Origins

Historical Magazine of The Archives
Calvin College and Calvin Theological Seminary
Volume XXII · Number 2 · 2004



Origins

Origins

Volume XXII · Number 2 · 2004

Historical Magazine of The Archives

Calvin College and
Calvin Theological Seminary
1855 Knollcrest Circle SE
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49546
(616) 526-6313

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.

Richard H. Harms
Editor

Hendrina Van Spronsen
Circulation Manager

Conrad J. Bult
Book Reviewer

Tracey L. Gebbia
Designer

H.J. Brinks
Harry Boonstra
Janet Sheeres
Associate Editors

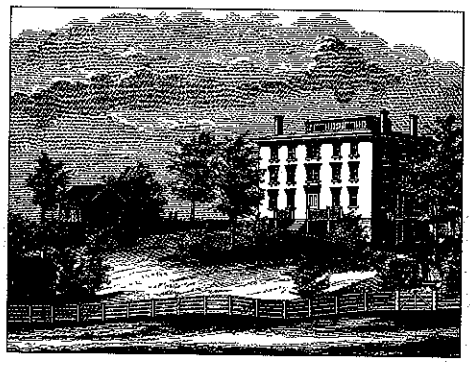
James C. Schaap
Robert P. Swierenga
Contributing Editors

Eerdmans Printing Company
Printer

Cover photo:
Lynden, Washington



page 8



page 21

2 From the Editor

4 Memoirs of a Lynden Childhood
J. Marion Snapper

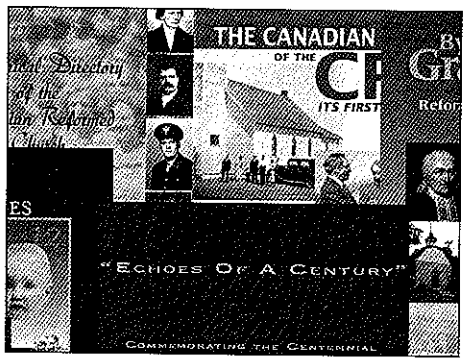
11 Leonard Kranendonk (1903-2002)
A Lifetime of Music
Calvin D. Cevaal

18 Martinus Cohen Stuart
Netherlanders in Michigan
Translation by Harry Boonstra

28 Six Names; Six Stories:
The people who helped Van Raalte build the first lodge in Holland, Michigan in February 1847
Janet Sjaarda Sheeres



page 34



page 43

34 Johannes Bernardus Hulst (6 April 1868 – 20 February 1948)
Louise M. Hulst

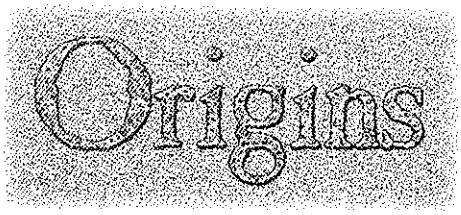
39 The Sabbath
Fiction by H. J. Brinks

43 Book Notes

46 For the Future
upcoming Origins *articles*

47 Contributors

from the editor . . .



This Issue

This issue focuses on individuals. From Marion Snapper's manuscript memoirs, we excerpt a small section detailing his childhood outside Lynden, Washington. From there we move to the East Coast with Calvin Cevaal's account of Leonard Kranendonk, a noted vocalist who spent most of his professional career with the Fred Waring organization. A translation by Harry Boonstra of an 1873 travel account through West Michigan presents an early, outsider's view of the Dutch Colony in Michigan. From exhaustive research in both United States and Dutch archival collections, Janet Sheeres presents detailed information on the six people who accompanied Rev. A. C. Van Raalte into the West Michigan forest to prepare for the first wave of Dutch immigrants. Interestingly, this is the first time anyone has delved into the lives of the first pioneers. A prominent name, J. B. Hulst, in the Christian Reformed Church and in early Dutch book distribution and publishing, also receives long needed attention in the article by Louise Hulst. We conclude with a change of pace for *Origins*. Former editor H. J. Brinks presents a short historical fiction piece that presents a snippet of life. Since this is the first time we have used a work of fiction in *Origins*, we welcome your reactions to including such items. Since it is fiction, we have included no illustrations.

Time to Renew

Long-time subscribers know that we typically do not mail separate renewal notices, we simply have enclosed the renewal envelope in the fall issue to save the significant mailing expense of a renewal notice. A reminder letter will be enclosed for those of you whose subscriptions have expired. Subscriptions are still $10 (US) per year, gifts in addition to the $10 are acknowledged as charitable gifts to *Origins*.

Available On-Line

Our most recent addition to the on-line material we have made available are approximately 1,000 images of Michigan churches, schools, events, and places. Thanks to a library services and technology grant from the Museum and Library Services administered by the Library of Michigan, Hekman Library staff scanned the images from our collection and keyed the descriptive data into a database. This is one contribution to a much larger Michigan history digital imaging project. The images can be found via the Heritage Hall web site (www.calvin.edu/hh) at url http://alexandria.calvin.edu/uhtbin/cgisirsi4/eJDf4STXtc/255660055/503/7511. We are currently working on converting the approximately 5,000 birth, marriage, anniversary, and obituary notices from *The Banner* into a database available online. These data are currently available in our Reading Room, but on-line access will make them available to family historians around the world.

We also completed keying-in cataloging data of about 7,000 of our audio recordings (reel-to-reel, cassette, and compact disk formats) into a campus-wide database. This database, shared with the Calvin Theological Seminary, Calvin College's Audio Visual and Conferences and Campus Events departments, is available for searching via web access at http://www.calvin.edu/admin/av/titles/index.htm.

News from the Archives

During the past year we have processed twenty cubic feet of records from the Calvin Theological Seminary collection, and eighteen cubic feet from the Social Research Center were

added to the Calvin College collection. Also processed were records from the General Secretary's office of the Christian Reformed Church, collections from such various related groups as Dynamic Youth Ministries, Christian Reformed Conference Grounds, and the Committee for Women in the Christian Reformed Church. Lastly, we arranged approximately 35 cubic feet of records from various Christian schools and other agencies related to the Dutch in North America.

In cooperation with the Meeter Center at Calvin College, we organized the Ford Lewis Battles (1915-1979) papers. The preeminent scholar of John Calvin during the twentieth century, Battles left extensive notes and unfinished research. The collection amounts to thirty-three cubic feet. Unfortunately much of his research that led to publication was on a variety of machine readable formats that are no longer accessible due to technology and hardware changes. Fortunately the end products of these labors are still readable in book form.

The *Historical Directory of the Christian Reformed Church* (ISBN of 0-9748422-1-4) has been published. The 511-page book lists all 2,773 ministers and 1,415 ministries in the denomination, for the period 1857-2002. The product of years of work, the book represents the first time these data have been gathered in one volume. The directory lists all ministers, a brief history of every ministry, lay evangelists, ministry associates (evangelists), Calvin Theological Seminary faculty, Calvin College faculty, home missionaries, world missionaries, CRWRC field staff, and chaplains in the Christian Reformed Church. It is available for $34.95 (US) and in Canada can be purchased from Vander Heide Publishing. As we noted in the last issue, through a special arrangement with the Historical Committee of the Christian Reformed Church, *Origins* subscribers can purchase the book for $27.95 at Heritage Hall or $30.00 if you would like it mailed to you (prices in US currency). For mail orders, send payment in check or money order to *Origins*, Calvin College Archives, 1855 Knollcrest Circle SE, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49546-4402.

Our translators continue working on the minutes from the Central Avenue CRC of Holland, Michigan, several sets of classical minutes, and the minutes of the Luctor, Kansas, Christian Reformed Church. The classical minutes will be open to research; access to church minutes, by synodical decision, requires written permission from the specific church.

We have begun cataloging all periodical titles held in our various archival collections. This is a major task and will take some time to complete, but more difficult by improper earlier cataloging in several cases. We are also nearing the end of a complete reorganization, rehousing, and indexing of the images in our collections. By the time you read this, this work will be completed and make finding images in our collections much easier and ensure that all are properly protected.

Staff

Richard Harms is the curator of the Archives, with Hendrina Van Spronsen, office coordinator; Wendy Blankespoor, librarian and cataloging archivist; Boukje Leegwater, departmental assistant; and Dr. Robert Bolt, field agent and assistant archivist. Our capable student assistant is Kay Bykerk. Our dedicated volunteers include: Rev. Henry DeMots, Ed Gerritsen, Fred Greidanus, Hendrick Harms, Dr. Henry Ippel, Helen Meulink, Rev. Gerrit Sheeres, and Rev. Leonard Sweetman. The Archives are housed in Heritage Hall at Calvin College.



Richard H. Harms

Memoirs of a Lynden Childhood

J. Marion Snapper

I was born on 9 June 1922 (my father's birthday), on Stickney Island, just outside the city limits of Lynden, Washington. The island's name has disappeared from maps, because the island itself disappeared. The island had been formed by an existing channel of the Nooksack River on the south and remnants of a previous river channel on the other three sides. This channel laid at the foot of a low bluff. The highland just above was the location of town. We called the island "the slough" because, except for times of high water, the old channel was no more than a mucky ditch. There were five small farms on the island. Each place was a small farm—barn, house, chickens, a few hogs, a dog, and several cats for mousing. We also had a goat. Each little farm also had a large garden. Additionally, a few acres were devoted to a "row crop," the yield of which was sold to a cannery. Our row crop was pole beans.

The folks, along with their first-born, one-year-old son John, moved onto the little farm shortly after arriving from Iowa in 1918. Three miles further down that road lived the Slotemakers. Mrs. Slotemaker was my mother's aunt (Tante Tillie) and the older sister of Grandma Zoerink-Jansma. The Slotemakers were the clan's pioneers who led the way to Stickney Island.

The farm had evidence of earlier human occupation. Behind our chicken coop was a pile of old lumber, mostly plaster laths, the remains of what once had been a mission school for the Indians of the region. The dominant tribe in the area from Lynden east into the foothills of the Cascade Mountains was the Nooksack. West of town and centered on the mouth of the Nooksack River lived the Lummi Indians. Typical of the Indians of the Northwest, they were a peaceful people. They lived by hunting and fishing and growing some crops. The gentle climate, the verdant woodlands, and streams filled with fish, salmon in particular, made life easy for them. Already they lived almost exclusively on two reservations, one at the mouth of the Nooksack and the other, also on the Nooksack, but up against the foothills. The only problem I recall that the white man had with them had to do with the salmon in the Nooksack. The Nooksack tribe, well inland, were allowed to use nets to catch fish. They would attach those nets to something on the shore, extend them out about 15 feet and anchor the ends. These were gill nets; the fish would catch their gills in the net and would quickly drown.

Near the farms, Sam George would come every few days, journeying about ten miles downstream in his canoe. He would lift the net and pull out the fish. One such net was anchored on the bank of Uncle Henry Zoerink's farm. One summer, at about the age of twelve, I helped him on his farm—thinning and weeding the sugar beets. On days when Sam came to empty his nets, Uncle Henry would go out there, and he could expect Sam George to toss him a nice ten-pound silver salmon. No problems; just a very nice symbiotic relation-

Born in Lynden, Washington, J. Marion Snapper (1922-1998) became a teacher, 1946-1957, and then a teacher of teachers, 1958-1987. He retired in 1987 as professor of church education at Calvin Theological Seminary.



The Hilbert J. Kok farm in the Lynden, Washington, vicinity, with the family posed amid the "row crops." Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

ship. The Lummi tribe fished the same way.

Trouble started after World War II. The fish declined sharply. The plight of the reservation Indians had worsened—poverty, alcohol and so on. The Indians began selling fish, which was illegal, but fish right out of the net were cheap. Soon both tribes were stringing nets from one bank to the other, cutting off almost all upstream migration for spawning. And the ones which the Lummi missed, the Nooksack nets were liable to get. Gone were the days when we could go out and spear salmon with a pitchfork.

Before World War II the Nooksack River flooded regularly. These floods were considered a nuisance instead of a disaster. No one had yet tried to tame the river; the largest of such projects were called "wing dams." They consisted of logs, the size of lighting poles, driven in near the river's banks to keep the water from eroding the shore. It was after high dams were constructed and more land cleared and extensive deforestation that floods became destructive. Back in the twenties and thirties the annual flood came gently onto the land. Those of us who lived near the river kept a boat or raft handy so we could get from the house to the barn and chicken coops. Wading boots were handy. I remember that the water surrounded only the house.

In 1927 we moved three miles farther from Lynden, down the Stickney Island Road toward the village of Everson. We bought the farm from H. Bol who had made enough to move onto the fertile flat land near Sumas. This was a sixty-acre farm, but about ten acres were covered by a swamp, probably a former bed of the Nooksack River. Another fifteen acres were still wooded. About ten acres of the farm were on a rise which came out of the swamp and was full of rocks which would keep pushing up out of the ground. One of our routine jobs was to pick up rocks and haul them onto piles. The house, barn, milk house and chicken coops were on the rise. A few fruit trees stood behind the house—two cherry trees, a Bing and a Royal Anne; and a Yellow Transparent apple tree. In the middle of the yard stood a huge stump of a Douglas fir about eight feet in diameter, a reminder of what once covered the river valley.

Mother considered the move to that farm as the biggest single mistake they ever made, so far as making a living was concerned. The decade of the 1920s was a period of economic depression for the nation's farmers. Conditions began to worsen in 1927, making it a poor year for a farmer to go into debt. But that is exactly what Father had to do to buy and work the sixty acres. First, we had to buy a herd of cows numbering at least twenty; chickens enough to fill the two coops—about 1,500; and, of course, momma and daddy hogs. Dogs and cats came free.

Support for Mother's dismal view of the move is found in the fact that I have a clear recollection of all the letters we got from the Federal Land Bank of Spokane. I remember that name because it was the only one I could not figure out for myself, and the one I never got Mother to explain. Later, in reading history, I learned

that the federal land banks were set up to keep farmers from going bankrupt during the Depression. Later, when we were grown and out of the house, Mother explained that they sheltered us as much as possible from the harsh realities of our dire economic state. The most striking way this was done was by forbidding us to go into stores other than the grocery store. They did not want us to know all the stuff we didn't have. So, if we wanted to go to town, it was with the understanding that we would stay in the car. In retrospect, I don't think that was a very good idea. I have read and heard so many great accounts of impoverished families for whom some of the most cherished memories were of the family sitting around the table discussing just how they were going to apportion out the little that they had. When I was seventeen I was an economic illiterate.

The efforts at concealment of our deprivation were, of course, unsuccessful. Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs came regularly and were avidly devoured from cover to cover. When an issue was outdated it landed in the outhouse where it served as an abrasive substitute for Scott Tissue. And the last pages to be used pictured the things we coveted most. But we never went hungry. We were adequately clothed. We looked like the great majority of other folks. The *Saturday Evening Post* showed pictures of bread lines and homeless people. But no one that we knew went hungry. Vastly more important than being in fashion was to be clean, to have the tears mended, and the hair cut. There was a barber in town but we all got our cuts at home or by a neighbor.

Reading material received by mail consisted of magazines: *Washington Farmer; Wallaces' Farmer* (a lifetime subscription which followed us from Iowa from the organization of Henry C. Wallace whose son, Henry A. Wallace, was vice president under Roosevelt, 1941-1945); the *Saturday Evening Post*, which gave us our first experience with art—it always had a short story and frequently an original painting by Norman Rockwell; newspapers: the *Lynden Tribune,* joined later by the *Bellingham Herald*; religious publications: *The Banner,* the *Christian Cynosure, Missionary Monthly,* and *De Wachter.* A weekly visit to the Lynden Public Library further broadened our reading. My favorite authors included James Oliver Curwood, Jack London, and Roy J. Snell (author of juvenile mystery books).

We never wondered where our next meal would come from. Though we had no refrigerator, there was a milk cooler in the barn. The tank had a faucet on it and milk was there as readily available as water. When autumn came, the fruit cellar was full. Hanging from hooks were slabs of bacon and bags of onions. Crocks were filled with sauerkraut. Sacks of potatoes, carrots and rutabagas were on the floor. Shelves were filled with literally hundreds of Mason and Kerr jars: green beans, peas, pears, apple sauce, beets, beef, peaches, apricots, prunes, Bing and Royal Ann cherries, and jams and jellies (apple butter, raspberry, blackberry, and various wild kinds).

Since we raised chickens (for the eggs), hogs and cattle, we never lacked for protein. In addition to the hens in the coops there were always a few who roamed free, usually Rhode Island Reds—the ones which lay brown eggs. They would make nests in secluded places around the farmyard area. We found those nests sooner or later. One could tell how long the nest had been there by the number of eggs in it. Over ten eggs meant almost certainly that some of the eggs were already beginning to spoil. So, one of our tasks was to poke around the fences and behind piles of junk to find these nests.



Lynden, Washington, from the time of the author's childhood. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

Those eggs had yolks much deeper—reddish-orange—in color than those the cooped hens laid.

We kids kept the eggs which were too old in a bucket. When we had accumulated a good supply it was time to have an egg fight. We usually liked to have an egg war with the Sebens boys. Those eggs had a terrible sulphur odor, and a very ripe egg would literally explode when it broke. When the "war" was over we would get together to assess the "injuries." We would then clean our clothes as best we could because our mothers took a very dim view of an egg encrusted shirt or trousers, and we hated to stink like rotten eggs.

There were red-letter days on the farm. One of these was butchering day for an unproductive milk cow, a young bull, or a hog raised for meat. These events occurred regularly. At chicken canning time we would catch a bunch of tough old hens beyond egg-laying prime. Father would take them, put their heads on the chopping block and dispatch them cleanly. He worked fast, and the yard would be a sight with headless chickens staggering about. That was not the best butchering technique, according to Father. He preferred to hang them all on the clothesline by the legs, then dispatch them by taking each one in turn, sticking a long-bladed penknife way up the beak, and giving it a good sharp full turn. Apparently the maneuver took out the small brain and severed an artery. That way, he said, the bird bled out more cleanly. We, of course, preferred the beheading; it seemed at least entertaining to see headless chickens cavort for a short time.



Picking cherries near Lynden in 1928. George Ramerman on the ladder with (left to right) Allan, Byron, and Harold. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

The most chilling event was the butchering of a cow or large hog. Usually this called for cooperation from one or another of the neighbors. Some of them were practiced amateur butchers, and the larger animals called for more muscle and expertise. When the moment of dispatching the animal came, we kids were told to leave. We went as far as the first corner around which we could peek. In the case of a cow, the common method was a shot from a 30.06 rifle, which dropped the animal. Nothing but the blood was thrown away. The liver was to be eaten, and what was not eaten soon was ground up into a paste which made very good sandwiches. We did not keep some of the other organs such as kidneys, heart, and brain, but there usually was someone who would take them. In retrospect the butchering was really sad. They knew little about the fancy cuts of meat—the ones we pay dearly for today. Almost everything was cut up into one- to two-inch cubes and stuffed in quart jars, canned, and put on the shelves in the fruit cellar. We did have someone in the neighborhood who, in exchange for some of the meat, would treat some big pieces of beef which when sliced was called dried beef. Whatever was left of the carcass was picked up by someone who took it to a rendering plant. This was the same company that picked up dead livestock.

We were children during the last few decades of that long period of human history when a child was an economic asset on the farm. Cows were milked by hand. When we weeded we covered a three-row swath. We had about twenty-four milk cows. I began milking at the age of six, and by age eight I was milking eight cows twice a day, seven days a week. Beets, corn, carrots and beans were weeded with a hoe or by crawling down a row, picking the weeds out by hand. We could not contract with the cannery for as many acres of row crops as could a farmer with more children. We did not know what a summer vacation was except by noting that many people in town spent weeks out at Birch Bay. We were lucky to get a week out there. Cows had to be milked twice a day—

including the Fourth of July. On rare occasions Father was able to arrange for some of the neighbors to milk for us and then we would be able to return home late at night.

Mother tells me that she spent a lot of time feeling sorry for her children. I tried many times to convince her that I never felt sorry for myself. Her typical response was to the effect that, "You just did not know anything better." I guess she thought we should have been taking music lessons, playing ball, going swimming at Wiser Lake, taking vacation trips, and so on. I think that we probably had more memorable experiences than did our cousins in town. They did not get to take their bicycles out when the river was flooded and engage in a contest to see who could ride through the low spot where the water was over two feet deep. They never got sick smoking smoke wood along the Nooksack. They never caught big salmon out of the river with a sweep net (a purse seine of small proportions; the net hung on hoop using rings cut from bull horns). They never had a rotten egg fight. They did not have their own gardens where they could grow produce and sell it to people in town. (I had a reputation as a grower of cantaloupe.)

It was good to grow up in an intimate relationship with the soil, plants and animals in ways which go beyond the city experience of having pets and a garden. We understood in very existential ways what it meant to subdue and rule over the creation. And we understood that our very lives and livelihood depended on that relationship. If you did not sow the seed and cultivate it, you would not eat and sell produce, and you would go hungry.

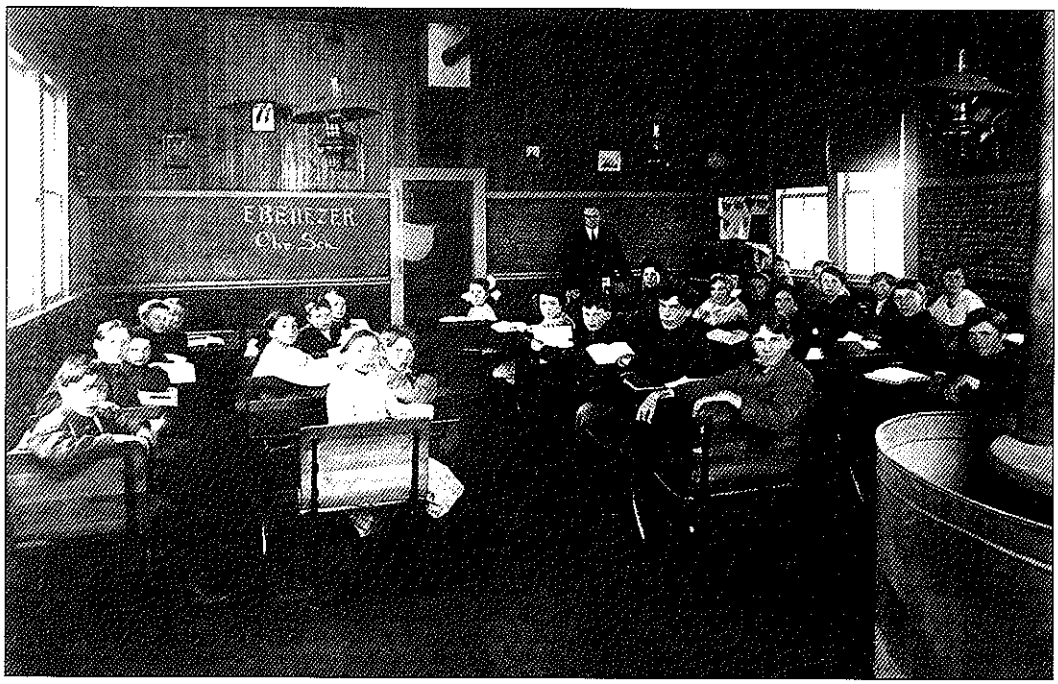
An elemental but profound piety was cultivated on the farm. Thanksgiving Day in fact marked the time of completion of the harvest. Sunshine and rain, seed time and harvest, the final outcome was more in the providence of God than in our agriculture, and we knew it. *Ora et labor* were not empty words. It should be added that the climate in western Washington is about as benign toward the farmer as can be found on this earth. However, Mother Nature, when she did turn on us, was particularly harsh because we were ill-prepared for the onslaughts. The most feared weather was the northeaster. Cold wind would blow down from the interior of Canada; the temperature would drop down around zero. Frequently it was accompanied by snow.

