

Roselle History Museum Newsletter

Official Publication of the Roselle Historical Foundation

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UPCOMING EVENTS



The Roselle History Museum will hold its annual Christmas Open House on December 7 from 2 to 4PM. Mark your calendar and come to visit with neighbors, see the Christmas decorations, enjoy home baked cookies and perhaps even sing some holiday carols.



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TASTE OF ROSELLE: Thanks to all who visited our History Museum booth at the "Taste" this past summer. The weather cooperated and the food and entertainment offerings were great. Our Museum provided a free raffle, with three prizes given away. It was most interesting to note that we had raffle entries from 20 different surrounding communities!

Help save the Roselle fireworks in 2015. Enter the Turkey Trot 5K run. Applications are available at the Roselle Village Hall and at the Roselle History Museum office.



SAVE THE FIREWORKS

ROSELLE, IL

Exploding Turkey Trot 5k

Thanksgiving Morning
Thursday November 27, 2014
8AM

\$30 registration
www.Roselle5k.com

Chip Timed/ Refreshments after the race. Long sleeve shirts for all registrations



2014 Roselle 5k

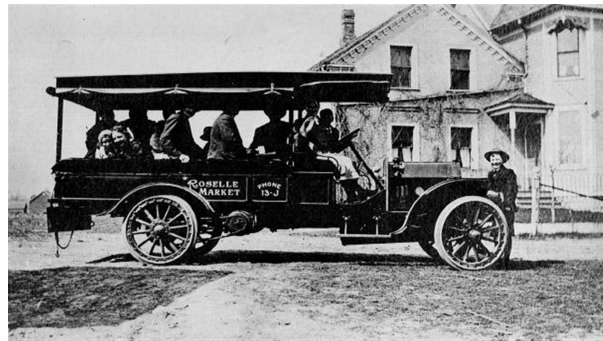
Same course as the Run For Roses 5k

MUSINGS OF A FARM WIFE from Ray Hitzemann

A shirt-tail relative in Nebraska developed a very thorough Hitzemann Genealogy from 1625-1977. About a month ago I was looking through it and discovered the following poem written by Mrs. Maesie M. Hitzemann of life in the early years on a Nebraska farm. Although it related to Nebraska I am sure life was similar in the Roselle Area.

Maeise was a school teacher and enjoyed writing prose and poetry. She wrote the poem when she was 85 years old and died in 1976 at the age of 96. The poem is four pages long. We printed two pages in the summer news letter and the balance is shown on page3 and 4.. This was copied exactly as she produced it on an old manual typewriter

H.H. BOTTERMAN GROCERY STORE



The Botterman Store property was a part of a 40 acre grant from the United States to Abel Walker, patent dated June 1, 1843 (This was part of the John Blank farm.) Abel Walker paid \$50.00 to the U.S. government in full payment for the 40 acres..The location today would be east of Park Street, south of Irving Park Road and north of the railroad tracks

Walker sold to Hackaliah Brown on Oct.9, 1846 for the sum of \$100.00. Brown sold to James F.D. Elliott on April 18, 1848 for the sum of \$400.00. Elliott sold to Barnhard Beck on March 11, 1853 for the sum of \$1,100. Beck subdivided a part of the 40 acres and it became Beck's Addition to Roselle, dated Oct. 24, 1873. On Oct. 8, 1875 Beck sold Lot #3 in Block #4 to Joseph A. Beck for the sum of \$100.00. George Wagner acquired this property by Masters Deed April 26, 1893. Wagner and his wife operated a meat market in one of the buildings on the property purchased by Henry Botterman Sr. and Herman Zarndt on March 25, 1896 for the sum of \$3,000.00. Botterman and Zarndt also had another meat market in Itasca, Illinois. After Botterman Sr. married in 1898, they decided to dissolve the partnership and drew lots to decide who would stay in Roselle or go to Itasca. Botterman Sr. stayed in Roselle

In the early days there was no refrigeration so during the winter ice was harvested and stored in icehouses for summer use. They would take a special plow with a straight blade pulled by horse that would score the ice 6 inches deep on a pond; and then it was cut into 24 inch squares. Farmers would then be hired to complete cutting the blocks. The blocks would then be stored in layers separated by saw dust and wood chips in icehouses. There were 3 icehouses in Roselle owned by Lena Benhardt, Frank Meyer and Hattendorf.

