

The Trail South Out of Chicago

by

Ross K. Ettema

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Theme: The purpose of this paper is to shed light on the lives of those Hollanders who settled in Roseland in 1849. Their "trail" out of Chicago was partially known as "the Holland Road." This paper also offers a brief history of the development of the First Reformed Church of Roseland, concentrating in particular on its church cemetery.

Outline

1. Landing at the port of Chicago.
2. People, places, and descriptions of the scenery on the trail.
3. Settlement in Roseland, the building of homes & church.
4. The cemetery practices of the First Reformed Church after 30 years.
5. The effacing of that cemetery and concurrent loss of a historic site.

Bibliography

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- South Holland Village Code 1896
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- Various Maps & Plats

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It might be interesting for us to begin by speaking about the ancient trails that led our people to this area, and maybe experience an event or two along the way. The unknown at the time "City of Refuge" for the Hollanders coming to Thornton Township in 1847 became what we call South Holland. Two years later, they came to the area in Worth Township now known as Roseland. When they disembarked from a ship at the Prairie Seaport of Chicago, and if the ship was not too large, it used one of the small piers for docking and unloading its passengers on the Chicago River.

Larger ships had to anchor outside that pesky sand bar, using smaller craft to unload their passengers and cargo. In some ports in the days of the sailing ship, sand bars were a circumstance to be dealt with; witness the hymn "Crossing the Bar."

At last, it was summer and they were again on dry land, after an average voyage of perhaps sixty days for some, longer for others. Yes, a strange land where everyone spoke a strange Babylonian Tongue not found in their Dutch Bibles. This early western trading post, on a muddy plain called Chicago, was nothing like we know it today. Chicago was known as a place in the Far West of the United States in 1847, a growing village of 16,859 people. It's streets, to use the term loosely, were literally pig stys for the swinish part of the Razor-backed population who foraged at will, defying capture in the chaos of mud. Chicago streets were said to have been begot in mud, born in mud, and bred in mud. Signs along the wayside read; "No Bottom," "Team Underneath," or "Stage Dropped Through." When at one place a hat was dropped in the mud, a comedian put up a sign saying, "Man Lost." Cow bells from all the four points of the compass made one aware that the cud chewing cows were also right to home on the adjacent grasslands hard by the Chicago river. Sad to say there were other varieties of animal life on the Chicago scene ready to prey on the unwary immigrant, relieving him of his twenty dollar gold pieces and goods. These loafers, "Rowdies, or Black Legs", as they were called spent their time drinking, swearing, fighting, blocking the thoroughfares and generally being obnoxious. It

was a town aswarm with peddlers, grog sellers and sharpers, all fine tuned in the art of deceit. Law and order left a great deal to be desired. At that time Chicago consisted of mostly frame houses painted white, with one brick house landscaped and graded and a few log cabins. Some of the early settlers of Roseland found lodging first in a warehouse on Randolph Street. They were extremely fortunate, because there were only twenty-five different taverns or inns there in 1849, of which eighteen could barely justify the title "Hotel." Two years earlier the City Hotel became the Sherman House. Rates for a bedroom with fuel and attendant were \$1.50 to \$2.25 per week. Other immigrants, for whatever reason, slept near the Fort Dearborn Stockade, in wagons and even on the beach. The Gouwens family of South Holland slept on the river bank until they were kicked out by an irate property owner. Most found their way south through the menage previously described to an encampment in the "south suburbs" at 12th street. There was a large campground there. Transients often stayed there until they got oriented to their surroundings. The men saw and heard things there they hoped their women folk would never even hear about, let alone see.

By the time the most Dutch immigrants got to Chicago they had learned how to obtain food, a very basic first requirement. Some by pointing, others by using a Dutch-English dictionary. On the streets what passed for markets, beef cost 4-1/2 cents a pound, pork 4 cents a pound, butter, 10 cents a pound, eggs, 6 cents a dozen and wheat over one dollar a bushel to mention a few of the then current prices. When the immigrants began to inquire about land for sale, the New York financiers in their gray Beaver hats appeared with pockets, hats, and belts stuffed with promissory notes, mortgages, and summons. On they came, Preachers, Lawyers, and Landsharers, Landsuckers, Idealists, and Knaves of every order. There were horse dealers and horse stealers, experts in profit taking and cheating, carrying on daily with no apparent retribution, in this city as one correspondent put it; "Without a God".

