

**THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF
EVERDINA CORNELIA VAN OJEN WINKEL**

Together with "The Later Years"

by

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PREFACE

The primary purpose in publishing this personal history of Everdina van Ojen Winkel is to make available to her posterity, particularly those who did not know her personally or who had little association with her before her death, a record written in her own words. We believe that a personal history should be Just that. On that account there has been very little editing of the history as she wrote it, since any revision could only detract from the authenticity of the account. The bulk of the history came into our hands in typed form, but the biographical sketches of her ten children were all available in her own handwriting. The Dutch style of construction is more evident in the latter than in the bulk of the manuscript.

In her record Mother was not consistent in her spelling of names. Her own name appears as Everdina, Everdiena and Everdena in various places. Tone's name appears as Antoon, Anton and Antone, and so on. We have used the Americanized spelling in most cases.

We are well aware that this account covers many of the same events which are included in Dens Allen's book, "The Winkels". Doubtless this material was the basis of much that Dena wrote. This little booklet simply makes available the original account as Mother wrote it. Unfortunately, the first-hand account ends in 1940, 25 years before she died. In the interest of completeness, Pauline has written her recollection of some of the events in her mother's life during the last 25 years.

We have also included the history of Hendrik Winkel's life written by Thys in 1960, since most of the younger generation may not have seen it.

Pauline and Francis Broadbent
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CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS IN HOLLAND

My father and mother lived in Gelderland, one of the provinces in Netherlands. On my father's side the Van Ojens lived there since the beginning of the 16th century. During the last 100 years they were tillers of the soil. The part of Gelderland where they lived is called the Betuwe and is the lowest part in Gelderland. Big rivers surrounded this Betuwe and in the time that my great grandparents lived there it often happened that the dykes of the river broke and people would lose their homes, their stock and very often their lives.

In 1809 there was a big flood caused by jamming of ice. It was in the reign of King Willem III, the father of the present queen. Cold weather made the rescue effort difficult and many of the unfortunates who had left their homes had climbed in the highest trees until boats could come to their rescue, but when help was too long in coming, their numbed fingers could not hold on any longer and they fell in the torrents that swept on. During this disaster my great grandfather Antonio Bosschaart and great grandfather Jurrian Van Ojen went out in boats to give help where they could. Grandfather Bosschaart took sixty people in his inn where they were fed and dry clothing was given. Today such a flood is almost impossible, because there are more water outlets made and a big electric pump takes quicker care of excess water than windmills could do, unless earthquakes or typhoons would come and sweep the water up, but under ordinary circumstances the flood waters are well under control.

My father was born 30 October, 1851, in Mauric Gelderland three hours walking from where my mother was born in Zoelmond. She was born the 8th day of May in the same year father was. Both lived there and went to school. Both reasoned the same way (although they did not know one another) that they would have to leave their place of birth to make a living. According to law in Nederland every boy has to draw a number to serve in the land's army for about two years. Some boys are exempt when they are not physically fit, but others are examined and placed in the different divisions of the army. Father drew a number that provided a place in the army. He liked it and soon made promotion. He had a chance for promotion to prolong his years in the army but his father died when he was a small boy and he, being the oldest son, chose to provide for his mother until the other brother could take his place as provider.

After a few years Father went to the city, The Hague, a beautiful city in South Holland where royalty has always had their winter home. One evening on his way to his boarding place he saw a girl molested by drunk fellows. He took the girl away from them and this girl became my mother five years later.

Father was a gardener, landscaping and taking care of flowers and vegetable gardens which he did the biggest part of his life. When father and mother had both saved enough to start married life, they were married on the 8th of August, 1877, in Zeelmond, and started their married life in The Hague. I was the oldest and was born October 1, 1878 in The Hague. My sister was born there also, and then Father could better himself by becoming a gardener for Mr. Correndorf, who

owned a beautiful estate with horses and carriages. The gardener's home was by a big iron gate, built on a dam which held the water between this estate and the highway. These people were very nice and kind. They did not have children of their own, and took interest in us as youngsters. This estate was outside of The Hague in Loosduinen. When Santa Claus came, our wooden shoes were placed in this big home and the next morning we came to see what Santa had brought us. Through these people I learned to read and write and even to knit stockings. I still have them in my memory and also the beautiful fruit that grew in this beautiful place.

One morning my father had come in for breakfast and was nailed to come to the house immediately where all were excited about Mr. Correndorf, who had fallen when trying to get up from bed. The doctor name and pronounced it a stroke which had ended his life. The Mrs. could not believe this, but after several hours of trying to help him had to give in. After the funeral the lady would not live there alone, and house and furniture and stables and horses were all sold by auction. The strangeness of all this was that my mother had seen this in her mind or while asleep in every detail, long before it happened.

The new owner wanted my father to work for him, but the pleasant work for the other people was so different with the new owner and his big family that Father decided to look somewhere else. Father's family had grown during this time to five children, and although Father had the best references, when the inquiry came as to the size of his family, the reply would always be to the effect that smaller families were more desirable to live on their estates.

In one newspaper appeared an advertisement for a gardener who was willing to do work in different gardens. Father answered this and he made agreements to move to Oudshoorn by Alphen Aan de Ryn. When we moved there we found this place did not have a water system, and the river water with all filth and waste from boats and ships was the only water available. The result from this chance was that we as children were very ill having bowel disturbance. I became infected in the intestines and after many weeks of severe sickness we finally became adjusted to our new way of living. A little baby sister was born in Oudshoorn, but after nine months of suffering was buried there.

We moved after one year to a more convenient home with a big garden across the river to Alphen an de Ryn where we raised and sold vegetables and flowers. We went to school there and when I was eleven years old I had completed the grades, but the law was that school was compulsory until the age of twelve was reached, and so for one year I remained the only girl in a big class of boys.

Father and Mother became more interested in religion. There were several churches there. Mother favored the Reformed Dutch church, while Father preferred the Hervormde church. We as children did not know the difference and went with both Father and Mother, but when we came of age to become a full fledge member of the church, which was about eighteen years of age, we all followed Mother until Father finally joined too.

When I was twelve I started to work for fifty cents a week, doing a little housework and took care of a four-year old boy. Early in winter mornings at 7 o'clock I had to be there to help the other girl who did the cooking and housework to make the house warm and breakfast ready. We

were not allowed to have fire in the kitchen until later on in the day, and many a breakfast was eaten with nothing warm than a cup of tea. While the man and lady of the house had their breakfast in luxury we ate in the cold kitchen. I worked in this place for four years. The little boy went to school and I looked for a new place where I had my board and room and could earn more money. I soon found this in a home with three children who were all girls, and was to earn sixty five gulden or florins a year. Once in the two weeks an afternoon off was given me. No company was allowed in the kitchen.

I was able to keep myself on fifty cents a week, but was always in debt for clothing. So this was an improvement. The lady that I worked for was very nervous and made me feel that I was only her maid and whenever I came home I talked about this to my parents, but was always told by them to obey her and make the best of it. How I envied the girls who were able to study and attend school, who owned many books and had privileges I desired but could not have. After working at this place for two and a half years and no advancement I hired myself in a family where I had to do the cooking and housework and would earn 80 gulden a year. These people had no children and were very nice to me, although the kitchen was my place to live and I was many times very lonely. I had one free evening a week and went to a song choir for young people. We lived about 40 minutes walking to go there and 10 o'clock was the time to be back again. Then a young man came to work for a baker in that same locality and delivered bread to the customers. This young fellow started the song choir as an organization of the church that we belonged to and later it was done closer by which made attending more convenient.

Although not drawn to this man, something told me this was to be my husband in time to come. After a courtship of about nine months we were married on the 2nd of August 1900 at Alphen Aan de Ryn and started a bakery there which was built for us and we rented this for \$4.00 a week. Hendrik Winkel was an orphan and had started this bakery three months before we were married, and although there were more than twenty other bakeries in this place, we felt prospects were bright as everyone bought rather than made their bread.

We did not have much to start with, but we did not have high expectations. Our first two boys were born there. Our business was pretty good but it took us both all day long to make a living. We decided to look for a better bakery, and in answering an advertisement which called for young people from the country to come to the city we moved to Rotterdam and had a bakery there in the Agnusestraat. There was much bread sold. Three delivery wagons went out each morning, but competition was so keen that we lost money every week, having to pay \$15. rent a week. We lived with the business and had two men and a girl in board to help us, and we decided to lock up the business and sell what we could and try to find something else. We paid some of our obligations later and went to Apeldoorn, Gelderland, which was a very beautiful place to live. It was surrounded by woods. It was here that the Queen of Nederland had her summer home. My husband's sister Mrs. Folkersma lived at this place and told us about a freighting business from Arnheim to Apeldoorn which was for sale, the owner having ill health. Discouraged with the bakery we decided to try this. We did fairly well. Our third son was born on the 27th of August, 1904 in Apeldoorn.

CHAPTER 2

CONVERSION TO THE CHURCH

Among the many people in Arnheim who would come to my husband's cart to buy bakery goods were two young men who would send their laundry to the city. They wanted my husband to take it for them. One evening when they came again, my husband asked them what their business was here. They said "We are preaching the Gospel." My husband asked them, "What gospel?" They replied, "The Gospel of Jesus Christ!" "We have plenty of that here" my husband replied. The missionaries then proceeded to tell him where their gospel differed from his, and a lively discussion followed. Many customers interrupted from time to time, so they planned to meet at our house some evening, and continue their discussion. When Dad came home that night he was all worked up with the truthfulness of this new gospel that he had just heard of. He told me of the two young missionaries, that were paying their own way from America just so they could tell people of this gospel, and they preached just the same way as the Savior had. He was so convinced of the truthfulness of this work, that he said his unborn babe would not be baptized in the church we were attending, as the Elders said it was not necessary to baptize a child until it was eight years old.

The night came when the two missionaries came to visit us and tell us more of this "Mormonism". My husband was taken up with it, but I was very skeptical. I knew my Bible pretty well but I couldn't prove them wrong, but I told them that my minister could, and I asked them if they would come again and I would have my minister here. They said they would come but wondered if the minister would come.

I was raised in a home where my fader and mother had different religions, and I always prayed that I would find a husband that had the same faith as I had, and when I married my husband I was very happy that we could worship together, as my parents each went their own way on Sunday to their different churches. Now it seemed that these Mormons were going to convert my husband, so I wanted to show them up to my husband with our minister, because he could defeat them I was sure.

The minister came, and was very kind to the young Mormon Elders, and after a general discussion with them, asked me what I wanted him to do. So I told him to prove from the Bible that it was necessary to baptize little children. He looked here and there in the Bible, then closed the book and said: "The Bible is not for little children but our forefathers in the faith drew from the scriptures a formula which entitled babies to become children of record and the method of sprinkling a little water on their head was used to accomplish this. This answer did not satisfy me and the discussion had been going on for 3 ½ hours. The minister stood up and said, "I cannot greet you as brothers, but I will as friends", he shook hands with the young Mormon Elders and left. This conversation lingered in my mind. Mormonism became a big subject in our home. My husband became more enthused about it while I grew more doubtful and couldn't or wouldn't see any good in it. The Elders would often ride with my husband as he drove his cart to nearby towns and talk gospel to him. I would not see them. In fact, one time they came to our home and I refused to come in and listen to them, so I remained outside as long as they were in our house.

Some weeks later, one missionary came to our house while tracting and handed me a tract and spoke a few words in broken Dutch. My impression was "What a Church! To send missionaries out that can't even talk plain!"

