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September 28, 1985

ETHICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL SENTIMENTS
AFFECTING THE SETTLEMENT OF SOUTH HOLLAND, ILLINOIS

History in South Holland is an elusive phantom for those who choose to pursue the subject. Where religion is important writers are watched, and while there is some local interest in "Preserving our Heritage" very little has been written to do just that. I offer my remarks today based on the unpublished works of Linden Seymour Dodson; a term paper by Arie Block on the life Willem Koenraad Wust; the remarks of one of our early settlers, Gerrit van Oostenbrugge, a few others, and lastly observations of my own based on sixteen years of research on the subject. I feel like Harry S. Truman who once wrote; "The truth is all I want for History. If I appear in a bad light when we have the truth, that is just too bad. We must take it."

I learn about the history, sacred and secular, philosophy, and ethics of South Holland through genealogy, meeting people, listening, and reading every scrap of anything remotely related to the subject. The gathering of historical information in and about South Holland for the collector is an unrequited love. Not knowing that, "Some things are spoken of, and Some are not," I soon found out. I was told about a coffee kletz after church where local and family history was being discussed, and how my name came up. One of the bystanders eavesdropping of the conversation hustled up to their little group saying, referring to me; Thinking I was not content to let bad enough alone; said, "Don't tell that guy anything, one day he is going to write a book (about South Holland), and THEN IT WILL ALL BE OUT!" . . . At the dedication of a Historical Society facility, in one of our neighboring towns, the president was going to introduce me to one of her friends. She said, "I would like you to meet Mr. Ettema, he is a Gynecologist, er, well I mean Genealogist, no, er, No, Well, anyway, he gets to the BOTTOM of things." . . .

To be serious about the topic at hand, let me say I like living, loving, and worshipping in South Holland, and while I have the ability, will continue to collect, write, and enjoy learning more about the little agrarian settlement referred to first in an old book about Chicago, Illinois, as Holland Bridge, then as Dutchman's Slough, the Holland Settlement, and a little bit later as De Laage Prairie, and finally as South Holland, Illinois. Today there is one farmer left farming in South Holland.

Of the years 1846 and 1847, in books I have read, Illinois was considered to be the Far West. Hendrik De Jong the alleged first settler in South Holland, being the youngest

son of Arie and Maria (Brut) De Jong, (aged 43) left his ancestral home in the city of Noordeloos, Province of Zuid Holland, embarking from Rotterdam for America on March 20, 1847 with two other families. After a sojourn of a few months on a parcel of land just north of the present day Graafschaap Christian Reformed Church in southwest suburban Holland, Michigan he left for Illinois, do doubt dissatisfied with the environment in the struggling van Raalte colony. De Jong sold his land to Pieter Ver Lee (I can thank Professor Henry S. Lucas for that bit of information.) De Jong accomplished his move by chopping pine logs to build a raft on the shore of Lake Michigan. Packing all his belongings on the raft, boarding his wife Geertje, and their twelve children, ranging in age from 4 to 23. De Jong's was the largest early immigrant family to South Holland. His intended destination was Milwaukee "Op den Berg" Wisconsin.

However, he ended up on the banks of the Little Calumet River establishing a primitive home on 300 acres of land about three miles south of the town of Dolton, Illinois, which he had purchased of \$1.25 per acre. The two other families (later related by marriage), that of Krijn Arentze of Giessendam in the Province of Zuid Holland, and Cornelis Schaaïj, from Leksmond, the same Province, bought land contiguous to De Jongs along the little river. You have noticed no mention of a Dominee in their entourage. Envisioning a church Hendrik De Jong gave five acres of his land on the river to be used as a place to "Worship God in Perpetuity." 138 years later, today, we have the First Reformed Church of South Holland, Illinois, built on the land where his humble abode on the river bank stood with the church graveyard beside it until the middle 1930's.