Four inches of snow would blow up into huge drifts. The roads were not built up; instead they tended to be set down in the brush. And they would quickly drift shut. There were no snow plows and we frequently were snowbound for days and, on a few occasions, for weeks. The few road graders in Whatcom County were doing snow plow duty on the road to Mt. Baker Lodge so that the privileged, rich folk could go skiing.

Although to be snowbound was a very trying experience, sustained deep freezes were quite uncommon and most of the farmers did not bury their water pipes deep enough. This meant that we had to haul water from the pump head in the milk house, filling bucket after bucket and setting them in front of the cows—twenty-four of them, two horses, a mean bull, and some heifers. The hogs and chickens also had to be watered. Pipes would burst and that meant



Hermina Haveman (on the right) and her second grade class at Lynden Christian School, 1927. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.



The one-room Ebenezer Christian School in 1911. The teacher is A. B. Vos. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

digging into the frozen earth. The milk truck could not get through to get our milk and when the thirty-gallon milk cans were full we either had to dump the milk (you had to milk the cows otherwise they would develop disastrous trouble with their udders) or somehow get the milk to Everson, three miles away.

At such a time we could anticipate exciting adventure. The horses would be hooked up to a wagon, the milk loaded on and down the lane we would go with our two mighty Percherons pulling the wagon. Stops would be made along the way to pick up milk from neighbors who also shipped to the creamery in Everson. Those farmers would load their milk and jump on the wagon; this would be repeated until the wagon was full. Each farmer took his shovel since they would have to dig the way through a lot of drifts. The horses were quite effective in breaking through short drifts, but some drifts went on for a long way and a path had to be opened by hand. That was an all-day project. Stops would be made along the way to water the horses and get snacks from friends who lived along the way.

A variation on this happened a few times. The most memorable event in this regard happened when our family car was a big Buick sedan, about a 1927 straight eight. One of the virtues of that car which had been impressed on us was the fact that it, unlike other cars and trucks, had all the electrical stuff tucked away under cover. What happened was predictable. Father hooked up the wagon to a trailer hitch on that old Buick. The milk cans were loaded and we headed for Everson. The trip was slow, especially through the places where the water was flowing with some speed. It was always possible that there would be a washout, hidden by the water. The water was deepest as we neared Everson. Water came in over the floorboards, but we farmers all wore knee boots, and that was no problem. The moment of triumph came as we turned down onto the main street of Everson. Father sat smugly, pipe in mouth, as we moved steadily down the totally deserted street, the gentle wake of the Buick and the wagon loaded with milk cans lapping against the storefronts. As we approached the Carnation Creamery he blew the horn to give everyone within hearing an opportunity to witness the triumphal entry.

We had very few toys—some small cars and trucks, a checkerboard and a carom game. For the rest we had to make do. Stilts were easy to make from scrap lumber. The idea was to make them as tall as possible so that the foot rest could be as high as possible. When, in Mother's eyes, they were so high as to appear to threaten life and limb, the foot rest would have to be lowered. The greatest danger from those stilts was the fact that the taller they were, the more prone they were to breaking, and a broken end could easily impale the user of them. Part of the skill in stilt walking was learning to jump off in time. Although we had cold weather, it was uncommon for the swamp to freeze deep enough to become a skating rink. When it did, we did not have skates but did have a sled. We constructed a sail from burlap seed sacks. The swamp was about 1000 feet long and we could really zip along. It took two of us to hold the sail up; one in front holding the mast and the other behind holding the rope tied to the top of the sail. The hazard was the fence at the end of the run. We had to drop the sail as late as possible (of course), and then lay flat to pass under the bottom wire of the fence.

Farms were dangerous places. My most serious accidents occurred in our two-story barn set into the side of a small hill. The top floor, at one end level with the yard, was used for storing hay, automobiles and farm equipment.

The bottom level was the area where cattle and two horses were housed. Two trap doors allowed feed to be dropped from above to the animals.

My first accident was the result of a little game we played. A rope hung from the very peak of the barn, part of the system of ropes and pulleys used to off-load hay from wagons into the mow. We figured out how to fly like Tarzan through the air on this rope. I went as far away from the hay mow as I could, climbed on top of the manure spreader intending to swing back into the mow. The arc of my flight came too close to the floor and I broke the bones above the ankle in my right leg. The leg was set in a heavy plaster cast from foot to knee and I was put in a bed placed in the dining room. There I lay for the better part of a month. That was standard treatment in 1928. To my left was a window that allowed me to see the farmyard. To my right was placed the four-foot high Victrola. I was allowed enough movement to change the records and what few records we had, I wore out. My favorite was "The Old Rugged Cross."

The most memorable event of my confinement was a visit from Mrs. W. B. Vander Griend and her youngest daughter, Jane. Jane brought me a book and sat by me for a little; her father was president of the First National Bank. If there was a Dutch aristocracy in Lynden, they were certainly members of it. They drove around in a huge black Buick sedan. My sweet memory of this event is of special interest since Mother; as far back as I can remember, held a grudge against the W. B. Vander Griends. I have no information as to why.



J. Marion "Spud" Snapper in 1962, shortly after joining the faculty of Calvin College. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.



In 1974 Snapper joined the faculty of Calvin Theological Seminary, retiring in 1987. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

My other injury occurred in almost the same place. The two trap doors were to be closed after the feed had been thrown down to the animals. One was not closed the time I ran full speed through the barn. I went through the six-foot-square opening feet first, down ten feet, hitting the cement floor feet first, right in front of the cows. Both of my heels were badly injured. During the early years of life, the heel is formed by three triangular pieces of bone held together by cartilage. The fall tore that cartilage apart and once again I was off my feet for some weeks. Reflecting back, I consider it kind of a miracle that we all grew up without getting maimed or killed.

We left the farm in 1937. Henry Polinder and Father opened a feed store in Ferndale, the Ferndale Grain Company. I think Henry bankrolled most of it. Their main line was feeds produced by Centennial Mills, whose slogan was, "It's the kelp that helps." We sold the house and moved into a rented house in Lynden. Those were still Depression years, but for the first time Mother could figure on a minimum of $120 a month coming into the house.

Leonard Kranendonk (1903-2002)
A Lifetime of Music

Calvin D. Cevaal

Washington DC, The White House, December 15, 1959

The heads of state, dignitaries and important guests had gathered in the White House for a state dinner given by President and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower for Premier Nikita Khrushchev and his wife, Nina. Mingling and sipping cocktails, the guests enjoyed the spirited music of the Marine Band, resplendent in their dashing red uniforms. And then



Born in 1903, Kranendonk's singing voice led to a nearly five-decade career as part of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, beginning in 1938. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

followed the familiar strains of "Hail to the Chief" as the President and the Premier entered with their wives. While all the Americans wore formal dress, the Russians, according to Mamie, dressed in street clothes and the premier in a rumpled suit.[1] The concert, by Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians, began with his signature opening—"I Hear Music," and then "Sleep, Sleep, Sleep," Waring's theme song since 1934.[2] Waring's repertoire of music ran the gamut from folk to pop, from spiritual to comedy, from Broadway to inspirational, and finally from the classics to jazz. Midway through the concert Leonard Kranendonk, Eisenhower's favorite singer, stepped up and sang "I Believe," one of the many inspirational songs in his repertoire. Later in the concert, he and his son Bob, also a member of the Pennsylvanians, sang "The Happy Wanderer," as a duet.[3] Leonard was invited to the White House to sing every year during the Eisenhower Administration, and once for President Nixon.

The Netherlands, 1903-1911

Leonard Kranendonk was born on 20 May 1903 in Ridderink, the Netherlands, the son of Hendrik and Barbara. The family eventually included five boys and four girls. At an early age in school he began singing exercises or solfeggio. His father was a prosperous dairy farmer, by Holland's standard, and all the sons had to help out with the chores on the farm. Later Leonard reminisced about the good humor of his mother and the loving relationship of his parents. Leonard tells of his mother scolding his father for wearing his wooden shoes as he came into the living part of the home/barn. She said, "Get out of here with those dirty *klompen* (wooden shoes)." And he answered, "That's not dirt, that's manure."[4]

In the early 1900s the class system in Holland was still very severe. Hendrik knew that there was little

Calvin D. Cevaal, retired, resides with his wife Patricia in North Carolina and writes about persons and events in Oostburg, Wisconsin, as he did in the spring 2002 issue of Origins.

possibility for any but his oldest son to own a farm; the others could only look forward to working as farm hands. So the decision was made to emigrate to America. They would come during the height of emigration to the United States. Everything was sold—farm animals, equipment, household furnishings and the combination barn/house. Financial details of the sale have not been disclosed, but apparently produced enough funds to enable the family to book passage in the second-class section of the ship, thereby avoiding the miseries of traveling steerage. They departed on 14 October 1911 on board the SS *Potsdam*.

Arriving in New York they were met on the pier by a Mr. Van Wijk, who is not further identified in the family letter. Having sailed second class, the family did not have to go through Ellis Island, but did have to undergo inspection by the doctors. Hendrik also had to go to the Bureau of Customs to pay duty on things taken along. He said the inspector, who spoke Dutch, questioned him on how large his family was and where he came from, but did not require him to unpack anything. From the pier they went to Van Wijk's coffee shop for lunch and then to a Dutch store to buy food for the trip to Wisconsin. By 2:30 in the afternoon they were on the train to Chicago. They were fascinated by the landscape of rolling hills, which contrasted so sharply with their flat land of Holland. After twenty-eight hours the train arrived in Chicago and, after a layover of eight hours, another train left for Sheboygan, Wisconsin, at three o'clock in the morning, arriving at 9:30 in the evening. Arie, a relative, met them at the station.[5]

Oostburg, Wisconsin, 1911-1937

Not surprising, Hendrik began farming soon after arriving in Wisconsin. There were hundreds of farms in the area and most were small operations of fifty to a hundred acres. Dairy farming was predominant, with the sale of milk providing a farm's cash income. The banks had an unusual arrangement with farmers of that era—they would finance the purchase of a farm with no down payment and only interest payments due on the principal. If able to do so, the borrower could make payments to reduce his debt, but was not required to. If inflation increased the value of a farm, the farmer could sell at a profit.

Leonard attended a rural area one-room school with one teacher for all eight grades. Upon graduation he went to work for other farmers to help support the family. A high school education was not an option for him.

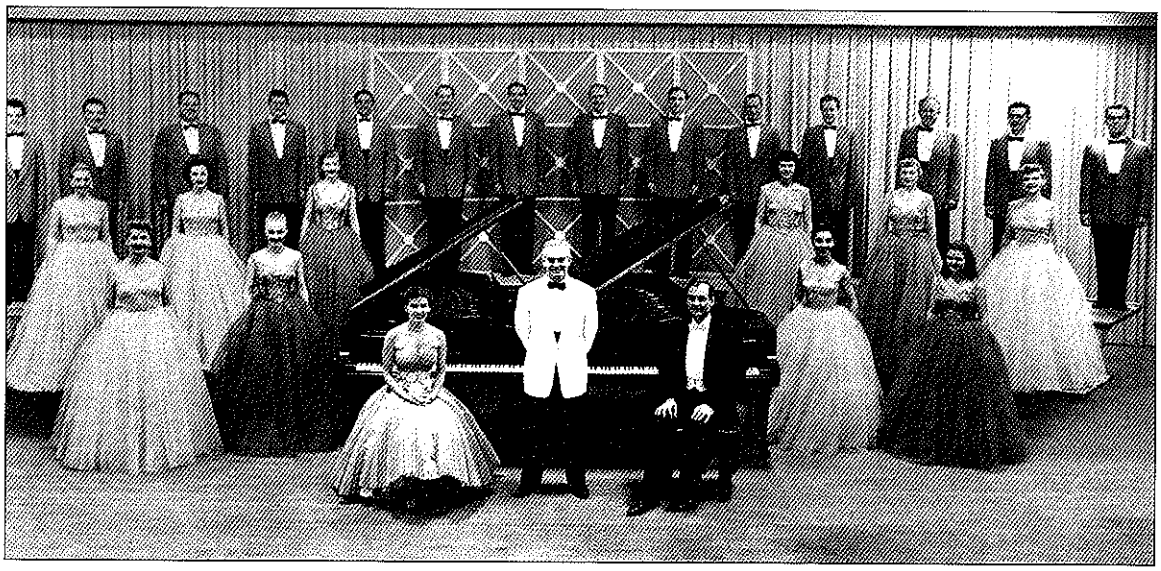
Along with a large Reformed Church organized in 1850, Oostburg had a Presbyterian Church (USA) organized in 1867, and a Christian Reformed Church organized a year later. Hendrik first attended services at the Christian Reformed Church, but the minister preached presumptive regeneration, that children baptized were presumed to be saved, which Hendrik dismissed as being unbiblical, so the family joined the Presbyterian Church. Leonard's father was the *voorzanger* (precentor), leading the congregation in the singing of the Dutch psalms. All five of the Kranendonk boys sang in the choir and the four oldest boys started a quartet. They all had excellent singing voices. Church services in English began in the early 1900s and the introduction of hymns helped the Kranendonk family master the English language, although their mother also insisted that English be spoken in the home.



Leonard Kranendonk driving for the Trilling Brothers Oil Co., prior to pursuing a singing career in New York City. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

In 1921 Leonard married Elsie Lemkuil, who was born in a log cabin near Oostburg. Her grandfather, Garret Kleinhesselink, immigrated in 1857 and her mother was a descendant of the Smies family, which came in 1847 with the religious leader Albertus C. Van Raalte. It was soon after his marriage that Kranendonk began to get serious about a singing career. He was popular in giving musical concerts in churches, and as a young boy I recall him performing with our Ladies' Glee Club in a Sunday evening program in the Oostburg Christian Reformed Church. But such singing did not provide support for his family. He and Elsie worked for a while in the Oostburg raincoat factory, an enterprise that did not survive the Great Depression. A stint in the foundry division of the Kohler family plumbing works was too harmful to his lungs. He tried farming, but a wet spring brought dismal results. Success finally came when Kranendonk went to work for an oil company delivering fuel to farmers. While delivering oil he would practice, with his music on the seat beside.

Mattie R. Reiss, wife of the very



Fred Waring (center) and his glee club during the 1954-1955 season. Leonard Kranendonk is third from the right in the back row; his son Robert is sixth from the right. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

wealthy Peter Reiss, was an early benefactor of Leonard. She was active in Sheboygan's charitable, musical and social circles. Her husband was the owner of the C. Reiss Coal Company. They owned the steamships that brought coal to the city, the primary source of heating in the early 1900s. Mrs. Reiss paid for Leonard's first tuxedo. His first voice teacher was Madam Rosemary Rose, wife of the mayor of Milwaukee. She was an operatic mezzo-soprano who had performed in theaters in Paris. From 1932 to 1937 Kranendonk studied at the Wisconsin College of Music in Milwaukee. His music lessons were often given free by teachers who were eager to capitalize on his potential talent.

His son Robert comments on his singing ability, "Dad had a stage presence that was entertaining. His tone quality and ability to project certain consonants or vowels were learned, and he was good at it. He had really good vocal chords, without nodes. The chords vibrated clearly and naturally. Good vocal teachers will train you to take full advantage of the sinuses, chest, diaphragm and throat. Such singing is often called *bel canto* (beautiful singing), natural tone that is in no way restricted by the shape of the mouth or throat. Dad had a 'head' for music and he learned to bring it into good focus."[6]

In 1936 Leonard had a regular 15-minute program on the local radio station, WHBL in Sheboygan, and his reputation for singing began to spread through the region. His wife Elsie helped him prepare for singing engagements, playing the piano and offering encouragement. They traveled for miles around the Sheboygan area to enter amateur contests. One post card Leonard received from Milwaukee, inviting him to participate in an amateur program, was penciled in with a note from Leonard—"won $5.00." In 1936 he entered a statewide singing contest sponsored by WTMJ, a Milwaukee radio station. He won and collected a sum of $500, a goodly amount of money in 1936. This prompted the decision to move to New York to become a professional singer. His wife was an enthusiastic supporter, but Leonard went alone. He returned to Wisconsin briefly before again going back alone. His wife Elsie, Gerald, who was in high school, Robert in sixth grade, and Barbara in fourth grade soon followed by Greyhound bus.[7]

New York City and Stroudsburg; Waring's Pennsylvanians, 1937-1980

Leonard Kranendonk arrived in New York with a letter of introduction from Mona Pape, his voice teacher in Sheboygan who was also on staff at WHBL, the radio station in Sheboygan. It was a recommendation to Claude Warford, a noted teacher who had shepherded several students to successful careers in Hollywood. According to Robert (Bob) Kranendonk, Claude was very helpful in getting Leonard situated and he remained his primary coach. Leonard also benefited from the help of Harry Robert Wilson, a faculty member and voice teacher at Columbia University. Leonard earned many credits toward a degree, and for additional credits would give voice demonstrations for Wilson's students. But work demands prevented Leonard from obtaining a degree.

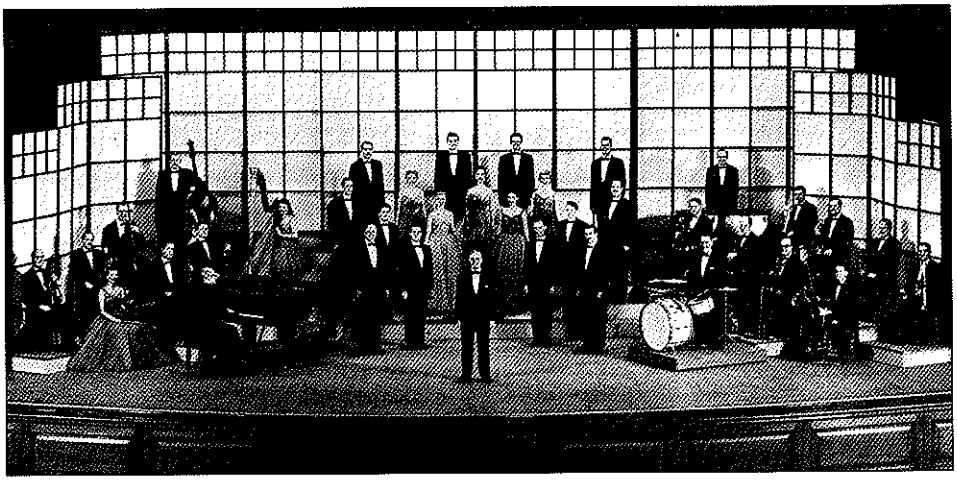
The first years the family lived in a one-bedroom basement apartment on West 89th Street in Manhattan. The rent was $30 a month and the three children slept in the living room. "We were poor," says Bob. "But when you're eleven years old you don't know what poor is. I remember eating a lot of beans and pumpernickel bread. Mother would write one letter to the relatives and ask them to pass it around to save postage."

Elsie did housecleaning work but never complained because she was Leonard's biggest supporter. Leonard began his endless rounds of auditioning. He found work as a singing waiter

at a Hofbrau, which provided some income and meals. Adjusting to the fast pace of New York City was difficult for the family. Bob noted, "I went from a one-room classroom with twenty students to an elementary school (PS 166) that had over a thousand students in the sixth grade and that was only half the class." They later moved to West 104th Street near Columbus Avenue. It was a "railroad" apartment, so called because all rooms had to be entered from a hallway, which ran the length of the apartment. But the children now had bedrooms of their own. During this period Bob began his musical career singing in a boys' choir at an Episcopal church at 71st Street and Madison Avenue. Their final move in the city would be to an apartment in the Washington Heights area, one that overlooked the George Washington Bridge.

were strict Methodists and church life was a normal routine. The Waring parents had fine singing voices and his mother had some piano training. Fred started playing a fiddle when he was nine and shortly thereafter began violin lessons. When he became a boy scout he organized a drum and fife corps; in high school he organized a small band with his brother Tom and a boyhood friend, Poley McClintock.

Waring's college band, called Waring's Banjo Orchestra, was a huge success and helped him to meet his financial obligations in college. By 1922 his band was ten strong, so he left school without a degree, for the entertainment circuit. During this time the name of the band was changed to Waring's Pennsylvanians. His big break came in 1923 when Sid Grauman was opening his magnificent Metropolitan Theater in Los Angeles.



Waring and the instrumentalists and vocalists that formed the Pennsylvanians in 1955-1956. Leonard Kranendonk is to the right of the piano and his son Robert is behind his right shoulder. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

In 1938 Fred Waring contacted Robert Shaw, the director of the Pomona (California) College glee club, and offered Shaw a job to organize a male glee club as an independent compliment to his orchestra. Previously, musicians doubled as singers and instrumentalists. Waring was born on 9 June 1900 to parents who were relatively well- off. His parents

The fee was $2,000 per week plus an advance for transportation. His band was well-received and in less than a year Waring had netted $10,000 and met important people in the movie field. Most of the twenties were spent playing in movie houses and vaudeville theaters. In 1928 the Pennsylvanians went to Paris with the Cole Porter Show. In 1932 a six-month run at the Roxy Theater in New York City earned raving reviews and the orchestra was now up to fifty-five pieces. From 1934 to 1936 he was on the radio for the Ford Show, sponsored by Ford Motor Company. Also in 1934, Waring had equal billing with Bing Crosby in a Broadway production. In 1946 an engagement at the Roxy Theater in New York City for six weeks brought in $155,000 in the first week. Trade sources reported that between Roxy and the NBC broadcast, Waring was grossing $43,500 a week.[8]

The move to form a vocal component was another in the effort to expand the potential for Waring's entertainment program. Shaw heard some five hundred voices during six weeks of auditions. Leonard sang the tenor aria "Veste La Giuba" and "Prologue" for baritone from the opera "Paliacci." Shaw next rehearsed twelve survivors, including Leonard Kranendonk. All auditions and rehearsals were without compensation.