We moved to a better house and our third boy Thys was born. When he was about two weeks old, I wanted the baby named and sprinkled. My husband objected very much and when the minister came to visit us and this subject was brought up, he told the minister that he would not answer the usual questions, because he was going to teach this baby the true gospel, as soon as the baby was old enough to comprehend. So the baby was sprinkled but on the way home, my husband pointed out the errors in the minister's words, but I thought that we had done the right thing.

There was another family living in Apeldoorn and often a missionary would come and they would have Sunday School there. One evening a missionary came, and Dad introduced him to me telling me that he was a Mormon, now but he used to belong to the Dutch Reformed Church. This interested me and I had many interesting conversations with this Elder, each with the Bible in hand. He advised me to pray for understanding. I had done this right along and although I was not in favor of this new religion, it was constantly in my mind. The minister came often and contradicted what the missionaries told us. Dad argued with the minister a great deal and on one of the visits, the minister said, "I do not want to talk to you anymore, I'll come back and talk to your wife, but not you!"

I prayed and studied hard. Some of the truths began to take root. I heard about baptizing for the dead which was preached by Paul, so that when the minister came the next time I asked him what these scriptures meant. The minister told me that he did not know the right meaning of this, but it did not mean what Paul said. I felt my faith in the minister weaken and enjoyed the simple truths found in the Bible the way the Savior taught them.

The minister, true to this word, came and talked just with me and on one occasion said, "I wish you would not talk to these missionaries any more." I had an extra guest room and they often stayed with us over night. The missionary that used to belong to the same church we did was Uffo Uffens. The other two that visited us before were Elder De Hart and Elder Schouten. Brother De Hart was s Catholic before he joined this new faith and had a very strong testimony of the Gospel. Elder Uffens had a conversation with the minister Ds Vogelaar in Apeldoorn and nearly got thrown out of his house. The minister accused him of ruining his Bible. All this did not make the minister feel very good and finally he came and said, "If you still insist on listening to these missionaries I have to take your name off our books and make this known to the congregation next Sunday." My answer was I did want to belong to the true Church of Jesus Christ.

This announcement of the minister was an advertisement, for his church was always filled with people. The beautiful truths of the gospel became clearer to me and finally I could see that I had to make the choice. This would mean conflict with my parents, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors and be despised by the great majority, but I applied for baptism. My husband who knew much more about the gospel than I did thought it would be best to wait until Spring. Our baby was a little better than two months old and the baptizing had to be done in a cold canal a

little out of town. But I was so convinced as to the necessity of baptism that I did not want to wait, so we were baptized Saturday night after 10 o'clock in the canal by Elder Uffens. Just as I came out of the water, a man passed by and recognized us and the Monday paper announced to the people that Winkel and his wife were baptized to be Mormons. Many people asked us right out, "Is that true?" "Have you joined this immoral Mormon church?" These questions gave me plenty of chances to explain the gospel and I rejoiced doing this. Many tracts found their way into the hands of the baker, grocery man and the butcher who delivered their goods at the door. My parents took it very hard that I had left their teachings and church, and my father came to us at Christmas time with letters from friends and their minister to persuade us to come back and leave the wrong way. After we had a chance to explain the gospel to him, he saw and understood that we were sincere in our new belief and it sounded fine to him. The missionaries were with us and in the few days that Father was with us he really heard more than he could digest and upon returning home to Mother and the rest of the family he explained what we believed. It seemed that hell broke loose, Mother screamed when she heard we were baptized, the others talked against Father so much that he became unbalanced in his mind.

When I was notified of this, I went home with my new baby. It was a cold New Year's morning, and I had the missionary with me who had baptized us. The whole family met me at the door and it looked like they would not let us in. The missionary was questioned and had to leave when they found out who he was, and I was permitted to come in but must not talk to Father. Mother took my baby and unwrapped it by the fire. Her heart softened when she saw the bright new baby and said to my sister, "Look what a beautiful baby this is." Whereupon my sister answered, "I will not look upon that child!" This was almost more than I could bear. There was a tension in our home that was never there before and I was told I could not stay overnight but must go back. In the afternoon I called upon a close neighbor and friend of ours who was a Christian. She was kind to me but told me that I had done a great wrong to my parents. I told her, pointing to her little coal oil lamp, "If someone would give you a bright electric light whereby you could see so much better, would you not exchange your lamp?" Whereupon she answered, "No! My grandparents and parents had this and this is good enough for me." I returned home and made preparations to go. When I kissed my father goodbye he whispered to me, "Pray for me." After this we received many letters from him written at the post-office which were full of Mormonism. However in my parent's home this became a forbidden subject.

It didn't take long for my father to become his former self again. All brothers and sisters were unfriendly toward us as they blamed us for Father's condition. My husband did not like this unfriendly feeling of the townspeople where we lived and began to talk of emigrating to Zion. When he made his desire known to the missionaries they told him to convert his relatives to Mormonism first. This was the reason that they had ceased to care for us.

There was only one family in Apeldoorn that belonged to the Church and one sister who worked as a housekeeper. We had our Sunday School together and missionaries kept coming. My husband was anxious to sell his business but it would have to be sold for cash in order to emigrate. I felt that we were hardly prepared to leave so soon but prayed for guidance, that a buyer would come with the money if our time had come to go. One buyer did come but did not have the price so we felt reconciled to stay another year.

Our faith was tried many times, the relatives were not very friendly and our thoughts became more centered to go to Zion. Again we advertised our business and again we prayed that if it be the Lord's will that we should go, that the way would be prepared. One buyer came again and with the cash money. It seemed the time had come and we had to go. We sold our belongings for very little money. It was rather hard to sell our nice new furniture for so little. The buyer Mr. De Boer demanded our faithful beloved dog who was always with the wagon, and my husband stayed two weeks with him until he could get acquainted with the route and business. I went visiting relatives--stayed with Father and Mother until we had to go to Rotterdam where we would go on the boat to England. There were three others that emigrated. The parting with Father and Mother was very hard. Mother was worried, but we made the trip very well. There were 80 immigrants in England from Germany, Sweden, Denmark and England, all were bound for Zion, and were to see the temple.

We left Rotterdam the 10th day of April 1906, and the saints in Rotterdam saw us off and sang "Ye Elders of Israel". My husband was seasick most of the time as were others but the children and myself were fine.

CHAPTER 3

BEGINNING LIFE IN AMERICA

Our trip took 10 days before we reached Boston. We had Easter Sunday on the boat and a big testimony meeting was held, with some returned missionaries in charge, and it was very interesting. Several languages were heard. We took what was allowed in the line of dishes, bedding and carpets and it took some time when we landed to go through the custom officers. The trip across the States was not so nice as the boat trip as the children had to sit and sleep on the chairs.

Finally Salt Lake City! The missionary who had baptized us was wired to, beforehand, to be at the train to meet us but the telegram never reached him and due to the fact that the last part of the trip had been quite tiresome for me, my pregnant condition and not knowing a soul, my first impression ended in a good cry. Some kind sisters took us in. Sister Assenberg whose husband had filled a mission in Holland made us some good dinner and we slept there, after which she helped us to become located. This was not very easy. The following Sunday we went to the tabernacle and listened to the wonderful organ which music had something strengthening, promising, that I have never forgotten. When we looked at the glorious temple we were somewhat disappointed because we expected to see a white granite building and it looked grey, almost black to us. The first years were hard--not knowing the language, not always work, very little to do with, but we hoped some day it would be better. On the first of September 1906 our son Henry was born, a Dutch girl helped us with the housework, Sister De Gooyer. Two Dutch girls stayed with us in one room. One was Anna Olie, the other was Sister Metselaar. This was a little help and comfort. My husband worked at the Rio Grande and made pretty good there. We helped Anna Lether to emigrate before we left for Zion and she paid us back. We learned about a place where lots could be purchased for \$5.00 per month, and we decided to build a little home and paid for it monthly. The home was small just two rooms until we could do better. It was Poplar Grove, 8th South 11th West. My husband built the home and later we enlarged it. Here was born our first girl Dena on the 26th day of August 1908.

We traded this home for a larger place, 5-acre grounds. We had to build a new home and had to take a mortgage on this place which was located on 14th South which is now 33rd South 2nd West. Our sixth child, John by name, was born there on Feb 21, 1910. Work was scarce and we sold one cow and lived from this money for a while, then we sold an acre of the 5 acres to a reliable party for \$10 a month. Then one day while Dad was in the Presiding Bishop's Office looking for work, Bishop Swindle from Monroe, Utah, encouraged the family to come there as a new sugar factory was being built there. Beets would be raised, so we planned on selling the rest of our place to go to Monroe.

We sold the rest of the 5 acres with the house to a Mr. Cartwright in Salt Lake for a little down and \$12 a month. Mr. Wilkins, our neighbor, agreed to move us. When we told our Bishop Eldredge of the Miller Ward that we were going to leave for Monroe because there was no steady work he told us that he was sorry and did not like to see us go, but wished us well and

gave us a pretty blue horse. We had sort of an express wagon which the family rode in. The neighbor took three horses and loaded our belongings in two other wagons and June 3, 1911, on a Saturday morning we started our journey. The two bigger boys rode with the neighbor and we had the four little ones. What a comedy we had each morning to start our little wagon! The blue horse pranced, and would not pull, till all of a sudden she would almost run away. Every night we put up our tent, cooked a little food, and went to bed. We arose early every morning and would average about 30 miles a day. One night we camped in Levan, the next morning we were told the way through the desert was 25 miles without water. During the noon hour we stopped and tried to fix lunch. A tablecloth was spread on the sand and I opened a bottle of pears. The wind blew and the pears were covered with sand. I certainly made a poor pioneer. Our boys enjoyed the ride and scenery, but to me it looked like we were leaving civilization.

After five days of traveling, we stopped at Elsinore. After leaving Richfield our wagons became separated. We took the upper road over Elsinore, and the teamster took the one through Central. We were waiting for the wagon with the bedding, and we had the food. Upon inquiring, we found out that the teamster was in Monroe, so we put the horse to the wagon again, which it did not like, but after trying, finally he runned us in a hurry. It was almost 10 p.m. when we arrived there. We found Bishop Swindle, very nice people which took us in for the night. A good clean bed and some clean clothing in the morning helped a lot to make us feel better. Then we looked around for a place to rent, which was not easy because the homes were mostly owned by the people who lived there. Finally we found one that needed cleaning. We could have that for \$3 a month. There was a lovely orchard, with fruit trees. We slept under the trees and cleaned the house with a strong formaldehyde whitewash, and killed all the bugs that were there. We had to go to the neighbors for our water.

There was plenty of carpenter work there, and the sugar factory was nearing completion. There was a Mrs. Loring who wanted a new house built. When the house was built she could not pay, but offered an old organ, an old stove, and so we took this with a little cash. This helped us through the winter. Then we rented a farm for half of the crop. We went to a better house where we could keep a cow and pigs. There was an orchard full of fruit and a good garden. This, with a little cash from Salt Lake helped us a lot. September 29, 1912 our Rose was born in Monroe. We could not talk so very good English. The nurse and doctor were paid on the tenth day. They sure showed surprise, and told me that I needed more help, but we had saved the money, and I told them I could pay no more.

One accident while we rented this farm happened one morning after the 4th of July. A little leftovers from an extra dinner the day before made the dinner buckets a little nicer, and Daddy with his three sons, or four sons sometimes, left early in the morning, while a little out of town the horses ran away. The boys were thrown off, and dinner went into the ditch, and after they came home frightened but not hurt very bad, they regretted the loss of their dinner pails most of all.