A Yankee traveler passing through Chicago at that time who distained foreigners remarked: The "Dutchmen speak very bad English, and when they do talk amongst themselves you could understand them about as well as you could a flock of cackling geese."

The Hollanders did not care to stay in Chicago either during the Roaring Forties era.

Chicago was rapidly gaining a reputation of being the wickedest city in the world with its 2000 prostitutes and 250 brothels. Randolph street west to Clark street was called Gamblers Row by some, it also had the Nom de Plume of "Hairtrigger Block."

Then, somewhere the Roseland settlers heard of land possibly for sale about twenty miles south of the city, near a river, and it was cheap!!! Then came a chance meeting with Klaas Pool the hired man of the widow Antje Paarlberg, an 1847 settler in De Laage Prairie (South Holland). He provided them with guidance, spoke their language and knew his way around the land to the south of the city.

The path out of Chicago to points south was not much more than an old Indian Trail, variously called "Hubbard's Trail," or, "The Vincennes Trace." In those days it was a dust trap in summer and a quagmire the rest of the year. Originally it was the edge of an old glacial formation. The path roughly paralleled State Street to Seventeenth Street. As late as 1859 the area south of 22nd Street was considered "Out in the Country," "Where the prairies were wide and the houses few." As travel south increased, the wolves soon found no mounds left to build their dens. A breakdown of a wagon on the trail meant hours waiting for another traveler to pass by who could possibly offer assistance.

Before proceeding very far many stopped at the spread of Willard P. Myrick, which was the first place of habitation south of the city. He called it "Cottage Grove". Myrick's place was bounded by 28th street on the north, 31st street on the south, Lake Michigan on the east and what was formerly known as South Park Avenue on the west. Provisions and livestock could be obtained from Myrick. A little further on the trail was a man named Jackson who followed the Blacksmith's trade. Next, came the home place of Mr. Samuel Pierce who is often times mentioned in annals of immigrant history as giving good counsel to the pioneers. The northwest corner of Pierce's quarter section of land abutted the trail. Following a generally southwesterly direction on the highest and driest ground they could find, pleasantly surrounded by luxuriant Rosinweed, a boundless profusion of wild Sunflowers and Phlox, they wended their way through the nine miles of grassy & swampy ground then called the Great Winnemac Swamp which extended east of the trail to Lake Michigan. One did not travel through the swamp at night. Even in the

daytime the travelers were wary of wolves and snakes. Wolves sent more than one pioneer into the swamp, which was considered to be the lesser of two evils.

The next sign of civilization appeared at approximately eighty third street and what is now called Vincennes Avenue. It was the "Ten Mile House" operated by August Schorling. It was known logically as Schorling's Road House. A man named Christian Duensing ran it till 1847, when his son-in-law Schorling took over. Schorling in turn sold it to Frank Kyle. At this point the trail forked in two directions, one to the west towards Blue Island and the other towards the south east which would bring them to De Hooge Prairie. From 83rd street the pioneers of 1849 followed the trail which at that point became known as the "Holland Road". At about 9250 State street as we know it today the trail ran between the barn of the old log two story "Eleven Mile House," a place well known in the annals of local immigrant travel. It was torn down in 1955 when the Dan Ryan Expressway was built. A man named John Smith owner of the tavern offered hearty meals, with the appropriate cool drinks catering to the needs of humanity, with large comfortable rooms to rest their bones. He also provided for animals with hay, water, and stables.

Leaving Smith's Tavern the old Illini Trail (Holland Road) veered again in a southeasterly direction toward 99th street. Not long after leaving Smith's Tavern they looked to the southeast. There the clear shimmering waters of Lake Calumet could be seen with an Indian encampment on the thirty foot dune of the northwest shore. Looking far to the south on the trail at 111th street they saw the diggings of Hamilton Lopp in the distance.

