

The Life of Hendrik Winkel

by

Thys Winkel

Having been interested for several years to compile into a few pages the life, lessons and fond memories of this warm-hearted man, as his son, I feel the many grandchildren and even the great-grandchildren, should have information pertaining to this individual who was greatly concerned and interested in his posterity. In doing so, I do not wish to eulogize nor exaggerate, but merely present facts and happenings as they unfolded along his journey of life.

Hendrik Winkel was born March 24, 1876, at Avereerst, a small community in Drente, Overijssel, northern part of Holland. The Winkels were seafaring folks who repaired and constructed sea-going crafts. His father, Geert Winkel, died of consumption at the age of 50; his mother, Roeofje Stad Winkel, passed away of the same illness at the age of 53, within six weeks following the death of her husband. Dad was therefore still in his teens when left an orphan. This happened at Deventer, Holland. It was my good fortune to visit this city of population approximately 60,000 on a few different occasions in 1923-26. During these visits I met people with whom Dad had associated, and also had been employed. There he was a baker where the product of "beschuit" was made almost exclusively. Besehuit is a hard sugared toast, used as a cookie or refreshment with tea. This product was delivered to wholesale customers and Dad frequently assumed such delivery assignments. The same oven, work benches and tools were still in evidence; in fact, the bakery was still in complete operation. Presumably, when Dad was 19 years old, he sought greener pastures, and since he held no home ties, lived and worked in various locations and could qualify as a baker wherever he sought work.

The young Hendrik Winkel married Everdina C. van Ojen at Alphen, a small community along the Rhine River in south Holland on August 2, 1900. They began their early married life in this same community, where their first two children were born; Geert in 1901, and Anton G. in 1902. They moved to Apeldoorn, Gelderland in eastern Holland. Although operating a bakery there, he desired to do something other than bakery work. Therefore he acquired a freight and drayage business between Nijmegen and Apeldoorn (about 35 miles). This required a horse and wagon, and his faithful dog "UKnow" accompanied him on this regularly scheduled trip. It was along this cobbled road that two Mormon Elders hitched a ride with him, and in the course of conversation, he became interested in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. At first his wife refused to warm up to the Mormonism message; however, she sought to point out to them that they were off their course as far as religion was concerned. As a sound Bible student herself, she felt her one-woman campaign could soon put a stop to the Mormon conversation. Dad, however, fell in line with their philosophy and had no quarrel with them. Said he, "It makes sense--I wish to join the Church." Their third son, Thys, was born during this investigation. Mother insisted the child be christened at the Dutch Reformed Church, and Dad insisted the Elders do the ordinance. The result was, the child was given both! After consulting her minister and other biblical scholars, Mother became more convinced that the restored gospel story had

merit. In short, both Mother and Dad were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on November 12, 1904.

With their three children they migrated to the United States, hopeful that all would be well for them. The ten-day voyage from Rotterdam to Boston was uneventful. Dad, indeed, was a poor sailor. Depression set in and continued during the several days via train to Salt Lake City. Having but 25 cents in his pocket on arrival, he was a disheartened and discouraged man. No one understood their Dutch, and they understood no English whatsoever. Many times Dad has admitted to us, his children, that he would have returned to Holland were it not for the money problem.

For five years they lived in Salt Lake City, first in the Poplar Grove area, and later on at 14th South and 2nd West. This is in the vicinity of the present 33rd South. H. Winkel was determined to stay clear of the bakery business, so worked as a section hand for the D. and R. G. Railroad Company for \$1.50 per day. He came home with blisters on his hands and was usually worn to a frazzle. He also worked as a carpenter. I vividly recall riding with him when they were building the Jordan High School, and also the present Newhouse Hotel. Dad also worked at the Royal Baking Company 12 hours daily molding bread...one in each hand simultaneously; this brought \$2.00 per day. (I've never known anyone else who mastered this art!) During these five years in Salt Lake City, three additional children were born: Henry in 1906, Dena in 1908, and John in 1910.