The farm, without the proper knowledge to run it, did not produce as it should, and when Fall came, there was not much of a crop and no cash. What should we do? Our neighbor, Mr. Luridgreen, said, "Brother Winkel, why don't you start a bakery here?" This brought the reply, "What good would that do?" With all the farmers' wives making their own bread, we didn't think

that it would pay. Whereupon Brother Lundgreen said, "The reason they make their own bread is because they cannot buy it out here. You try it and see." So we talked it over and the kitchen stove was fired up, and cookies and small fancy buns besides bread was made and four eldest boy Geert peddled this out. It sold quickly and bread was placed in Orson Magleby's store to sell. This went over pretty good and we decided to rent a store and equip it for a bakery.

CHAPTER 4

BACK IN THE BAKERY BUSINESS

We started very humble, but people patronized us and by delivering in Elsinore, we began to make a little headway. This was in March, 1913. When warm weather came the demand for bakery goods grew. We had bought a second hand steel oven, which heated the whole house. The place we rented was the old saloon and we had our living quarters there too. So we were back in bakery business again. Strange we had a good chance in Salt Lake to start there on 33rd South with Tom Walton, a grocery man, who made us a splendid offer, but the farm looked more alluring. There was a bakery in Richfield run by W. Wainright from Springville. He wanted to go back north, and wanted us to buy the bakery and stock. We made good in Monroe and even Bishop Swindle who was also cashier of the Monroe bank discouraged us in leaving Monroe, but we moved from Monroe in August 10, 1913 to Richfield, lived right with the business and were blessed. We bought in 1914 our first auto, a Buick, and after the lease of the bakery was up, we bought the bakery from Mrs. Isabel Christensen of Richfield. Two boys William and Francis were born there and the family became too big, so we bought us a home four blocks away, remodeled it and made it convenient for the family.

While living in Monroe Dad started our temple work, 1912. While the children were small it was not easy to leave, and not much was done for several years, till a genealogical committee started working while we lived in the First Ward in Richfield. They tried to hold cottage meetings to encourage research and temple work. Brother Strobell, one of our neighbors, was one of that committee and often talked to me of the great responsibility of our dead. Realizing that we were the only ones of our lines to do this, and still having a large family to care for, this work looked like a mountain to me almost too high to climb. But I gathered what names I had and Thys and I went to the temple to do some baptizing. We advanced slowly in this work, but the interest was awakening and when Thys was called on a mission in the Netherlands he had the privilege of gathering some of the Winkel ancestors, and found some of his mother's line too.

In 1916, while Europe had a war, wherein America became involved, my brother Evert was in Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, working on a rubber plantation. Although the coolies did the manual labor, the European directors and foreman were well paid for their time, and about every 3 or 4 years were given a year vacation with pay. This brother and his friend decided to see Japan and then the United States and then to Holland. Both were looking for a wife to take back with them. The friend J.F.M. Ophof found one right here in Richfield and took her back to Sumatra, but my brother could not make up his mind. We enjoyed their visit, and was a benefit for more reasons than one, because this brother told my people in Holland just how he found us. Although we made a success with the bakery in Richfield, the desire to own a farm where some of the boys could raise crops was still the desire of my husband, and Geert being a sale-man for magazines and traveling in southern Utah heard about a homestead in Henderson, Garfield County (John's Valley). A tractor was bought, livestock was sent up there, and Geert and Antone lived out there for a while. They had a little store, and it was here that Geert learned to write checks, which made much trouble. This farm was without water, and had such short seasons that it was a

failure, and was sold a few years later at a big loss. I visited there once in July, and was very sorry for the boys who did not have any church training in their training years.

In 1919 on the 6th of December we were blessed with another girl, Pauline, making our family 3 girls and 7 boys. It was in the second week of December that Geert came home from the farm driving a team of horses down here in bitter cold weather, and the boys never went back there any more to farm. While nearly all of our children were born and raised in business, and their mother helping where she could, it was no wonder that all seem to favor and fall in line except Antone who early in life wanted to have a garden to produce and work in the great out of doors. He was a lover of animals, specially horses.

In 1922 Thys was called on a mission to Netherlands. He was only a small boy when he showed his liking for working in a theater which was in the same block where the bakery was. He became usher, this was in the days of the silent pictures. Later he traveled with a picture, had a car to run around in, and when he was called on his mission he decided to raffle off his car. Mr. Stallings gave him one show night, which gave him a pretty good start in money. At that time the American dollar was 2 ½ in Netherlands. The war was settled with an Armistice in 1918, and everything was high in price. Thys was only 18 when he left. He worked in Alkmaar, Amsterdam, Delft and became Branch President in The Hague. He enjoyed his mission very much, and received a strong testimony and repaid some of the sacrifices his parents had made for the sake of the gospel.

While Thys was still in Nederland, in 1925, his Brother Antone was called. He left in November for the Mission Home. When he was about 2 months in the mission field he became ill, delirious with fever, it seems it took several doctors to diagnose his sickness. He was placed in a hospital. Thys was about to be released with the April Conference. He was in Salt Lake and it was then for the first time that we learned Antone had spinal meningitis, but we were assured that he was on the improve. Antone wrote us from time to time with pencil, and told us it was flu developed from a bad cold. In reflecting upon his case we found he was weakened by a tonsil operation before he left, and was slow in healing. The damp winter climate over there made him an easy victim, the slow determination of the nature of his disease, made it spread all over this body. When Bishop F.M. Ogden heard about his condition, he suggested a fast day for the ward which took place on April 13, 1920. Two weeks later we heard that Antone left the hospital on the 14th of April. They moved him to mission headquarters and while there, a doctor from Idaho, who made the trip with his wife when Pres. Lillywhite and family came to headquarters, examined our boy thoroughly. This doctor had come to Europe to learn more about his medical profession. He told him he would become entirely well, but that it would take considerable effort on his part to limber up his body. Pres. Lillywhite suggested he would be honorably released and would have a better chance to become well in our sunny climate in the Rocky Mountains, but Antone answered, "I came here to fill a mission, and I am going to do this if I have to do it on crutches." The members were very good to him, and many prayers were sent up in his behalf. Months after this, he had to endure much pain in his back, not being able to sit or walk very long at one time. We felt the power of the Priesthood was with him. He was always such a strong boy, and took delight in boxing, wrestling, and other outdoor sports. He filled a good mission, worked in Rotterdam, Delft, Leiden, Utrecht and Arnhem. He worked as District President in Arnhem

District. Before he was released he made a trip with some other Elders to Switzerland, Germany and to Italy.

CHAPTER 5

LIFE IN RICHFIELD

I have many times felt regrets that I did not keep records of our sojourn here, earlier in life, yet in reflecting how long it took to be able to write in English the many incidents that took place, perhaps it is not so bad after all. It was hard without any schooling to write, so it would be of interest and value to our children. What I write from the past is mostly memory of some of the incidents which are most vivid in my mind. I do not like to write about the heartaches that seem to come in most of our lives. If it had not been for prayer, I do not know how I could have gone through them, but it seems there was always a way out. My Relief Society meetings and work were always a big help to me, to give me encouragement, and not to nurse self pity. Many times I heard other sisters try to unburden their hearts, and it always made me feel that I was not the only struggler, but must try again. When we climb, we often stumble, and slide backwards, but we must try again to reach the top.

When Antone returned from his mission he worked around for a while to earn some money to go to school in Logan. He had been there before his mission, and desired an education in forestry. He worked in the Idaho forest in the summer and went to school during the winter months. He was married to Clella Luke in 1931, in the Mesa Temple. She was from Kingston, and had been previous to her marriage a school teacher. She encouraged him to finish his schooling after they were married, and this was very hard to do. Three babies were born in Logan during this time, Antone would make doughnuts and sell them to finance his schooling. Finally he graduated from the U.S.A.C. in 1937 and later he obtained a position with the Soil Conservation Service, and lived in Pocatello.

Thys, after his mission worked with picture shows again. He worked around Portland with a picture, and made good. Talking pictures were coming and threatened the silent pictures, so he talked it over with his father. The bakery in Manti was for sale, and with the help of Bert Kuiper, who had been working for us at that time, Thys got the bakery and managed it well. Thys married Reba Zoe Paterson from Glenwood June 15, 1927, and made a success of the Manti bakery. He worked in the Church in Sunday School and became First Counselor in the Bishopric.

Henry worked most with his father, he trucked and delivered, till he wanted to start for himself. It was the same Bert Kuiper that had worked for us and helped Thys that now moved to Salina and worked in the bakery with Henry. He married Wilma Gardner, and after a while he sold out to Bert Kuiper and started a bakery in Fairview, Utah. He had opened this bakery and run short of bread one day, so he went in his car to Manti for bread from his brother Thys. While he was making room in the car for this bread, he picked up a gun to move it, the gun went off, and went near his heart through the lung and came out about his kidney. The doctor was called and said there was nothing to do but make him comfortable. We were phoned to come over right away. When we arrived there the doctor had decided to dress the wound and bring him upstairs where Thys was living at that time. When we came there, Henry had lost much blood, and the doctor did not think he had any chance, but Thys went out to find an Elder Paterson, and these two

administered to him. Thys sealed the anointing and promised him that he would live. Thys until this day claims that he didn't say it, but I had heard him, and all of my hopes were based upon those words! This was contradicted by the doctor's wife who was a trained nurse, and she said it was impossible. She stayed with him the first night. He slowly recovered, and again we witnessed the power of the priesthood. He had a relapse and several operations were found necessary. Doctor bills run up high, but Henry took care of them all and became a very successful businessman.

Dena was during the time of this accident in Snow College and found her husband there. The was Luris P. Allen from Kingston. Luris graduated from the Snow College and that summer he became interested in the bakery. He learned the trade pretty well, and worked for about a year. This bakery knowledge came in pretty handy, for a few years later they decided that Luris should finish his college education. They worked out a scheme which worked out pretty well. It was hard to get up early enough every morning to be ready with his doughnuts, so that he could be to school at 8 o'clock. The family kept increasing. Luris graduated in 1934. Before graduation exercises were held, the president of the College received a letter from President Grant, asking for a young man with a willing wife to go to Kelsey, Texas, to take care of church work there. President Petersen answered and said he thought he had the right party and recommended Luris and his wife. Both received their mission calls and Luris had to leave right away to attend summer school there. Dena and children followed him later. President Grant heard the story about making doughnuts and the efforts to gain an education. When Luris left. Antone did the same thing completing his schooling by making doughnuts.

Rose had chosen for her study to be a nurse. She entered LDS Hospital for training in 1931. She only earned \$8 per month for the first year, \$9 for the second and \$10 for the third. From this amount she paid faithfully her tithing, and remembered every birthday at home with something. She graduated 1934 and married one of her patients, something she never intended to do. She married in 1935 in the Salt Lake temple Melvin T. Hallen. They bought a little home on Van Buren Avenue. It was nicely furnished to start with, due to Rose's nursing cases when she went out as a private nurse and Melvin's savings toward marriage.

