic inheritance not easily forgotten.

Schaap's "A Tulip in the Wilderness" (Chapter 8) has as its focus Van Raalte's Holland settlement and Scholte's Pella community. The "tulip" mentioned in this chapter represents the CRC even though it did not begin as a denomination until

1857. The religious and social coloration of these two "tulips" was not the same and each of these transplants reflected the hopes and fears of its planter, either Scholte or Van Raalte. If the wilderness "tulip" mentioned by Schaap is indeed the CRC and American culture is the soil in which it was transplanted, the questions are, how do the "tulip" leaves and petals reflect the nurture of this American soil and how are the shades of the foliage and petals of this flower constantly changing?

Next in "Birth of the Christian Reformed Church" we read about the family of Western Michigan settlements including Holland and its surrounding villages. Van Raalte had a fondness for the Reformed Church in the East from whom the fledgling colony had received help in its first years. At his urging, the Dutch pioneers joined the Reformed Church. Some original immigrants and many arriving later were not pleased when they heard reports that catechism preaching and house visitation were



Board of Heathen Missions, 1912. Chairman Henry Beets, standing; others (l-r), Rev. Johannes Groen, John Dolfin, John Walkotten, M. Van Vessem.

neglected in the Eastern Reformed Church. Other factors in this disenchantment were the liturgical use of

hymns, plus the fact that the *Afscheiding* and what it meant for the Netherlands and America had very little significance for fellow believers in the East.

The *Afscheiding*, a vivid memory for many immigrants, had occurred in the Netherlands as a protest against Enlightenment preaching by ministers in the official state church. For many of these immigrants, the Reformed Church in the East had all the serious flaws of the state church in the Netherlands.

To make a long and complicated story short, Schaap sums up the immigrant discontent in this way:

Koene Van Den Bosch's leadership of the Graafschap break on April 8, 1857, is the American birthday of what has become the Christian Reformed Church in North America. It is our own birthday. p. 159

While assessing that birthday Schaap pensively ponders the lack of love among the participants and concludes Chapter 9 with this apt homily,

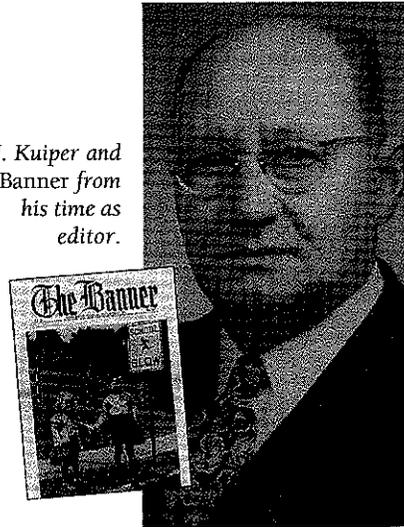
Lord, help us learn both to know the truth and to love each other. p. 163

The chapter "Twenty Years an Orphan" recounts the CRC's early years, of perilous survival. Not recognized by its kindred denomination in the Netherlands, the CRC was truly an orphan and not too healthy at that. As Schaap observes, "It required nutrition, lots of it, in many forms."

By 1880 the CRC had grown from one classis and four congregations to four classes and thirty-nine congregations. Dominie Douwe Van Der Werp, minister in Graafschap, edited the CRC's Dutch-language paper *De Wachter* (1868-1985) and trained future ministers. The golden age of growth in the CRC took place during the years 1880-1910. Large families and a rising tide of immigrants

carrying with them the world and life views of the Dutch theologian-journalist and one-time Prime Minister Abraham Kuyper. Kuyper's views had a great impact on the CRC and are still attractive in some quarters today.

H. J. Kuiper and
a Banner from
his time as
editor.



Though debates concerning finely-spun doctrinal issues and the relationship of the denomination to American culture continued to thrive, it was generally and theologically speaking an era of good feeling. Schaap's synopsis is given here.

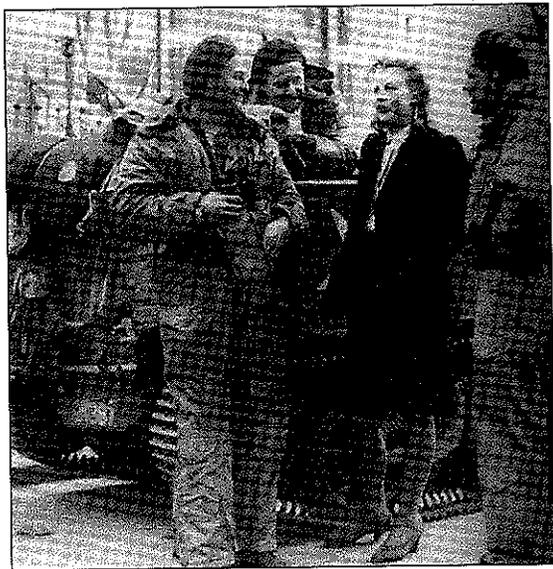
Leaders were not laying land mines in the battleground of theological dispute. Synods were not concentrating on heresy-hunting. It was a lively, jumbled time. p. 209