But for Leonard the lights of Broadway dimmed, sputtered and went completely dark. He was too old for the "collegiate" look that Waring was trying to achieve. Bob relates, "I sensed a special anxiety at home as the weeding-out process began. Bob Shaw was the rehearsal director but Fred Waring called the shots. But Dad never shared his disappointments with his children." And then suddenly one of the singers resigned. Leonard was rehired and Shaw put his arms around him and said, "Lenny, I couldn't form a glee club without you."[9] Women's voices were soon added to the male glee club. Waring was insistent that every word of a song be enunciated clearly. As Fred put it, "all of the beauty of the sounds of all of the syllables of all of the words."[10]

Leonard's first exposure to a national audience was on the radio show *Pleasure Time* with the theme song "A Cigarette, Sweet Music and You." The



Father and son Pennsylvanians. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

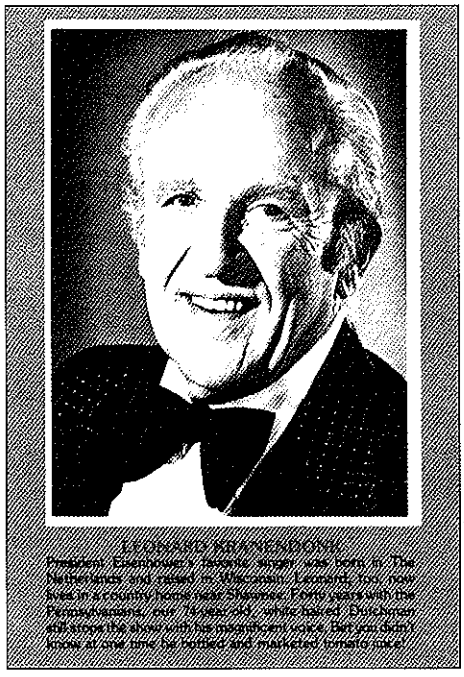
show was broadcast five nights a week from 7:00 to 7:15. It was sponsored by Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, maker of the popular Chesterfield cigarette. Waring won a five-year contract and the first show started 19 June 1939, with over eighty-two stations, and ran until June 1944. *TIME* magazine reported the show cost $37,000 a week with $12,000 for Waring. The show was done live a second time at 11:00 P.M. for the West Coast. For the performers the workday began in the afternoon and lasted until midnight.

At the 1939 World's Fair Billy Rose produced "Aquacade" featuring swimmer Johnny Weissmuller and Eleanor Holm. The water ballet sequences were accompanied by Waring's Glee Club and the Paul Whiteman Orchestra. Following the World's Fair there was a pause in Waring's activity. Leonard used this occasion to take advantage of the demand by many choral directors to use his services. This was the heyday of radio and performed with such gifted conductors as Alfred Wallenstein and Robert Russell Bennett.[11]

The 1940s were productive and demanding years for Waring. He was in top form and the Chesterfield show was voted the "Best Quarter Hour in Radio" by the *World Telegram* editor's poll. "Pleasure Time" was now heard by more people who had ever listened to choral music. The war years were hard on Fred—many of the Pennsylvanians were called into service and the constant turnover put extra demands in his requirement for rigorous standards. Few mistakes were made on the Chesterfield program, in spite of new personnel and last minute changes. "One time I left out the bridge of a solo," said baritone Kranendonk. "Fred cut off the orchestra, yelled CODA! And we all finished together."[12]

In April 1949 Waring began the "General Electric Theater" show on television, which aired every Sunday evening in prime time. Waring said later he was not prepared for television, which required movement, unlike radio. Waring now had to contend with stagehands, a producer, a director, an audio engineer, plus set designers, costume designers, and lighting engineers. It was a situation ripe for conflict and confusion. Waring felt the entertainer was at the mercy of the technician. It was a live musical extravaganza covering every kind of music from patriotic, show music to inspirational and sacred numbers. Trade papers estimated the cost at $25,000, the costliest show ever. The choir members knew nothing about choreography, which proved to be particularly hard on some of the "old timers." Nadine Schroeder, who created the choreography, relates "some of the men would dance near the door and then duck out"—the two regulars easing out being two Pennsylvanian veterans Gordon Goodman and Leonard Kranendonk.[13] In addition, different special guests had to be accommodated each week. One year's special guests included, for instance, Victor Borge, Rudy Valle and Raymond Massey, known for his portrayal of Abraham Lincoln. Ronald Reagan served as host in 1950. Ray Sax Schroeder, one of the old-time Pennsylvanians, and the stage manager admitted that many of the shows were flops. But each show had some good elements—especially the ones where everybody just stood still so that the music had a chance to be heard. The show even got some favorable press and won several awards.[14]

The General Electric television show ended in 1954 and Waring was "on the road again." They had



Twenty-five years after the fact, promotional literature for the Pennsylvanians still notes Kranendonk's relationship to Dwight Eisenhower. This is from the program of the 1977-1978 season. Image: Courtesy of the author.

previously done concerts away from home but this would be a six- to seven-month touring trip. A semi-truck carried all the equipment and two buses were needed to transport the fifty-five people in the show. Many performances were one-night stands, with many miles separating the cities in which they were performed. Andy Williams said to Fred, "No matter what town I'm in, you've either been there or just coming."[15]

The concert in Washington, DC, in 1954 was held in Constitution Hall. A Washington DC *Times Herald* critic commented, "Kranendonk like Chaliapin before him is basso, baritone, or tenor just as he pleased and in all these vocal registers he displayed tone of remarkable power and quality and possesses an undeniable gift for the lyric address."[16] Throughout the years Leonard's popularity among the concert crowd was growing. He was definitely becoming one of the stars of the show—measured by the applause he received. His selections never varied—always inspirational songs. Although "I Believe" became his signature song, I also heard him sing "Exodus," "Old Man River," "Climb Every Mountain," "You'll Never Walk Alone," and "Without a Song." Robert's song was "Across the Wide Missouri" and the duet of Leonard and Bob singing "The Happy Wanderer" was always a showstopper. At least ten solos by Leonard were recorded with the Pennsylvanians, either by Capital or Decca Records. In 1968 his son produced "I Will Sing Unto the Lord," an album of sacred solos.

Waring's farewell tour was in 1978. Waring was now seventy-eight and Leonard not far behind. Fred always liked to inject some humor into his concerts and on this occasion, when introducing Leonard, asked some young Pennsylvanian to help Leonard get down from the risers. Leonard played along with the joke, pretending he wasn't able to get down by himself. He sang his old favorite "I Believe" and the older, mostly church- going audience responded with sustained, deafening applause. The concluding number was always "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" which always was well received by the audience. After the performance in the Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church, I asked him why they were not performing at the Civic Auditorium with its greater seating capacity. He said they did not have the audience appeal of previous years—the young people were into a different type of music and people in general were attracted to country music of the Elvis Presley style, with rock crowding out the traditional.[17]



In the late 1950s The Longines Symphonette Society presses a five-record set of Waring's music from the 1920s through the 1950s. This is the cover of the enclosed brochure. Photo: Image of the author.

Kranendonk says in personal notes that his most interesting experience was the time he and President Eisenhower sang "Wagon Wheels," the night before Eisenhower was elected. Leonard's association with Ike began in 1952 when Waring, a big supporter, lent the Pennsylvanians to entertain audiences before the General gave campaign speeches. Kranendonk became very good friends with Sherman Adams, the controversial chief of staff who would be forced to resign for alleged improprieties. Adams handled the "warming up exercises" before the speeches to the crowd on the campaign trail. In one campaign, ending with a rousing rally at the Boston Garden, Ike invited Waring and his group to ride back on his train to New York. The campaign was over and everyone was dog tired. Waring was especially exhausted. The train and the time were running late but the General asked for one more song before he retired. He asked Kranendonk to sing "The Lord's Prayer." Washington correspondent Newman Wright recalled the night a year later in an article. "Waring held up his arms and gave the downbeat . . . it started: 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' Leonard singing with the glee club members providing the background music. The 'Amen,' and then there was silence for about ten seconds. The Eisenhowers stood up, smiled in gratitude at Waring and his choir, and went off to their car. Sometimes at night, I imagine I can still hear it, but of course I can't. And I never shall. You don't hear things like that twice."[18]

Another honor for Leonard was to receive an invitation from Eisenhower to sing in the Colorado Presbyterian Church the Eisenhowers attended while Ike was recuperating from a heart attack. Lunch followed the service with just Ike and Mamie and Leonard and Elsie. Later Leonard described the President's erratic driving in a golf cart, trying to elude the secret servicemen.[19]

Kranendonk had a wide range of friends in the entertainment world.

Early in New York City he was introduced to Jack Dempsey, the former heavy-weight boxing champion. Another close friend was Arnold Palmer, who asked Leonard to sing in the dedication ceremonies of a church in Orlando.[20] Leonard also was a guest of Robert Schuller on the "Hour of Power" television program.[21]

During the 1940s Waring moved his organization's headquarters from New York City to Shawnee on Delaware. He bought a huge complex, which included an inn and golf course. In the late 1950s Waring conducted summer workshops at Shawnee, teaching choral directors his method of singing and directing. Kranendonk participated in these workshops. Kranendonk bought a hundred-acre farm in the Stroudsburg area. The farm came with bottling equipment and Leonard and Bob started making a gourmet tomato juice cocktail. Bob says the venture was profitable and could have been very successful but it needed full-time attention and Leonard was not ready to abandon his musical career. The business, along with the equipment, was sold.[22]

Fred Waring died from a massive stroke in 1984. He worked on the day he died, and after his death the musical organization disbanded.

Retirement, 1980-2002

Retirement for Kranendonk did not mean giving up singing. An article in the *Melbourne (Florida) Chronicle*[23] by Don Stangel mentions his many contributions to the community by donating his singing to churches and civic causes. In discussing Waring during the interview, Kranendonk noted, "I was very close to him, like a brother, and he didn't let too many people get that close." About himself he noted that age was slowing him down, but "the voice always seems to work." On visits to Oostburg he would be especially busy with singing in local churches and rest homes.

In 1995, with macular degeneration setting in for Leonard, he and Elsie moved to St. Petersburg to be closer to their son Bob. Elsie died in 2001 at the age of 101, just short of their being married eighty years. Leonard died at the age of 99 in 2002.

Endnotes

1. William Taubman, *Khrushchev, The Man and Era*, (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 2003).

2. Virginia Waring, *Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians*, (University of Illinois Press, 1997).

3. Recollections of the concert by Robert Kranendonk, in a telephone conversation with the author.

4. The *Kranendonk Kranicle*, editor, Paul Kranendonk, June 1997.

5. Ibid., November 1994.

6. From correspondence in the author's possession and telephone calls with Robert Kranendonk.

7. All the information on the early years in America from the *Kranendonk Kranicle*, June 1997, and correspondence with Robert Kranendonk in the author's possession plus telephone conversations.

8. All the information on the life of Fred Waring is from: *Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians*.

9. The early years in New York City. From correspondence in the author's possession and telephone calls with Robert Kranendonk.

10. *Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians*, p 181.

11. Correspondence with Robert Kranendonk in the author's possession.

12. *Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians*, p186.

13. Ibid., p. 233.

14. All information for the television show is from *Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians*. In 1949 while attending Calvin College, I saw in the newspaper that Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians would be giving a concert in the Civic Auditorium. I was downtown buying a ticket when just by coincidence I ran into Mrs. Elsie Kranendonk, wife of the singer Leonard, an old-time Pennsylvanian. She was in town for the concert and visiting her two children, Robert and Barbara, who were attending Hope College. She said to be sure to come down to the front after the concert to say hello to Leonard.

The concert was great and Leonard always had a warm greeting for people from Oostburg. He remembered my parents. He then gave me tickets to the radio program the next morning and after the broadcast invited me to lunch at the old Pantlind Hotel. There were about six Pennsylvanians at the lunch. I remember Gordon Goodman who had a fine tenor voice and always sang "On Top of Old Smoky" at concerts.

15. Ibid., p 303.

16. From the jacket cover of the recording, "I Will Sing unto the Lord," produced by Kroem Company.

17. All information on concert tours from the author's observations.

18. *Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians*, p 309.

19. Personal notes of Leonard Kranendonk in the author's possession.

20. Ibid.

21. Ibid.

22. Correspondence with Robert Kranendonk in the author's possession.

23. *The Melbourne Chronicle*, June 1987.

Martinus Cohen Stuart
Netherlanders in Michigan[1]

Translation by Harry Boonstra

Translator's note:

Martinus Cohen Stuart (1824-1878) came from a distinguished Dutch family. His father, James Cohen, was a convert from Judaism; his mother was the daughter of Martinus Stuart, a renowned scholar, as well as a minister. Martinus Cohen Stuart continued in his grandfather's footsteps as a minister and was a voluminous author, writing in four languages.

He came to the United States to attend the Evangelical Alliance in America conference in September 1873. He stayed six months, during which he took three tours from New York City, the first as far west as Iowa, the second north to Boston, and the third south as far as Savannah, Georgia. Although he at times romanticizes and idealizes the life, his descriptions and evaluations are based on first-hand observations and provide a unique portrait of the lives of the Dutch immigrant communities.

I have sought to translate Cohen Stuart faithfully, although I have not hesitated to break up his occasional paragraph-length sentences and page-long paragraphs. I also provided more consistency in his use of tense. He often shifts from past to present (sometimes within the same sentence); I have consistently used the "narrative past" tense. I also have used the surname form the person used in America—Van Raalte instead of van Raalte, and so forth.

I interrupted the story of my travels when, in November 1873,[2] I arrived in Grand Rapids, a beautifully situated, flourishing place of at least 16,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-fourth are of Dutch origin. Already in the evening of that day I preached in a large Dutch church as had been planned. The next day we were going to become somewhat better acquainted with the city and some of its inhabitants. After a true Dutch breakfast with our host, we went, again in Dutch style, to drink coffee with Rev. C. [Cornelius] Van der Meulen, a friendly old man with a ruddy face and a flourishing demeanor, of whom one could not see that he had already lived a long and adventuresome life, and that he along with Scholte and Van Raalte had been one of the first pioneers of the Dutch settlements in the West. [301][3]

We went with him for a ride through and around the city. Although the winter had really begun and a heavy, hard layer of snow covered the ground, we much enjoyed the view with the fresh weather and bright sunshine, and one did not need much imagination to envision how joyful and beautiful this area would be in its full green summer appearance.

One must not imagine that an American city in the West is like a European city. There are several broad, straight streets, at right angles, about 60 to 80 meters wide, with sidewalks of wood a little higher, about 4 to 6 feet wide, along simple, mostly wooden homes on both sides in the center of the city. And around this, in a fairly large circle, one finds beautiful country homes and villas, the dwellings of the more prosperous, along the roads and

Dr. Harry Boonstra, another frequent contributor to Origins, *is a minister in the Christian Reformed Church and theological librarian emeritus at Calvin Theological Seminary.*

avenues. This is Grand Rapids, and nearly all the cities in the West are like this, with the exception of the more populated cities. There the homes, because of the great value of the property, are built closer together in the European style, and even these appeared in the same manner in their time of transition. This kind of city really looks more like a large and beautiful village. Our friendly city of Assen would provide the best image of these American cities. Grand Rapids, the county seat of Kent County in Michigan, is also favored with a picturesque location. It is built on gently rolling terrain on both sides of the hilly banks of the Grand River, not far below the rapids of the river. Below these "rapids" is that section of the river where it becomes, usually with the swifter running of the water, a navigable river, like the Rhine, several hours above Basel, and the Rhone near Geneva. [302]



A view of Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1873, when Cohen Stuart visited the city. The view is from Grandville Avenue, in the foreground, looking east-northeast. Just to the left of the image's center is the Second Reformed Church, whose emeritus and current pastors Cohen Stuart visited. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

Beyond Grand Rapids the river is suitable for ships as far as Grand Haven, where it runs into Lake Michigan. This is no small advantage for the farming and the factories in the area. One can readily see that the city is rising and flourishing, and this is confirmed by Rev. Van der Meulen, who has seen the city start and grow and who knows the history of the inhabitants:

More than once, when riding by, he points to a beautiful country house or a large and sturdy home, now the property of a man who began with *nothing* ten or twenty years ago; or of a former tailor who did not even have enough money to buy a hat and therefore walked around with a paper cap on his head the first year; or of a carpenter who had to borrow the most simple tools—a saw, a chisel, a hammer—when he first began.

It is true that these wonderful examples of progress are found mostly among the Americans. Even here, our Dutchmen do not deny their character, that they always proceed more slowly. But even though they may lack the kind of spirit which characterizes American energy, they do proceed slowly but surely. It is certainly not unusual to find examples among them of noticeable prosperity. And nearly all of them who continue to work with patience and perseverance, and who do not lose courage in the first, most difficult time, do reach a measure of prosperity wherein all reasonable needs are generously filled. Here the lean years come before the fat ones, but in the end the fat and fruitful ones survive. The lean cows do not devour the fat ones.

We found out many other interesting items about the former and current lives of the colonists from our country, both from Rev. Van der Meulen and from Rev. [303] Droskes,[4] where we drank tea. And then at 8:30 we went to Holland via the Grand Rapids and Holland Railroad. On the trip we struck up a conversation with a gentleman who was able to tell us that Rev. Cohen Stuart was expected in the Colony and that a committee had been appointed who were to arrange his reception. We arrived at the station at 9:30 in a heavy snowstorm, where a man of more than middle age hastened toward us with youthful speed and introduced himself as our host—Van Raalte. He at once led us to his carriage and from there to his home not far from there, a house outside the city surrounded by a garden and fields, where he introduced us to his daughter, daughter-in-law, and son.

Van Raalte is a man whose external appearance already demands attention. He is not an ordinary, common person. Small of stature, he has an upright posture, and at the same time he is vigorous and lively in all his movements. The first thing one notices is something martial in his whole being. The alert and decisive gestures, the expression of determination in his small but vivid eyes, the shape of his somewhat nervous mouth, the commanding and somewhat wrinkled forehead, the moustache and pointed beard all give him the expression of a pensioned

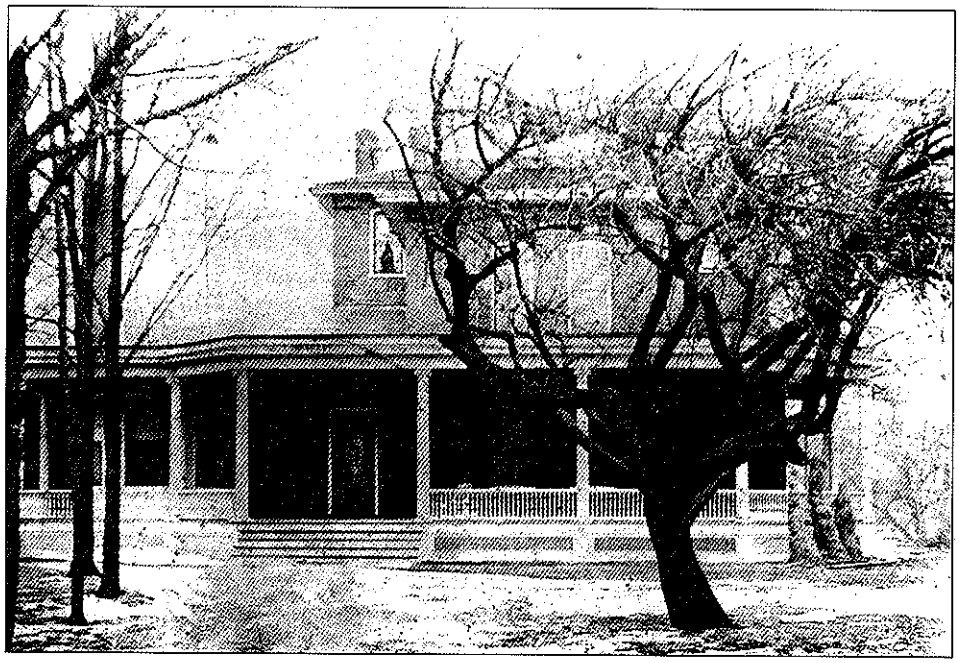
general rather than of an emeritus minister.

Anyway, this man does not know much about rest, and the *repos ailleurs* [rest somewhere else] of Mamix is also his slogan. One can see that he is a person of deeds and of strength. But even though this initial impression is not changed by further acquaintance, one does learn to esteem and appreciate him much more! The man, with that decisive, restless, diligent nature, is a pious, humble, loving Christian, in the complete sense of the word, a warrior of his Savior and Lord, a character purified and sanctified through struggle and suffering. [304] He is one of those people with whom one cannot associate without becoming richer in spirit and in heart, in wisdom and in love. What he exhibits is the ripe fruit of a life of self-testing and self-denial, with all strength devoted to one great purpose, the sum of reflection and experience. And fortunately, he did not become tired of pouring out his heart any more than we were tired of listening to him as long as we could be in his presence.

How much he can tell about his dear Holland, the man who saw it all from the beginning, the first one who came all by himself to the woods of Michigan as a pioneer for the Colony which followed. He crossed the swamp on the back of an Indian; he determined the place where the community would settle; he saw the trees felled for the first log cabin built of rough tree trunks. His whole being and life has grown together with this place. He, like a spiritual father, has cultivated and developed the Colony with labor and concern, struggle and prayer, disappointment and difficulty, until the Colony became what it is today. No wonder that he is esteemed in the lives and hearts of the whole population.

The day after our arrival, Saturday morning, it appeared that our informant on the train had not exaggerated. In the morning a committee of notable people appeared to welcome me and to have me approve the program for the following days. This approval was certainly necessary, at least the first part of the program, since I was expected to preach or speak three times the next day. I was not inclined to oppose that plan, on the only Sunday that I would spend with my countrymen, even though they hardly allowed me any time for preparation or for quiet. All day long, from near and far, the wagons with fellow-countrymen came and stopped by the house—all with the same request, that I would also visit their area. [305] This decision I had to leave to our host.

The following day, Sunday, we had terribly rough weather, a wild snowstorm with fierce cold blew over the fields and through the wide streets, blinding the eyes and making the roads nearly impassible. I expressed my regret that we had this kind of weather, whereby the most faithful and diligent churchgoers would be kept from coming. It seemed to me that only those who had a carriage (and even these with difficulty) would defy the snowstorm. "Now you will see if in Holland the weather will keep people from church today," was the answer. And to my surprise, I saw the large church filled with a crowd, which by then was doubly appreciated.