In January, 1910, just after our son John was born on February 21, I had a few days of severs earache. It was a different earache than I ever had. I try some home remedies but they did not help. My face started to swell, and we called the doctor. When he came he said it was erysipelas. It was not a common disease. He told me to go to bed and bathe my face with hot salt water. The pain went through my head and my eyesight went completely. My face was so swollen that the baby (Dena) was afraid of me. We called in the Elders to rebuke the pain, but it did not relieve me much. Again the Elders came to me, but the pain still lingered on. The Bishop came and promised to send Brother Taylor, a good old faithful man. He rebuked the infliction, and the pain left, and I became all right again. Dr. John Sharp told me afterwards that my life was in danger. He was afraid that the disease went through my brain. My hair all came out, and never grew like it did before.

John, our baby, was born about three weeks later, under very humble circumstances. We lived in a two room house which was just lined with building paper inside and rustic on the outside, no plaster at all. The one room was our bedroom, the other our kitchen. There was no stove in the

bedroom, and while Dad went out for the doctor the baby was born at 7 o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Wilkins, a friendly neighbor, came over and looked after the children. A Dutch sister, Mrs. Mellecan, came and was our nurse and housekeeper. This boy John grew along with the other children, and his interests were many. When he had completed his third year in high school he was allowed to go to Delta to help his brother Thys in the theater there. He stayed there for a while, but couldn't complete his schooling. He returned back to Richfield, but didn't want to complete his education here either. He lacked one credit of algebra to graduate from high school. Then he started to work for his father in the bakery. He worked for a while, and then went to California to take a cake decorating course. He worked in some of the biggest bakeries there, and after that he came home again and helped his father. He Joined the National Guard for a while, and it just seemed that he couldn't find anything that he really liked to do. He married Ruby Gregerson September 1, 1933, and they built a little home next to us in Richfield, and he continued working in the bakery. He stayed there all the time we were on our mission, but his heart wasn't in his work. After we came back from Holland he started to raise turkeys, and he borrowed money to start it, but he has surely done well. He had a son born in 1937. Since that time, he has built a new home by his coops, and has bought his own farm, and is much more content and happy.

Our sixth boy was born in Richfield in September, 1914, above the old bakery. We called him William. He was the only blue-eyed boy with a fair complexion, while all of his brothers were dark. He was bright and talked early, and entertained many times people who came in our store. William started school in Richfield in September, 1920. He was quite mischievous in school, and made the grades fine. He began high school, but found another system there. His ambitious nature for fun did not agree with studies in high school, and it was not very long until school became a burden. The school faculty called for a consultation with his parents, and it was made clear that Willie was not receiving any benefit from his school. So he started to work for his daddy, driving the bakery truck as far south as Fredonia, Arizona. In the Spring 1929 he took sick with spinal meningitis, which affected his right ear hearing. He recovered in a short time, and resumed trucking. He joined the National Guard and helped to cook for the encampment at the Jordan Narrows. While in this service he was inoculated for diphtheria, typhoid and smallpox. He was married young to Nettle Barney, an early marriage for both, but that was their desire. He took up airplane flying, and obtained a pilot license. He quit trucking for a while and bought the Manti bakery from his brother Thys. This worked all right for a while, but then he rented it out and went back into trucking wholesale groceries. He, along with his brother Henry, had the Scowcrofts agency here for a while, and then Bill handled it alone. He had a growing business and had many employees; then one of the truckers who worked for him lit a cigarette and threw the match too close to a gas stove which exploded. Luckily no one was hurt, but a lot of damage was done. Bill and Nettie lost their first baby with pneumonia, a little girl, but their next one was a boy, just as full of life and mischief as his father had been.

Our seventh boy was born during the World War October 11, 1916 while we lived in the bakery. In the Spring 1924, the measles made Willie, Francis and Paulina sick and in 1925 they had mumps. Dr. Gottfredson took Francis' and Pauline's tonsils out 29 August 1930. He started school in Richfield, and passed his grades. He entered high school and seminary and played football and basketball. In one of the football games he broke his arm, but he played basketball the same season. He went to the Utah State Agricultural College at Logan for a while. While his

parents were away on their mission, Rose, Henry, Thys and Willie agreed together that they would support Francis on a mission. He was called to the Society Isles and left November 2 from San Francisco for the Islands. He filled this mission honorably, and although two months or more sometimes passed by without a letter, when we did hear, we were convinced that his whole heart was in this work. The Mission President became ill and returned to Salt Lake (President Woodbury) and Brother Palmer was called to take the President's place until a president could be called. Brother Palmer was from Idaho, and was Francis' partner. They made the trip to the Isles together and for some time Francis labored with him as Mission Secretary. He was released in September, 1937, and came home and worked for his brother Henry with turkeys until 1940. He was Superintendent of the Sunday School in the Third Ward, taught the Missionary Class in Sunday School, was a ward teacher, President of the Stake M-Men and a Home Missionary till January 23, 1941 when he was married to Rose B. Thompson.

CHAPTER 6

MISSION TO HOLLAND

In the Spring of 1936, we were called on a mission to Holland. It was arranged that John could run the bakery, Willie who was married then could live in our house. Francis lived with them and after much prayers and planning we decided to take Pauline to Kelsey (Texas). As she was in her first year of high school, she needed environment that would help her. We thought a mission home would be best for her. We left for that trip in February, 1935. Rose and Francis went with us. We went through Arizona, but before we reached Flagstaff we burned a bearing out which delayed us having that fixed. When the car was tried out it blew out again, and after dickering and discussions the car was traded in on a new Chevy and we continued our trip. We drove through one night to make up for lost time. That night we drove through a sandstorm which sounded like hail on the car. We finally reached Kelsey, Texas. We saw the church school, talked to several missionaries, and spent Sunday there. Next day we prepared for our return trip. Our goodbye to our baby girl, who was only 15, was rather hard, but it was only for a time and it was till we meet again. We went through Dallas, and from the Texas border we went for Colorado, through snowy mountain peaks. We made out all right over Grand Junction into Utah, over Price and Salina Canyon to Richfield. It was dark when we came home and what an icy home it was. One of our water pipes had burst and ice and water had chilled the home.

We planned on doing some temple work before we left on our mission. We visited our son Thys in Manti and did the work for my parents. They were sealed to each other and myself and their children who had died were sealed to their parents.

The training in the Mission Home was wonderful. The days went too fast. There was a group of 80, and 24 of them were to make the trip to Europe. We had a special car for our 24 missionaries. We stopped in Chicago and had a two-hour sightseeing trip with a guide in a bus. Stopped at Buffalo to see the Niagara Falls on America and Canada sides. We were very much impressed by the bigness of the falls. Then on to New York with its big buildings and narrow streets. We stayed in a wonderful hotel. We went out to the pier and saw liner Manhattan who was to take us to England. The trip was wonderful, fresh flowers on the tables in our dining room, a newspaper printed on board came every morning to our room. A picture show every afternoon, plenty of good books made the days go fast for those who were not seasick. The fifth day of our journey we saw Ireland's shore, and not very long after that we were taken to Plymouth, England, where we boarded a train to Gravesend where a steamer, the Batavier, would take us to Holland. It was evening when we boarded the Batavier, and early in the morning we had crossed the North Sea and saw the first signs of the country we had left in 1906. The boat slowed down, went up the main river and soon we saw the city of Rotterdam. It is very hard to describe the feelings which possessed us when we set foot on our native soil. It looked familiar, and yet.... It made me think of the Words of Sir Walter Scott:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,

'This is my own, my native land.'
Whose heat hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

Although we love our new Fatherland, the entering of the old Fatherland with its memories and relationships was very impressive.

We had to go to the custom officers to show that we did not have anything to be taxed and two missionaries took us to headquarters of the mission. It felt good to be on land. We asked Pres. Lyon for a 2-week leave to see our relatives and brush up on our Dutch before we were assigned to mission work.

That same day we left for The Hague, the city where I was born October 1, 1878. My brother Arie and wife were there to meet us, and welcomed us very much. We went to their home in a taxi, and that first evening we spent in talking and talking. I had trouble with a good many words that I had forgotten. Dad could talk pretty well. The other two brothers and sisters that lived in The Hague lived some distance away and were visited the next day. When we left Holland, these brothers and sisters were not even married, and now all had families of their own. They all received us very well, but did not seem very interested in our mission work. We had some good conversations with brother Arie. He was much dissatisfied with his church (Calvin). We went to my other sister in Haarlem who treated us very kindly and took us around the city which was all very interesting. After that we went to Apeldoorn with the train to see Dad's brother Arend, and his sister Anna in Apeldoorn. This sister lived in a beautiful place. Woods and pretty gardens were everywhere. The Queen of Holland had her summer residence there.

We had a very nice visit with Anna, but the message of the gospel which we would like so much to give was not of interest to her or her daughters. Then we went to Gorsel where Dad's brother Arend lived, this trip was made by bus, and Arend was there to meet us when the bus stopped. He was an elder in his church, and although we tried to tell him what our gospel was we did not seem to make much headway.

We had a few days left to see my brother Evert who lived in Gorichem and had a nursery there with hothouses which was interesting to see. They did their best to please us. They used coffee for their breakfast, and did not like to see us go without, so they asked us what we used for breakfast. We told them some fruit and cereal. They bought a little grapefruit (18 cents a piece) so in the future I was very careful to state what we were used to at home. Although Holland had many people on relief, we were very pleased to note that all of our relatives had their own living and had it pretty good.

Many things had changed since we were there. The old locations were very much the same, but the new homes and buildings and streets were modern and much improved. Wide streets with traffic regulations proved to us that automobiles, although not so plentiful as in America, had lots to do with improved streets and roads. Bicycles were so plentiful over there that in some narrow streets they became a menace, while on the bigger streets special lanes were provided to ride on, and special walks for the walker. Trucks and buses with their speed and convenience had taken

the place of nearly all the boat services that we used to know. Therefore, many of these people that used to have their own boats were out of work. Several of these ships were used homes by their owners, and were numbered like houses on the river banks.

The world war had brought many changes like here in our own country, wages went up, cost of living did, and the result was that the hired girls who used to work for the rich would rather work in a factory for much more wages, shorter hours and Sunday and evenings free, instead of the whole 24 hours belonging to the family that you worked for. The need for these girls was keenly felt, and they sent for the German girls who would be glad to find a good place to work. By and by 40,000 girls were brought in from Germany, and many of those never returned to their country, but married Dutch boys. Then the Depression came and factories were closed, and girls could hardly find work. In order to work for these rich people the girl must know how to cook and do housework. The factory girls had to be taught. Several household schools were started, and after a course of six weeks or three months the girls were taken from the schools and able to apply for a position.

So this was in many ways a different Holland than we had known. The war had made many people hard and indifferent, yet churches were built of numerous sects. We heard from a minister who had preached to his congregation about the coming Millennium and the conditions it would bring. Inasmuch as certain ministers stand under a hoard of people or synod who approve or disapprove of the minister's preaching, this particular minister was brought before the synod of men and told to apologize for his preaching or quit his preaching to the people. The minister tried to prove from the Bible that this was true, but he could not convince them, and lost his right to preach in that particular church. Many people had believed him about the Millennium, and the result was that another church was formed, and flourished. So it is, as a rule, people in Holland are very religious and want to go to Church. Their fighting for religion in centuries past is like an old tradition that must be followed, but like any other country, comparatively few people accept the gospel. When we joined the Church Rotterdam had 1000 members who live today in this country. The emigration kept the branches small. Today not so many people are found as in the first days when the gospel was preached there, and emigration restricted and almost stopped. We find today that local brethren are in charge of districts and branches to keep the good work going. The increasing flow of cheap literature made tracting difficult. Many people did not read the tracts, and a new way of contacting the people was made in selling or taking subscriptions for *The Star*, a little mission paper.