At this point the trails meandering direction was southward and became known in our day as Michigan Avenue. The Roseland Pioneers arrived there on the 4th of July 1849. After building some rude shelters, they worshipped in a barn. Later they fellowshipped with the South Hollanders. In September of 1849 the Roseland settlers built their own Church building at One-hundred seven hundred south on the west side of the trail. Roseland and South Holland became sister communities in the years ahead, sharing preachers and providing hunting grounds for prospective marriage partners. As mentioned before, near what is now 11039 south Michigan avenue lived the presumed squatter Hamilton Lopp. He was first to offer the pioneers the

hospitality of his humble abode and barns that overlooked the vista of Lake Calumet less than a mile to the east, along with the hospitable Charles H. Buell further south on the trail.

Lopp, on their preliminary scouting trip in his low German tongue, gave them directions regarding the trail south. Dirk Van Vuuren, son of the pioneer settler, (Roel Van Vuuren) who settled in South Holland, said the undulating and overhanging prairie grasses nearly obscured the trail from sight. Wending their way south they came to the bend of the Calumet River at 128th Street, known even in my lifetime as "Wildwood." Near here they found the cabin of Jonathan M. Perriam, hunter, trapper and friend to many of the local Indian tribes. He no doubt offered much valuable assistance. His name is often mentioned in pioneer writings. Continuing past the old Indian Burial grounds following the river they came to the Calumet River Ferry near 133rd street and Indiana Avenue operated by George Dolton and Levi M. Osterhaut. Fees were 25 cents for a double wagon, 1 cent per person, and 2 cents for a horse, or one head of cattle. Proceeding southeast on the Michigan City Road for a half mile, they came to what is now Chicago Road. From there it was south to South Holland, which was first known as "Holland Bridge." After consulting with the South Holland folk, the decision was, Roseland is for us.

They bought one-hundred & sixty acres of land along both sides of the trail from 103rd street to 111th street, extending from Indiana avenue to the section line at State street. I have chosen to deal with some of the people, organizations and events perhaps that emanated from that trail in the Greater Roseland area and in particular at 107th street.

The settlers of Roseland somewhat to the detriment of their beginnings were not led to the United States by a Dominie. The most educated and religious men appear to have been found in the brothers Jakob and Pieter De Jong. Jakob was the first elder of their little church on the prairie, and Pieter was the first Voorzinger and school master. Cornelis Kuyper opened the first little general store in the front of his home at 103rd place on the trail, and he was also the closest thing to a medical doctor the little settlement had locally for about twenty years. His Abolitionist political involvement in the operation of the Underground Railway movement has been well documented by Professor George Albert Brennan for one.

The land that Pieter De Jong owned as his parcel bisected the center of the settlement, and

it was the highest point on the trail between 103rd street and 111th street, hence the early name "High Prairie." It was more or less agreed that whoever owned that parcel would give up a portion of it for a church and cemetery. So it was that five acres on the west side of the trail was set aside for a church at that location. Their beginnings were difficult, as far as obtaining a regular Dominie, until February 25, 1855 when Dominie Maarten Annes Ypma came to share his ministry with Roseland and South Holland congregations. From this small beginning a number of other churches have their roots. The accepted historical rhetoric given in most church histories make wide detours around what really were the causes for these separations in the kingdom work. Before Ypma's arrival Dominie Willem Coenraad Wust had attempted to inflict his versions of how contemporary Dutch Reformed people in the U.S. should live. His pastorate lasted only 22 months. In the interim between May 1850, and February 1855 spiritually it was every man for himself so to speak. The book "Classis Holland 1846-1856" relates an incident of this period, regarding the absence of pulpit supply. Reverend Seine Bolks remembering his short pastorate in our area said, "It was like plowing rocks."

But let us get back to what I think is a most interesting center point on the trail. As life around 107th street went on. There were births, marriages and deaths. With the departure of a loved one, decisions had to have been made about member burials. Teunis Maat has been mentioned as one, if not the first to have died in the new settlement and he was buried next to the church. Many were soon to follow. As was the custom with a few of the early local Dutch churches, a cemetery was proper next to the church. What was improper was to permit? allow? mandate? that the janitor have complete charge of the administration of the cemetery, including of course the digging of the grave.