Having lived in Salt Lake City for this period of time, he persistently resolved to become a farmer, having always wanted to do this. A neighbor, Mr. Wilken, was hired to transport the family to Monroe, Utah, a distance of 185 miles, requiring two wagons plus our own buggy. We were on the way five full days, encountering rain, dust, wind and hot weather. In short, it was a taste of real pioneer effort. The house we moved into at Monroe was rented from the Swain family, which was a log cabin--very crude to say the least. The following year a much more desirable house was rented, and there Rose was born in 1912. The farm Dad share-cropped was owned by James R. Ware. Horses and equipment were all included. Dad worked like a Trojan, and taught the horses to understand the Dutch language! The boys worked along with him in pulling weeds, thinning beets and irrigating. Everything seemed to go wrong--the weeds grew faster than the beets, and our alfalfa was not on a par with the other farms. The crops, therefore, did not flourish, and Dad ultimately admitted he was no farmer.

Buying one 50-pound sack of flour at a time, he commenced to do some baking in Mother's kitchen stove. Monroe residents gave him great encouragement, and purchased all he produced. Meanwhile, Mr. William Wainwright, who operated the Richfield bakery, tried to persuade Dad into buying him out. With no money or means, and his family of seven, it was just not possible. However, Dad assisted Mr. Wainwright for a few weeks; to do this he had to drive ten miles with his pinto horse and buggy every day. One day Mr. Wainwright said, "Brother Winkel, I have great confidence in you. Take Over the business and you can remit when you have made the money". It was too good to be true; but Mother wouldn't budge and said she would never leave good old Monroe where people were so kind and genuine. She said, "I refuse to move to Richfield!" However, within a few weeks she began packing. This move was to open up a complete new horizon for the family, and what a change it made. We moved into the apartment

above the bakery, and it was there that Bill and Francis were born, 1914 and 1916 respectively. We were members of Richfield 2nd Ward, meeting then in the old Academy building, now the present Tabernacle site. We always had a hired girl, and frequently a second baker in the shop, and the boys carried on delivery services with their bicycles. Prevailing bread prices were six loaves for 25 cents, and two dozen rolls or doughnuts for 25 cents.

Dad purchased and was taught to run the new 1914 Buick, the first model with an electric starter. There were very few cars in town at that time. He was on the Sunday School Stake Board, which took in a much greater area at that time than it does today. Dad proudly attributed his success to living the gospel and having withstood the numerous trials and problems with which he had been subjected. Later, he purchased a house near the fairgrounds, where his youngest daughter, Pauline, was born in 1919. In 1934 both he and Mother accepted a church mission call to labor in the Netherlands. It was an enviable experience and joy for them. After operating the bakery successfully for 32 years, he retired and moved into a smaller home near the high school.

Although not having more than a 2nd grade education, Dad was unique in other ways. One would label him as an interesting story teller; with dramatic gusto and with gentle humor (plus gestures) he eagerly related experiences of his dog "U-know". A customer listened with great interest as Dad told him how his children could excel and out-perform others, convinced that Geert could sell ice to the Eskimos! He boasted of his 11-year old son, Thys, bringing back the 1914 Buick from the west foothills where it had been abandoned. He told how Tone had been trained in boxing, and had won ever so many bouts. Dad could not understand how his "pug" son could ever be defeated. Henry and Bill were pace-setters in the business world, and no need to worry about their success. Dena was the queen of the town, and he told why they called her "Miss Pretty", not forgetting how she received special awards and recognition in typing. He referred to John as Richfield's finest product in baseball; and he just knew the Richfield High couldn't win a game without Francis on the basketball team. Rose, in his estimation, reached the highest degree of efficiency as his clerk, using the superlative "the best". No one was given praise so generously as he gave her. When she entered the nursing profession Dad was certain the bottom was about to drop out of his business. He proudly referred to Pauline and her outstanding qualities; excelling as a drum majorette, filling an honorable church mission to the Northwest and enlisting as a WAVE in the U.S. Navy, representing the Winkels in the military service. Before Dad returned to Holland he was convinced the finest and best products were all in his native land--how clean the country was, and how genuine the people were, but for some unknown reason he never referred to this subject again when he returned from Holland.