The big cities in Holland have many big parks, with benches to repose and see the beauty of skillful gardeners. Swans and ducks fill the waters running through the parks. The many unemployed stock these benches to talk with each other and play cards. In the morning you will find mostly men, but in the afternoon women and children are there. We have spent a good many days in the parks talking with them and passing out tracts and had many good gospel conversations, until the ministers warned their flocks that wolves in sheep's clothing were in the parks.

We worked for three months in the city of Utrecht, one of the oldest towns in Holland and is the center of the Dutch railway system. Many old buildings are still in use. The Domchurch was built in the 13th century and is used for worship every Sunday. It was in this city that the

Archbishops had their homes and their activities. It dates from the Roman occupation, and several of the roads the Romans built are still the same highways.

In the August Conference we were transferred to this extreme north part of Netherlands. We never were there before, and these people do not mingle with the Dutch traditions, but cling to the customs of long ago. The Church has a nice meeting place there with a baptismal font, a choir, and a membership of about 60. Through emigration the members keep on leaving, but at the present day they have a local brother as Branch President. These people often have friction among themselves, and that was one of the reasons we were send out there. While we were there they kept the peace. We worked in a large tracting district, but without much success; however, there were some people that took our tracts, and who knows but in the near future we might hear of some results in Groningen.

We worked there with Brother Epperson from Midvale and Brothers Curtis and Hodges worked in Leewarden with an earnest desire to establish a Branch there. We were transferred from there to Leiden back in Holland where we labored not very long. We made some friends there and found some investigators. Letters from home indicated that business was going down, and when we counseled with our mission president, and he in turn did with the presiding Apostle, we were honorably released from our mission and started in April for France. We stayed a few days in Paris and took the boat Washington from Le Havre. We had a stormy voyage. A SOS call caused our boat to leave its course to help another boat with trouble, but another SOS told them the boat could make out all right. We returned to New York and figured out our ticket home to Utah. We returned over Palmyra and visited with Willard Bean, a Richfield man who had charge over the Smith farm and grove and Hill Cumorah. We stayed overnight and visited the grove in the morning. Brother Bean took us to the hill and we were very much impressed with the hill, and especially with the grove. We felt we were on holy ground. We made the trip home on good trains, and were welcomed in Salt Lake City by Rose and Melvin, and Henry and Wilma who were there in their cars.

CHAPTER 7

HOME AGAIN IN RICHFIELD

Dad felt right at home in the bakery, but business was down, and we had bills to pay and no car to use. We were often asked to come and talk in other wards out of town, and when we told them we had no car, they would come for us and bring us back home again. We loved to tell the people how different it was in Europe, how this was the promised land, what privileged people we were, enjoying so many blessings. It was a wonderful experience and blessing to go back to our native land, but it was nice to be back in the land of clear blue skies and sunshine and enjoy the comforts of life.

In December we had cleared our bills. We parted with the old bakery building to settle with Henry, and bought us a car. Oh how good it felt to be able to ride again. We often wondered how much good we had done, by preaching the gospel to our relatives and hundreds of others. We have sown the seed. Some of the people were bitter, others not interested, some would listen and we would have some good conversations. Anyway we feel thankful for this privilege we have had. My brothers (that is two of them) admitted in our discussions that their church had many failings, but they did not think that was a good reason to leave it, but try to make it better. My oldest brother Arie, in his correspondence after we came home said in one of his letters. I am too old to change. Antoon my youngest brother kept silent because he is a secretary in the Reformed Church, and could not very well afford to lose his job. We felt though that our visit in Holland has brought us closer together. We have especially enjoyed the monthly missionary meeting with President Lyon presiding and conducting. Many problems were brought up and President Lyon had such a good way explaining them. Dad felt some day that this man may be called to be an apostle. He is a well learned man in the gospel. Some of the missionaries have had a couple of years college, and had many scientific questions, which were always answered satisfactory.

Oh this gospel is the most wonderful thing that has come in our life! My most knowledge came from being a church member, attending Relief Society, Sunday School, Mutual, why this in itself is a college course. Our first Prophet Joseph Smith once said it is impossible to be saved in ignorance. All this studies in classes brighten our outlook on life, increases our knowledge and strengthens our testimonies, and not to forget our visits to the temples, for the same sweet spirit that is there. Our missionary work for our ancestors on the other side. This unselfish work the world knows nothing of. If people would only investigate Mormonism with an honest desire in their hearts to find out if it was the truth, they would find it. Just like Moroni promised in the last part of the Book of Mormon.

Searching for our ancestors is a fascinating work, it was hard for me first, but we learn by doing. Now it is almost uppermost in my mind always looking for possible clues. We have been fairly successful looking for possible records, but there is much more to be had. I feel that the microfilming by the church will be a big help.

With the marriages of our children, they began to scatter and it was hardly ever that they were

together again. This created a desire to come together, and organize a family organization and have a reunion. We as parents with an eye for the future, thought it was a splendid idea. In 1939 (August) a reunion was held for two days. One day at Maple Grove, with picnic, program of the grandchildren and games for the bigger ones. This Grove is ideal for such gatherings. Many times before this we had picnics over there. The next day was a banquet at the old homestead. The evening was spent with a program wherein all the children and parents took part. In this home program, the Lord's blessings were pointed out, some talents in poems and songs were given and plans for future gatherings were made. Family ties were strengthened. Many episodes out of the Children's lives were rehearsed. There was a good spirit, and the family had not been together for over 15 years.

Mission work was brought up and as Pauline was in line to be called on a mission, several brothers offered to support her. Thys, John, and Geert made promises which they carried out when Pauline was called to go to the Northwestern States. Thys, Francis and Henry made contributions for temple work. A report was given what had been done in the past. Anton gave some comical experiences from childhood days, Luris and Dena sang a duet, Geert gave some stories. John had a patriotic song. Rose had a poem about all the Winkels. Pauline had made up some songs. Francis gave a missionary report from the family's missionaries. Thys talked about Genealogy. Bill gave humorous incidents of his own life, and incidents of his wrecks, etc. Dad and I both made some remarks. Henry presided and conducted the affair. It was an occasion that we felt thankful for and if continued will do much good in the future.

In reflecting upon the days when all the children were home, the rounds of preparing meals, washing faces, keeping peace, rushing off to school which numbered at times seven in school, their father leaving early, and coming home for a bite of dinner then off again. When all of the children were in bed, I can see now, I could have done much better. I tried to go with them to Sunday School, and send the little ones first. We had to walk seven blocks and often we were there with nine of us. There was always plenty of bread to eat because the bakery saw to that. We kept two or three cows, had pigs, and Antoon took care of a good garden. He had first prize once for squash raised to nearly 100 lbs. Antoon kept a riding horse, and thought more of that horse, (which was a beauty) than any girl in his young years. He always had choice rabbits. We had chickens, and so our living was as far as eatables were concerned, right here from the lot. At that time we had several fruit bearing trees. It was a big advantage living in a full lot compared with the crowded living in Main street with no yard for the children to play.

There were tragedies and comedies with these seven boys who sometimes could not agree. Antoon, as the oldest boy home, took early the younger ones in hand and was almost a second father to them. He entertained them in the orchard where bonfires were built for a stew, or some other scout activity, while the other boys, when they grew older would go up town for their amusement. Tone stayed at home and often remarked when the boys became so active between supper and bedtime, and it was too cold and dark to be out doors, "We should have a gymnasium". I often wondered how our transoms, in the door frame, stood the weight of the boys who tried to hang on them. Later, two poles with swing and trapeze took care of that sport outdoors. Antoon was mostly home for keeping the place up. He built a chicken coop, fenced the place, rebuilt the barn, remodeled the grainery into a little clubhouse. He built a garage, laid the

pavement around the house, in fact, when anything was broken and needed repair, he was the handy man.

While the children grew up we had little serious sickness. There was measles, mumps, whooping cough. It was later when they matured that we had Willie with spinal meningitis, and Antoon with an appendix taken out, Francis with a broken arm in football, Rose with a serious infection in her arm, and a needle in her big toe. Dad and I stayed O.K. and handled the different situations. In writing to my mother in Holland who also raised a family often, I often told her about my struggles to be captain of the ship. She would answer, "Child! You are having your happiest time now, while they are little, when you make the rounds at night and tuck in the covers, you know they are all home and all right." I often thought of her sayings later, lying awake till they were all home and in bed. Several times, later, the phone would ring, and there was a wreck and they needed help. No wonder a mother prays for her children that are out and have their times, for a safe return. In fact now, after they established their own homes and families, we still feel that they need our prayers and interest. Their success is ours, their failures and losses we feel keenly. When our Willie lost nearly all he had in a big fire, we felt it like our own loss. Their promotion and activity in Church work is a great joy to us. We had our youngest girl with us longer than any other. She worked in the store in the summer, like her other sisters, and from the money they earned try to keep themselves. The boys who worked with their father did the same. They earned their own bicycles, later their cars, with managing what they earned.

CHAPTER 8

GENEALOGY, MISSIONS AND MARRIAGES

Our youngest daughter, Pauline, who graduated from high school in 1938 in Richfield, went to Cedar City in September, 1938, to the Branch Agricultural College without a special course to follow. She took what appealed to her, and enjoyed her school there very much. Batching with three other girls made her realize her home life and standing more on her own, her testimony increased, she was active in church and school. This helped to create a desire to go on a mission. She became acquainted with a son of her music teacher, Mr. Manning. This boy had the same desire, and was called when school let out to fill a mission to Germany. This added to Pauline's desire, who wanted a foreign mission. The Bishop in our Third Ward, Bishop A. Jensen, send in her call but was told she was too young. This was a blow to her, and as school opening drew near made her wonder what to do. Apostle Callis came here for Conference and gathered the prospective missionaries around him. Had a personal talk with each one of them. He had a serious talk with Pauline, she had met him in the Texas mission and encouraged her to go. Pauline wrote a personal letter to President Grant regretting in this letter the trouble she had caused and it was not very long until her mission call came. September war broke out in Europe, and all the missionaries were called to the United States, and Pauline was called to the Northwestern States Mission, presided over by President Nibley with headquarters in Portland. Time passed by rapidly; Pauline worked in the Ward Primary as chorister and they gave her a very nice party at our home where she was remembered with many useful gifts. Her farewell party in the Ward was very impressive. The girls' chorus to which she had belonged in the high school was there to give some nice numbers. Her friends were there in big numbers and wished her success in her mission work.

We were called to work in genealogy, Dad as Chairman. In 1939 we held weekly classes in the Ward chapel Monday nights. With an outline to follow, the Junior class in genealogy was well attended and much interest was shown. The Stake General Board stimulated this interest by offering a free trip to St. George temple to all who lived up to the requirements made. Result was that in May, 1939, after the closing of our classes a group of about 160 old and young left for St. George. We stayed overnight. The youngsters did much baptizing and the older ones endowments. Before we left for our return trip we had a testimony meeting where many of the Juniors stood up. President Snow of the St. George temple made some fine comments of the good work and the good behavior of such a big group of youngsters, and invited us to return. Dad drove our car down, while the biggest majority made the trip in two school buses. It was decided that every year we would try to make the trip to some temple. The following year, 1940, we made another trip to the Logan temple, which was also very successful. After this the class work was changed and carried on under the Sunday School with just one class for teacher training. Our Juniors were very much disappointed. Some had made some very fine memory books, and wanted to finish their course.