This church followed that pattern. The First Reformed South Holland had a cemetery next to the church which is now under their north parking lot. The First Reformed Church of Lansing retains a part of their cemetery, the remainder is under adjacent streets. The First Christian Reformed Church of Munster, Indiana has kept their graveyard in tact. The First Reformed Church of Roseland retained Johannes Ambuul as their first janitor in the early days. He lived in rude quarters at the rear of the church attached to the horse barns. Most early grave markers if

any, were made of wood. The wooden boxes, in some cases, had a nameplate on the cover, but as to records, alas, the usual pronouncement is, 'they are lost.'

Burials continued as a right of church membership to any family member till around 1880. At that time 107th street was not there. But as progress demanded cross streets instead of private roads, of which there were many, considerations had to be made as to the continuance of burials in the Kerkhof (Church Gardens-Cemetery). Oak Woods cemetery in Chicago at 71st street & Cottage Grove avenue was one option, but not very acceptable. Mount Holland Cemetery west of Thornton which by 1857 belonged to the First Reformed Church of South Holland was a limited choice because most of the plots were sold years before. Even so there were some burials of Roseland people there. The New Mount Greenwood Cemetery at 111th street and California was opened in the early 1880s, and became the burial ground of choice for the Hollanders for many years.

When it became imminent that the 107th street section line was going to be drawn, several bodies had to be moved to a different part of the churchyard. The church fathers had to decide what to do about the graves of the pioneers which were laid right smack in the middle of what would be the new street. The decision was to move the bodies to Mount Greenwood, but, another problem reared its ugly head, the cemetery wanted proof of ownership, clear title, identification, etcetera, or they couldn't accept the bodies. For those that could provide the necessary paperwork there was no problem, for the others it was a mass grave in Mount Greenwood Cemetery. Some never have been moved, lying beneath the street today. According to a newspaper article of February, 29, 1928, (there had been no interments in the church yard since 1868, which I doubt, because what did they do between 1868 and 1880?) Keep in mind it was not impossible that some loved ones were buried on the family homestead, in fact, it was highly probable. The South Holland folk did it, I have heard testimony to it, and when the Village ordinances of South Holland were codified " it was strictly forbidden."

As 107th street was widened the same problem recurred again, when the new chapel was built south of the church bodies were found again, and if I am correctly informed they were moved to a different location within the churchyard and reinterred by stacking them one atop the

other to conserve space. This was done by the order of R. J. Nichols, Chicago Health Department inspector. The Hollanders were going to build right on top of the graves. In 1929, one man stated that many markers were not taken down until 1908. The newspaper articles of February 1928 said:

HEALTH DEPARTMENT PERMITS EXCAVATION OF ANCIENT CEMETERY

Health department officials last Friday ordered workman to cease digging excavations for the new building in the old graveyard adjoining the First Reformed Church of Roseland. Accordingly, Captain Pendergast of the Kensington Police Station had the work halted at 10th street and Michigan avenue until an investigation could be made.

On another order from the Health department work was resumed in spite of the protests of local people whose relatives were buried there.

Pendergast Not Satisfied

However, Captain Pendergast is not satisfied that the uncovering of old graves is entirely free from endangering the health of the community. With the Community safety in view he plans to send samples of the earth to the Health Department for minute examination.

Furthermore, he is of the opinion that dumping the bones and dust of the bodies in an open, as has been the practice, is neither sanitary nor respectful and he voices his protest vigorously with regard to the seeming callousness and carelessness with which the work has been carried forward.

Relatives Are Shocked

When the steam shovel of the excavator began to bring up human bones and bits of coffins soon after digging was started, it was with a feeling of horror that the local residents gathered to watch the violation. People living here whose parents were buried in the ancient cemetery were almost prostrated by the news that their forefathers' remains were being jugged into a dump cart and distributed to the four winds.