In 1848, came the Kruis Dominee, Willem Koenraad Wust with a few followers from Giessendam, to organize the sheep in De Laage Prairie into a "Kerklijk Gemeente." Wust seemingly found little identification with the Van Raalte and Scholte Separatist Groups in the Netherlands, so he too looked westward. On the land De Jong gave he laid the first beam for the church on September 3, 1848. Not happy in his charge he stayed there less than two years. This "Pope of the Fruijsgezinde", as he was referred to in Rotterdam, did not take kindly to the Papal apartments prepared for him. They were described by him as; "A rude hut for a Parsonage, with a small rude room for a meeting place where winter winds blew through the many cracks, which at night admitted the howling of the wolves; a country where snakes crawled around everywhere." His attitude or his precepts seemed to antagonize his little flock into diverse contentions with this theology, politics, and everything else he believed in. Their local disagreements even reached the ears and pen of Jakob Quintus of Sheboygan, Wisconsin who editorialized about South Holland in his Newspaper, "The Sheboygan Nieuws Bode", editorially chiding the elders for the lack of control over

their congregation. Wust believed in retaining the Dutch language; in not becoming Americanized; in not associating with non-Dutchman and many other tenets not conducive to realizing the American Dream. In turn the people did not believe that he was a "Legal Dominee", as his successor Dominee Maarten Annes Ypma was considered to be. Wust soon left for points east.

The years from May 1850 until February 1855 were lean times for the South Hollanders spiritually. Witness the remarks offered in 1853 to Classis Holland, Holland, Michigan. The church in De laage Prairie and Roseland then called De Hooze Prairie had shared Wust in their pulpits on alternate Sundays. Classis minutes of April 27, 1853 stated, "the Brethren from De Hooze Prairie present a request to be provided with the Ministry of the Word and the Sacraments: which is seconded by Dominee Albertus Christiaan van Raalte." van Raalte speaking after reading about, and with personal knowledge, said; that the need of the Hollanders resident there had impelled him to labor there periodically, and that he found the ravages wrought by error, worldliness and quarrels to be great. Some had joined so called spiritualists, one young man had gone over to the Romanists (Catholics), others dispersed themselves among all kinds of denominations. Many lived in indifference and sought the world, while others who had confessed the name of the Lord lived in isolation. he felt one of the chief causes of all these woes was to be sought in the lack of the ministry of the word, and pastoral care. Not only for the sake of the Hollanders living there, but also for those who are constantly arriving, with whom we have so close a relation. It is then our bounden duty to train and strengthen that young and tender Church. The clerk at the same time presents the IDENTICAL REQUEST FOR Le LAAGE PRAIRIE, which group places itself under the care and supervision of Classis Holland and asks for spiritual care, although at the moment it (De Laage Prairie) is TOO WEAK TO ELECT A CONSISTORY! "Resolve: Classis Holland Dominees should henceforth set aside one Sunday a month for those two churches, and the Dominees will have to arrange all pulpit supply appointments amongst themselves."

Quoting from Dominee Jakob van Houte of the First Reformed Church of South Holland, writing in 1893, when second generation people were alive who knew their first generation emigrant forefathers, he writes, "The emigrants had felt that it was appointed unto them by God's providence to settle here in this land where roads, ditches, and bridges were unheard of. "Further," he writes, "The first settlers were no saints of an extraordinary character; they were sinful humans." But, he goes on to write, "If the walls of some of those primitive dwellings that remain at this time could speak they would attest to the prayers, and sound of hymns that echoed in those humble abodes. And that God heard and listed to their sighs, and answered their prayers." Corroborating what he said at

Classis Holland in 1853, he writes, "The genesis period was characterized by singular confusion and hardship. This was especially true about church life which brought to many sadness, and melancholy. Also, (referring to the secession of 18578) they did not remain untouched by the unfortunate spirit that brought division here as elsewhere." Many left the area in those years.