These temple trips will not be forgotten. I have been now in the four temples of Utah. The same spirit, the sane work, and yet we love our Manti temple the best, because we know the workers

and our President and wife who were Our Stake heads in Sevier. There is room for improvement in this most important temple work. Many people are not interested as they should. In fact, President Young told us there were 60,000 members in our temple district, and during 1939 there was about one endowment per capita. When we realize the little life time we have to do this work we should all be more anxious to do this work, because we cannot be saved without our dead.

October, 1939, we left this morning for the temple in Manti where Pauline would receive her endowments. We took with us Mr. S. Gardner, Mr. L. Ogden and Mrs. Shaw. They all worked on our record that day, and with the help of two more sisters work was done for 13. Pauline was asked to bear testimony in the meeting and made many friends that day. It was indeed a wonderful day for which we were all thankful. November 23 was the day for leaving to Mission Headquarters in Portland, and as it was Utah Thanksgiving Day we spent the day with Rose, and in the afternoon went with them to Coalville where we found Dana with a nasty cold. Back to Salt Lake in order to be on the 8 o'clock train which would take Pauline away from us for at least 18 months. Many people were there to see the missionaries off and bid them Godspeed till we meet again. Wonderful system of the Church for young people to spend two years or more of their best lifetime when ambitions are high in the Lord's work, to find the honest of heart to listen to the wonderful message of the restored gospel.

On December 12 we had a phone call announcing, "This is President Nibley at Portland telling you Pauline has been operated on last night for appendicitis. She is as well as can be expected. There is no cause to worry because she has all chances for a good recovery. Excellent care, excellent doctors." But this was a hard blow, nevertheless. Pauline's companion kept us informed the first few days till Pauline was able to scribble in bed a few lines to let us know how she was progressing. The Lord bless her with a speedy recovery, and at Christmas Day she was brought to the mission home and after that she went to her brother Antoon in Stanfield where she became stronger and had the privilege to talk in the Presbyterian church.

January 1940--Our boy Francis was married this month to Rose B. Thompson from Aurora. They planned on going to California, but before they went we planned on a trip to Mesa, Arizona. We went there with Charles Wilson and wife and had a very pleasant trip. Spend a couple of days in the temple, did some sealing and admired that beautiful halls and stairway. Even the altars were base and top made of marble. The Mesa temple is typical of the country where it is built. Beautiful Navajo rugs blend in with their soft colors finely woven different from the ones we saw for sale. The paintings were of the coloring of their cliffs and desert. Also of Indians in their full dress. The attendance was very good. Every seat was taken, and even the stands were packed. A luncheon for all the temple goats with crackers and oranges for dessert was enjoyed. The temple grounds were beautiful, with orange and grapefruit trees which we were permitted to pick some. Sweet peas and other flowers were blooming, and for us from the cold valleys was certainly a treat.

February 18--Manti temple exercises today with a prayer circle after the night session. There was a good attendance. We did the work for seven sisters. The prayer circle was very impressive. President Warnook was mouthpiece and about 150 made the circle.

February 25--In our Union Meeting today we were told that the whole Stake would be recorded as families on family sheets, with all the information it called for to be filled in each Ward. While the Stake would type these sheets and send them to the Genealogical Library where they will be filled. This work gave us opportunity to contact people in our Ward. It took us one month to do this work, and these names were checked with the Ward Clerk's records and handed in to the Stake.

May, 1940--Holland was invaded by the Germans, and with all their modern destructive weapons and bombs. It was in the congested district of Rotterdam a wholesale slaughtering on the 5th day of May. Holland's authorities decided to give up to save life and property of their people. We are anxious to hear about our folks over there, especially the ones that lived in Rotterdam, but it is almost two months since this happened and no news yet.

July, 1940--While Europe is still fighting, ships are sunk, bombing of the Nazi planes try to destroy England, America is strengthening her defense, plans are made, boys are trained, planes are built. Willie was asked if he would teach flying if this airport here could be used. Willie is the only one in Richfield with a pilot's license, \$300. salary a month but Willie refused.

Conference today was very well attended. Apostle Richard R. Lyman was the main speaker, and in his comical way, had the attention of the audience. Had a list of our missionaries with him who he did meet in their field of labor. Had the parents stand up and told them about their son or daughter what fine work they were doing. He mentioned Pauline Winkel who was in Seattle in Conference. Ask for her father and mother to stand up in the audience and told what fine missionary our girl was.

August, 1940--News from Uncle Evert today. They were all well, and conditions did not look so bad as we may think. The board was about two months; it must have been held in the censor's for several weeks. A few days later we had a letter from Sister Rhynsburger who came to Ogden in May. She told about the Church members in Holland not one was killed, not even the boys who were called in the army. Their meeting place in Rotterdam was demolished. Brother and Sister Betham had been told to move by their landlord. They did not like to move, but looked for another home to rent. Then the destruction came and the home they had to move out of was destroyed completely with all that was in it, and they felt they were protected.

September 1940--Gave the lesson in the High Priest Quorum class. The sisters were asked to remain, subject was "Priesthood in the Home". I always feel my inferiority in regards to language because I had no schooling here, but the class seemed to enjoy the lesson. It gave us a thankful feeling to realize that all our children are making a good living while so many others are depending on government aid. Thys, Henry, John, Rose, Dena and Willie have their own home and all have their own car. If they all would live the gospel it would be perfect. Some day they will.

September 25, 1940--Dad and I went to the temple today. Had Heber Wilson and wife with us and several others helped us on our record. We had 20 couples sealed and 40 children to parents besides endowments for 12. The temple was beautiful, two rooms redecorated with new carpets and drapes. We enjoyed the day very much. We did much temple work this year, but due to the

war, we cannot obtain any more names at present. Many of our friends have helped us to do this work.

November 17, 1940--A telephone call brought the good news from Salt Lake that Rose gave birth to a son. We feel blessed and hope that Rose may soon gain her strength after the ordeal she went through. After her 10 days in the hospital I went up to their home to help her for a few days. Rose is not gaining in strength as she should but with the help of her good husband she thinks she can manage. In December the doctor ordered Rose back to bed. If that does not help her she probably will have to go back to the hospital. The baby is doing fine. We hope Rose will soon be all right.

THE LATER YEARS

I cannot believe that Mother didn't keep a journal or add to her life's history after 1940. I typed her history for her Book of Remembrance, starting before I really knew how to type. I think she must have put down her thoughts or her actions in a notebook somewhere and it was lost or destroyed when she was taken from her home. I will try to augment her history by adding some of my recollections between 1940 and the time she died. I stayed at home with her longer than the other children, and when I was away she wrote me faithfully every week.

She and Dad really enjoyed each other after there were no more kids at home. I didn't think that Dad and Mother really loved each other as I saw love portrayed in the movies. Dad would give Mom a perfunctory kiss each afternoon when he went to work after dinner, but I thought it was duty, not pleasure that prompted him. I was wrong. There were too many children and too much to do to spend time just being with each other when we were all growing up. When I came home from my mission in 1941, I felt like a third party on a date. Dad and Mom would walk to a movie holding hands, and I would be odd man out. Before I went on my mission, it was I who held Dad's hands or went arm in arm between my parents. They had found each other again when all the kids had left the nest. I was very happy for them, as I hadn't seen that before. Mom and Dad had disagreed over many things during my lifetime, and it was very good to see them of one accord, enjoying each other.

When they came to pick me up after my mission and we drove up to the Canadian temple, sometimes they sat in the back seat together, or often Dad would sit in the front seat while I drove. I did most of the driving, as Dad really didn't like to drive when he didn't know where he was going. I got us lost in Montana and drove 70 miles out of the way.

When I decided to go to business school to learn a saleable skill, Mother thought that was very wise. When Elder Rast came home from his mission and I took him to Richfield to meet the folks, Mother went out of her way to make him welcome, but I could see she wasn't really sold on him. After I had given him his ring back she confided that he was a city boy and not our kind of people. She was willing, however, to let me make my own choice and accept him if I chose to become his wife.

This was wartime. Dad would have liked to travel and see things he had planned to see. Gas rationing was on and this was an impossibility. I had Joined the Navy by this time and Mother wrote me faithfully. I think her life was not too eventful during this period, as the war restricted them in their activities.

I came home on leave in August, 1943. It was good to see them and Dad still had the bakery. Mom was still actively pursuing genealogy and they were going to the temple as often as gasoline rationing would permit. At this time I had met my future husband, so I was full of his attributes and abilities and I had my confidential talks with Mom. She said, "He sounds good, but we'll see."

The next time I saw them was in January, 1944, when I came home to get married. Dad had

taken Brother Holt in as a partner in the bakery and it wasn't working out well. Brother Holt told Dad he could make me a wedding cake. Mother had a "trousseau tea" one afternoon and Dad made the refreshments--turnovers and divinity. Mom had made a good punch. My Francis had chopped Mom a big pile of wood, and she told me he was "our kind of people". However, complete acceptance did not come until later, after we had been married for some time. He undertook to fix her old washing machine, and had the thing in a hundred pieces out on the back porch. Mom would come in shaking her head--muttering something in Dutch. I knew she thought he would never get it back together--but he did and it worked fine, to her great surprise. I don't know what would have happened if he hadn't succeeded,

In March of 1944 I was discharged from the Navy and put in a back brace, and I came home again to the folks. Dad had sold his bakery and was home. Each day he would shell about 50 lbs of walnuts, and would be delighted to know he was still making money even though he was retired. Sometimes the man who bought the bakery would like to take a vacation and would get Dad to take his place. Dad liked to do this occasionally. One time Dad went about 5 a.m. when he didn't feel too well. When he made his usual cup of Postum it spilled all over his clean apron, as he couldn't close his lips on the cup. He went into the restroom to clean himself up and was surprised to see his face. The right side sagged down, and he realized that something was wrong and went home. Mom immediately called the doctor, who came and told Mother he had a stroke. He said to keep him quiet and left some medication for him. Mother hovered over Dad and was so concerned about him, but in three days he was back to normal.

Dad began to read more. Always before he would get Mom to read to him so she could explain the words he couldn't understand. They were stake missionaries and would study the scriptures together. Their main job was to get the 4-generation sheets filled out for inactive or part-member families. Dad had been the Genealogy Chairman for Third Ward for years, and Mom taught the Genealogy class in Sunday School. I have before me a penny postcard with a 1 cent stamp addressed to Elder Hendrik Winkel, City, dated 12/14/43. It states: "Thanks for your reports. You have been some of the most faithful of Soviet Stake missionaries. I hope you and your wife forgive me for keeping you so long in that harness. Thanks immensely for all the work you have done and are now doing. Yours, Jos. Y. Toronto, Stake Mission Pres."

Dad had always wanted to build a new, more convenient home for Mother. It was wartime, however, and all materials and workmen were hard to obtain. Dad decided that he had just better buy another house already built, so he placed an ad in the Richfield Reaper saying he wanted a modern, one-story house. Lydia Fredrickson Ramsey answered the ad and told him she would sell him hers. Lydia had been a neighbor until she married Bab Ramsey. They had bought the Calloway home by the high school, which was only 2 rooms and a bath, but they had remodeled it and added on and installed a furnace in the partial basement and had carpentered it throughout. Mother and Dad went to see it and Mom really liked it. It was small (3 bedrooms) but plenty big for them. It had an electric range in the kitchen, which she never really appreciated, and a furnace which was automatic and worked automatically with a mechanical stoker. To her it was real luxury! She said it was a "doll house". They asked a lot for the house and Dad tried to dicker, but Lydia knew H. Winkel had the money and held out, and Dad paid the asking price. My reaction was, "Next to the high school!" All ten of us had walked ten blocks to high school

and came home for lunch. What a waste! Mom was very happy with her new house, and I was grateful that she had a more convenient way of life. She had worked hard long enough.