As the only feasible concession to public sentiment, workman are now gathering up remaining bones and depositing them in a box, which is to be buried in Mount Greenwood, a place of community burial which will bring little consolation to the living relatives.

May Be Title Tangle

Another angle arising again from the strange tangle is the possibilities of difficulty involving a clear title to the property. It has arisen before in like situations. If any of the burial plots were owned by individuals or families and can be proven, then it is doubtful if clear title could have been given without the consent of the plot owners.

A like circumstance is cited in South Chicago, where one lonely grave on the Calumet River can neither be moved nor touched. It has been a point of curiosity and contention for many years.

Morbid Crowd Watches

No burials have been made in the old Michigan avenue cemetery for more than sixty years, it is said. Ten years ago (1918) the church sold the plot and relatives of the dead were notified to move their coffins to the Mount Greenwood cemetery. Some were removed, but others remained.

Drawn by morbid fascination, crowds daily gather at the excavation, eyes glued upon the debris the shovel uncovers. Youngsters find in this once hallowed ground strange trinkets from another generation, while the general public concedes that the whole affair is a pathetic but seemingly unavoidable situation.

Another article within the week described the situation thusly:

Attention of the community was centered on the vacant property at 107th street and Michigan avenue this week when excavation was started Monday for a new building. It revealed that many years ago this spot was a cemetery where many pioneer residents were buried. The huge scoop of the steam shovel, digging into the earth crumbled the rotted wood of the age old caskets and disturbed the bones of hundreds of Greater Early Roseland's dead, some of who were buried there over 75 years ago.

When the property was used as a cemetery it was owned by the First Reformed Church of Roseland which now stands opposite. Several bodies in the path of the section line for 107th street were dug up when it was first put through and reburied.

Forty years ago in 1887 the present First Reformed Church building was erected and a white chapel was built from the wood of the old church adjoining the cemetery. The property was then

sold, resold and ten years ago was bought by Dr. Paul Petraitis of 10748 Michigan avenue. At this time Mount Greenwood cemetery, which had a perpetual charter, offered free space in which to rebury the bodies, providing survivors paid the moving expenses. All who were financially able took advantage of this offer, states a member of the church. Forty-four years have elapsed since the last body was laid to rest in this graveyard, one of the first in this part of the city.

The remainder of the old burial ground stood vacant until recently when it was used as a used car market. One month ago the corner lots were purchased by Stephan Vilimovitz, a druggist of 10657 Michigan avenue. A three story building will be constructed under the supervision of Strieff and Son, contractors, and will be modern in every detail. The plans include five stores, three offices and thirteen 2, 3, and 4 room kitchenette apartments. The owner hopes to have them ready for occupancy by May 1st. Ironically, it was to be called "The High Prairie Building."

"Remaining Bones From Church Yard Given New Burial," read the by-line of May 3, 1928. It went on to tell how last February when work was started for the excavation of a foundation for the new building that has since been erected on the northwest corner, a steam shovel digging into the ground scooped up bones and bits of coffins which were being hauled away with the earth. Public sentiment was aroused, and the work of hauling the dirt away was prohibited until the bones were separated from the debris, placed in a box and reburied at Mount Greenwood.

To forestall another such occurrence when possible excavation for a building on the other half of the cemetery would start, steps were taken this week to remove all remaining bones and reinter them at Mount Greenwood. To see that this work was properly carried out, E. G. Elzinga was appointed by the congregation of The First Reformed church of Roseland, to which the cemetery formerly belonged. It became severed from the church it once adjoined when 10748 street was cut through, and about 12 years ago was sold by the church.

Time and progress had effaced on the surface all marks of what was once a country churchyard, but under-ground row after row of pine-box coffins gave plenty evidence of what was once the burial ground for the earliest Dutch settlers of this community.

FIND TOMBSTONE

A stone slab dug up bore the name of Van der Lee and Roodhuizen. According to the chiseled letters, still discernible it had marked at one time the grave of Elizabeth Van der Lee, wife of Willem Kaspar Roodhuizen, born February 29, 1804 and died July 23, 1869.