H. Winkel was a great friend of the Indians, and why not? When they were hungry and needed help, Dad willingly filled their bags with bakery goods. Their Indian name for the baker was "Pyn-er-root", apparently an affectionate title they wished to bestow upon him. Widows and unfortunate people were ever recognized by Dad, usually he showered them with merchandise out of the bakery. One elderly sister repeatedly told him: "Brother Winkel, you will receive your reward on the other side." Personally, I am convinced that there was considerable merit in such thinking.

He loved to romp and play with the youngsters; truly, Dad's love for children was remarkable. Perhaps this is one reason why he had so many of them! But children in turn loved him as well.

Dad loved to survey his "stock", depending on Tone, however, to feed and properly care for them. Observing the progress of the vegetables growing in the garden, admiring the trees as they developed from blossom to fruit, and always recognizing Tone as the superior "know-how farmer."

Mother was never surprised at the visitors Dad brought home for lunch, or warm dinner as we called it, and always unexpectedly. It might have been a new flour salesman, or even a gimmick peddler looking for a sucker, still he brought them home. The extraordinary thing about this never complained, but merely reached for one more plate. He trained his children in self-reliance and responsibility. That, in his estimation, was the family tradition. Never could anyone say or feel that H. Winkel was lazy or exhibited complacency.

In the Dutch language he could write poignant and witty verses. Rhyme appeared to present no problem; many of these rhymes were graphic and excellent. Recitations from memory he did well and in great fun. He enjoyed listening as well as talking, and when some of the town scholars came to the store he usually had questions for them, which they were most willing to explain. Perhaps one reason for this willingness is because Dad would indicate that he regarded each of them as a well educated School Superintendent, Doctor, or maybe a Bishop. His compliments were rather generous. Many such conversations were on the lengthy side. He sought the opinion of friends and willingly listened to everybody.

H. Winkel did not need nor want a written contract--just a handshake and that was it! His confidence in people was unbounded. Salesmen often indicated one thing that was unique in Dad was his urgency in paying for the last shipment before discussing the new order. Promptness in this detail assured him of discounts, which over the course of years were sufficient to explain the difference in success and failure, emphatically impressing all his children in this most important procedure. Dad hated only two things--sham and disloyalty--particularly when a friend would not live up to his promise.

Father frequently compared God's ways with his bakery bookkeeping system. If anyone spoke negatively regarding a person, he would usually remark, "Maybe the good on the other side of the ledger will make up for what you say bad about him." Another phrase: "Do the best you can; the angels in heaven can do no better." He was ever hopeful that God would judge him in that way, knowing the items entered on the credit side for H. Winkel were many, and had value as well as merit. In all fairness, it must be mentioned that Dad was tender, considerate, kind, unselfish and friendly. Yes, friendliness is really a thin word with which to explain the unique warmth that he radiated.

Father was on the Stake Sunday School Board when Sevier Stake comprised a vast area. Having the Buick probably had something to do with this assignment; nevertheless he spoke from the pulpit on these visits and eagerly bore testimony of the goodness of his Father in Heaven. Those attending were benefited, I feel, for having been exposed, however briefly, to Father's sincere belief in God's wisdom and plan of salvation. The law of recompense was very real to him and he spoke on this theme often. It was not uncommon to come into the bake shop and hear the baker singing a good old church hymn at the top of his voice. He enjoyed music and especially church songs.

Dad's nature was to be hasty, to keep up speed in high gear. Father indicated, "The only time he will slow down is when the final trip is made to the cemetery." How well we all knew this.