At 5 am Mr. Botterman would go to the icehouse to get his daily supply of ice for the store. He also had a wagon with a box on it that he used to deliver the meat. He would drive down the streets ringing a bell and his customers would come out, open the box on the wagon and select their meat. The house wife would then store it the cellar until she used it. If she did not use it that day she would salt it to preserve it.

Henry Botterman Jr. helped in the store when he was about 8 years of age. He started working full time at the age of 14. In 1921 he went into partnership with his father. It was then known as H. Botterman and Son. In 1929 Henry Botterman Sr. sold his interest to Walter J. Nerge, who changed the name of the store to H. H. Botterman and Co. or Botterman's Foods. This business continued until Sept. 13, 1963 when the merchandise and fixtures were sold. The Botterman Store property at the SE corner of Park Street and Irving Park Road was sold to Texaco Inc.

MUSINGS OF A FARM WIFE

They didn't come from a clothing store.
 I did much of the knitting and sewing at night--
 Working always by the dim candle light.
 I made the candles we used in that mold
 You saw the other day. It must be very old.
 When we got lamps--used candles no more--
 Filling lamps, cleaning chimneys was a daily chore.
 Scouring knives and forks had to be done each day--
 With powdered brick dust--it kept them bright that way.

"How did you fix your new home?" Well I surmise--
 This bit of the story will fill you with surprise.
 We had a brand new carpet--reaching wall to wall--
 But I'd sewed the rags for it ball after ball.
 After we brought the carpet home from the loom,
 I sewed the strips together, cleared the room
 Of everything in it, put clean straw on the floor,
 Then carefully laid that new carpet o'er,
 Tacked down both sides and an end--
 Made me so stiff I could scarcely bend--
 That last end still to tack! It was the worst;
 We'd pull and tug until we almost burst.
 The only way to sweep was a common broom,
 But how that carpet did beautify the room!
 No vacuum cleaner, so each year or two
 We had the same ordeal to go through.
 Up came that carpet--out on the clothes line
 We beat it and beat it--the dust so fine
 Rose like a cloud in the autumn air.
 We always did that job in the fall of the year.
 'Twas then the straw was fresh and new
 Left in the stack by the threshing crew.
 We took out the old chaffy stuff, scrubbed the floor,
 Put down fresh straw and laid that carpet once more.
 And another job when the threshing was done
 Was to fill all the bed ticks, one by one.
 For this we found oat straw was very fine--
 Not chewed to bits by a modern combine.
 If for some reason oats wasn't a good yield,
 That did not bother us--we went to the cornfield
 When the husking was over, and filled our ticks there
 With the soft inner husks near the corn ear.

Every few weeks in summer I had to pick
 The feathers from my geese to fill my feather tick.
 If the bed was made up proper, plumped just right,
 It sure kept our loved ones warm on a wintry night.
 We would often use hot bricks or irons at our feet
 There was no electric blanket, bedroom without heat.
 Many a woman went out in my day
 To husk corn, shock grain, and even stack hay.
 I can't say that all this is woman's work,
 But the pioneer woman wasn't apt to shirk
 Any task that she could possibly do
 To help her husband--and her neighbors too.
 We had no hospital to go to when we were ill;
 We had to depend on common sense and nursing skill.
 In sickness, child birth, or death we saw each other thru'.
 We always did to others as we would have them do, too.

"But Grandma, how did you get all that work done?
 Did you ever rest, or take time out for fun?"
 Well, we always went to church on the Lord's Day,
 Whenever a preacher chanced to come that way.
 After we got a school, we met occasionally
 For a ciphering match, spell-down, or literary.