Many of the coffins dug up this past week were those of babies. They were simple pine boxes made by carpenters. The work of reintering the bones was handled by Martin M. Otto, a local undertaker, whose wife is a descendant of one of the first Dutch settlers of this community. Members of Mrs. Otto's family were laid to rest in this cemetery.

In trying to explain the reasons for selling cemetery land, we might say this. In 1900 the City of Chicago was installing sewer and water pipes in the old trail. The church was facing a levy of several thousand dollars by special assessment to cover expenses for these improvements. There upon it was decided on January 1, 1901 to sell the northwest corner of 107th street and Michigan avenue a part of the cemetery for \$5,000.00.

These recaps of disturbing the dead at this place were not to be the last. In 1983 the city water department was re-working their lines from the middle of Michigan avenue west down the middle of 107th street along side the church. As I witnessed the event that opened up a hole about 15 feet wide beside the church, and about 12 feet deep. On either side of the excavation were tiers of wooden boxes, of both adult and children's dimensions. These had been exposed on Thursday. Work was stopped. I was there on Friday. Radio and Television cameramen were there on Thursday and the event made the evening news. The Coroner's Office came out on Thursday, made his perfunctory remarks, one in regards to the blackened condition of the boxes, which is what occurs when wood is exposed to wetness. He was reported to have said; "that was caused by the Chicago Fire!" Of course his permission was given to continue with the excavation with the proviso any bodies discovered would be respectfully exhumed for an undertaker to transport for reinterment in a another place. What was not done was to post a guard overnite. In conversations I had with local spectators, they said on Thursday evening the pit was swarming with for want of a better word, "Grave Robbers." They said, hardware was removed from the

boxes, rumors were it was made of silver, jewelry was removed also to a house down the hill on 107th street.

Truck drivers hauling material away from the site said many of the pioneer remains found on their way to unknown dumps where they unloaded, until all work was officially stopped again. A television cameraman I questioned as to why they were there for two days, and what types of incidents qualify for the kind of coverage they were giving it responded by saying; "It has to be hot & dirty!" It was both of those, but it was also a sad historical comment on our times. Had the cemetery been preserved it would have been one of the foremost Holland Historical sites on the south side of Chicago. Other accounts of the 1888 removals state that some of the remains were strewn along the shore of Lake Calumet south of Kensington. Simon Dekker in his writings said; "Having the cemetery next to the church was not a good idea, nor was it an ideal place for the mourners to see the remains of their loved ones let down in." Dekker described the burial conditions in wet weather. The janitor after digging the resting place, found it often filled with water right up to the moment of burial, and how he had to have something to dip the water out before the wooden box was lowered into the grave. Dekker differed radically with the consensus. Living close to the church, but no longer a member of the church because he separated with those who became the congregation of the First Christian Reformed Church in Roseland on the 28th of December of 1877. His brother-in-law was on the consistory at 107th street at the time decisions were being made regarding the problem of the grave-yard. Dekker's opinion was that it should not be sold, but preserved.

He said; a nice fence should be put around it with a monument in the center of it and nice green grass around it as a memorial to the first pioneers. Dekker said he would be willing to do something for it, keep it in trim and make it an honorable monument to the people of Roseland. He thought it would have been an honor to be able to point to a relic of former days. He felt it was a disgrace to the people of Roseland and to the people of the First Reformed Church in particular for the sake of a few paltry dollars to sell the plot of ground where there could have been such a valuable reminder of the first pioneer settlers of Roseland. The trail that led south out of Chicago ended for some in that little cemetery at 107th street, but as we have

said we know not where many ended up in the sense of their physical remains. This little scenario no doubt could be expanded upon, and perhaps it will be and should be. The idea of using the covered wagon to cover history hopefully is going out of style, and meetings like this help in stopping the blanketing process.

Now in the vernacular of the summer of 1987, I say thank you for inviting me this morning to share and join with you regarding our mutual interest in the pursuit of Dutch history, some of it obtained overtly, some covertly, or as some of you know, you don't get it. With no plausible deniability for what I have said, except to say, I am not finished yet. Regarding residuals, you and I know you have to love history or you would not hang in there with everything you've got, perhaps helping the searcher, sharing in his quest to find the trails of their fore-fathers; here is where my residuals are found.