The Van Raalte house on Holland's east side, where Cohen Stuart stayed while touring the city. Because of its location, as the author notes, it was not destroyed in the fire of 1871. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

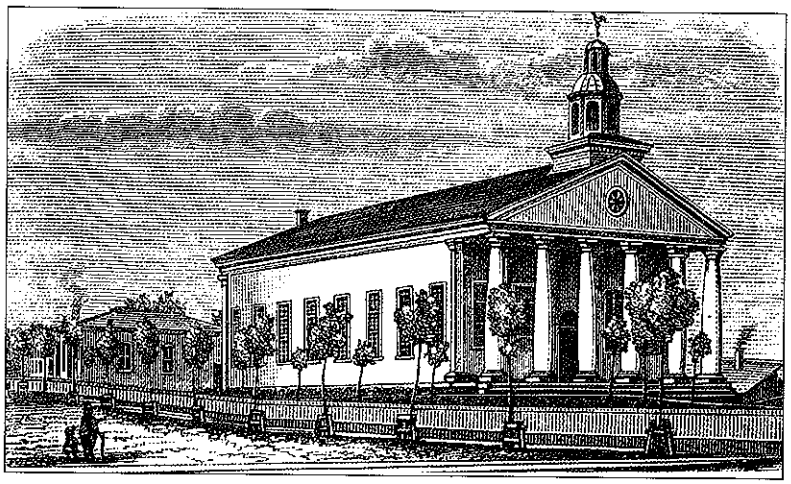
The church, the so-called First Dutch Reformed, at one time Van Raalte's church, and now Rev. [Roelof] Pieters's, is a large, strong wooden building, on the outside simple and dignified in appearance, on the inside very neat and functional. The front displays, above several steps, six Dorian columns with a frontispiece, and topped by a small tower, above which is mounted the Dutch rooster weathervane. This church building is one of the few public buildings that were spared in the terrible fire which had plagued the city so cruelly two years before. And therefore, although the church is barely twenty years old, it is valued by the Colony as a monument of nearly historical value.

In the afternoon, when the snow-

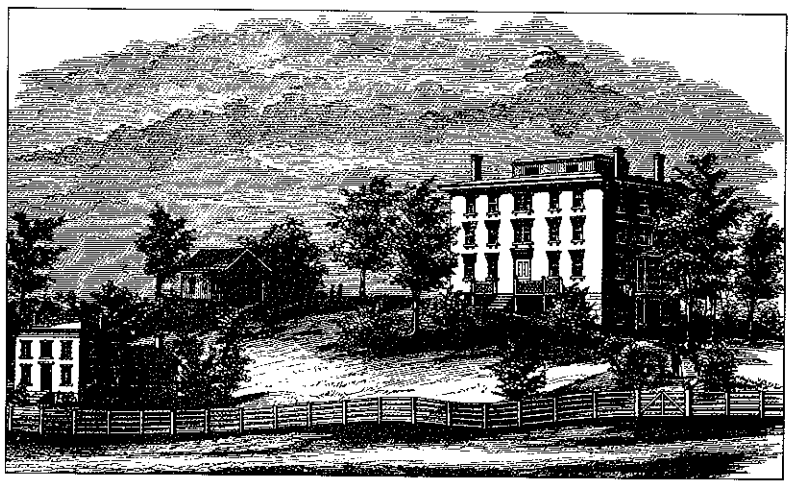
storm had decreased somewhat, we gathered in a classroom at Hope College, which had since the fire and the rebuilding is being used by the Second (English) Reformed Church of Rev. A. [Abel] T. Stewart. [306] This large room, as well as the balcony, was filled with teachers and students of the College and a number of other interested people to whom I spoke, this time in English.

Finally in the evening, after dinner with Rev. H. Uiterwijk [Henry Utterwick] in his new and neat parsonage, I preached in the Third Reformed Church. This was being rebuilt from the ground after the fire, in a modified Gothic style, but not yet finished. The tower in the corner of the front and side gable was still waiting for the planned high and beautiful spire. Thus I, for my part, had helped to realize the first item of the planned program [to erect the spire]. I am certain others will not fail to do what remains to be done.

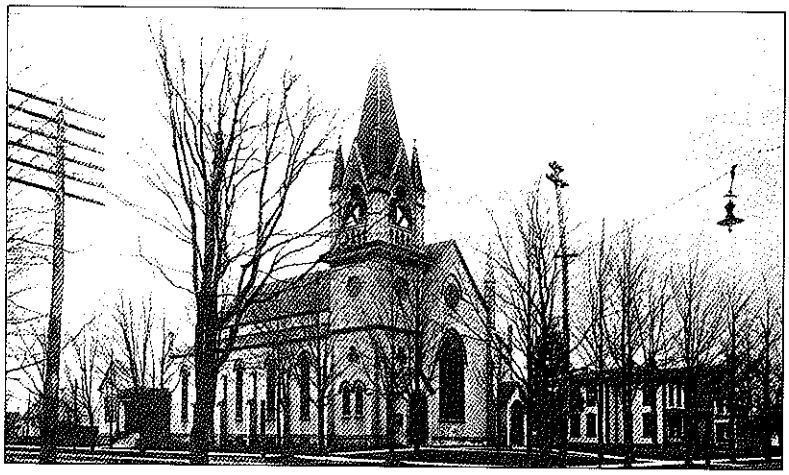
Luckily the weather, on which so much depended, improved. The storm of the previous day had blown itself out and we were greeted by a joyful sunshine. That was fortunate because of the next plan—a visit to the harbor. How could the Dutch settle anywhere in the world where they would find the opportunity to be involved as experts in waterworks—without taking advantage of that opportunity. It is no wonder that the old coat-of-arms of New York displays two beavers and the arms of a windmill. There is something of the beaver in every Dutch person, and water and wind are the true element for our seafaring and merchant people, more so than for other people. They really feel themselves completely at home on the shores and coasts.



One of just a handful of illustrations from Zes Maanden in Amerika *(p. 329), this is also a very unique view of Pillar Church, including the rooster atop the steeple.*



An early drawing of the Hope College campus as it was when Cohen Stuart visited it. Image: Archives, Calvin College.



Third Reformed Church in Holland from an early twentieth-century real photo postcard. In 1873, Cohen Stuart notes, the steeple was still under construction. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

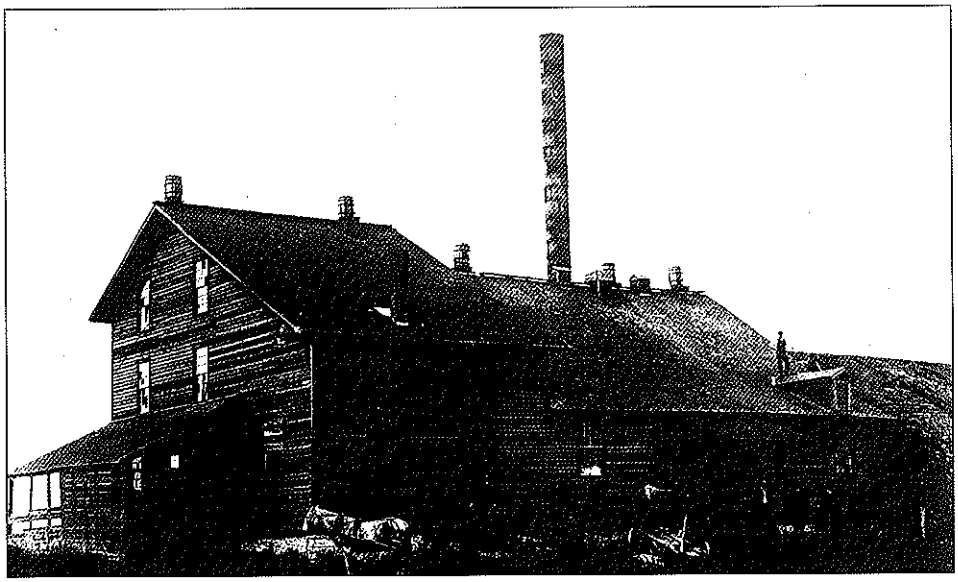
Van Raalte had displayed wide and practical insight when he chose the future settlement of his colonists in this watery area, which, because of its location, was very suitable for the development of shipping. He even gave preference to this over the greater fruitfulness of the high prairies of Iowa and Kansas. [307] This favorable, natural location does, however, require human improvement in order to be fully usable.

The small city has a large safe harbor on the lake, into which flows a small river. This lake is also connected with the great Lake Michigan, and then, via the St. Lawrence River, the ocean. This small lake, Black Lake, is an irregular oval shape, narrow in the middle and quite wide in several places, and everywhere of sufficient depth. However, the narrow channel through which Black Lake runs into the larger lake

does not offer sufficient room and safety for shipping, because of lack of depth and a sandbar. In order to improve this, the Dutch have begun to work in a manner that first raised the mocking skepticism of the Americans. But they soon noticed that the Dutch had the right idea. Now this rather costly and important work, which would be too expensive for the Colony, will be completed at the expense of the state, but according to the design and plan of the Dutch. On that Monday, we were invited to observe this work.

A carriage came to fetch us from the home of Rev.[5] Van Raalte and took us to the landing of the harbor. There a small steamship was ready, a ship halfway [in size] between a tugboat and a small passenger boat. Here we found the festivities committee which would make the trip with us. At the stem of a long pole waved a nearly new Dutch flag. This flag had only been flown twice before, the first time in 1872 at the celebration of the Geuzen Day,[6] and later in September of that same year when Holland, with people marching in costume, had celebrated the 25-year anniversary of the founding of the Colony. [308]

I cannot express what it meant to me to see that large Dutch flag waving happily and proudly in the clear sunlight over the blue waters of Michigan. Only one time before had the view of our tricolor stirred me so strongly. It was in 1870 when I saw the flag fly over the Rotterdam field hospital at La Chapelle, near Sedan. But there, next to the Red Cross flag, it reminded us of war and suffering, even though it was relieved by charity and compassion. Here it waved over a spectacle that gave proof of freedom and peace, of persistent diligence and prosperity. We had a wonderful view from our small boat; first of the shore of the city with its shipyard and sheds, with its factories and railways on shore, and several small schooners with some smaller vessels on the water; further along the coast, on the one side more flat, on the other side more hilly. After sailing for an hour we came to the destination of our trip. The vessel was tied up and we stepped ashore.



Plugger's Mill, one of the promising industrial operations that Cohen Stuart saw while touring Holland in 1873. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

In front of us stretched the pier, bold and strong, 450 meters long, and a substantial, broad dam of willow-bed and stone along which ran the mouth of the Black River. It really seemed as if I were at the Hoek of Holland, as if I saw in front of me a small scale of the new waterway of Rotterdam. The dunes and the sand on one side, the limitless vista of the great Lake Michigan appearing like the sea, and nearby the wreck of a stranded and destroyed schooner—all this gave the illusion as if I were on a seashore. [309] The waves dashed powerfully, still stirring from yesterday's storm, surging against the breakwater, so that we did not dare to sail with our small boat into the great lake. But it was a pleasure to follow the rather rough path over the boulders to the beacon at the end of the pier. There we climbed a small wooden tower that provides an open view of the dark blue expanse of water that reaches to the horizon.

The view was even more beautiful from another place nearby. Having returned over the dam, we climbed a nearby high dune densely grown over, like a promontory that juts out and keeps guard at the entrance of Black Lake. In front of us was the expansive inland sea, and behind us, over the tops of the trees, a picturesque landscape— all of Black Lake, like a bay deeply thrust into the land, and at the end, in the far distance, the small colony of Holland.

I can certainly understand that the Dutch do not feel foreign here. Even though the landscape has its own character and color, those light-colored, rough dunes and the surging expanse of water remind them of Scheveningen or, even more, of the beach at Domburg. We all felt as if we were younger when viewing the landscape in the fresh, bracing fall air. Like older children, we walked as fast as we could down the high dune, and then scampered up the next one among the trees. There was a small farm at the foot of the dune, where in the meantime the women of our group had set out the hearty lunch which had been carried on board. And that part of our task for

the day was also conscientiously provided and diligently completed.

After a short while we began the return trip, this time along the northern shore. [310] About half way we went ashore again at the foot of a small hill. Here there was a "wine mountain" planted a few years ago that they wanted to show us. It was indeed a surprise. I had not expected this in this northern area, but the soil and the climate seemed to be suitable for everything. I do not recall the statistics, and I do not remember how many gallons of highly praised wine one gets from a good harvest, but I do know that I never had more tasty fruit than I had here from those great, blue, fragrant grapes warmed by the autumn sun, that we plucked (as many as we wanted) on that November day while the snow was still in the furrows on the ground. What a difference—yesterday we were in a grim Siberian snowstorm, now in the warm sunshine on that wine mountain, catching the warm rays of the southern sun, protected from the north wind by the rising hill. Then we climbed back into our boat and in a short time arrived at the dock, greatly pleased with our pleasant journey.

In the course of that evening we went to a literary and musical performance of a choral and literary society of young people. In a decorated room above a large store we found a large company together. Several young men and girls gave their best performances in music, song, and declamation. And even though they were not artists of the first rank, it was a true pleasure to notice how this new generation in the Colony practiced the fine arts with diligence and care, and seemed to value refinement and cultural development.

The next day a new activity and a new pleasure awaited us. We were going to view a large section of the Colony. [311] After breakfast there appeared an open carriage with a pair of strong gray horses, their bridles decorated with attractive ribbons showing the national colors. We had the whole day until the evening before us for a ride of not less than twenty-five miles.

The first things we observed when riding through the city and the area were the still visible signs of the terrible fire which had devastated the entire city two years ago. It was a terrible disaster. Hardly had the Colony, after years of great effort and labor, achieved a certain measure of flowering and prosperity, when this event took place that reduced three-quarters of the city to ashes and destroyed a large part of the beautiful forests in the area. To make matters worse, this catastrophe took place at nearly the same time as the great fire of Chicago, that destroyed so many millions in value. A result, not only was the aid and charity divided but much less came to poor Holland than otherwise would have come, but also, and this was worse, that a large number of insurance companies that could not absorb such a loss, failed and were not able to pay. No wonder that the people were very depressed and recovered only slowly from the damage which they suffered. That which they had saved carefully had disappeared at once. The labor of many years was suddenly destroyed and the people did not have the resources which Chicago, with its giant world trade and unparalleled resilience, was able to find.

One must hear the people tell the stories of the fright and emotion of those days, of the great fear when the tremendous forest fire broke out, of the terrible tension in which they found themselves all day; whether the fire which surrounded the city like a half girdle would approach or not; of the consternation which seized all when it became certain that the sea of fire driven up by a storm approached with irresistible power and no salvation was possible. [312] No matter how spacious and spread out the city had been built, the glowing cinders and flaming branches flew from barn to barn, from house to house, until in a few hours the greatest part of their beloved Holland changed into a flaming wilderness in full view of the inhabitants. No wonder that the disaster has become a date in their memory. In conversation one always hears the expression "this long before or after the fire." The wound that was received in those days has left a scar that will be visible for a long time.

Even before we passed the borders of the city we saw whole fields with black stumps and gnarls. Between these we saw, along roads hardly marked out, here and there the new homes, spread far apart as if they were afraid to approach each other. And when we left the city we noticed amidst the beautiful forests, the places where the fire burned most fiercely, the extensive wilderness of scorched trunks, black branches and trunks that stuck up ghostlike into the sky or that laid as charred pieces on the ground.

But we also saw things different from these. We also saw a rich, beautiful nature that heals more than it destroys and we saw signs of human labor that was able to obtain wonderful fruit from this mild nature. Around this small main city there are, in a wide region, several townships that are divided into regular squares on the map: Holland, Fillmore, Overisel, Jamestown, Zeeland, and so on, all part of Ottawa County. And spread across these townships there are several hamlets or villages—Graafschap, Ebenezer, Drenthe, Friesland, Zeeland, Groningen, and others, that were usually named by the early settlers after the places where they used to live. The towns are connected by broad roads that are hard and flat in the summer, but in the winter are more like a smooth and slippery snow track. [313] Now, in the inclement season, they are rough and uneven, and in the deeper parts they are soaked through by the snow and the rain. But our alert

horses that were used to such small difficulties pulled us through at a lively trot, even though the mud flew off the wheels up to our ears. And it was a trip full of changes.

If one could see it from a hot air balloon the landscape would look like a chess board of black and green squares, with square plots of the same size, divided by straight roads along meadows and fields, but riding along the hilly landscape along fields of grain and through forests we did not notice any irritating monotony. Sometimes the road went through a pine or oak forest, still in its original, natural state, not touched by human hands, where the trees have not been cut by axes but died their natural death, and grew or fell down in picturesque wildness. At other times we saw a creek or stream or we went through a swamp, where a so-called corduroy road has been laid, made of tree trunks laid next to each other. Our wagon danced across this road bouncing and shaking. Most of the time we traveled along fields of plowed soil with green winter grain and neat farms with barns and stables.

Even the building style of the farms had something that in a unique way testified to prosperity and trust in the future. They usually consisted of a small building in the middle from which, as the farm expanded, one wing and then with greater prosperity a second wing was added. I saw many farms in those three stages of development, and many, even though very youthful, had spread their wings. And then one could hear a well-settled farmer, such as our guide, speak with a thankful heart about the great blessing that he had received and about his horses, cattle, and fields, [314] his bushels of corn and wheat, and about (I don't know how many) pounds of delicious meat he and his family and his workers could eat in abundance everyday, while earlier in the Netherlands even a small piece seemed a luxury that they could hardly ever allow themselves.

Everything here bears the stamp of beginning, newness, and simplicity. The separations of the fields from the roads consist of fences which are hedges or railings of branches put crossways. In order to be adequate, they have to be "horse high, bull strong, and pig tight." In other words, they have to be so high that a horse cannot jump over them; so strong that cattle cannot destroy them; so tight that a pig cannot push through them. If they are that, then no one can demand anything else. Everything here is, in the same way, very useful and practical, simple but purposeful; everything points to prosperity and plenty, but without excessive luxury.

In the afternoon we gave our horses a few hours of well-deserved rest while we stopped in the town of Zeeland where I had promised to preach. Even though it was in the middle of the week and the farm work in those days required much help, we saw wagons come from everywhere and rows of horses tied to halters under a low roof across from the church. A large crowd had gathered in the church. After a short service we began the trip back. Toward evening, while watching a beautiful sunset, we arrived back in Holland, thankful for a day well spent. We had had a quick, but in all respects instructive, view of the Colony and its inhabitants.

But the day was still not at an end. The highlight was still coming. [315] The culmination of the program for those days was a supper offered to us by the residents of the Colony on Tuesday evening. Doctor [Bernardus] Ledeboer made available his large and beautiful home for this purpose. In his large suite we found all of the notable people of Holland together. Before we sat down, the esteemed Ledeboer addressed me in the name of all those present with warm and heartfelt words and handed me a present as a token of interest and pleasure.

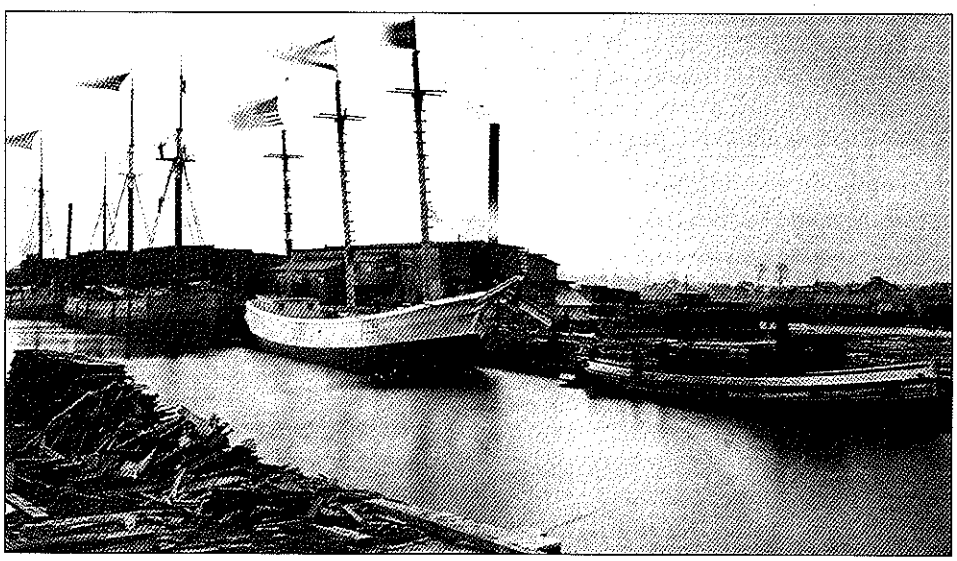
After this we gathered at the generously provided table with about fifty guests—a table loaded with all kinds of foods. It seemed as if there was no end to the dishes, pastries, tortes, and cakes of all kinds. Several of the daughters of the well-to-do considered it an honor to serve us with friendly amiability. (I hope that the young ladies were later able to eat well themselves.) There was plenty of everything: oysters, capon, game, and I don't know what else. The only drink was crystal clear ice water, but those drinks were no less hearty and robust. The speech by our friend Van Raalte was also an eloquently warm speech, which can be summarized as follows: "We have offered you this feast, as well and abundantly as we were able to. Through this we want to demonstrate how liberally and richly our God has blessed us; in spite of struggle and worry, in spite of the disaster of the fire, what we have become is because of the faithful Lord! But we also want to express how much we love our dear, unforgettable motherland, our own Netherlands, which will never be forgotten by its children, even though we are no longer in her view or near her heart. We offer this supper, through you, to the Netherlands, so that you can there relay something of the love and faithfulness which we feel for our country." [316] I have attempted to carry out this precious and holy duty with the writing of this book, although that is not the only way.

Then it was my turn, not only to respond but also, as had been mentioned to me at the invitation of those present, to provide a brief overview of the most important events in the Netherlands during these past years, and of the present conditions in social, literary, scientific, and religious areas. They were extremely interested in this, but found it difficult to remain informed. I tried to fill this void as best as

I could. Knowing ahead of time what people expected, I had prepared with some care. Seldom have words been valued above their worth, as they were heard and absorbed with keen interest. A genial, spontaneous, hearty tone characterized the whole evening till long after midnight. After we had played on the piano and all sang the "Wilhelmus" and "'Wien Neerlandsch," we took leave and went home with the feeling that in American Holland much of the goodness of the Netherlands and America is closely and happily united, and that this Holland fully deserves the love and appreciation of the fatherland.

The next day, on Wednesday, we were going to get to know the city and its establishments better. We first visited several factories. Industry is still in its beginning stages. What is lacking for a strong and healthy development is the lifeblood of capital. There is no shortage of enterprise, but of means. The pennies saved from diligent farming are not sufficient, but it is remarkable how much has already been done with very limited means.