To put it simply, another reason for CRC growth during the last two decades of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth was its opposition to lodge membership, an outlook supported by the mother church in the Netherlands which channeled immigrants to the CRC and not the Reformed Church which tolerated lodge members. Use of the Dutch language was a divisive issue for the church, especially from 1900 to the end of World War I. On this matter Schaap remarks that "... no issue was so dividing as the issue of what language we use to reach to

God." Schaap notes that the Dutch language in many ways reminded Dutch folk of who they were in the past and present. Cherished mementos, be they antiques or family memorabilia, function in the same way today for Schaap and his family. By the end of World War I, Dutch was on the decline and the CRC's pride in its splendid isolation from American culture had ebbed a bit.

"The Wars of the Postwar Years" is the tale of painful theological strife often reminiscent of past struggles and often reflecting the CRC's quest for identity as a Reformed institution becoming increasingly American. Rev. Harry Bultema's dispensational and premillennial views were rejected by the Synod of 1918. He left the CRC and founded the Berean Church. Seminary Old Testament Professor Ralph Janssen was deposed in 1922 for having a bit too much fondness for higher criticism and in 1924 the theologically brilliant Herman Hoeksema left the CRC and founded the Protestant Reformed Church when he found the 1924 Synod's endorsement of Abraham Kuyper's thoughts on common grace unacceptable. For many, leaders and laity, participation in these theological battles often depended on preconceived ideas concerning what was implied by the word *Reformed* as it applied to the CRC. Schaap is no friend of controversy resulting from a quest for the meaning of *Reformed* but he also decries a current inclination to soft-pedal our Reformed identity. Though it may be hard, many of us will agree, but not necessarily wholeheartedly, with Schaap's words about "reformation" and its meaning for the CRC.

... there are altogether too many moments in our history when the word *Reformed* is clearly at the base of struggles that have brought more heat than light into our pilgrimage as God's people. p. 253



The Dutch have continued to be grateful to Canadian troops for their part in the liberation of the Netherlands.

“1928: Putting Some Distance Between Church and World” (Chapter 14) contains much of Schaap’s most deeply felt autobiographical soul-searching. He identifies himself as an *outward* Christian. To write as a Christian he must study world literature, cannot be primarily *inward* (concerned with the past), or *upward* (almost exclusive concerns with personal faith). Card playing, dancing, and theater attendance were activities prohibited by the 1928 Synod, but this synodical decision failed to take permanent root in the CRC, a development Schaap argues, stemming from the fact that such prohibitions have little to do with the love of Christ. Schaap is a preacher in this chapter and his expectations about the essence of a Christian life are well worth discussing with your family and friends.

The hard times of the thirties and the stress of the World War II decade were, Schaap suggests, oddly congenial among Dutch Calvinists.

If there were ever a time conducive to the rigors of Calvinism, the thirties and forties would be the decades of choice. p. 268

Schaap makes no attempt to gloss over the heart-wrenching recollections of many CRC folk who lived through the Depression. CRC folk looked to *Banner* Editor H.J. Kuiper for council about personal faith, doctrinal issues, politics, and world affairs. Editor Kuiper wrote with a kind of papal authority and *Banner* readers accepted his proclamations. The CRC’s outreach was also evident in the *Calvin Forum* (1935-1956) where Calvin College and Calvin Seminary professors wrote about cultural affairs and in the *Christian Labor Herald* (1935-

present) where the laboring man found articles carrying on Abraham Kuyper’s ideals. Note also that by 1939 the CRC message to radio listeners was being broadcast by the Back to God Hour. Yet, Schaap asserts Americanization had not permeated the CRC. Ethnicitywise CRC members remained insulated and isolated in their own churches, mental hospitals, recreational facilities, homes for the aged, cemeteries, and adoption agencies.

World War II bombing and the German occupation of the Netherlands were unknown hardships in North America, even though Americans and Canadians did serve overseas, were wounded, and died in this conflict. To native Netherlanders however the war was a round-the-clock affair on their own turf. Though Schaap’s major subjects in “War Again: Viewed from Two Perspectives” are differing wartime memories, he also touches on CRC journalistic portrayals of the war and its perpetrators found on the pages of the *Banner* and *Calvin Forum* and, not

neglected, is the function of the *Young Calvinist* as a source of information about CRC men and women in military service. Theological controversy ebbed during the war years though concerns for Sabbath observance of industrial workers contributing to the war effort and ecumenical practices of CRC chaplains, when serving communion to soldiers and sailors in a wide variety of wartime situations, were topics of conversation among CRC leaders. Schaap closes this chapter with statistics fraught with significance for the future of the CRC.