Gerrit van Oostenbrugge (second Mayor of South Holland) in 1856 second generation immigrant to South Holland with his parents, wrote in 1897 that "a few religious services were held on Sunday in private dwelling houses until 1848." He writes, "after Dominee Wust left, the religious situation for a while WAS NOT PROSPEROUS, but somewhat TROUBLESOME." This he accounted to a man he did not know personally, one Jakob Duim, about which he wrote; "Duim attempted to TAKE THE LEAD" as a lay preacher in the absence of regular pulpit supply. Duim had offered his services by reading sermons from books, but when he attempted to baptize a child, Verbazend! that was exceeding his bounds, and he was more or less exiled in place until he got the message and moved on to an area north of Holland, Michigan.

In February of 1855, Dominee Maarten Annes Ypma, the Vriesland, Michigan pioneer leader, was installed. His teachings appeared to have been diametrically different from those of Wust. He was for Americanization, for learning the language and finding their place in the new country. But when he suggested in a sermon (from Judges 5) in 1861, that de Laage Prairie boys enlist in the U.S. Army to help preserve the union, that was going a little too far. They understood full well where the name De Laage Prairie could be substituted for "Meroz" in the twenty-third verse, which tells what prospects were in store for cowards. Of the available men in an age group eligible to enlist, only two men stand out; Maghiel van der Aa, and Teunis Benschop. Whether or not Ypma got the message about the unpopularity of this sermon, by finding a walking stick at his door, an old pair of shoes with one dollar in them, (which was to suggest to a Dominee, go take a walk), it was not long after that he left for Alto, Wisconsin. Again, the church was in limbo. The records of the First Reformed Church of South Holland show 1863 as the year of the "Afgescheiding", when the group who were to become the founding members of the First Christian Reformed Church in South Holland left officially. It is not clear at this point as to whether this was after Dominee Seine Bolks accepted the pastorate at De Laage Prairie or before. Seine Bolks was described, in South Holland, as the "Bloody Preacher", this title referring to his habit of pounding on the old Dutch Staaten Bijbel on the predikstoel. Some said the pages flew when he preached, and that the first three chapters of Genesis were missing. Well, on one occasion, he hit the buckle instead of the page, cutting his hand. Undisturbed, he motioned to his wife to bandage his hand, in the meanwhile he

never stopped preaching or lost track of the three points of Calvinistic Doctrine that he was expounding on that day.

In the years prior to 1863 following the old traditions some practiced in the Netherlands, dies were being cast. Meetings were being held in private homes to the point that in 1863 the dissenting sheep were asked by the consistory to quietly leave the Reformed Church. Reciting these events we see that the religious ethic was pre-eminent in the population's thinking. The problem was, whose ethics and according to what book. For instance, Gerrit Van Oostenbrugge (our scribe) deleted those pages from the Bible he didn't approve of. Since I found out about that information it has been inserted in the "Doof Pot". By 1874 the fledgling First Christian Reformed congregation was strong enough to call Dominee Ede Luurs Meinders of Steamboat Rock, Iowa to be their Shepherd. He ministered in this congregation until 1885 when a DISCUSSION??? DEBATE??? ARGUMENT??? arose over the dropping of the word "TRUE" in the churches official name. The word "True" was dropped, and Meinders left the Christian Reformed Church taking a considerable number of the congregation with him to organize what to this day is still called "Meinders Kerk". In 1979 this church listed two member families. He was their only regular full time Dominee until he died in 1904. Meinders was somewhat like Dominee Wust. Legend has it that he admitted later to making mistakes in his leadership, saying, "I killed the church". With the result that; meetings in the homes or town hall began again, and continued well into this century. No other full time Dominee had taken up his mantle.