Among the factories that I saw, one especially caught my attention, primarily because of its great simplicity, a very remarkable steam sawmill. [317] Under a rough wooden shed there is a small steam engine for the cutting of the wood. An ox cart, driven to the nearby woods by a few workmen, carries the most wonderful pine, which costs no more than the price of labor. It is brought to the shed and then cut either into staves to be made into barrels and vats or into shingles—small, beveled, wooden, roof tiles with which the houses are mostly covered here. All of this is packed into barrels or crates and then taken from the shed onto the nearby ships. The demand was usually so great that they could not deliver sufficiently. In the first year there was a 20 percent profit and the only hindrance to expansion was the lack of capital. That is the general complaint of all small flourishing establishments, that they cannot develop because of shortage of money. For years people have intended to establish a smelting works here. The valuable metal, not ore but excellent iron, is abundantly available in the area. The opportunity of shipping by rail and ship is very favorable. A clever industrialist with some capital could certainly make a certain and generous profit here, but there is no money to make use of the available treasures.



Three schooners tied up at a lumber mill dock in Grand Haven, Michigan, during the 1870s. Michigan was the leading lumber producing state in the union for the four decades beginning in 1860. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

And to think that the Netherlands, through a frivolous spirit of speculation, ignorance, and gullibility, has thrown hundreds of millions into the sinkhole of railroads, whose names one had never heard of and could not pronounce. On the other hand, a trustworthy bank established here, with the certainty of high interest, would be the infallible means to provide a great service, to spread a generous blessing, and to create a new and robust life. The immigration of laborers and farm workers has cleared the way and laid the foundation; now it is time for competence and capital to use their powers to complete and crown the work begun so well.

The awareness that a society cannot do without knowledge and competence, without a higher spiritual development and science if it wants to be truly strong, has prompted several men in the settlement to design and carry out a plan that has become a reality in Hope College. One can, without exaggeration, call this the crown of the Colony. Even the very thought of it was great and commendable, a sign of a wide, clear vision to establish in this small town (where money was still scarce and that lacked all luxuries, that could not even find the means for the profitable enterprises) to establish before anything else an institution of higher education and to have as its only luxury, an institution of higher education. And then, after such evidence of reverence for knowledge, of people who dared to propose such a plan, and who helped to bring it to fruition with their limited powers, some folks still dare to say that these people are narrow minded and opinionated.

We visited that institution that afternoon. On a small hill surrounded by trees we see a stately, square stone building (happily saved from the disastrous fire), several stories high and surrounded by several smaller buildings and homes which belong to the

college. Things are not as regal here as at the wealthy Princeton College, the rooms and the library not as richly endowed, but in all truly essential areas it is generously provided for. In as much as I can judge, the education in the several subjects is solid, thorough, purposeful, and in many respects even outstanding. We were guided by the principal, Professor Phelps, a man of the highest cultured and engaging manner, who is highly honored by former and present students because of his character and knowledge. [319] We saw the whole building in all its particulars: lecture halls, laboratories, student rooms, until we finally even climbed the roof to enjoy a beautiful view of the rural city from the flat rooftop. The city is not so grand that it would turn the head of a vain Nebuchadnezzar and lead him to insanity or foolish pride about the Babel he had built, but it is sufficient to make a Christian surveying everything to acknowledge that here one finds an Ebenezer that fills him with gratitude and trust. Hope College is indeed the flower of this settlement. Connected to the college is a separate department, a theological seminary, where in the last several years nearly all the preachers of the Dutch Reformed Church in America have been trained. (The Theological School is an institution of the Reformed Dutch Church that annually contributes about $5,000. Students for the ministry in the Dutch-speaking congregations are, currently: Boer, De Bruyn, De Spelder, Zwemer, Hoffman, Neerken, Van Vranken, Visscher, Wormser, and Hazenberg. Professor Crispell serves as professor of religion, in addition to Dr. Phelps, while two ministers are also involved in teaching theology.)

The education here, as elsewhere in the Dutch colonies, is conducted in English. This is right and practical. The Dutch are and want to be American citizens. Even though Dutch is the language of home and church and of religious instruction, English is the language of society and should be the language of the school, both elementary and higher. The students are, however, offered a course in Dutch language and literature. [320]

After viewing the buildings in all their particulars, including the girls' school that was being built, we gathered in the large lecture room with all the professors and the students. Professor Phelps delivered a lecture in which he presented an extensive, detailed description of the nature, principles, and spirit of the institution, thus introducing the school to the Dutch guest, and then invited me to address the young people in English and, of course, I had much to say.

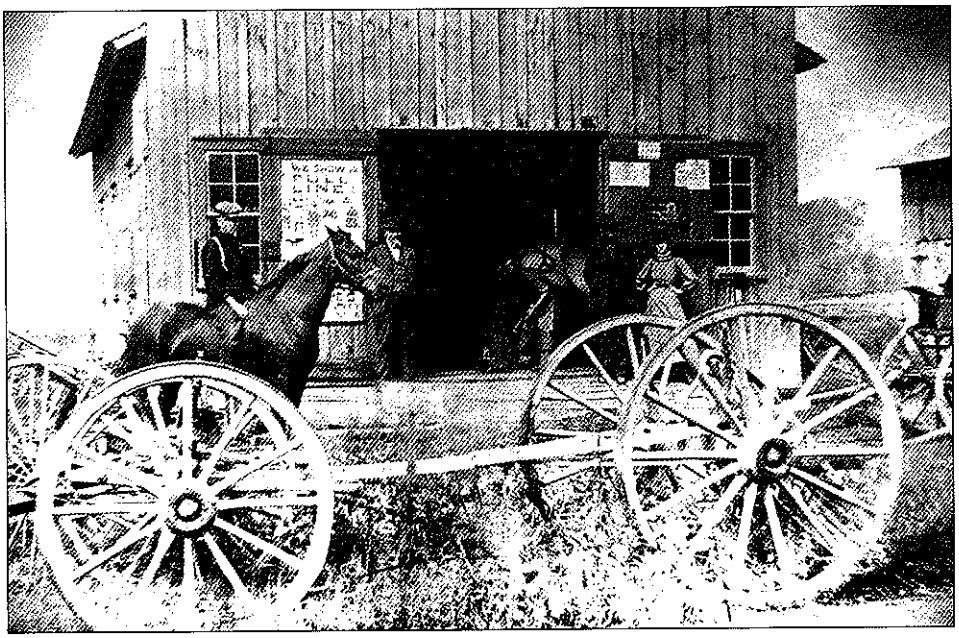
At the conclusion of this meeting we had tea with Professor Phelps and were very graciously received by his beloved spouse. Here we spent several wonderful hours in conversation with several teachers. Late in the evening a number of students joined us, who sang a number of religious and patriotic songs. It was refreshing to see how the young people related to the principal and the other professors in cordiality and respect. Among the students, several of whom were personally introduced to me, I saw many Dutchmen and several Japanese. The latter, in spite of their strange looks, appeared cultured and clever, and have gained a reputation of good aptitude and diligence, especially in technical and mathematical subjects. They entertained us during the evening with the singing of a Japanese folk song with a rather slow and melancholy melody, but, of course, I could not understand it.

Before leaving that evening I had a wonderful surprise. They announced that an anonymous person wanted to remember my visit to Holland and wanted to demonstrate his goodwill for the college and love for the fatherland. [321] He had promised to provide for a young person of pious inclination and good gifts to be sent by me from the Netherlands; this person, who would study at Hope College and enter the service of the Dutch Reformed Church in America, would be provided with clothing, travel to America, and tuition. This was certainly no simple assignment but a sign of trust. I hope to be able to fulfill this in a manner that will uphold the honor of the fatherland and bring blessings to the sister church in America. Certainly a people who are willing to sacrifice this much for education and knowledge need not despair of their future.

Thursday was set aside to visit two more Dutch towns. At 11:00 o'clock we, with Van Raalte, left on the Chicago and Michigan Lakeshore Railroad along Lake Michigan north to Grand Haven, the county seat of Ottawa County. It is situated on the left shore of the Grand River, which flows into the lake here and forms a large harbor that can hold hundreds of ships, which is of great value to the substantial shipping and extensive commerce of the city. After lunch with one of the ministers, Rev. [Engelbert] Oggel, and before dinner with Rev. [Evert] Vander Hart, who was our host, we went to visit the handsome city and admired the beautiful big steamers that travel on Lake Michigan. In the evening I preached in Dutch in a very large and well-filled church.

The next morning at breakfast our host called attention to the signal post not far from his home that forecasted a storm. Such warnings are very useful here. On the Great Lakes the winds can be fierce and can be treacherous even for experienced sailors. On the ocean one finds more regular wind currents and trade winds; here everything seems to depend on the apparently arbitrary and suddenly violent changes. [322]

There are instances of sailing ships and large steamers that began the crossing in good weather and then,



The blacksmith's shop in Overisel, Michigan, Cohen Stuart's last stop before leaving the Dutch colonies of West Michigan. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

before reaching the other side, perished in a sudden storm. This time also it was not long before the forecast was met with wind and rain. Around noon we began the train trip, in rain and wind gusts, going farther north to the town of Muskegon, on a small river of the same name, several miles from the lake. It is a city of 6,000 inhabitants where there also is a Dutch congregation. At the home of Rev. [Jacob] Van der Meulen, son of the retired pastor in Grand Rapids, we found several American ministers from the city who wanted to meet us. As had been arranged, I had to speak at Van der Meulen's church at four o'clock in the afternoon. Both because of the bad weather and the unusual hour, there was only a small group present. We did not stay long and returned to Holland that same evening.

Sadly, this was going to be our last evening there. The next day, Saturday, we had to depart right after breakfast. It was very difficult to bid farewell—not from our host who would accompany us for several days, but from his home and family, from his married daughter and daughter-in-law, now a widow. We also had to part from Van Raalte's clever son, whose right arm had been shot off during the last war, but who could use his one arm better than many other people can use both arms. He can bridle the wildest horses with his left arm and match the best rider, and who also has something better than a strong fist—a clear head and a warm heart. How we had enjoyed the good and wonderful hours in that home and in that circle.

However, we could not change the planned arrangements. I had promised to go to Kalamazoo that Saturday evening and to spend some time on the way in the village of Overisel, one of the most important Dutch settlements in the county. [323] After our ride of three hours in fairly good weather, we arrived there around noon. We were received with touching hospitality by a family of old settlers and the Wormser family. At two o'clock I spoke for the last time in the church of one of the settlements in the Colony of Holland. And then I knew that all that love had not been bestowed on an insensitive person and I was very much touched by all the experiences of the past days.

Mr. Koller, who is now a professor of geometry at Hope College, a farmer's son from Overisel, told us that in his youth he had herded cows. He now joined us to go to the closest train station that would take us outside of the boundaries of the Holland Colony.

Endnotes

1. This is a portion of chapter 9 (vol. 1, pp 300-323) in M. Cohen Stuart's *Zes Maanden in Amerika*, 2 vols. (Haarlem, the Netherlands: Kruseman and Tjeenk Willink, 1875).

2. Evidence from the narrative indicates that he arrived in Grand Rapids on Thursday, October 30, and left Overisel on Saturday, November 8.

3. The original page numbers are provided in square brackets throughout.

4. This was probably Rev. Nicholas Dosker, who had come from the Netherlands to Grand Rapids earlier in 1873 to replace the just retired Rev. Van der Meulen at Second Reformed Church.

5. This is the only instance in the book where Stuart Cohen provides a title for Van Raalte. The title given was "dr." for doctor, but since Van Raalte did not earn a doctorate, his title was *reverend*, whose Dutch abbreviation is "ds." Presumably this is a typographical error.

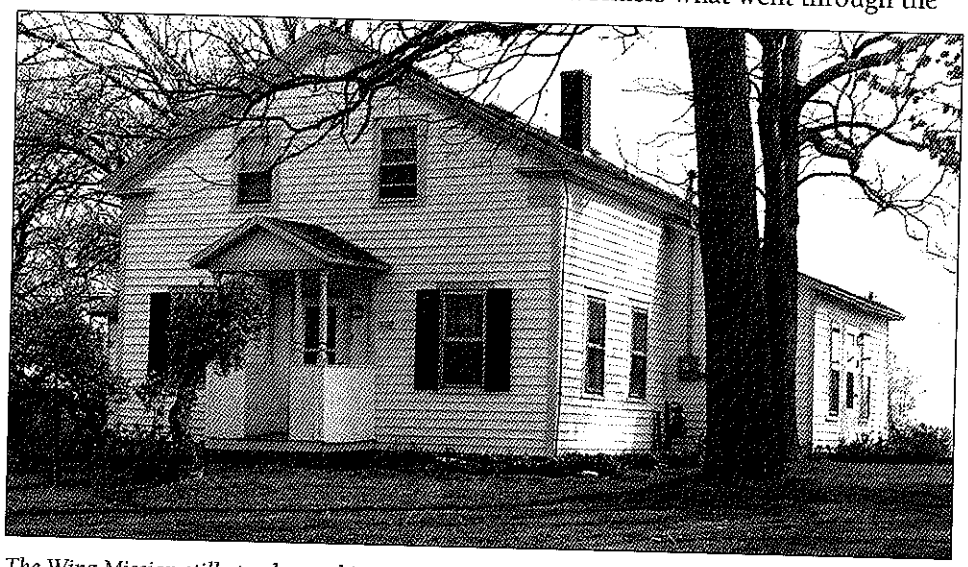
6. The day commemorated independence of the Dutch from Spain.

Six Names; Six Stories:

The people who helped Van Raalte build the first lodge in Holland, Michigan in February 1847

Janet Sjaarda Sheeres

Oxen are not known for their speed. The sleigh ride from Allegan, Michigan, to the Old Wing Mission, a distance of twenty-four miles, took the entire day. Their only stop was at Manlius, a halfway station. One wonders what went through the minds of those first seven Dutch pioneers as they traversed the mostly unmarked trail through the woods that cold February day in 1847.



The Wing Mission still stands as a historic site south of Holland, Michigan. From here the pioneers went out to carve a community out of the forest wilderness. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

Jacob Van Hinte, in his definitive work on the Dutch in America, describes them as follows:

> One must speak of heroes when one thinks of the seemingly unimpressive little troop of six men and one woman — A. C. Van Raalte, E. Frederiks, J. Laarman, J. Lankheet, W. Notting and his wife, and E. Zagers—who, on the evening of February 9, 1847, led by the American George Harrington, arrived in the woods on the south side of Black Lake to begin a struggle for a new life against the giants of the forest in Michigan.[1]

Much has already been written about Van Raalte, but what of the other five pioneer men and one woman who traveled with George Harrington to their new "home" that cold February day. The dictionary defines a "pioneer" as one who ventures into unknown or unclaimed territory to settle. It comes from the old French word *pion*, meaning foot soldier, a person sent out to clear the way. These six people, then, were pioneers who went ahead literally to clear the way for the others.

Who were these six? What relationship did they have to Van Raalte? Did he handpick them to go along with him? Did they volunteer? What motivated them?

Willem and Machteldtje Notting

The only woman in the group until now has simply been known as *vrouw* Notting. Van Hinte does not give her a first name or even an initial. On the passenger manifest of the *Southerner* she is listed as M. Notting who, with her husband Willem, hailed from Coevorden, province of Drenthe.

Machteldtje was born on 7 April 1821 in Zuidveen, a district of Steenwijkerwold in the province of Overijssel. The third child and first

A frequent contributor to Origins *and other publications, Janet Sheeres is also an expert on Dutch genealogy. She has just completed a book-length biography of Rev. Douwe J. Van der Werp.*

daughter of Ariaan van der Rijn and Meintje Harms Bel, she was named after her paternal grandmother, Machteld van Nunspeet. Her two brothers, Hendrik and Harm, were born on 11 April 1816 and 4 July 1818 respectively. A younger sister, Aalte, was born 8 August 1827.

Ariaan van der Rijn, Arie for short, was a barge hand, who earned about the same as a common laborer. This meant that the family's income was meager. The financial situation worsened for the family when only one month after Aaltje's birth, in 1827, Arie died, leaving Meintje a widow with four young children in an era when there were no social safety nets. Two years later, in the summer of 1829, Meintje also died, leaving four orphans, aged two to thirteen years. Machteldtje was only eight years old at the time and was left to the mercy of her guardians. In all likelihood she was either farmed out to relatives or sent to an orphanage. Fortunately for the van der Rijn children, their maternal grandmother was still alive and she would have been given partial guardianship over them. However, by age twelve and for sure by fourteen, Machteldtje had to earn her own keep by doing factory or domestic work. That she chose domestic service is born out by the fact that the marriage registration states her occupation as maidservant.

Machteldtje found a position as maid in Steenwijk, and there, at some point, met a fabric dyer named Wilhelmus Johannes Notting. Notting had been born in Coevorden, but lived in Meppel at the time of the marriage. Perhaps they met while attending worship services led by Van Raalte or another Seceder minister. They were married on 15 October 1843 at Steenwijk. One year later, on 25 October 1844, their daughter Hendrikje was born in Coevorden, so the young couple must have moved there after their marriage.[2]

Willem and Machteldtje joined the Seceder congregation which had been organized on 2 February 1843 in Coevorden by Rev. R. H. Bos from Dedemsvaart.[3] By 1846, when Van Raalte's emigration plans were attracting interested people, several families from Coevorden, including the Nottings, signed on.[4] They made the trip across as steerage passengers on the *Southerner*, the same ship as the Van Raaltes. On board Machteldtje learned first hand the perils of their undertaking when Evert Zagers's wife, Roelfje, died, as well as a little daughter of Egbert and Anna Frederiks.



The six pioneers first had to learn how to chop down trees, a skill not needed in the Netherlands. By doing most of this work in the winter months they avoided the summer swarms of flies and mosquitoes, which carried malaria. This sketch and fourteen others were commissioned by the First National Bank of Holland and published in the Holland Evening Sentinel, *29 June 1953. A number of the other sketches follow.*

Once in America, they accompanied Van Raalte to Michigan, arriving in Detroit sometime in December 1846. Here, desperate for funds to see them through the winter, they joined nine other families to work in a shipyard in St. Clair. It is to these families that Van Raalte turned for recruits for the work of preparing initial accommodations to receive and house the remainder of the settlers waiting in Detroit. Six families heeded his call and arrived in Allegan sometime early in February 1847.[5]

Among the volunteers to go into the woods to build the first lodging were Willem and Machteldtje. Why would a man, whose hands had until then only lifted buckets of dye, volunteer to take up the ax to fell trees? The answer is found in the *Village Holland Dagboek [Ledger] of April 1847 to September 1849*. The entry for 25 July 1847 reads: "Willem Notting: From the Quarter Acre Block I, No. 7, for the price of fifteen dollars, [$25.00 additional which was] given to him as payment for his work on behalf of the Colony, which price [the remaining $15] he has paid in full."[6] While the full price of the lot was $40.00, $25.00 was deducted for people's work. While the Nottings paid $15.00 for the lot, Machteldtje added the ultimate price—her life. A month after their arrival she fell ill and passed away during the night of 17 March 1847.[7] The work of felling trees ceased for a while to allow for the digging of a grave in the hard, frozen ground. The men fashioned a coffin for her out of hemlock bark and buried her under an oak in the woods behind the mission house. The funeral ceremony for this first death in the Colony was probably brief and simple, with Van Raalte reading Scripture and the small group of mourners singing an appropriate psalm.

Bereft of his wife, but with a little girl to raise, Notting turned to one of the few single women his age in the Colony—Van Raalte's servant,

forty-one-year-old Jennigje Lasker—they married sometime in 1847. Although the church ruled against remarrying within a year of the death of a spouse, Van Raalte made an exception, given the circumstances.

Because Notting's fabric dyeing skills were not in great demand in the Colony, but shoes soon wore out, he became a shoemaker. He and Jennigje lived in South Holland, on the border between Ottawa and Allegan counties, a few miles east of Graafschap. On many occasions when it was impossible to walk to Van Raalte's church in Holland, he opened his home for services. Later he became the first Dutch postman for the Colony. The couple remained childless; Willem and Machteldtje's daughter Hendrikje married Frederick Slag in April 1892.[8]

Evert Zagers

Evert Zagers, a thirty-two-year-old weaver from Emmen, Drenthe, could sympathize with Notting at the loss of Machteldtje. His wife Roelfje had died on board the *Southerner*. Evert Zagers had been born on 23 July 1814 in Gross Ringe, County of Bentheim, in Germany, where he and Roelfje Vrielink were married sometime around 1840. Their son Hendrik was born in 1841.

Using his strong weaver's arms, he dulled his grief of her death by helping clear a path through the forest. He, too, had agreed to work in return for a reduction in price for the lot he wished to purchase. Besides grief, Zagers brought along a burden of debt to West Michigan. Too poor to pay the ship's passage fare, he and Roelfje had signed up to work as cooks on board the *Southerner* to pay for their way across. But he had become too sick to work, and Roelfje had died, so he still owed their passage money. Any financial break he could get would be most welcome. The price of his lot, Block B, No. 4, the same $15 in payment, with a credit of $25 for his work on behalf of the Colony.

In July he purchased his lot; however his payment date was deferred to 15 October 1847, suggesting that he needed the summer to earn the $15 and pay off his passage fare.[9] In order to do so, he left the Colony on 10 July with several single young people to help with harvests in the Kalamazoo area. Being the oldest, Evert led the group each Sunday afternoon in a worship service in the living room of one of the farmers' homes.[10] One of the young women of the group, twenty-three-year-old Hilligje Poppen, caught his eye. By December 1847 he had been a widower for the customary year and on 19 December 1847 he and Hilligje were married by Rev. Cornelius Vander Meulen in Zeeland, with Jannes Van de Luijster and Jan Steketee acting as witnesses. The couple had several children. Evert's son from his first marriage, Hendrik (Henry), served in the Civil War, married and moved to Reeder Township, Missaukee County, Michigan, and later bought property near Traverse City. Evert Zagers died on 10 March 1884 in Graafschap, Michigan, after an eight-month struggle with cancer. Hilligje remembered him in an obituary as "a dear husband and caring father" who, even at the end of his own life, comforted his children with the promise that the Lord would wipe away all tears.



Rev. A. C. Van Raalte is viewed scouting the location of what would become Holland, Michigan.