Hilda Butler Farr in a historical poem she called "High Lights of Roseland"
composed for the celebration of Roseland's 1949 Centennial wrote:

The thriving town of Roseland in which we live today

Presents a different picture a hundred years away.

The Pioneers from Holland who came to settle here

Experienced great hardships in that eventful year.

The Dalenbergs... the Kuypers... the Eenigenbergs and Tons,

De Jongs... Ambuuls... the Jonkers, and others, one by one.

Although a tiny city a century ago,

Their hope was in Chicago, a place to live and grow.

But there were many problems, there wasn't much to eat,

They couldn't speak the language, so much they had to meet.

At last they found "High Prairie", what vision they possessed

To see beyond the chaos, a place for future rest.

For every inch was covered, with grasses two feet high

And wild flowers gaily blossomed, as deer and snakes went by.

And then along the river the Indians would prowl

And children would be frightened as wolves and bears would howl.

Among this desolation there stood one house ... just one...

And Mr. Lopp, the owner, a medal should have won.

Because he kindly offered to give the families care

Until some other buildings could be uprisen there.

A hundred sixty acres of land they purchased then,
One acre cost five dollars in the days of "way back when."
They built some tiny houses there was no gold to spare,
The furniture was simple, likewise the clothes to wear.

They started raising cattle and getting if you please,
8 cents a pound for butter, 4 cents a pound for cheese.
But low were all the wages within this olden day,
For six whole dollars monthly was often all the pay.

No letters reached High Prairie so over hill and dale
The people went by ox-team Downtown to get the mail.
Thus passed the years of struggle while other settlers came
To plan and build the railroads for this had been their aim.

And soon there were some weddings...some deaths...some births...each day.
Community of spirit was now upon display.
Cornelius Kuyper opened a merchandising store.
He also served as druggist and aided rich and poor.

A second store soon followed by Goris Van der Sijde...
A Van der Bilt, named Hiram, store 3 was his great pride.
And after many Sundays of traveling by ox-team
To church out in Low Prairie, they realized a dream.

At last... they worshipped weekly within a church, their own.
The Roseland Dutch Reformed Church, the greatest joy they'd known.
The first bell in the steeple soon rang for all to hear.

Across the quiet meadows to bring the people near.

And then the Hope Post office, a pretty sounding name

Was finally established... how busy it became..

The first plat of the village was made in '73...

Hereafter known as Roseland and named officially.

What really could be better than Roseland for our town,

With roses blooming gaily both up the hill and down.

And to a Colonel Bowen the credit seems to lie,

He made the bright suggestion as time was moving by.

High Prairie... Hope... then Roseland and Roseland it remains.

For worse... perhaps for better... for losses or for gains.

And next the bitter years of war to devastate the hearts of men,

Disastrous great Chicago fire, the days of drought... and toil again.

So up to 1880 then, this town seemed part of Holland still

Transplanted to the fertile soil of this great state... the State of ILL.

When suddenly it all was changed, the news was spread on every hand

The Pullman shops were to be built... The Pullman model town was planned.

Throughout the country at this time all eyes were focused on the scene,

So Roseland HAD to go ahead, for competition was so keen.

Soon plumbing was in every home and gas pipes laid on every street,

And sidewalks... wooden sidewalks then, were put in place for busy feet.

The Irish came... the English came... The Scotch and then the Swedes,

Norwegians and the Danes arrived, of many different creeds.
The Lithuanians settled here, Italians... Slavs... and Poles...
The French and German, others too... Ambitious, searching souls.

Electric lights and telephones... more churches...street cars...schools.
A modern town it soon became, according to the rules.
World War I...and World War II, what a price to pay,
Our gallant youth... who gave their lives to bring us peace today.

And we who live within this town salute the pioneers
Who overcame all handicaps through many tragic years.
We face the future unafraid, with greatest confidence
Remembering with humble thanks, that God is our defense.

Within our town of Roseland now, a century has passed.
We pray the next one hundred years are greater than the last.

Hilda Butler Farr June 20, 1949