Beside what we would consider to be established denominational churches in what would be called greater De Laage Prairie, two were colorfully called "Homemade Churches", with "Homemade Dominees", located east of Eden, over the kreek. One of the recent issues of that most valuable historic effort "Origins", alludes to one of these churches and its leader. Talk about irregularities, the core of the church community had it right to a certain extent when the sentiment was expressed that Children from this marriage: some of those living "Over De Kreek" had "Pitched their tents toward Sodom." The Christian Reformed Church south of the main east-west street through our town was called "The South End Church", (or the Poor Church), and the First Reformed Church was called logically, the "North End Church". People north of the Little Calumet River were called "River Rats", while those south of the river were called "Blue Noses". One can only guess what some of these labels meant to the inventor of these Nicknames, versus those that were called by those names down to generations yet alive. Eugenics was not dead yet!

Ambitions of office or involvement in local civil politics was an activity rarely indulged in by the

Voortrekkers to South Holland, although Hendrik De Jong shows up as a Thornton Township Road Commissioner as early as 1850. Their self imposed sequestration from the world around them combined with the language barrier prevented them realizing the advantages that could be obtained. Pieter De Jong, (Hendrik's son) caught on before too many years elapsed by capturing the Post Office for his General Store next to the First Reformed Church, he was also Justice of the Peace. His brother-in-law, Goris van der Sijde, had a Post Office and store in De Hooe Prairie.

Local Civil Government for South Holland was Thornton Township Government where issues were often settled with FISTS. In administering the same, Township Officials had their problems with their non-English (Dutch) speaking citizens. Andrew Dolton, official township fence viewer, writing one of his politician friends complained; "Can't you do something with those Hollanders?" That something, that brought an awareness to the Hollanders was brought about by a realization that money was to be had at the public trough. They soon showed up on township records cutting Canadian Thistle alongside the roads, and in road and bridge maintenance. They were on the payroll, as the saying goes in Chicago.

My contention though, is that the real government in South Holland was the Theocratic Government of the local Consistory in smoke filled rooms. Arguments of assorted varieties between brethren of a civil nature were thrashed out at the long table to which the accuser and the accused often in a fever heat brought their complaints. They debated stealing, hog killing, and mother-in-law problems. This is the way it was for over forty-five years.

A picturesque little anecdote is told about the cutting of timber. It seems any stand of trees in the environs around South Holland not owned by South Hollanders was called "De Groot Vaders Bosch", being interpreted to mean by the Hollanders, that it was theirs to cut down and use as their needs required. One fine day a number of the woodchoppers were notified by a Chicago law firm by letter, that "They had been observed STEALING wood that was not theirs; And they must Cease and Desist under penalty of the law. Upon inquiry it was found that even some of the consistory members had received these notices and were guilty of the charge of stealing. So . . . What shall they do? In a contrite attitude the consistory took the matter under advisement. Finding a number amongst themselves guilty, they censured themselves. There is, however, no record of restitution having been made, or money changing hands. Ach Dos Stadts Kindt Advocates! It didn't take too many decades until the little village grew it's own Lawyer who went on to become a Supreme Court Justice of the State of Illinois. After that when they were in trouble, or had created it for themselves,

they went to Frederick R. De Jong, right or wrong, he could fix it! and they could continue their autonomous way of life.

South Hollanders had a queer way of controlling the grazing of their livestock. Instead of fencing in their pasturage, they fenced in their yard, complete with turnstile. This allowed the livestock the opportunity to graze far and wide, and there were no canals to contain them. Each owner had a hired man, or the oldest son rode far and wide to find them. Finding them five miles away was not uncommon. This practice was reported as late as 1925, which gave the consistory another opportunity to arbitrate the feud precipitated when said livestock grazed without permission on a neighbors field, the owner desiring feedlot expenses, and the livestock owners refusals to pay, and besides, the arbitration of fence viewers cost \$1.50 a day.