In June, 1945, I left the folks to take a job working for the Church at Pinecrest Inn in Emigration Canyon, an MIA summer resort for girls. I was their "salad girl" and made 125 salads for lunch and another 125 for dinner each day. I had to order my supplies once a week, and hoped to have enough to make the 1375 various kinds of salads I created each week. By late July the boys had given Dad enough gasoline ration stamps for a trip to Oregon to visit Tone. In the meantime, Melvin Hallen's mother died in Salt Lake City, and the folks decided to attend their funeral, since Rose and Melvin, who were living in Georgia at this time, would be coming. On July 30 they drove as far as Gunnison and spent the night with Dena, who was planning to go to Oregon with them. They left the next morning with Luris accompanying them, since he wanted to attend the funeral. Just a couple of miles before they reached Layart, Dad said, "There goes my tire", as a front tire blew out. They were the last words he would ever speak. The car rolled over twice, Dad was thrown about 40 ft. and landed on his head. Luris gave him artificial respiration, and he was taken in an ambulance to the Payson hospital, where after a few hours he died of massive brain injuries. Mother had her right leg injured, and since she already had been plagued by arthritis in her knee, so I quit my job in Pinecrest and came home to help her.

Mother always was a very practical woman and accepted her widowhood as a matter of course. Just before Dad's casket was closed for the last time she took his hand and said, "I try to be captain of the ship". It was her way of telling him she would carry on without him. Mom had always been independent, and now she had to be entirely so. Her leg healed slowly, but her arthritic knee became worse.

Rose Hallen had been diagnosed as having cancer of the uterus, and needed an immediate operation. She asked Mom and I to look after baby Ted, who was just 3 months old. They came to Richfield to attend Dad's funeral and left Ted with us while she went to the hospital in Salt Lake. Having young Ted was good for Mom. It is difficult to be sad around a baby. Mom loved to care for him in the daytime, but at night he was mine. One night when he cried I got up to put on a bottle to warm while I changed him. Mom was already in the kitchen and said she would warm the bottle. I changed him and waited, then called to Mother when he started to cry again. Mom was beside herself because the bottle wouldn't warm. I looked at the bottle and saw that she had a small jar of mayonnaise warming in a pan of water. She would put it next to her cheek, but it didn't seem to be warming up. She didn't have her glasses on and had just grabbed the little jar out of the refrigerator. We laughed over that many a time. She would look at me and say, "It wouldn't warm up", which would set us off in gales of laughter.

I stayed with Mom during the fall until Francis came home from overseas in November. I hated to leave her alone. Henry would come by every morning, and the others were good to drop in when they could. During pheasant, duck and deer seasons she was never without the wild game which her sons loved to hunt. While she lived alone she still taught the Genealogy class in Sunday School and would sing with the Singing Mothers. I wrote to her every week as I knew how much letters from her children meant to her. She would spend a part of every morning out in her yard working among her flowers. She kept her house neat and tidy, and in the afternoons she would put on a clean apron and write at the dining room table. Sometimes she would write in her

journal, or history, as she called it, or she would write letters or work on her genealogy. I have never seen Mother just sitting. Sometimes we would listen to the radio and hear Amos n Andy, or Fibber McGee and Molly, but Mom would always be darning socks, crocheting or something similar. She loved to read, but she couldn't work as she read. I think I can truthfully say I've never seen a more industrious woman than my mother.

She lived as a widow for 20 years. Her mind began to wander when she was approaching 80. Rose used to ask her when she was going to come and live with them, and she would answer, "Not yet." When Mom was nearly 79 her next door neighbor, Sister Baker, told Rose that her mother shouldn't be alone anymore, since she was becoming "confused". Rose and Dena held an open house for Mom on her 79th birthday, after which Rose asked, "Are you ready to come and spend the winter with us?" She replied, "Yea, I think I am ready." So they moved her to Salt Lake. Then Dena took her for a while until she and Luris were called on a mission, and then Rose took her again. She made a trip or two to California, staying with Thys and Frans and me. I remember one visit when she was appalled at my windows. I told her that I wouldn't wash them again until the rains were over, but she thought that was nonsense and went right out and started washing my windows. She was 82 years old at the time. So I had to do it, and of course the next day it rained. On another occasion she went down the street a few houses to the Gerrits place, knocked on the door, and asked, "Do you have any work for a nice Dutch girl to do?" Mrs. Gerrit called me and I went and got her. Her memory of her childhood days was still clear. When we would cross the Sacramento River she would say, "Let me out here, mein Fader is vaiting just around the bend mit a boat to take me home." I remember her telling me so many times that her father would row her across the river so she could go to school. In the winter, she could skate up the river to the school.

Mother never liked California. She thought that living was too easy, and that people were apt to forget the Lord if they lived here. She said, "If the Saints were supposed to be in California, Brigham Young would have led them there."

It was hard on Dena to have Mom. Taking care of the aged and infirm is not easy. We decided as a family to pay Dena for keeping her. Luris had retired early and his retirement funds were not large. We would rather pay Dena and have her receive loving care than put her in a place for the elderly. Dena was paid from funds Dad had left for Mother until they ran out, then all of us contributed an amount monthly. This made us feel that we were helping. Mother's last years were spent in Circleville in an old house which Dena and Luris had renovated. By this time the light in her eyes had gone out--she was senile, and didn't know anyone. Yet Luris told me that when he would turn her over in the middle of the night to give her a change of position she always said, "Thank you". She eventually became very stiff and arthritic. She was usually in a fetal position, and there was concern at the end that it would be necessary to break her legs to put her in a casket, but this did not prove to be so. She died October 26, 1965. She was buried at the side of her husband after having been a widow for 20 years. I am sure Dad was glad to have her with him again and had prepared a place for her.

I do not ever remember a time when my mother said she loved me. I'm sure she did, but never said so. She showed her love by her willingness to work for all her children with unselfish devotion. She had six years of schooling, and would have liked more, but her parents couldn't

afford any more. She had to go to work as a hired girl or helper for a very meager sum of about 50 cents a week plus board and room. She educated herself by reading a lot. She says she got education from the Relief Society. She was President for 17 years, and I never remember her missing a meeting. In those days we had theology, social science, literature and homemaking. She really did learn a lot about the country she lived in and about the books of good literature that she loved.

Mother was not what the world would call a beautiful woman, but to me she was beautiful. She always kept herself neat and clean. Every afternoon after the noonday meal was over and she had cleaned up her kitchen she would put on a clean dress or apron and settle down to less tedious tasks. At night she would darn socks, knit or crochet.

She was always home to care for her children. She was completely honest, trustworthy, and had an abundance of patience with some of us children. She never complained about her lot in life, but was always grateful to God for a good husband and a big family. She was very desirous that her children live the commandments, and her soul would grieve when some slipped from the straight and narrow. She was a great and good woman. If I could be half the woman that she was, I'd feel my life to be a success. May God bless her, wherever she is. I look forward to the day when we shall be together again.

THE TEN WINKEL CHILDREN

The following short biographical sketches of her children were written by Everdena Winkel in her Book of Remembrance.

Geert

Our first born! Geert after his grandfather Geert Winkel, born 26 April 1901, Friday evening, Alphen a/d Ryn, South Holland. What a precious bright baby he was! He started walking and talking when he was 8 months old. When he was 3 ½ years old I tucked him in his little bed after he had said his prayers, he asked me if we had a mother in heaven.

He started school when 6 years old in Poplar Grove School Salt Lake City. Handicapped in not knowing the language, he learned very fast. He was baptized in the Granite Stake Tabernacle. We belonged at that time to the Miller Ward. We moved to Monroe, Savior County and he received the Aaronic priesthood as Deacon by Bishop J. Jensen.

Early in his youth he showed a ability in selling our produce from the garden, later bakery goods, newspapers. He became a salesman and traveled all over the States. He married Virginia White from Orleans, Indiana at St. Louis 17 December, 1926. They were divorced in November, 1910. He married Helen Topell from Arkansas February, 1931.

In his travels he had many sad experiences and accidents. He rode in a heavy mist into a deep river, not able to swim. Dressed in a heavy overcoat, he came to the top and made for the river bank. He was miraculous saved. He lost all he possessed, but started in a little candy business before we knew anything about this. He married Rosa Fredericka Aden 15 February 1941 in Juarez, Mexico. They had no children.

Gettit Roelof Antonie

Our second boy was born 4 October 1902 Saturday evening. A boy that weighed 9 Dutch lbs which is more than 9 here. He had a hard time in entering the world, but after he came here grew very fast and became the biggest of them all. He started school Poplar Grove, Salt Lake, was baptized in the Granite Stake Tabernacle. After two years went to Monroe school, graduated from Richfield grade school, entered Richfield High and went to Agriculture College in Logan. He was a lover of animals early in life and had rabbits most of the time. He loved horses, possessed a thoroughbred calf. When but a lad he kept our garden in fine shape. He was a outdoor boy. He belonged to a scout troop before the scouts were organized in councils, with Roy Chidestar as leader.

In July 1922 he joined the Citizens Military Training Camp for one month in field artillery branch at Ft. Douglas, Salt Lake City. He was called on a mission to his native land and left

November, 1935. He became very ill in January, 1926. They take him to a hospital and pronounced his sickness spinal meningitis. He stayed in the hospital until April. The First Ward in Richfield had a fast day with prayers for him. The mission President John Lillywhite and the Saints in Holland prayed and a complete recovery from this terrible disease was the result. He filled a good mission and was released in August, 1928. After making a tour to France, Netherlands, Germany and Italy he came home and started school in Logan. He married Clella Luke in the Mesa temple in June, 1931. After a struggle of several years he graduated in Logan, 1937.

Thys

Our third boy born in Apeldoorn 27 August 1904, Saturday morning about 10:30, a little chunky baby with dark brown eyes was given in our care. This baby was born during the time we were investigating the gospel; he was sprinkled like his two other brothers and became a child of record in the Reformed or Calvin Church where we belonged at that time. He was a pretty little baby and grew rapidly. When he was 20 months old we emigrated to America. During the trip over the Atlantic I had to watch him very close while on deck, where he wanted to see the water. Several pictures of him were taken by the first class passengers in his navy blue suit and bright red cap.

He was rather serious for his age, started school in Salt Lake County (Carlyle School), graduated in Richfield, attended high school, was very industrious. When we missed him we could find him in the Bonnie Theater; he was an operator in the Kinema till he was called on a mission. His brother Anton was called while he was there; they were about 5 months together. Before he returned home he went on a tour through Switzerland, Germany and Italy.

He married Reba Zoe Paterson 15 June, 1927 and settled down in Manti, bought a nice home there, worked in the Bishopric. Their first baby is buried there. For health reasons he sold the bakery and located in Alameda, bought a theater in Oakland, a home in Alameda where he again worked in Bishopric and supervised the Sunday school.

Hendrik, Jr.