Between 1947 and 1957, Canadian congregations multiplied from 13 to 107. By then post-war immigrants accounted for about 25 percent of the CRC’s total membership. p. 307

Dutch postwar immigrants imported historical recollections interwoven with an ethnic-religious perspective quite at odds with the views shared by their predecessors from the Netherlands who had been in the new world for several generations. Schaap’s blunt portrayal of those new arrivals and



An immigrant family in Iron Springs, Alberta.

how they saw the CRC follows in language a bit harsh and hard to forget.

They were—many of them—a rough-hewn and independent people, folks who’d snubbed their noses at the SS.

And when they came to North America, what they found was a denomination full of smilers, sweet people whose piety they couldn't help but judge as being superficial at best, nonsensical at worst. p. 315

At Calvin College offspring of the new arrivals in Canada held energetic arguments with many American students who were not members of the Groen Van Prinsterer Club founded by Calvin College philosophy professor H. Evan Runner, a disciple of Free University professors D.H.T. Vollenhoven and Herman Dooyeweerd. Abraham Kuyper's world and life views had a following on the campus but the thoughts of Dooyeweerd and Vollenhoven transplanted from the Netherlands were nurtured primarily in the hothouse environment of the Groen Van Prinsterer Club.

Those Dutch folks who came to Canada endured loneliness, family stress, a bit of American CRC paternalism, and in some cases abject poverty. After reading Schaap you will better understand the frame of mind of these Dutch-Canadians who are now an integral and vital force in the CRC. A bit abruptly, Schaap concludes this section, Americanization and Canadianization, with remarks about the burgeoning growth of CRC outreach efforts in Home Missions, Foreign Missions and the Back to God Hour.

The extensive work of the Christian Reformed World Relief Committee is the first topic in Schaap's chapter "The Sixties." This extensive outreach project, according to Schaap, "... progressed in part because of what was happening in the world." In some eighteen pages devoted to the counter-culture movement and the *Bananer*, (a 1970 parody of the *Banner*) Schaap provides an analysis of his own views and those of the Calvin students who created the *Bananer*.

But who was I thirty years ago? I was a kid who knew from the dialogue of my own generation that something awful had gone wrong in society. p. 345

The *Bananer*, counter-culture at its literary best, ridiculed not only the official CRC *Banner* but the entire denomination. The CRC's Americanization anguish during the sixties and seventies was, Schaap mentions, best seen on the pages of the *Bananer*. After reading the *Bananer*, CRC students of college age "... laughed, sometimes



Rev. Ruth Hofman, first woman pastor in the CRC.

uproariously, but winced at times, even felt a little sad." Schaap's participation in the counter-culture movement ended with the death by bombing of a graduate student on the Wisconsin campus. With that 1970 tragedy Schaap notes, "Grace had departed from the movement."

Schaap's last two chapters, "The Challenges of the Present" and "Where Are We Going," cover subjects well known to all acquainted with recent CRC denominational strife and exodus of many members. Headship, hermeneutics, and homosexuality are words mentioned often. Synodical action on women in office is described in excruciating but necessary detail. In conclusion, Schaap hopes that whatever we in the CRC do, we will know

what we stand for and we will gain that discernment only by understanding our past, but not by holding dear romantic recollections about our peculiar ethnic characteristics, and mores. Schaap's guardedly optimistic view of the CRC's prospects asserts

By God's grace alone, what we've accomplished, we've done by deep and abiding commitment—first of all to God, and then back to his world. p. 414

Schaap's book is one you will find hard to put down. He tells the story of the CRC in a prose style uniquely his own. And the book may tell you more about Schaap than you know about people you've known for many years. Here you have a teller of tales, writing with passion about a denomination he loves. §

for the future

The topics listed below are being researched, and articles about them will appear in future issues of *Origins*.

Selections from J. Marion Snapper's "Memoirs"

"Wrong Side Up"—selections from William Recker's autobiography, Chicago to Montana (1894-1953) continued

Remembering Wealthy Street by Marvin Van Dellen

Recollections of Bill Colzman

Day of Deliverance, March 30, 1945 by Henry Lammers

The Dutch in Lafayette and Tippecanoe County by P. John De Young

The Dutch of Highland, Indiana by David Zandstra

For the Humblest Worshiper: Architectural Styles by Richard Harms

Leonard Verduin—Reflections

Odyssey of Lambert and Maria Ubels—the Netherlands to California

Klompdancing Through America by Janet Sheeres

Voices from the Holland Unitarian Church in Grand Rapids 1885-1915 by Walter Lagerwey



Highland, Indiana, 1937. William Van Til digging a house basement with horses and a slip scoop.

Wilhelmina Bolier Pool's Whistlestops 1920's by Janet Sheeres

Vignette from the Life of Rev. Lammert J. Hulst—leading CRC minister 1880-1910 by Cornelius Van Nuis

Dr. Henry Beets: Dutch Immigrant in Canada 1900-1930 by Willem J. Niemeijer

From Pella, Iowa to the California Gold Fields by Brian Beltman

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