Our early forefathers were not much given to writing. In 1900, college was not important. One percent of the young people were able to attend. The rigors of farm life consumed most of their energy. Gerrit van oostenbrugge is the earliest writer who came from the rustic farmer culture. He wrote his history on South Holland at the request of the organizers of the 50th anniversary celebration of the founding of Holland, Michigan in 1897. This brief document written in the Dutch language was not known of in South Holland until The First Reformed Church of South Holland was going to celebrate it's Centennial in 1947. Professor Henry S. Lucas had discovered it in the Netherlands Museum in Holland, Michigan and set about to translate it, although he admitted that it was a tough job. After the turn of the century another local writer giving a little speech at a family birthday party, titled his talk, "Zegt U Wat", which he translated to mean, "Say Something". He elaborated on this by describing how the family, or other groups sat in each others company by the hour and not uttering a word, to the point that finally someone shouted out, "ZEGT U WAT". Unless the subject was "De Deer en De Preek", the Sermon and the Doctrine of Sunday last, or the Dominee and the cows, it sometimes appeared there was nothing to talk about especially on Sunday. Now sports has taken the place of religion. As late as twenty years ago a big Sunday afternoon for a young lady friend was, she said, Lying in bed reading the Banner. "The seventh day was a Sabbath unto the Lord and in it thou shalt not do any work." But . . . when a local religious Dutch milkman took over a milk route he announced to his customers, "no more deliveries on Sundays", guess who complained the loudest???

The church Bells are gone now; but it used to be that you could set your clock by them at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening not too many years ago. The external traditions one used to see, or hear, exist for the most part now, but in the minds and hidden practices of men, and nostalgia leaves off, and history begins.

In 1937, Linden Seymour Dodson having observed; interviewed; lived with, and attending some 88 services with South Holland people in two churches said that, "South Holland was a silent battleground of social forces each contending for mastery". This, in a community where at that time four families composed over half the population. He based his remarks on a study of 551 families out of a possible 578 families then in residence in this urban village. This old very cohesive community he analyzed as "being considerably self-determined where change came about slowly, if at all." Gerrit van Oostenbrugge as mayor said, "I didn't make any improvements in South Holland; It didn't need improving." In this environment where tradition and mores were so deeply set, Dodson's mind was stimulated, and his imagination titillated to the point of asking innumerable unanswered, and perhaps unanswerable questions. For a while his study was halted. I can identify with him most readily. Why substitute uncertain facts for authorized legend???? When I found out about his work, he was hardly remembered, and his printed work was not extant. I offered it to the South Holland library and it was refused.

In this age when the third generation was alive some who had known their immigrant grandparents, he described the town as, "a place where the Hollander chose those goods and services controlled by subtler influences it could well utilize, while repelling those it disfavored." Dodson coined the term, "The WE of South Holland". Belonging to one of the previously mentioned four families gave one that "WE" feeling. there is a feeling still expressed today by some, that this is OUR TOWN, OUR HERITAGE, and we are NOT going to let you in, what ever that means. Potential non-Dutch customers for local Dutch Business is affected by statements like that. What hurts people even more is when they can sense the unsaid, "ONZE KERK". Does that phrase leave an echo? In 1937 a schoolmaster said, "Few marry outside their nationality, the whole village would comment if they did." Genealogies that I have looked at proved that they did. In South Holland, the Dutch today represent less than one-half the population.

Dodson, even without an intense genealogical study, had live testimony to the fact that everyone was related to everyone else. Young people were hard pressed not to find a cousin to marry. Fortunately, some of these young people operating under the lurking fear of inbreeding and the results of the same, which they saw around them sought, other fish ponds. One Hundred and Seventh Street and Wentworth Avenue in Roseland, (Fish Market) was the place on Sunday night after church for boys to find girls, and conversely. Michigan Avenue (the shopping district there) was well traversed for the game of finding a life companion. But it was a one way street; if the boys from Roseland shopped in South Holland they were liable to get their teeth knocked out!