Egbert Frederiks

Egbert Frederiks also brought a burden of grief to the Colony. He and his wife had buried their two-year-old daughter, Roelofje, at sea. Like the Zagers family, with whom they were intimately acquainted, the Frederikses came from Emmen, province of Drenthe, where Egbert had been born on 18 December 1815. On 21 September 1843 he married Anna Harms Kuiper in Odoorn, municipality of Emmen. As a laborer, Egbert's financial prospects in the Netherlands were poor. In 1841 he and Anna joined the newly organized *Afgescheiden* congregation in Emmen by signing the Act of Secession. From that the decision to follow Van Raalte to America seemed a logical step. However, while still in the Netherlands Anna became seriously ill. The date of departure from Rotterdam had been set and the Frederiks conferred with Zagers and other friends about how to proceed. Finally Anna herself gave the go-ahead by quoting Psalm 66:3, "God turned the sea into dry land; we passed through the waters on foot." By the time they reached Rotterdam, her health had been completely restored. However, their faith was tested again when little Roelofje died, leaving them only their nine-month-old Geesje.[11]

Years later Frederiks wrote about

his experience in the woods, "We viewed with astonishment the mighty giant trees which perhaps were over two centuries old, some of them a hundred feet tall and six feet in diameter, all growing on a rolling terrain of various kinds of soil, and the dense underbrush cut up by streams and creeks fed by springs and bubbling waters, a desert wild, fit only as a home for the timid creatures of the forest."[12] He also recalled the weather conditions, "Ach, but it was cold with snow piled high on both sides of the trail. The next morning the freezing rain formed a crust on the snow. This hindered us greatly, but we proceeded to the place where we intended to build shelters. With the hired help of a few Americans we cleared that rough road so we could bring in supplies by wagon."[13] Frederiks did not buy a lot in town but apparently saved the $25.00 he made for his part in clearing these giants of the forest. In May, with more people coming into the Colony to work, Frederiks and Zagers with two other men left the Colony to work elsewhere for cash, which was in short supply in the Colony.[14] A year later, in January 1848, Frederiks was paid $15.00 for his part in clearing the route for Eighth Street. By 1850 he had saved enough to start farming. He and Anna remained members of the Pillar Church, the first formed by the settlers, and they had five more children. Egbert died in 1888 at age seventy-three and is buried in the Pilgrim Home Cemetery. Anna's date of death and her gravesite are unknown.



In addition to supplying spiritual care for the people, Rev. Van Raalte also provided medical care; he also served as justice of the peace, land agent, attorney, and entrepreneur. There being no glass in the early Colony, window openings were shuttered or covered with fabric, often burlap.



The goal of the six pioneers was to prepare for the larger number of Dutch immigrants that were following their path.

Jan Laarman

Like the Nottings, Jan Laarman, his wife Geesje Schutte, their one-year-old son Jan Hendrik, and Jan's widowed mother also came from Coevorden. Geesje stayed behind in Allegan while Jan signed on to be one of the pioneers. (Geesje, pregnant at the time, has the distinction of delivering the first child in the Colony on 7 May.) Being a farmer, Laarman had more experience with outdoor work than the others and an eagerness to get back to farming may have been the incentive for him to volunteer for the arduous work of chopping down trees and building shelter. Zagers, in his account of the events, states that Laarman's widowed mother was the only one in the group with some financial resources. She would in all likelihood have been able to buy the land which Jan decided to farm.[15] Since the widow Laarman is not listed in the 1850 Census, it can be assumed that she must be counted among the early deaths in the Colony. However, Jan's family flourished in the new land; they had six more children. They also remained members of the Pillar Church.

Hermanus Lankheet

Thirty-one-year-old miller Hermanus Lankheet had everything to gain and nothing to lose when he signed up as a pioneer. Adrian Van Koevering states that Lankheet was one of the first five men to respond to Van Raalte's request.[16] Lankheet, still single when he arrived in the Colony, came from Hellendoorn, a community that would see a mass exodus a year later under the leadership of Rev. Seine Bolks.

As soon as the first shelter had been built, those who had wives and children sent for them. From then on, the five families lived together in one lodge and set out to build a second one. The quarters these five families shared measured eighteen by fourteen feet of floor space. There were three windows and a door. Since there was no glass the window openings were



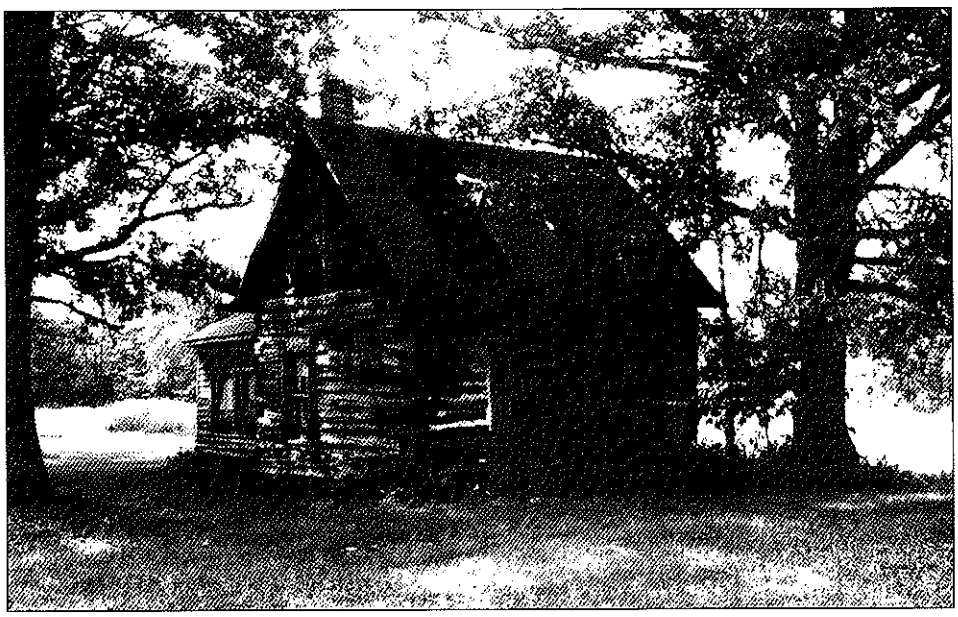
Shelter was the most important. Early worship services were held in the open air as depicted in this sketch of the first baptism in the Colony.



Power in the Colony came from human and animal labor and from small water mills. But the lack of significant rapids or water falls in West Michigan limited the output of such mills.

covered with gunnysacks. A clay fireplace provided warmth. Barely was the first structure finished when other families began arriving. For his service Hermanus, too, was given a reduction in price and paid only $15.00 for a quarter-acre lot priced at $40.00 (Block K, No. 1). However, when Bolks arrived in the Colony and organized a church in Overisel, Lankheet joined that congregation. Traveling with Bolks were about ten Lankheets, all related to Hermanus, and reason enough for him to join them in Overisel.

In 1850 Hermanus married Janna Hendriks Maatman. It is known that she died before 1860, because in that year he married Wilhelmina Slaat, who died in 1864. Both Janna and Wilhelmina were natives of Hellendoorn. In 1866 Hermanus married Zwaantje Adriaans Gebben, widow of Hendrik Wolter.[17] The 1870 Census lists Herman and Zwaantje living in Overisel, with eight children in the family. Since he and Zwaantje had three children together, the other five were likely children of the first two marriages or her first marriage. Hermanus died on 5 October 1890 at age seventy-six.



This log house in Holland, dating to the pioneer settlement, also survived the 1871 fire, and stood well into the twentieth century. Photo: Archives, Calvin College.

More Settlers

One month after the pioneers arrived, Jan Rabbers, leading a group of ten men, arrived in the Colony on 10 March 1847. This group had left the Netherlands immediately after Van Raalte and arrived in New York in December. They worked in Buffalo cutting firewood for 50 cents for a twelve-hour day. At the urgent request of Van Raalte to come and help the Colony, they traveled to Michigan. Van Raalte may not have realized the immensity of the task of clearing forests and building cabins with people entirely unfamiliar with both. He may also have recognized that he could not compensate all who worked at this initial stage because this group worked as volunteers, chopping out roads through the dense forest, their only compensation being the food they ate.[18]

That first spring and summer many more settlers arrived, but for one month in February 1847 there were just the six, true pioneers.

Endnotes

1. J. Van Hinte, *Netherlanders in Amerika: Een studie over landverhuizers en volkplanters in de 19de en 20ste eeuw in de Vereenigde Staten van Amerika*, 2 vols. (Groningen: Noordhoff, 1928): 125; translation mine. Van Hinte mistakenly named Hermanus Lankheet, J. Lankheet.

2. Their daughter, Hendrikje, aged two at the time of emigration, is listed below her parents' names on the ship's manifest.

3. The Seceders were people who under the leadership of Rev. Hendrik de Cock had broken away from the Reformed Church in 1834 and formed their own congregations throughout the Netherlands. Information regarding the Afgescheiden church at Coevorden from G. Gritter, *Van geslacht tot geslacht is uw trouw: 150 jaar Gereformeerde Kerk van Coevorden* (Groningen Uitgeverij Noorderbroek, 1992).

4. Hendricus Notting, Quirinus Huijser, Berend Jan Kronemeijer, Hendrik Hunderman and Berend Terhaar were some others who came from Coevorden in 1847.

5. Harm Kok traveled with them from St. Clair, but stayed in Allegan.

6. *Willem Notting: Uit de Kwart Akkers, Block I, No. 7, Voor de prijs van vijftien Dollars hem geschonken, ter belooning van zijne publieke werkzaamheden ten nutte der kolonie welke prijs door hem ten vollen is betaald. $15.*

7. Ruth Keppel, *Trees to Tulips: Authentic tales of the pioneers of Holland, Michigan* (Holland: self published, 1947): 13.

8. To date I have not been able to find when and where Willem Notting died.

9. *"Hem voor $15.00 geschonken ter beloning van Zijne werkzaamheden ten nutte der Kolonie tijd van betaling is gesteld 15 October 1847. (July 1847).*

10. Henry S. Lucas, *Dutch Immigrant Memoirs and Related Writings*, rev. ed. (Grand Rapids, Eerdmans, 1997): 256.

11. Although Frederiks does not mention her death, she must have died before 1850 because she is not included in the 1850 Census, while he and his children are. By that time the Frederiks had two children, Roelofje (taking the place of the Roelofje who died) and Hermanus.

12. Henry S. Lucas, *Netherlanders in America: Dutch Immigration to the United States and Canada, 1789-1950*. (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1955): 89.

13. Trudy Vander Haar, *No Shadow of Turning* (self published): 58.

14. Lucas, *Dutch Immigrant Memoirs*, 71.

15. Ibid., 85.

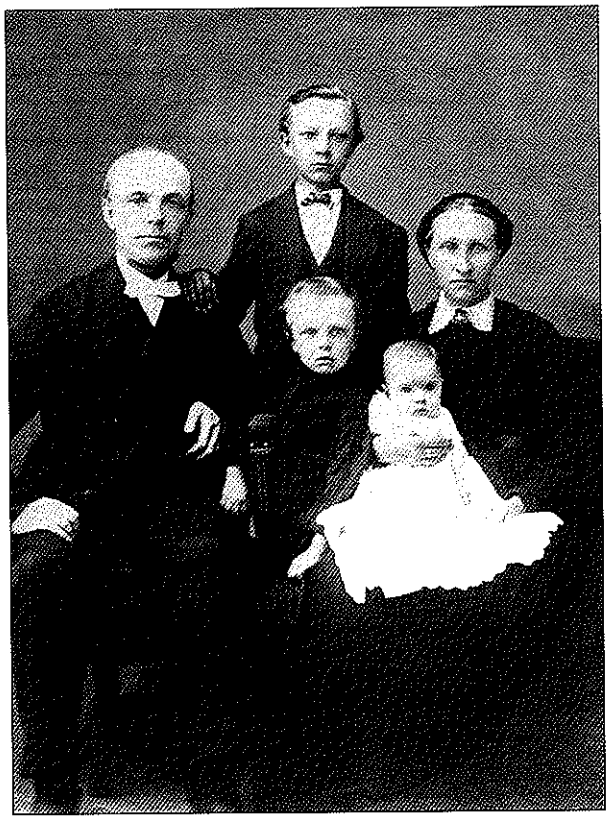
16. Adrian Van Koevering, *Legends of the Dutch* (Zeeland, MI: Zeeland Record, 1960): 220.

17. Jan Verdonk and Hennie Scholten, *Van Hellendoorn naar Overisel 1847-1848* (The Hague: CBG, 1997).

18. Van Koevering, *Legends*, 154.

Johannes Bernardus Hulst
(6 April 1868 – 20 February 1948)

Louise M. Hulst



Frederikus Hulst and Dieuwerke Schuring and their three children, Jan (standing), Mary and Johannes Bernardus. The photo was probably taken c.1869. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

This is the first article published in Origins *by Louise M. Hulst. She holds an MS degree and is associate director emerita of the Dordt College Library. Her husband, Dr. John B. Hulst, is the grandson of the subject of this piece.*

A prominent businessman in Grand Rapids, Michigan, during the 1890s and early 1900s, Johannes Bernardus Hulst also was important to the Christian Reformed Church (CRC) and particularly in many of its official publications. His health was never robust, but in spite of that he made many significant contributions to church and community in Grand Rapids and West Michigan. In spite of his success in business and in lay work, he was always aware that he had failed to achieve his original goal of becoming an ordained minister in the CRC.

J. B. Hulst, as he was known to most people, was born on 6 April 1868 in Vriesland, Michigan, just east of Zeeland. His parents, brother Jan and sister Maria had just arrived from the Netherlands, since his father, Rev. Frederikus Hulst, had accepted a call to be the minister at Central Avenue Christian Reformed Church in Holland, Michigan. At the time the CRC consisted of sixteen congregations, ten located in western Michigan. Hulst and his older brother Lammert Jan (L. J.) both were part of the secession in the Dutch Reformed Church during the 1830s and 1840s, both became ordained ministers, and both emigrated to the United States; L. J. followed his younger brother in 1874. The younger Hulst had been ordained in 1855 and served four churches in the Netherlands before coming to the United States.[1]

The family arrived by train in Grand Rapids and briefly stayed with Roelof Duiker, the pastor of the First CRC in Grand Rapids. At a cost of $13.60 a Mr. Hogesteter, from the Holland congregation, came to Grand Rapids to transport the Hulst family and their possessions in a covered wagon.[2] While in route to Holland, *Juffrouw* (as wives of secessionist ministers were called) Hulst went into labor and was taken to a home near Vriesland, where she gave birth to a son who was baptized "Johannes Bernardus." Some called him "John," but close friends called him "Joe."

Frederikus Hulst served two years at Central Avenue and then accepted a call to First CRC in Chicago, Illinois (now Ebenezer CRC in Berwyn, Illinois). After a little more than two years in Chicago, while supplying a vacant pulpit on assignment from Classis Illinois, he caught a cold which quickly developed into a severe infection of the throat. Within three days, he died there at the age of forty-six.[3] He was the first CRC minister to die, the denomination being only sixteen years old at the time.

With three young children to raise, the widow Dieuwerke Schuringa Hulst moved back to the larger Dutch immigrant community in Grand Rapids. She soon met Jan Gelock, a shopkeeper and widower who had

emigrated to Grand Rapids in 1850. Gelock had also suffered personal tragedy. He had lost a young daughter in 1851 and his wife in 1852. He had remarried in 1860, and his second wife developed tuberculosis and after two and a half years of suffering died in 1870, shortly after their infant daughter had died.[4]

Deeply religious, Gelock had been a leader in the Dutch Reformed Church in Grand Rapids. During the 1850s, however, he had become increasingly more convinced that several of the



Ordained in 1855, Frederikus Hulst served churches in Stedum, Siddeburen, Veendam, and Sauwerd, all in the Netherlands, before coming to Central Avenue CRC in Holland, Michigan. He died in 1873 at age 46. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

Dutch ministers were not fully orthodox and, by the fall of 1856, felt he could no longer remain in the congregation. In February Gelock and others in the congregation left the Reformed Church, as did three other congregations in West Michigan. Ultimately the congregations formed the Christian Reformed Church. Hulst and Gelock married in 1874, and the three young children became the stepchildren of Jan Gelock. The couple had one child together, a daughter, who died at the age of six in 1881. J. B. Hulst always spoke with affection of the man he called "Father Gelock."

Because of his expertise and background, the new denomination looked to Gelock for financial advice and leadership. At a time when banks generally facilitated loans and fund transfers but did not provide deposit services, Gelock became the treasurer for the First CRC's Christian day school; the denomination's first publication, *De Wachter;* the Theological School; and the various mission committees. He accepted payments and paid bills. Work on behalf of *De Wachter* meant using excess revenue generated from subscriptions to underwrite some of the Theological School's expenses. The "cashbox" for these activities was a cigar box kept in the Gelock kitchen. Any unspent funds Gelock invested in short-term notes for the benefit of the denomination. Since the denomination was not incorporated, he had to issue these notes in his own name. When he died in 1889, at the age of 66, denominational leaders found themselves unsure about handling these finances, which seemed particularly complex, and turned to the widow for assistance.[5]

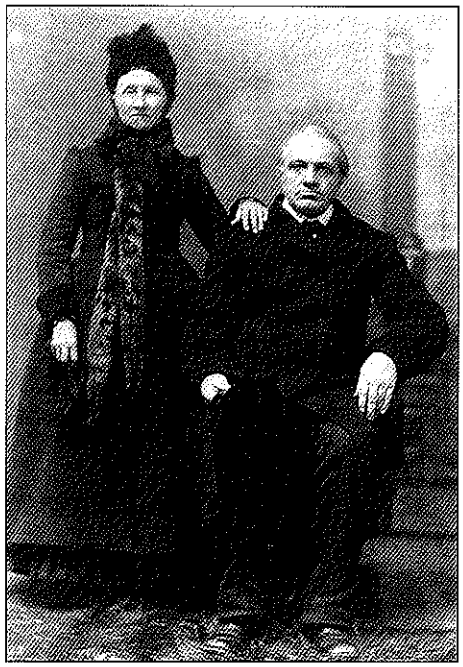
Early in his life J. B. Hulst felt called to enter the ministry in the CRC. He began studying at the Theological School in 1889, along with his friends Henry Beets and J. W. Brink. Midway through his studies he became seriously ill and, even though he temporarily recovered from his illness, as a result of overwork he suffered a relapse and eventually a severe nervous breakdown. According to H. J. Kuiper, he was "a man endowed with a keen intellect, an indomitable will, and strong but tender emotions. He was a voracious reader . . . ," but because of physical weakness, he found it impossible to continue his studies. At the same time, according to Kuiper, "There was in him a resoluteness, a warmth of devotion, and a willingness to do double duty in the kingdom which was unusual."[6]

Although he never felt able to sustain the classical exam for ordination, his ability convinced several West Michigan classes to license him to preach under Article 7. In spite of his nervous handicap he was an excellent speaker and a highly effective preacher. In a letter to relatives in the Netherlands, written in 1912, he described his illness and also his licensure. He explained that he was serving the Plainfield Christian Reformed Church as a "teaching elder." He wrote that it was enjoyable work to preach God's Word and that "I never feel better than when I am in the pulpit." He assisted Rev. Y. P. De Jong at the large Grandville Avenue CRC congregation and preached regularly in other Grand Rapids area churches until he was seventy years old.

After leaving school, Hulst in 1894 married Wilhelmina Smitter, daughter of a well-known family in the Grand Rapids business world. They had two children—a daughter, Dora, and a son, Arnold. Wilhelmina died in 1933 at the age of fifty-eight.[7]

No longer looking to the ministry as his profession, Hulst owned a bookstore at 936 Fifth Avenue (now Franklin Street), Grand Rapids, near the Theological School, which was at the intersection of Fifth and Madison. The bookstore was a gathering place for students and faculty and also for self-styled "scholars" who loved to debate theological issues. On at least one occasion there was an actual fistfight in his store over the issue of infralapsarianism and supralapsarianism, the question of which came first, predestination or the fall.

He also collected rare books, imported and sold theological books



Jan Gelock and Dieuwerke in the 1880s. Both had lost their spouses to death. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

and published some locally written works. According to an article in the *Grand Rapids Press* he owned such rare books as the 1492 copy of *Tractatulas: de Reformatione Virium Anime* by Gerard Zerbolt, a member of the Brethren of the Common Life; a Dutch Bible translated from the Latin and published in 1556; and a translation into the Dutch of *Calvin's Institutes* published in 1560, four years before Calvin's death. In this *Press* article Dr. Benjamin Warfield was quoted as saying that "this Holland edition was the first foreign translation from the first complete French edition edited by John Calvin himself."[8] In 1940 Hulst donated a collection of books and manuscripts to the CRC Synod's Historical Committee, which placed the collection in the Hekman Library of Calvin College.

J. B. himself authored several books and pamphlets, published with the J. B. Hulst imprint. Business was good and his health also seemed to stabilize. He decided to leave the bookstore and publishing business and spend more time preaching. In 1911 he sold his business to William B. Eerdmans. The article in the *Grand Rapids Press* which announced the sale stated "since 1896 . . . 16 to 17 tons of Holland literature has been annually imported to this city alone, besides the many books secured in this country and the various publications of the company itself. Churches of all denominations have been supplied with books and agencies have been stationed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as well as in South Africa and in the East Indies. Thousands of Mr. Hulst's own books have been placed with Holland families all over the world."[9] Because he imported and published Dutch books, J. B. was involved in on-going correspondence with a number of such leading figures in the Netherlands as Abraham Kuyper and Herman Bavinck.

J. B. was also known as "Elder Hulst" because at an early age he was elected elder and served in that capacity in several congregations in the Grand Rapids churches. The Diamond Jubilee booklet of the First Christian Reformed Church in Grand Rapids lists him as beginning his service as an elder in 1902. At that time he would have been thirty-one years old. According to H. J. Kuiper, in *The Banner* articles cited earlier, he was known as being "staunchly conservative but at the same time progressive, forward-looking."

As had been the case for his stepfather, Jan Gelock, the denomination also sought out J. B.'s advice and leadership in financial matters. In 1903 he was appointed to the committee charged to oversee the finances necessary for transforming the literary department of the Theological School into John Calvin Junior College.

Hulst enjoyed working with young people, and for many years was president and Bible study leader of the Christian Young People's Society that met in one of the classrooms of the Theological School. He also had other kingdom interests. He was a member of the board of "*Fas et Jus*," a society organized in 1903 in Grand Rapids that was committed to developing a Reformed perspective in the area of politics, reflecting the Kuyperian view of sphere sovereignty. Henry S. Lucas says that "there were simply not enough individuals to carry the idea forward to success. Even more of an obstacle was the practical, pragmatic philosophy that governed American political thought . . . . Finally the movement was 'too particularistic, too foreign.' "[10] J. B. was also second secretary of Algemeen Naderlandsch Verbond, an alliance of Dutch in America.

The *Grand Rapids Press* reports that J. B. provided leadership to the Holland-American community to build "a fine, new modern hospital," serving as chair of a committee appointed to establish such a facility. The venture was supported by "the Holland churches, clergy, physicians and surgeons of Western Michigan." The hospital was to be built in downtown Grand Rapids and was to cost between $100,000 and $150,000.[11] Although initial reports sounded promising, the city already



J. B. Hulst about the time that ill health forced him to stop his studies at the Theological School. Instead, he became a book dealer and publisher, and vigorous church leader. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

had three acute-care hospitals, and no further information about this hospital has been found. Although never brought to fruition, the effort provides an interesting insight into the vision of a man who struggled with frail health all of his life.