MUSINGS OF A FARM WIFE

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That way we occasionally met as neighbors,
 And it did help somewhat to lighten our labors.
 "Grandma, I've heard you speak of the good old days--
 Would you really go back to those old fashioned ways
 Of living--of working so hard--of doing without
 What we call necessities? I have no doubt
 You like the present ways better. Now tell me true,
 Aren't you glad to change the old ways for the new?"
 You've asked a question you say you want the truth.
 You know how things look rosy in the vibrant days of youth.
 Well, I think those days were very good for me.
 They taught me many lessons--faith, hope, economy,
 To help wherever needed, give love to one and all,
 To use things at hand, to be truly thankful with all;
 To look forward to the future for better times to be.
 That's the reason I call them good--they did so much for me.
 We test the trials of the past against the present day;
 We must keep pace with the times to find a better way.
 Perhaps much more than you, I really do appreciate
 All the modern ways, for I have had to wait
 Through many toil filled years for them to come.
 I'm so glad you have all conveniences in your home.
 I had it good, you have it better, but the best is yet to be
 When in our heavenly home we live eternally.
 I read a poem just the other day.
 I'd like you to hear what this man had to say--
 Now I wonder where I put that clipping--
 Really sometimes I think my mind is slipping.
 Oh, here it is! Shall I read it to you?
 "Why yes, dear Grandma, you may read it, please do!"

Quote: I think of Honest Abe today
 And wonder what he'd have to say
 About the way of life we know
 Compared with years of long ago.
 I guess Old Abe would be amazed,
 At least he'd be a little dazed,
 To see the progress made by man--
 The 30-month installment plan,
 The shiny cars with lightning speed,
 Machines that answer every need;
 The 40-hour weekly wage,
 The Frankenstein atomic age,
 The silver wings of giant planes,
 The luxury of streamlined trains;
 The struggle for a parking place,
 The talk of soaring into space;
 The crowded streets, the traffic crush,
 The way, each day, we roar and rush.
 I'll bet Old Abe would say with awe,
 "Such crazy folks I never saw.
 They aren't slaves to other man
 But I am bound to say again,
 I think it is a ghastly crime
 They now are slaves to speed and time." Unquote
 She rose, kissed her; left her sitting there
 The dear old lady in the rocking chair.

By Mrs (Maesie) Herman M. Hitzemann
 relates the life of the early years
 on a farm in Nebraska.

Maesie (Stout) Hitzemann wrote the
 poem at the age 85 years. Maesie
 met her husband when she was teaching
 in a nearby country school. She died at age 96.

The segment on the right is copied from the opening pages of our Roselle photo history book titled “*Remembering Roselle*”. If you would like to know more about our village history, please stop at the museum office or the Roselle Village hall to purchase a copy.

Some of the chapter titles include:

- Roselle Hough
- The Railroad
- Farms
- Mills
- Homes
- Commerce

Chapter One

Beginnings



On March 11, 1833, Silas Meacham, along with his brothers Harvey and Lyman, were the first settlers to arrive in Bloomingdale Township. At that time almost all of Roselle was a part of Bloomingdale Township, with a small portion belonging to Schaumburg Township. The Meacham brothers traveled in covered wagons with their families from Rutland County, Vermont. They followed the “Lake Trail,” now known as Lake Street. Within weeks, they pitched their tents in Meacham’s Grove, built cabins for their families, and planted forty acres of land.

Games children played back in “the day”

RED ROVER by Ray Hitzemann

When attending Trinity School in the 1940’s, the boys would often play a game called **Red Rover**.....Two teams of equal number were selected and they would then form two lines about 25 feet apart, facing each other. The teams would hold hands. One side starts by picking a person on the opposing side and saying “Red Rover, Red Rover send (that person) over”. The selected boy then lets go of his teammates hands and begins a headlong rush toward the other line. His goal is to break through the other line by overpowering the kids holding on to each other. If he breaks thru, he selects someone from that team to come over to his side and join his team. If he fails to break thru, he then becomes a member of the team he could not penetrate. Each team alternates calling members over until one team only has on one player. Of course the team with all the players is declared the winner.

(Editor comment: Considering some of the current day issues regarding sports injuries while playing soccer and football, many of today’s parents might want to see some protective gear used in this game..... How did we ever survive being kids with these kind of rough and tumble games being played??)

MEMBERSHIP

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Yes, I'd like to help the Museum! Here's my membership contribution for 2015

*Mail to: **Roselle History Museum, 39 E. Elm St. Roselle, IL 60172***

New ☐ Renewal ☐ Circle One: \$25 \$50 \$100 \$250 Other Amount _____

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The Roselle Historical Foundation is a 501-c(3) corporation, and your contribution may be fully tax deductible

ROSELLE HISTORY MUSEUM

39 E. ELM STREET

ROSELLE, IL 60172