When Dodson changing his questions from wholesale to retail asked about town relationships with those not of the "WE" variety, he was told, "Most of our families have so many relatives to visit, we don't have the time, nor the desire to visit even our nearest neighbors". When he asked about his apparent unfriendliness the answer was, "It is well to be friendly, but not too intimate with one's neighbors. WHAT THE NEIGHBORS DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT THEM. Beside that, "Visiting takes so much time away from the Housework and the children, and more than that, "THAT WAS NOT THE OLD WAY IN THE CHURCH"! Here we see the acquired characteristics of a society inherited by succeeding generations, continuing the force which bound age to age.

Dodson, in his quest for knowledge in South Holland where cliques had developed according to their forefathers Province of origin, asked, "If you don't have an article or implement at hand what do you do? The answer was, "I never borrow if I don't have it I do without". Further Dodson observed that when he was walking along South Park Avenue in South Holland through the two block long shopping area of the nineteen thirties, on the street, or in the stores; no one spoke to him first. When two young World War II veterans opened up a Bakery in town it was a family affair. Husband and wife worked together in their new enterprise. As it so happened the wife of one of the two brothers was working the counter when a vintage South Hollander came in the door; assuming this Proprietress to be a Hollander, he made some remark to her in the Dutch tongue; she responded by asking him to, "please repeat that in English, I am not a Hollander". Giving her the stare of a turn of the century Dominee catching one of his flock going into the Movie Theatre, he asked her, "THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS TOWN?? That man deserves a place in history, even though he remains unknown to the speaker. The word "Stranger" I have heard in 1985, it refers to the spouse of a Hollander who is not of the same blood. We have all seen the bumper sticker, "You're not much, if you're not Dutch". When I hear of incidents like this I want to respond with, "Sometimes, if you're Dutch, you're too Much"! The first question asked in conversation of an obviously Dutch new Businesswoman when he moved to South Holland was, "Are you Dutch?" this was just thirty years ago. The third century writer, Eumenius, commenting on our common ancestors, wrote, "The people showed no tendency to mix with foreigners." We have true Dutch blood in South Holland.

Many South Hollanders don't, or didn't realize how unique South Holland was until they left the town for awhile, and saw how the rest of the world lived. I don't exclude myself from some of these traits, and I have discovered and learned a great deal about myself in pursuing the subject under discussion. If my respondents ask about me, I answer, "Yes, I am Dutch, but, I am taking pills for it."

Incidents of religious fanaticism went beyond the Homemade Churches. A certain man and his wife had two sons. He decided on the basis of Genesis 22, that he too must present his Isaac as a sacrifice to God as Abraham did. So he took his four year old son into the east corn field. Not hearing a shout from Heaven, he deprived the innocent child of his head. The boy's brother told me this story. South Hollanders as they were wont to do, gave the aggrieved mother the whispered sobriquet of "Gecke Vijf". This family has no descendents . . .

The father of one family, member of many churches in South Holland, known for his long prayers at the supper table always kept one eye open. This night he saw his son reach for a roll during the prayer, the young man got a fork through his hand. All of these children left home before they reached their majority. What does Boo say? "Provoke your children not unto wrath".

This extremism in pursuit of virtue found many avenues for outlet in the exercise of one's religious, civil or domestic activities. One many because of running from his obligations to his country in World War I, shall be forever known as "Slippery Dick". The Town Constable, whether it was because of the color of his skin, (he was of a swarthy complexion) or because of his office, was called "Zwaarte Piet", a name to put fear in the hearts of the young rowdies. Another man referring to the acuity of his hearing was called "Doof Tijs"; he was deaf when he wanted to be, but it is said he heard a dollar bill drop to the ground. Jan was going to show off his new sleeveless sweater to his buddies. Strutting up to his friends with his thumbs in the shoulder arm openings, proud of his acquisition, he said, "Eight Bucks", the cost of the garment. From thence, he was known as "Eight Bucks". A one time local merchant occasionally had trouble collecting from his "on the tick" customers. It is told, that he spent five cents on postage to college a three cent balance. "Al-Pinch-A-Penny" was his identification. The local paint merchant was known as "Turp". These are but few of a whole list of men and women who in many cases almost required a name beyond their given name to set them apart from others with same given name. Some names referred to a persons physical attributes, the way they walked, if they had a hair lip, or a flat nose. One fellow because he slept in church was called "Sleepy Moses".