Henry was named after his father, he was the first child born in Zion. He was blessed in the 21st Ward Salt Lake. When he was five we moved to Monroe, Savior County, where he started his schooling. He paid his first tithing in Richfield First Ward. He liked to be with his father and many trips were made on the wagon to the field. He had several accidents, but seem to be protected anyway. He was not quite 3 years old when his upper lip was ripped open by our horse; it was a miracle that his face was not smashed. Dr. Sharp gave first aid, and some stitches in, but it made a scar. One day while in the field with his father he played in the lucern and laid down in it. His father was cutting the lucern with a mower. The horse stopped, but not before Henry had a big cut in his leg which healed all right. That summer he fell down from an empty sand wagon, the man would not stop. He came home and looked deadly pale and became unconscious. The

neighbors came in and suggested administering to the boy, but all men in the neighborhood were in the field. We knelt down together and prayed for him, then administered to him and a refreshing sleep came over him and when he awoke was all right.

When we lived in Richfield Henry with some other boys went after the cows. They thought it was a lark to ride the cows home. A dog barked after Henry's cow, the cow threw him and nearly took one of his ears off. It bled severely, but healed nicely. He had his patriarchal blessing by Josef S. Horn, Patriarch.

Henry was a great fisher and hunter, a lover of hiking. He helped his father and drove the bread truck. When 19 he started a bakery in Fairview. He had a loaded gun in his car, but did not know it was loaded. The gun went off and the bullet went through his left lung, came out just above his kidney. Dr. Sharp of Manti who gave first aid said he would not live. His brother Thys and another Elder administered to him and Thys promised him he should live. It took a long time, and several costly operations followed, but he was spared again.

Henry married Wilma Gardner in Junction 21 December 1926. In March, 1929, he went with his wife to the Manti temple and our first grandchild was born from this union. It seems than Henry's mission was not finished.

In March, 1952 Henry and Wilma made a trip to visit their son Philo. They stopped in Phoenix to see a cousin of Wilma who has a doctor's office down there somewhere. Henry had all this years since that gun accident been doctoring, was always coughing and trying to find relief. This cousin told him about a Dr. Reed who had made special studies in cases of gun wounds and other chest trouble. This cousin, Jim Filmore, try to impress Henry to have appointment with this doctor. Henry, somewhat disappointed with other previous tryings finally give in and did talk with this doctor. Henry's history of his case was still available and sent for and this Dr. Reed thought he could help him. His price would be high, so a date was appointed to come to the hospital. He was operated, the lung was crystallized, and taken out. He was seven hours on the table, was given transfusions and another struggle came after the operation. The would not heal entirely, fever came because infection started. This was repeated.

Henry paid the biggest share on Francis's mission and helped to support Tone on his mission.

Dena Antonia

Salt Lake City was the place our first girl was born 26 August, 1908. It was a Wednesday about 6 o'clock p.m., we were all very happy with this little sister. She was blessed in the 32nd Ward, and lived in a new settled place. Our home was little, work was scarce, and although we did not suffer, we had very little to do with, but all our neighbors had that same problem.

When our little girl was about seven months old we went to Salt Lake temple and had our children sealed to us. Bow sweet they looked all in white. This was February, 1909. Dena started

school in Richfield, continued with high school, where she went with the type team to Provo. Richfield student Gladys Caron won first prize for speed and accuracy and Dena second. After working with her Dad in the store after her graduation from high school she used her saved money to go to Snow College in Ephraim. She worked as a Primary teacher, completed her Beehive work and was Mutual Secretary. While in high school she attended seminary and went with the senior students to Manti temple to be baptized for her kindred.

During her first college year she met her future husband, Luris Allen. He was a farmer son. He majored in agriculture in college, but as farm products were not very valuable he decided to learn the bakery trade. He learned very fast, he worked in the Richfield bakery the first year they were married. When Henry had to go to the hospital he took Henry's place in the Gunnison bakery. They decided to finish his college years and they made doughnuts to pay their way. It was rather hard. Babies came, but Luris was called on a mission with his wife in Kelsey where the Church had a school where missionaries taught in school season. Luris left for Kelsey to be there on the 4th of June and Dena followed when school started in Pall. After 3 years they came back and were called to labor in the Seminary in Bicknell, Utah. They were transferred to Coalville for the next year and then to Gunnison where they bought a home.

John

Our first child born under the New Covenant 21 February 1910 Monday morning was John. We were living under humble circumstances when our son John was added to our household. He was our fifth boy, sparkling dark eyes and rosy cheeks made him a attractive baby. Trying to better ourself we left 3 June 1911 for Monroe, Soviet County, where a sugar factory was built and guaranteed some work. John started school in Richfield, attended high school for 3 year. He was for one part of a school term in Delta High School where his brother Thys managed the Pace Theater. He helped his father in the bakery. In 1929 he went to California (Los Angeles) to learn more about the bakery and take a course in cake decorating. He joined the National Guard in Richfield for 3 year, he worked more with and for his Dad than any of the boys. John was baptized by Olaf Anderson in the 1st Ward, was given the Aaronic priesthood by Peter Nielson; he became president of a Deacon Quorum. Bishop Alex Jensen from the 3rd Ward would like very much to send John on a mission, but this was not arranged.

September 1, 1933 he married Ruby Gregorson in Loa. Working in his Dad's bakery, Ruby clerking in our store they started their married life living upstairs above the bakery. Later a new house was built in our lower lot, and they lived there for several years. While we were on our mission John take care of the bakery, and when we returned he decided to go in the turkey business. The bank and the signature of his father helped him to finance this till in 1941 he could free himself from debt, had a nice brick home built and had several coops for his turkeys, and owned two horses and seemed on the road to prosperity.

Rosena Pauline

While we were living at Monroe another little girl was sent to us on Sunday afternoon 20 September 1912. The nurse was Martha Doxford, an elderly lady. Dr. Cecil Clark was the attending physician. She was a fair little girl, her only sister was Dena and she wanted the baby sister named Rosena Pauline. Her daddy blessed her in the old North Ward of Monroe. In her first summer the six other children came down with whooping cough. We lived at that time in the old saloon (it was Prohibition then) and tried to run a bakery, and being our house very hot through the baking I kept the baby mostly outside, she did not take whooping cough. She was our first blue-eyed baby and did all right that summer. We had a chance to take the bakery over in Richfield and this was a big improvement, so we moved when our baby was over a year old to Richfield. Rose started her school there in 1918, she had her tonsils out before she started. She did ok in school and graduated from high school 1930; she had her credits in February. She had worked for her Dad in the bakery very efficiently as a clerk, and her Dad wanted to keep her in the store, and promised her a car of her own, but she had her mind set on becoming a nurse, so she left in February for the starting of a nursing class at the LDS Hospital and graduated there four years later. She had her appendix out while in training. Her training days were rather hard, very little money, but she remembered every birthday at home, paid faithfully her tithing. Before she went in training she had two infections, a needle in her toe and another bad infection in her armpit, both called for surgery, both occurred in August (1927 and 1928).

She worked in the Church as Sunday School teacher with little tots and worked in Primary and was in Stake Primary during her high school days. She started her nurse training 1930 with a class of 30 students. When this class graduated in 1934 State examinations were held with 11 graduates. Rose came through with 90%. She worked at the hospital after that and took private cases, became acquainted with a sick patient hurt in a car accident and in due time married him. She enjoyed nursing and gave her all to it until she had to give it up. She was married and took the necessary rest, and today she still works in the hospital some time to keep up as she calls it. A necessary operation curtailed a big family they wanted but one girl and two boys enriched their family home.

William

Our sixth boy was born in Richfield 10 September 1914 above the old bakery. We called him William, He was the only blue-eyed boy with a fair complexion while all his brothers were dark. He was bright and talked early, entertained many times people who came in our store.

William started school in Richfield September, 1920 with Miss Ada Thurber as teacher. He was quite mischievous in school, and made the grades fine. He began high school but found a other system there. His ambitious nature for fun did not agree with studies in high school, and it was not very long until school became a burden. School faculty called for a consultation with his parents, and it was made clear that Willie did not receive any benefit from school hours, so he drove the bakery truck as far south as Fredonia, Arizona. In the Spring 1929 he took sick with

spinal meningitis, which affected his right ear hearing. He recovered in a short time and resumed trucking. He received the Aaronic priesthood in the First Ward by Terah Black was baptized by Arthur Poulson. He joined the National Guard and helped to cook for the encampment at the Jordan Narrows. While in this service he was inoculated for diathesis, typhoid, smallpox. He was made an Elder by S. Boswell 1 October 1933 and married young to Nettie Barney, a early marriage for both but that was their desire. He took up after a few years airplane flying and obtained a pilot license.

Francis Benjamin

Our seventh boy was born during the World War October 11, 1916 while we lived in the bakery, was blessed by Axel Nielson 3 November 1916, baptized by Prime Black. In the Spring 1924 the measles made Willie, Francis, Paulina sick and 1925 they had the mumps. Dr. Gottfredson took Francis' tonsils out 29 August 1930 in the Richfield hospital. He started school in Richfield and passed the grades. He entered high school and seminary and played football and basketball. In one of the football games ha broke his arm. This took him away from the football team, but he played basketball the same season. Left for Logan September 1934 where he went to school. His parents were called on a mission in April 1935, and during the time they were away Rose, Henry, Thys and Willie agreed together that they would support Francis on a mission. He was called to the Society Islands and left in November from San Francisco for the isles. He filled this mission honorable, and although two months or more sometimes passed by without a letter, when we did hear we were convinced that his whole heart was in this work. The mission president became ill and returned to Salt Lake (President Woodbury) and Elder Palmar was called to take the president's place until a president could be called. Brother Palmer was from Idaho and was Francis' partner. They made the trip to the isles together and for some time Francis labored with him as mission secretary. He was released in September, 1937, came home and worked for his brother Henry with turkeys until 1940. He was superintendent of the Sunday school in the 3rd Ward, taught the missionary class in S.S., was a Ward Teacher, president of the Stake M-Men, a home missionary till January 23, 1940 he was married to Rose B. Thompson. They went for a trip to California and located there in a bakery and food shop where they did very well.

Pauline Dayse

Our baby girl was born on a Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock, little, but well formed and matured. She was a happy addition to the other nine. She was blessed as Pauline Daisy by Paul Poulson in the First Ward. She was a nervous little baby, was healthy and like her other brothers and sisters was given nature's way of nursing. She started school September, 1926 in Richfield, was baptized by her Daddy 1 January 1928 and was confirmed by Paul Poulson. When she completed the grades she went to high school 1934. Before her first year was completed her Daddy and I were called on a mission to Holland. After much prayer and considering we decided to take her to Kelsey (Texas) where our daughter Dena with her husband and family was called

to labor as a missionary. She stayed there until 1936 May, when we had to come home, continued her high school in Richfield and graduated in 1938.

Many church duties as chorister and teacher in Primary and her school activities kept her very busy. She belonged to a girls' Drum and Bugle Corps as a drummer, went on several trips to display their talents. They went to San Francisco and won first prize. She started college in Cedar City September 1938, enjoyed her schooling there very much. In 1939 October she was called on a mission to the Northwestern States. This was her desire for some time. She was only two weeks in the field when she was taken to the hospital for appendicitis. She recovered from that very nicely and was called to labor in Portland, Salem, Cour d'Alene, Spokane. She returned home June 1941. We made a trip to Stanfield where Antone and family lived and met her there, made a trip with her to Canadian temple. She worked a while in the bakery till she decided to go to school for a business course. She learned to work with a comptometer, worked for Auerbach's a while for \$85.00 a month, then the Utah Ordinance Depot send for her offering her \$128.50 a month which she accepted. After that when war broke out she joined the NAVES, where she found her future husband.