J. B. was also a strong supporter of Christian day schools. In a series of undated clippings from the letter-to-the-editor section of the *Grand Rapids Press*, Hulst defends public funds being used to support Christian schools. He debated this issue with H. J. Slade and others. In one of the letters J. B. explains, "Christian schools are not church schools but are supported by societies made up of parents who are mostly citizens of this country, having the same rights as all others. They as parents demand an education for their children according to and based upon the Reformed principles and life view. That is their right." Apparently this discussion went on for some time and was quite heated. For example, J. B. concluded one letter by saying, "If Mr. Slade will not or dare not tackle the issue, I will refuse to follow him in his endless rambles which bring us nothing or lead nowhere."[12]

Even though Hulst was a respected leader in the Reformed community, he was not always popular outside that community. It seems that his identification with the CRC, the Christian school movement, and his work as a publisher, importer, and distributor of Dutch theological books made him suspect in the eyes of the broader community—especially during the First World War. The Dutch community had made known their opposition to the British during the Boer War very public, and this anti-British sentiment made them suspect during the Great War. Further, some Dutch, because of similarity of languages and proximity of countries, found themselves included in the anti-German fervor that swept the United States which caused such



J. B. Hulst, 1868-1948, contributed much to the Christian Reformed Church, in spite of never achieving his initial goal of becoming an ordained minister. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

things as Berlin, Michigan, to become Marne, Michigan, and hamburger to become Salisbury steak. In Peoria, Iowa, the Christian School and Christian Reformed Church were burned down. The wife of J. B.'s cousin Henry, Cornelia Steketee Hulst, was fired from her position as teacher of English at Central High School in Grand Rapids because she was suspected of being sympathetic to the German cause.[13]

Although the specific reasons were never clear, J. B. was accused of disloyalty to the United States by anonymous vandals. In March 1918 "two business places and two residences were daubed with yellow, red and black paint and labeled with warnings reading, "Be an American" and "Buy a Liberty Bond." Hulst of 1049 Bates Street SE was one of those whose premises were painted."[14] He defended himself in the *News* and brought the editor evidence that he had purchased bonds in each of the three loan drives to date and that his daughter, Dora, also had purchased Liberty Bonds.

J. B. was a member of many denominational boards and committees, including those involved in missions and evangelism. He served as a worker in two street missions in Grand Rapids during the 1930s and 1940s. But his favorite assignment involved the Publication Committee of the CRC, which oversaw publication of both *De Wachter* and *The Banner*, once the denomination purchased it from a



J. B. Hulst and his wife Mary Van Zanen. His mother Dieuwerke is in the middle with son John on the far left. Photo: Courtesy of the author.

group of Grand Rapids people in 1914. He served on this Publication Committee for thirty-two years and was its chairman for seventeen years. When he retired from this position just two years prior to his death in 1948, he was honored at a banquet held in Neland Avenue CRC. In his remarks on that occasion, Hulst told about his birth on the way to Holland, Michigan; the family's move to Chicago; being in Chicago at the time of the Great Fire; and then he recounted a brief history of *The Banner*. He concluded his remarks by saying, "As Publication Committee we have published on the printed page to the Church Militant . . . the doctrine of redemptive grace. When our time comes, may we all meet in the Church Triumphant to sing praises to our God . . . who has redeemed us, sanctified us, glorified us."

In 1931 J. B. wrote to his uncle, John Schuringa in the Netherlands, that "*een tweede Johannes Bernardus*" had been born to Arnold and Jessie and was now a year and a half old. Shortly before J. B.'s death, that namesake, John B. Hulst, informed his grandfather that he intended to enter the pre-seminary program at Calvin College. The elder Hulst was very pleased and indicated his pleasure by giving his grandson what remained of his library. He prayed earnestly not only that this J. B. Hulst would serve the Church and Kingdom with devotion, but also that he would have the health and strength to complete his academic work, enter the ordained ministry of the Christian Reformed Church and realize the dream that had eluded his grandfather.

Editor's note: The "second" J.B. Hulst was ordained in 1954, and served three churches before joining the faculty of Dordt College, which he served as president, 1982-1996.


Van den schrijver
aan Rev. H. Beets

HET

Verdrukte

Cuba

en zijne Verlossing,

Of de Geschiedenis van Cuba, vanaf zijne Ontdekking tot aan zijne Bevrijding van Spanje's juk, alsook van den

Spaansch-Amerikaanschen Oorlog,

Op eenvoudige wijze verteld aan het Nederlandsch Volk.

door J. B. Hulst

J. B. HULST, Boekverkooper-Uitgever, Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.

Het Verdrukte Cuba and zijne Verlossing (Oppressed Cuban and her Liberation) *was both written and published (c.1898) by J. B. Hulst. This image is from the copy he inscribed to his friend and classmate, Rev. Henry Beets.*

Endnotes

1. Richard H. Harms, compiler and editor, *Historical Directory of the Christian Reformed Church* (Grand Rapids: Historical Committee of the Christian Reformed Church, 2004): 238.

2. "Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Central Avenue Christian Reformed Church, 1865 – 1940," p. 10; copy available in the Archives of Heritage Hall, Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

3. Johannes Bernardus Hulst, "Ds. Frederikus Bernardus Hulst," in *De Gereformeerde Amerikaan* (March 1898): 87-90.

4. Jan Gelock, "A Brief Account of My Life History," manuscript in the Archives of Heritage Hall, Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

5. Minutes of the Trustees and Curators, 29 October 1889 and 19 March 1890. Archives of Heritage Hall, Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

6. Henry J. Kuiper, *The Banner*, 12 March 1948.

7. Some said that she died of a heart condition, but others claimed that she became ill while caring for Dora's children, who were sick with the flu. Whatever the cause, her death was a shock to the Christian Reformed community. The list of visitors at the time of her funeral, including H. Henry Meeter, G. J. Rooks, B. K. Kuiper, S. Volbeda, H. J. Kuiper, Henry Beets, William Heyns, Dena Korfker, Louis Berkhof, Henry Keegstra and Jacob Vanden Bosch, indicates Hulst's close association with leading figures in the Christian Reformed Church. Following the death of Wilhelmina, J. B. married her spinster sister Elizabeth Smitter. Elizabeth was active in evangelism and was one of the women who helped found the Mary Free Bed Guild in Grand Rapids.

8. "Sermons by John Calvin in Book Printed in 1589 and Owned by J. B. Hulst," *Grand Rapids Press*, undated clipping.

9. "J. B. Hulst Quits Active Business," *Grand Rapids Press*, undated clipping.

10. Henry S. Lucas, *Netherlanders in America* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1955), 340.

11. "Modern Hospital; Plans Being Made for One Down Town," *Grand Rapids Press*, undated clipping.

12. Clippings in J. B. Hulst Collection, Archives of Heritage Hall, Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

13. Richard Harms, "Cornelia Steketee Hulst's Dissent," *Grand Rapids Magazine* (October 1997): 19.

14. "Victims of Night Raid Make Reply," *Grand Rapids News*, April 23, 1918.

The Sabbath

Fiction by H. J. Brinks

Saturday night, another week gone.

Jake Vander Wood leaned back in his yellow oak swivel chair—a hot bath, a visit to the barber shop, and a little shopping—a fine afternoon in Chicagoland, as the region south of Chicago and into northern Indiana was known. He propped his grey-cotton-stockinged feet on the kitchen windowsill and pulled a huge drag from a tailor-made Marvel cigarette. Saturdays at three o'clock Jake always tossed his Bull Durham sack and cigarette papers into the lumber truck's glove compartment. Work stopped. He was on his own time.

He had almost a half day with Sunday still coming. But Sunday, that was different—not at all like Saturday, when there were things to do. Late on Saturday night, drinking fresh and almost too-hot coffee, he thumbed through the back pages of the *Prairie Farmer* and circled the best farms for sale. The *WLS National Barn Dance* kept sleep away with slow, sad ballads—"Old Shep," "Sweet William"—or with a rousing square dance. His wife, Aggie, had gone dog-tired to bed, but the warmth of her kitchen hung on from baking bread in the still smoldering coal-fired range. His boys were long ago in sleep when Jake sank comfortably into the private Saturday hours to circle old dreams in the *Prairie Farmer*.

Every week, especially in winter, he traced his shiny, calloused finger down the narrow-column print. Most often the good farms were too much money, or too far away. A cheap eighty-acre farm in Illinois or Wisconsin popped up less than once a month, and this winter Jake had found only one worth writing after—a dairy farm in Wisconsin with twenty milk cows and eighty acres. Just about right, he'd thought, for a man and two growing boys. He could almost smell the sweet warmth of a winter barn: steaming silage, wet-nosed cows, and soft warm udders. But Aggie had put her foot down on that one. "Too far. And what's more," she'd said, "my family is here and Pa is sickly."

A farmer at heart, Jake had never planned to work in a lumberyard. His people had always been farmers. It was the only thing they ever did, and somehow Jake knew that he ought to be doing the same thing. Leaving the farm had not been *his* choice. Hard times came, and after that the family farm was hardly able to support Jake's father and younger brothers. When Jake's second child came, he had to make his own way, and he took what he could get.

He remembered walking around the lumberyard three times before opening the yard office door. It didn't seem right to ask a man for work. Jake wasn't even sure he could do lumberyard work, but walking around the fence didn't tell him much. The high red pickets hid almost everything but the black and brown rooftops of a dozen long sheds opening to the lumberyard's inside.

Vink's lumber and coal yard filled a full square block with fences and gates on all sides. It was the biggest business in North Prairie. Through the back fence a Chicago and Eastern Illinois rail spur passed into the yard under a wide padlocked gate. From the open front gate Jake saw a long narrow gray house surrounded by storage sheds of the same color.

Finally, when he entered the office, he was almost ashamed of himself. And then he asked to see Mr. Vink so quietly that the office girl made him say it three times. Vink came from a separate room to look him over, and said that he knew about Jake from a farmer who had been in to pick up some rolled roofing. A big man next to most, Vink stood an inch short of Jake's bony chin. Still, Vink's sharp eyes made Jake feel like a school kid in trouble.

Actually, Jake never asked for a job. Vink hired him and then rented him the gray house on the yard

Dr. H. J. Brinks, professor of history emeritus at Calvin College, is well known to Origins *readers as the periodical's founding and long-serving editor.*

for half his pay. For being able to rent the house, Jake agreed to watch the lumberyard at night, and he got free coal and electricity in the bargain. It took ten minutes to arrange Jake's life. It was all so easy. Jake had a roof over his head and a steady job. He was grateful, and never forgot. But, just the same, on Saturday night in Vink's gray house, Jake was his own boss. He could dream old dreams.

The *Prairie Farmer*, February 18, 1947, advertised a farm in Bensonville, Illinois. Jake circled it. At first he noticed only the location, but when he read the ad again the acreage and then the crop variety seemed especially good.

Bensonville, Illinois: 10 acres, truck garden farming, winter wheat, corn, livestock and silage. Barn and sheds in good repair. Newer excellent house, second house needs work. $49,500, terms available.

"Forty-nine thousand. Plenty money. But two houses. What's a guy going to do with two?" Jake talked aloud to himself.

The *WLS National Barn Dance* went off the air at midnight with Paul and Bob's blended harmonizing of "God Be with You Till We Meet Again," but Jake kept on thinking about the two houses. "If I could only get a partner—but who?"

He ran through a list of names—brothers, friends, anyone who knew something about farming. Aggie's family was from the city—Roseland—no luck there. At last he folded the paper, keeping the circled advertisement on top. He slid it into the Bible on the windowsill so Aggie wouldn't use it to start the cook stove. One long final and thoughtful drag on his cigarette and Jake was ready for bed. Sleep came quickly.

As he'd learned to enjoy it, Sunday came and went along at a strolling gait. Not a boring day, but reliable. He knew what to expect. Sure enough, on time as usual, Aggie's brother Pete Kok came for coffee while their kids went to Sunday school after church. Pete had moved to North Prairie from Roseland but worked in a suburban defense plant. He'd owned a wholesale produce business until the Depression wiped him out.

Pete and Alyce came in the side door stomping snow on the Pullman throw rug. "Hope you got good coffee!" Pete shouted.

"Well," Jake answered, "you should know. You drink more of it than I do." Waving toward the living room he said to Alyce, "Aggie's in there—waiting for you," and then to Pete, "sit down."

Jake leaned back and twisted his swivel chair to reach the *Prairie Farmer* tucked in the Bible. "Look at this once," he said, sliding the paper across the smooth linoleum tabletop.

Pete unfolded the paper, "You still get this thing? When you gonna give up those nutty farm notions. Besides, you'll never get my sister in a barnyard."

He scanned the paper and found Jake's circle. "This the one?" he asked pointing to the circle.

Jake nodded.

Pete commented as he read the advertisement, "Good location. Truck farming. Good for the Chicago market. Two houses? What you need two for? Forty-nine thousand! Man alive! I always said you had dough. But forty-nine big smackers. If you got that much working for old Vink—you better stay put."

Jake grinned broadly, "Ah, shut up, Pete. You know I ain't got that kind of dough. But see—it says terms. If I had a rich partner like you for that other house—I could swing it."

"Me?" Pete laughed, "I'm no farmer. Besides, I'm poor as a peddler."

"Aaw shucks! Poor! Just last week you were talking about houses. You wanna quit renting? There's a new house on that farm. I'll take the old one. Talk about money. You must have four, maybe five thousand. I got that much. Between us, we got maybe ten thousand. We could swing it."

Pete leaned forward and stared into his half-empty coffee cup, "More coffee?"

Jake motioned to the cook stove. Pete reached the white enamel percolator and filled Jake's cup first.

More seriously he said, "Gotta say this, Jake, good location—Bensonville. Just a little off Route 20. Can't be more than thirty miles from the South Water Street Market. You can take Route 20 to Cicero Avenue and go south to Randolph. Randolph will take you straight into the market. Or, you could go south on Halsted and deliver direct to the wholesalers in Roseland. You could even make direct deliveries to the Jewel stores, maybe even the A & P if you know the buyers. I used to know 'em. Didn't even check me when I unloaded. I'd tell 'em, 'twenty crates of oranges' or 'forty barrels of spuds.' They'd say, 'okay, Pete.' "

Jake was surprised. Pete seldom talked of the old

days, or of the trucking business. They were both silent over coffee for a long moment.

Jake broke the silence, "Pete. Now listen. I mean it. You know the market, right? You got contacts. I know farming. We got four healthy kids between us. How about it? Whada ya think?"

Jake leaned back and reached for a cigarette. He struck a wooden match across the cook stove with a sweeping motion and watched Pete's face. Pete was thinking it over.

Finally Pete said, "You gonna write? Maybe we oughta ride out there. Take a look."

"When?"

"We could go today. Look around and go to church out there."

Jake was ready, but then remembered that Aggie's sister was coming to visit after church that night.

"We could go together. Be back before church," Pete said.

"I don't know," Jake said after a short pause, "wouldn't look good on Sunday—you and me riding off alone like that."

"But then we have to wait a whole week. Can't get off work till Saturday," Pete warned.

They were thoughtfully silent until Pete said, "Let's call the women. Maybe Aggie can call off the company tonight. She sees them all the time anyway."

Jake didn't answer. He poured more coffee.

Pete grabbed the *Prairie Farmer* and read over the advertisement again. He rubbed his closed eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose with one hand. Finally he said, "Don't know Jake. Looks good from here. But you know I got bumped good once before. Now that the war's over, could bring hard times again. Could lose everything again."

"I know, I know," Jake said. "But even in hard times farmers eat. They got eggs and milk."

"Yeah, but the payments. You gotta have cash, Jake. I coulda paid 'em in apples, potatoes or anything like that. Banks want cash. Took everything—my truck, my house . . . just about killed me. They're tough. But who knows. Together maybe we could make it."

Jake took Pete seriously when it came to money and debts. In the lumberyard Jake had little pay, but he had regular work and no debts. Still, the Bensonville thing looked good. He stirred his coffee slowly while looking closely at Pete. "Okay, let's call the women."

Pete nodded.

"Aggie! Alyce! Come here once. We wanna talk!"

The women came quickly and Aggie said, "I suppose you drank all the coffee."

"Aaaw come on," Jake answered, "the pot's half full. Get your cups. We gotta talk. You know that farm I told you about?"

From inside the pantry, where she was moving dishes to find two good cups and saucers, Aggie said, "Now Jake, you're not serious about that."

Jake turned to Alyce, "Sit. Relax. Aggie knows about this. I'll tell you. Pete and me, we've been talking about a good farm in Bensonville. A partnership. He can go to market. I can do the farming. It's got two houses."

Alyce laughed nervously and looked at Pete, but her face changed when she saw that Pete meant business.

From her chair near the cook stove Aggie passed coffee to Alyce in rose-colored china.

Jake began again, "Now this farm, Pete wants to ride out and see it. We can go today, except we got company tonight. Can you call it off, Aggie?"

"Jake. On Sunday? You oughta be ashamed. What about the kids? The neighbors? What'll they think?"

"We can go to church in Bensonville. Might even see someone who knows about this farm."

"Don't have one of our churches out there," Aggie said. "I know, I looked in the church book. No church of ours there."

Pete was scowling and said, "For cat's sake Aggie, when'd you get so pious? Weren't so narrow-minded at home. I know that."

"Pete! Shush! We got kids now. We have to be an example. What would they think? On Sunday. All the way to Bensonville. And then no real church."

Alyce was nodding agreement.

Jake stared at his hands, "Well," he said at last, "then Pete and me are going this afternoon."

"What?" Alyce and Aggie responded in one voice.

Aggie was angry. "You will not! I'm not going to sit here and tell my kids that you're out shopping for farms on Sunday. Never!"

"Well, come on now." Jake was getting disgusted, "You can say we're visiting Grampa Kok. He's been sick off and on."

"Now, that's it. That's it." Aggie's face turned white, she could hardly talk. "You—you—you're gonna lie

about my father to your own kids? Using him for an excuse? I won't have it. Lies. And on Sunday—driving around. You'll be punished. You will. You'll see."

"That's no lie. He is sick," Pete snapped. "And besides, we got time to stop there. It's on the way."

"It's still a lie if you do it that way," Aggie screamed. "Anyway, what's got into you, Pete? Our family is here, and Bensonville is half way to Wisconsin."

"It ain't," Pete said. "It's close to Cicero, and we got churches there. Besides, I'm family. Ain't I?"

Aggie's eyes grew narrow and dark. Her breath came in short quick gasps. Alyce giggled nervously.

"Hey, hey, hey," Jake interrupted. "We only wanted . . . ."

But Aggie broke in, "Pete! You got your nerve—getting Jake all riled up about farms again. And my own brother—you know—you know my sisters are here, and Pa is sick."

Jake looked at Pete. His head was down. They were beat and Jake knew it. After all, Aggie was right about the lie.

From the kitchen window Jake saw the kids coming through the lumberyard gate. Aggie went to the pantry and mumbled, "Better get some cookies." Then she poked her head out and said sternly, "Now stop this talk!"

While she spread a handful of windmill cookies over a plate, Jake tried to ease the tension a little. "Well, you know, Pete, you're right about the war ending—maybe we'll have hard times again."

The kids were banging the back porch door, but before they could overhear Pete leaned forward and urged, "Write the guy anyhow, Jake. Maybe he'll come down a little. It's not going to sell very fast with a price like that."

"Yeah," Pete said, "maybe tonight, after Aggie's sister leaves."

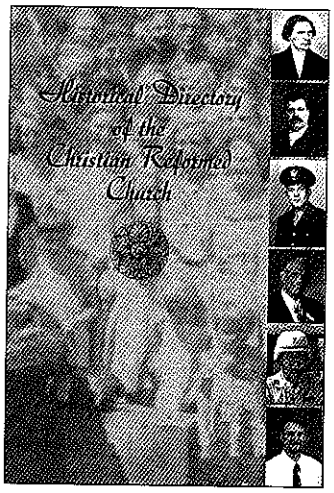
Soon the kids were all over the kitchen, grabbing cookies, and lofting used Sunday school papers folded into paper airplanes. Only half playfully Jake smacked his oldest son on the rump with the *Prairie Farmer*. "Settle down!" he warned. Then turning to Pete and Alyce, "Let's sit in the parlor. Can't talk with these kids around." Jake got up to lead the way and tossed the *Prairie Farmer* on the kitchen table.

The kids were noisy and boisterous. Someone knocked a chair down, and later, when a glass of milk splashed over the kitchen table, Pete and Alyce decided it was time to leave.

Jake changed into comfortable clothes, tossed a bedroom pillow into the parlor, and stretched out on the floor while Aggie put the kids to work cleaning up the kitchen. They gathered up all the loose papers and stuffed them into the cooking range.

The house grew quiet and Jake dozed comfortably while, in the kitchen range, the milk-sopped *Prairie Farmer* smoldered slowly among the burning Sunday school papers.

book notes



Historical Directory of the Christian Reformed Church

Richard H. Harms, editor

Grand Rapids: Christian Reformed Board of Publications (available from Heritage Hall, Calvin College)
511 pages, $34.95

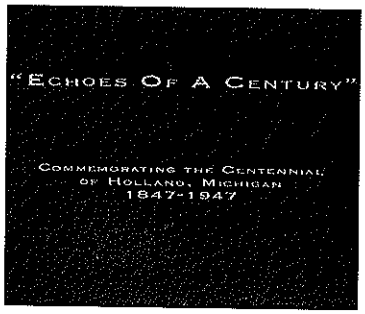
Through a special arrangement with the Historical Committee of the Christian Reformed Church *Origins* subscribers can purchase the book for $27.95 at Heritage Hall or $30.00 if you would like it mailed to you (prices in US currency). Mail orders send payment in check or money order to *Origins*, Calvin College Archives, 1855 Knollcrest Circle SE, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49546-4402.