Still, with all the familiarities as aforesaid, social distances were invariably great. The little village was highly homogeneous in its habits, customs, ideas, attitudes, and in their philosophy of religious thought and practice. Despite religious teachings they were not inclined toward cooperation. In the nineteen thirty depression years it was decided in one congregation that something extraordinary must

be done to help those in poverty. What should they Do? . . . Why, start a poor fund! After it built up, the next question was, What, or who should be the beneficiaries of such a charity. A consensus couldn't be reached, so they did nothing. An example of the need on a Saturday in 1935. A husband and father is run over by a car, hit and run. No insurance like today. Monday morning the father is not even buried yet. The children are met at the school by their Elders refusing them entry, because they knew they couldn't pay the tuition. NO POVERTY????? The poor with few exceptions had a rough time in those days, anyone who didn't own property and had to rent a house was considered "Improvident".

Desiderius Erasmus Rotterdamus, that scourge of Popes, had a personal creed expressed in a sentence. "Let us try to improve men, or laugh at them". But the alternative to laughing is weeping, there are more incidents which occurred breaking many hearts. South Holland law was often the vehicle for such heart break and injustice. The power structure of the town comprised of "The We" families meted out stern penalties to those not in the clans, and much looking the other way when clan members with their back stair influence committed an error. It was probably exemplified most notably in some of our religious establishments. In one church close to sixty percent, if not more, of the congregation was related to one another.

While Dodson perceived "Cracks in the Cake of Custom", especially on the part of young people, the Church exercised restraints unconsciously via the Communion Table, the Baptismal font, Weddings in the Church, and Funerals. Exercising the use of any of these privileges required membership in the church. Attendance in saloons was officially, (OFFICIALLY THAT IS) frowned upon, PERSONALLY? A Saloon attempt in 1892 met with incineration. But, that is another subject . . . Quoting Dodson again he writes, The young only dare to differ on the non-essentials of alignment, in the momentous moments they conform"! The speaker would tend to disagree with that statement to some extent. Though Tribal instincts were strong, if they didn't like it they moved out. The genealogies prove that they married "STRANGERS", disobeying the traditions of the church and the home. If the young people chose to remain in the community some had to learn to accept the cognomen of "STRANGER" for their non-Dutch spouse. It was uttered to me a scant two months ago by a native. Quoting one of Dodson's interviewees, "There is a Certain Clique that runs these organizations, and if you were not born here; you can't break in even if you lived here one hundred years". That is changing today.

Many people lived their whole life sitting in church three times a day on Sunday and in their old age realizing somehow they missed the boat as far as their faith was

concerned, and expressed it by saying, "I am not good enough", dying with the thought; "I am not ELECT! I am not ELECT!" The old way in the church evidently left something lacking in their lives. But, regarding giving, when Dobson compared the South Holland Church offerings (tithes, etc.), with Chicago and other Suburban Churches, South Holland led them all. In their homes he found little boxes holding the church envelopes in every room hanging on the wall with religious plaques and relics except the children's bedrooms.

Even though in the beginning, South Holland was heavy and for many years afterward had many struggles not even alluded to in this short collection of history, tradition, custom, and nostalgia. It has survived to these many years. I find much to admire week in and week out, especially on Sunday, when families are in the pew morning and evening, as we together travel the ROYAL ROAD to Heaven.

George Frederick Handel responding to a compliment on how the first performance of the great oratorio "Messiah" had entertained them said, "Sir; I should be sorry if I only entertained them, I had hope to make them better!" For myself I have been entertained, as to whether I will get better ask my wife in two years.

In closing, let me thank The Association for the Advancement of Dutch-American Studies, which I strongly identify with, for inviting and allowing me this treasured opportunity to be with you again.