The Canadian Story of the CRC: Its First Century

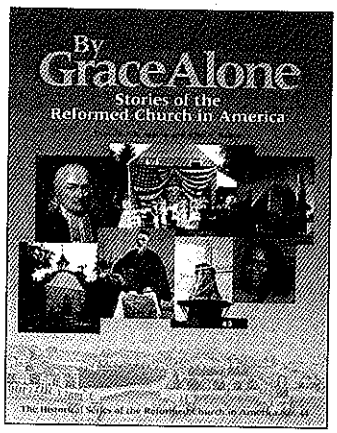
Tymen E. Hofman

in Canada: Essence Publishing
publishing@essencegroup.com;
in the US: Ty Hofman
tyhofman@iserv.net
267 pages, $19.95 CDN / $15.95 US



"Echoes of a Century" Commemorating the Centennial of Holland, Michigan 1847-1947

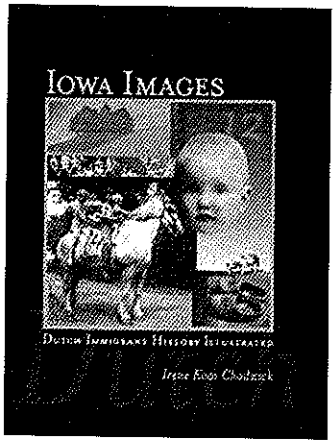
The Joint Archives of Holland,
Hope College, P.O. Box 9000,
Holland, MI 49422-9000
Three CD Set - $29.95



By Grace Alone, Stories of the Reformed Church in America

Donald J. Bruggink and Kim N. Baker

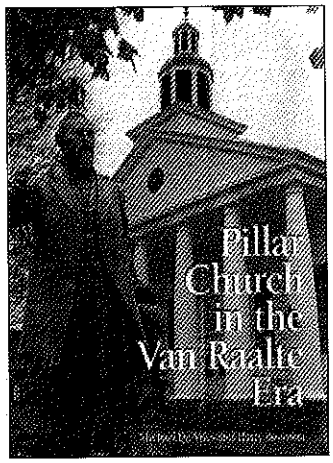
William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co.
222 pages, $29.00



Iowa Images: Dutch Immigrant History Illustrated

Irene Kooi Chadwick

Pie Plant Press
information@iowa-images.com
390 pages, $29.00 (shipping included)



Pillar Church in the Van Raalte Era

Michael De Vries and Harry Boonstra

Pillar Christian Reformed Church, Holland, MI, 2003
155 pages, $10.00

Here three narrative chapters, four topical sections, a conclusion and two appendices have as their focus the Van Raalte/Pillar Church relationship. As the authors readily admit, much of the material concerning the Dutch immigrants' seceder heritage, Van Raalte's heroic leadership, and the early years of the Holland settlement has previously appeared in print and is very familiar to scholars and those with a more than casual curiosity about what took place during the years 1847-1857.

The narrative chapters present the emotionally wrenching immigration experiences and struggle for economic and physical survival in an unknown new-world environment that constantly tested the spiritual strength of Van Raalte and his followers. The chapters end with the 1857 Secession of two ministers and four congregations (about 750 souls) from the Reformed Church in America. This departure came as a result of seven years' simmering discontent over the 1850 decision by Classis of Holland to join the Reformed Church in America, an action ardently advocated by Van Raalte. Ghostlike, this matter haunted Van Raalte and Pillar Church for more than a few years. To the authors the tantalizing question is: What, in 1850, did Van Raalte know about the doctrinal stance and liturgical practices of his Reformed brethren in the East? Nothing appears in the Pillar Church consistory minutes concerning the birth of a new denomination in 1857. Perhaps, the authors speculate, the matter "was dealt with off the record . . ." (p. 46). Neither do the minutes reveal any remarks by Van Raalte about the birth of a rival denomination. From the contents of the minutes, or the absence thereof, the authors shift their attention to consistorial conduct and characteristics of the Pillar Church consistory.

The topical section begins with "Eavesdropping on the Consistory" (pp. 49-65), which acquaints the reader with varied functions of the consistory during the first decade and a half of the church's history. Often due to the lack of an adequate civil authority, the consistory adjudicated such infractions as cutting wood on property owned by someone else, cheating on the weight of grain, or theft of eggs and cigars from the local store. Further, such family issues as drunkenness, domestic disputes and pregnancy before marriage, described in Dutch as "untimely physical union (*ontijdige vleeselijke vereeniging*," p. 54) also came to the consistory for resolution. Lastly, there were matters directly concerning the lives of the congregations. Maintenance of church property, church membership requirements, pew rent, and church discipline of wayward members were often considered in the minutes. Written in Dutch until 1919, the minutes are often a phonetic blend of Dutch and English. *Saloen lopen* meant frequent patronization of a saloon and *etingroem* was the word for eating room (p. 64).

Next the authors shift their attention from the consistory room to the worship service. Liturgical sequence, psalm singing, sermonizing and sacramental celebration practices are discussed. In their introduction, the authors assert that ". . . the worship life at Pillar Church has not been studied in detail . . ." (p. 1). They strive to remedy this lack of information by writing about the *why* and *wherefore* of every aspect of Sunday worship. A handshake between an elder and the minister before and after the service, historical objections to hymn singing, seating by gender, and how Van Raalte used his sermon notes are only a few of the particulars mentioned. After reading the authors' "reconstruction" (p. 69) of what took place on a Sabbath morning, the reader will vicariously participate in a sacred service held a century and a half ago. Incidentally, singing without musical accompaniment ended in 1900 when the first organ for Pillar Church was purchased for $2,000.

When the authors write about Van Raalte's ministerial career, items are selected which, in their opinion, have not been specifically noted elsewhere. Among these is Van Raalte's 1864 proposal for the building of a 300-ton ship to be used in evangelistic outreach. Only the keel was laid, and a few years later the wood was sold for fifteen dollars when community support for the project failed to materialize. Another of his proposals, to become a missionary in South Africa, also failed to garner the needed classical support. Compounding these disappointments was the matter of salary payments. During several years as pastor he received only one-third of the promised salary. Adding to his mental agitation were the controversies over the baptism of children of parents who had not confessed their faith and the failure to establish Christian grade

schools he had promoted. Personally very vexing for Van Raalte was the appearance of an article by a former Pillar Church consistory member. Published in the local newspaper, *De Hollander*, its contents nursed contention in the Colony and did little to alleviate strongly held differences about hymns not being distinctly Reformed, term limits for consistory members, and the biblical fidelity of Sunday school resources. Van Raalte's reactions to this host of stresses reveal much about his human nature and sense of leadership. Note, for instance, what the authors say about Van Raalte's defense of a stone mason revivalist whose activities motivated a religious awakening in Pillar Church during 1865-1866.

"Van Raalte's Autumn Years," chapter 7, is devoted to well-known and personally difficult episodes occurring after his resignation in 1867 as pastor of Pillar Church. Once again, he found his passion for mission work rekindled. Alas, his hopes for planting churches and establishing a Christian school in Amelia County, Virginia, failed. This futile, short-lived effort to replicate his earlier pioneering success in western Michigan greatly damaged his prestige among the Dutch-Americans in the Colony. His beloved wife, a hero in her own right, died in 1871, the same year a devastating fire swept through the city of Holland. Van Raalte died in 1876 and the authors portray this event as "The Death of a Christian Warrior" (p. 106).

The authors' concluding thoughts are difficult to summarize but do reflect the insights of others who have written about Van Raalte's pastorate, Pillar Church and the Colony. Cultural transplantation, from the old world to the new, is a continuing catalyst constantly revealing the religious strength and character flaws of Van Raalte, Pillar Church members, and settlers in the Colony.

The first appendix presents the text of Van Raalte's sermon delivered on 29 June 1856, the dedication day of Pillar Church. "Appendix B: Afterward: The Freemasonry Controversy (1870-1894)" is a meticulous account of a controversy filled with religious, social and legal elements. Why Pillar became the home of a Christian Reformed congregation is clarified here.

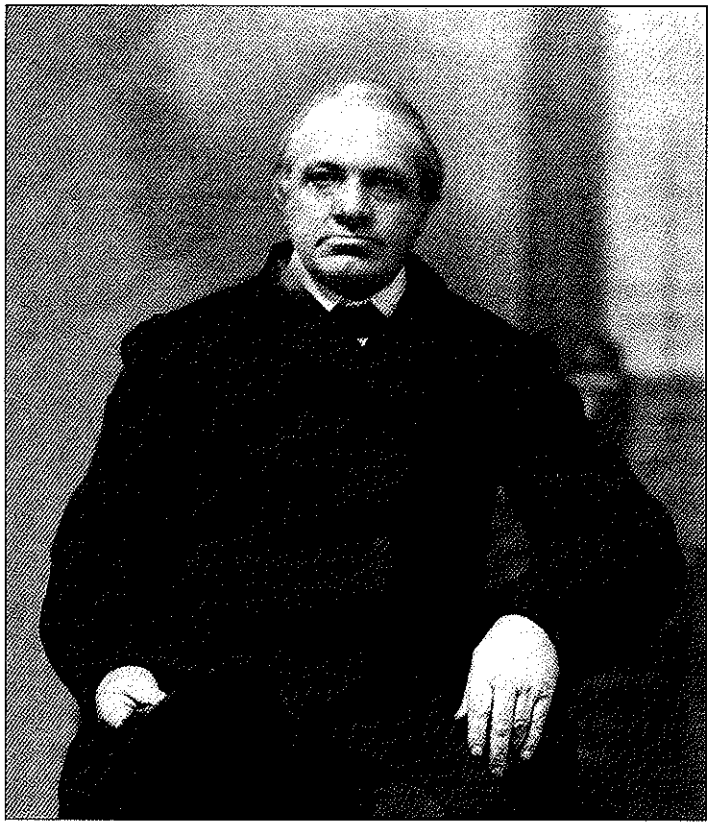
Michael De Vries, pastor of Pillar Church (1993-2000), and Harry Boonstra, retired Calvin College and Seminary librarian, have read the Pillar Church consistory minutes, those of the Classis of Holland, and a number of Van Raalte letters. They have made extensive use of extant newspaper files of *De Hollander* and *De Grondwet*. Though the book is illustrated, a few more images of the exterior of Pillar Church at one time or another during its century and a half of existence will be, if possible, a welcome addition in future printings. Omitted from the bibliography is *Legends of the Dutch: The Story of a Mass Movement of Nineteenth Century Pilgrims* by Adrian Van Koevering, published by the Zeeland Record Company, Inc., 1960. Consult this volume if you wish to know more about several of the topics covered by De Vries and Boonstra. These are minor critical matters and do not detract from the value of this volume and its very informative annotated footnotes.

When reading this book we, as the authors remind us, will recall Moses leading the Israelites through the desert. This well-known literary comparison embraced by the authors is a living memorial which keeps alive the history of Van Raalte and those who followed him. In appreciative prose, flavored with candor and occasional analytical comments, De Vries and Boonstra do the same.

Reviewed by Conrad Bult

for the future

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



Odyssey of Lambert and Maria Ubels—the Netherlands to California

Voices from the Free Congregation at Grand Rapids by Walter Lagerwey

Cholera at Sea by Loren Lemmen

The Dutch Come to the Hackensack River Valley by Richard Harms

Holland Marsh, Ontario by Harry Vander Kooij

Jan Gelock.

☐ **Yes, I wish to join the "Friends of the Archives."**

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Subscriber	☐ **$10.00**
Contributing Member	☐ **$50.00**
Contributing Sponsor	☐ **$100.00**
Contributing Founder	☐ **$500.00**

Send to: *Origins*, Heritage Hall, Calvin College,
1855 Knollcrest Circle SE
Grand Rapids, MI 49546

☐ **Yes, I would also like a gift subscription for:**

Name _____

Address _____

_____

My Name _____

Address _____

Send to: *Origins*, Heritage Hall, Calvin College,
1855 Knollcrest Circle SE
Grand Rapids, MI 49546

contributors

Origins is designed to publicize and advance the objectives of the Calvin College and Seminary 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.
We invite you to support the continued publication of *Origins* by becoming "Friends of the Archives."

Enabling Contributor

Mr. and Mrs. John Meyer, Palos Park, IL

Friends of the Archives Endowment Fund Builders

AEGON Insurance Group, Cedar Rapids, IA
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth J. Baas, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Roger W. Boer, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Richard H. Harms, Grand Rapids, MI
Holland American Wafer Company, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. William Huizingh, Scottsdale, AZ
Estate of Dick and Dena Kortenhoeven, Highland, IN
Meijer, Inc., Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. Gerald W. Meyering, Denver, CO
Drs. Kornelis J. Storm, Aerdenhout, the Netherlands
Jay and Betty Van Andel Foundation, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Claude J. Venema, Jackson, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Gary J. Vermeer, Pella, IA

Contributing Founders

Peters Import Marketplace, Grandville, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Peters, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. John Zonneveld Sr., Laton, CA

Contributing Sponsors

Charles and Gail Alles, Byron Center, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Alsum, Loveland, CO
Mr. and Mrs. Jay A. Anema, Seattle, WA
John and Maria Bajema, Lowell, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Berkompas, Walnut Creek, CA
James H. and Diane Bloem, Louisville, KY
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Boersma, Visalia, CA
Mr. Melvin Boonstra, Zeeland, MI
Dr. and Mrs. David B. Bosscher, Jellico, TN
Dr. Donald H. Bouma, Sun City, AZ
John and Sharon Bouma, Holland, MI
Sid and Virginia Bouma, Visalia, CA
Clarence and Betty Bouws, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Conrad J. Bult, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. John Buursma, Holland, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Richard De Boer, Oak Brook, IL
Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. De Graaf, Grand Rapids, MI
Ruth and Dale De Haan, Holmes Beach, FL
Dr. and Mrs. James A. De Jong, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Jan De Vries, Berkeley, CA
Mr. Gordon De Young, Ada, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Dykema, Laurel, MD
Mr. and Mrs. Mark W. Dykstra, South Holland, IL
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Essenburg, Grandville, MI
John and Marcia Evenhouse, Westmont, IL
James and Rosemarie Evenhuis, Novi, MI
John and Joyce Feenstra, Allendale, MI
Dave and Connie Fennema, Durham, NC
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Greydanus III, Milton, MA
Mrs. Jean Hoekstra, West Olive, MI
John K. and Carole C. Hoffman, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hogeterp, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hoogland, Zeeland, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth A. Hoving, Oak Brook, IL
Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Ippel, Yorktown, IN
Dr. Georgia D. Lubben, Chicago, IL
Mrs. Nellie Lucas, Coopersville, MI
Mr. Michael Muilenberg, Brookline, MA
Rev. and Mrs. Dick J. Oosteninк, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. Martin Ozinga Jr., Evergreen Park, IL
Bill and Evelyn Pastoor, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. James L. Pestoor, Kalamazoo, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Neal Peters, Hudsonville, MI
Ms. Tietje Piera, Calgary, AB
Mr. and Mrs. David R. Reitsema, Englewood, CO
George and June Schaaf, Frankfort, IL
Mr. and Mrs. A. Charles Schaap, Holland, MI
Capt. and Mrs. Norbert A. Schlamm, Oak Harbor, WA
Clara and Leonard Sweetman, Kentwood, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Robert P. Swierenga, Holland, MI
Mr. and Mrs. James P. Terborg, Minden, NV
Mr. and Mrs. William C. Terpstra, Schererville, IN
Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Van Dellen, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Vander Kooi, Luverne, MN
Mrs. Jane Vander Molen, Holland, MI
Mr. and Mrs. George J. Vande Werken, Highland, IN
Rev. Jack Van Dyken, Modesto, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Allan J. Van Popering, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. Van Til, Schererville, IN
Mr. and Mrs. Max B. Van Wyk, Grand Rapids, MI
Mrs. Annette B. Vilaró, Des Plaines, IL
Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Wichers, Bradenton, Florida
Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Witte, Ada, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Teunis Witte, Byron Center, MI
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wybenga, Tallmadge, OH
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Zandstra, Munster, IN
Mr. and Mrs. Jay L. Zandstra, Highland, IN
Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Zylstra, Coopersville, MI

Contributing Members

Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Anker, Visalia, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Ball, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. John D. Beebe, Alto, MI
Ed and Mary Bekker, Grand Rapids, MI
Ms. Grace A. Betz, Kalamazoo, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Bode, Rensselaer, NY
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boersma, Marne, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bolt, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Harry Boonstra, Grand Rapids, MI
Mrs. Margaret C. Braaksma, Kalamazoo, MI
Dr. Harvey J. Bratt, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Bremer, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Bart J. Bremmer, Midland, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Herman H. Broene, Grand Rapids, MI
Connie and Roger Brummel, Holland, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Bruxvoort, Bloomer, WI
Mr. and Mrs. Conrad D. Bult, Northport, MI
Peter and Milly Buma, Grand Rapids, MI
Ms. Judy Buttery, Oakdale, CT
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald W. Corstange, The Villages, FL
Dr. and Mrs. W. P. De Boer, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Robert L. De Bruin, Mt. Pleasant, MI
Mr. Dirk A. De Groot, Hinsdale, IL
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. De Groot, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Dekker, Ada, MI
Rev. Henry DeMots, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. De Ruiter, Waxhaw, NC



Dr. and Mrs. Daniel A. De Vries, Grand Rapids, MI
Lucas and Ann De Vries, Grand Rapids, MI
Henry and Shirley De Witt, Chino, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Docter, Ontario, CA
Mr. and Mrs. James W. Doezema, Grand Rapids, MI
Mrs. Ruth Donker, Modesto, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Drenth, Orland Park, IL
Dr. and Mrs. B. Thomas Duthler, Rockford, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Duyst, Hanford, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Jake Engel, Ripon, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth D. Engelsman, Centennial, CO
Roger and Evelyn Feikema, Bradenton, FL
Dr. and Mrs. Melvin J. Frieswyk, Holland, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Griede, La Mesa, CA
Mrs. Wendlena Groen, Manteca, CA
Mr. and Mrs. J. Dan Gronsman, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Haagsma, Grandville, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Ulrich Haasdyk, Calgary, AB
Mrs. Gertrude Hekman, Ripon, CA
Dr. Henry and Mrs. Caroline Hoeks, Ada, MI
Mr. and Mrs. William Hoekstra, Oakdale, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer L. Hogan, Prairie View, KS
Dewey and Kay Hoitenga, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holtvluwer, Jenison, MI
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Hoogland, Zeeland, MI
Dick and Alyce Houskamp, Ada, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Houskamp, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Harvey D. Humes, Lynchburg, VA
Harold and Esther Huizenga, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. Peter Huizenga, Oak Brook, IL
Rich and Carla Huizenga, Seattle, WA
Dr. C. J. Huizinga, Jenison, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hulst, Kentwood, MI
Mr. and Mrs. David Ippel, Dearborn Heights, MI
Henry and Marian Ippel, Grand Rapids, MI
Mrs. Elaine Jaarsma, Pella, IA
Mrs. Mary Jellema, Holland, MI
Mr. John Kapteyn, Phelpston, ON
Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Kennedy, Holland, MI
Rev. Harvey A. Kiekover, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Hessel Kielstra, Calgary, AB
Dr. and Mrs. Simon J. Kistemaker, Oviedo, FL
Mr. and Mrs. Martin O. Kloet, Simcoe, ON
Chaplain Louis and Frances Kok, Lynden, WA
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew R. Kooistra, Grand Rapids, MI
Rev. John M. V. Koole, Strathroy, ON
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Korthuis, Lynden, WA
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuipers, Whitinsville, MA
Mr. and Mrs. Jack B. Kuipers, Grand Rapids, MI
Mrs. Ardene Lambers, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Herman N. Laninga, Bellingham, WA
Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth E. Lobbes, Grand Rapids, MI
Rev. Kenneth J. Loomans, Hot Springs, AR
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Louis, Willoughby Hills, OH
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas R. Maddox, Mission Viejo, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Mast, Jenison, MI
Ms. Helen Meulink, Grand Rapids, MI
Herman and Marti Minnema, Visalia, CA
Rev. and Mrs. Theodore Minnema, Grand Rapids, MI
Drs. George and Ellen Monsma, Grand Rapids, MI
James E. and Janice S. Monsma, Medford, MA
Dr. and Mrs. Richard Mouw, La Canada, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Ottenhoff, McLean, VA
Chris and Greta Oyervoorde, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. James K. Poortenga, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. William Post, Grand Rapids, MI
Gerald and Jane Ann Postma, Grand Rapids, MI
Mrs. Edna L. Powell, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Quentin R. Remein, Bethesda, MD
Frank and Doris Roberts, Grand Rapids, MI
Ms. Kathryn Rozema, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer V. Schepers, Jenison, MI
Mr. William Scholten, Lynden, WA
Albert and Mary Scholtens, Caledonia, MI
Mr. and Mrs. William C. Schultze, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Senneker, Lethbridge, AB
Carl and Cora Mae Sinke, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Richard D. Sjoerdsma, Kenosha, WI
Mrs. Doris R. Smedes, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Smit, Lafayette, IN
Dr. and Mrs. LeRoy Stegink, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. Joseph C. Stevens, New Haven, CT
Richard and Joyce Stienstra, Okemos, MI
Mrs. Pearl Stuursma, Palos Heights, IL
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sybesma, Hanford, CA
Mr. Edward J. Talen, Chino, CA
Mrs. Zwaantina te Velde, Chino, CA
Dr. and Mrs. Ryan Tolsma, Redlands, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth J. VanDellen, Grosse Pointe Park, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Vandenakker, Ripon, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Vander Ark, Grand Rapids, MI
Vander Heide Publishing Co., Ltd., Lynden, WA
Mr. and Mrs. James A. Vander Leest, Westlock, AB
Gary and Janice Vander Meer, DeKalb, IL
John and Donna Vander Meer, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Vander Molen, Modesto, CA
Mr. and Mrs. Al Vander Plaats, Blaine, MN
Mr. and Mrs. David Vander Ploeg, St. Joseph, MI
Ms. Margery Vander Ploeg, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Vander Wall, Citrus Heights, CA
Dr. and Mrs. Gerald L. Vander Wall, Grand Rapids, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vander Weide, Ontario, CA
Dr. and Mrs. James Y. Van Dyk, Comstock Park, MI
Mr. Lester Van Eck, Exton, PA
Dr. Dick L. Van Eldik, Atlantis, FL
Dr. and Mrs. Larry Van Genderen, Jackson, WY
Mr. and Mrs. Art Van Groningen, Ripon, CA
Mrs. James Van Haften, Midland, MI
Mrs. Sharon Van Halsema Traeger, Woodside, CA
Mr. Adrian Van Sledright, Caledonia, MI
Mr. Carl J. Van't Hof, Tinley Park, IL
Dr. and Mrs. Peter D. Van Vliet, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. William Venema, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Calvin J. Verbrugge, Racine, WI
Mr. and Mrs. Arie Verkaik, Hudsonville, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Peter J. Verkaik, Hudsonville, MI
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Vinke Sr., South Holland, IL
Mr. and Mrs. Ted W. Vliek, Portage, MI
Ms. Cora Vogel, Bloomer, WI
Barb and Lyle Voskuil, Grandville, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wassenar, Uxbridge, MA
Mr. and Mrs. Klaas Wielinga, Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. David A. Wiersma, Tucson, AZ
Mr. and Mrs. John Witte Jr., Grand Rapids, MI
Dr. and Mrs. Burton Wolters, Spring Lake, MI
Mr. Robert J. Yonker, Grand Haven, MI
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald G. Zigterman, St. John, IN
Ms. Elaine Obbink Zimmerman, Woodstock, MD
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zuiderveen, Hudsonville, MI