In 1934 both Mother and Dad were called to serve a mission for the L.D.S. Church in the Netherlands. Here they renewed the warmth of friendship with relatives and acquaintances whom they had been deprived of seeing for 31 years. As I scan through his missionary labor book, it is evident that he made many friends and was strengthened in the faith that he had accepted. Unfortunately, his records are all written in Dutch. They depict Holland as he left it and as it appeared when on this mission. Suffice it to say that his great anticipation of a land of beauty, of tasty foods, and of admirable qualities fast became an illusion, and a belief based on faulty reasoning. Although they remained there but 18 months, their accomplishments were many and enviable. Other missionaries laboring with them at that time still speak highly of Brother and Sister Winkel. Their mission president was Edgar T. Lyon, with whom I was associated several years previous. He, too, expressed appreciation for the splendid spirit our parents exhibited and the work they accomplished.

On numerous occasions I have heard Dad assert that he was willing to turn all his material goods over to the Bishop if it were requested. His faith in church authority was incredible. Family prayer was never neglected in our home. A blessing was always asked upon the food at the dinner table. Earlier, Father read a chapter from the scriptures following the meal. He never used profanity and frequently voiced disapproval to those who used it, regardless of how well he knew them.

As soon as the new automobiles were put on the market each year, H. Winkel got the urge to purchase a new car. Although his current model may not have had more than 4000 miles on the speedometer, he nevertheless drove a new one. For justification, he would assure himself of a better set of tires, a new battery, a glossier paint job, perhaps a new color--plus being free from possible trouble. And what pride he had in the new vehicle! It may be well to add, when such a deal was consummated, without exception over the years, a check in full would be submitted prior to accepting delivery. Installment payments he would never consider.

Reference must be made to his famous whole-wheat loaf of bread. This product was of the highest quality. Locked within was the natural flavor of pure whole wheat, as it definitely contained 100% whole wheat flour! No molasses for coloring, and no ingredients to produce lightness or volume. The loaf was a product of the "old country"; consistency of the dough was extremely thin. True, it was heavy in weight; however, the flavor was superb and H. Winkel was given recognition for his whole wheat by customers many miles away. It is not uncommon, even at this date, to hear someone say how they enjoyed this unusual bread and have been unable to duplicate it for tastiness.

On a visit to California, discovering it to be cooler there than anticipated, he insisted Mother shop for a new coat. She looked them over and had difficulty in deciding which one of two she should purchase; whereupon Dad quickly told the clerk to wrap them both! Although thrifty and careful with his money, it must be said he was extremely generous.

Education received his approval; however, each child had to provide his own outlay and expense. A loan could always be had from him, also work provided to earn extra money, but no dole nor outright donation. Said he, "If I do it for one, then I must do it for all; besides, I do not wish my children to receive anything for nothing."

Mention must be made that "Grandpa Winkel" was pleased and delighted with the selection of his daughters and sons-in-law. I am confident that no negative thinking ever entered his mind nor utterance in this direction. He respected and loved every one of them.

By 10 p.m. H. Winkel was in bed; by 10:05 p.m. he would be fast asleep! And at an unbelievable early hour he would be on his way to the bakery.

He loved to go on family picnics, preferably in the nearby mountains along a cool stream, and the more youngsters present, the more enjoyable it was for him. Earlier, he frequently took the boys rabbit hunting, and this he chalked up as good exercise and fun. When we had the team of horses, I recall hauling wood (cedar) which we used for the stoves. We also hauled gravel, sand and rocks. I still remember how heavy those rocks from Monroe canyon were, and the trouble we had when the horses became violent and ran away!

H. Winkel enjoyed movies, but did not wish to go unless his faithful companion accompanied him. Together they delighted in going to the movies, especially comedies and musicals, in preference to the sophisticated type of movie.

The following are quotations which appear to be appropriate as this is being written:

Adolph Peterson (a good friend of the family, and a bakery owner at Gunnison, Utah):

"Your father is a brick. He is one person who money cannot spoil. He loves and appreciates his devoted and noble wife. I know Brother Winkel to be honest, industrious and frugal."

J. Arthur Johnson (Scowcroft salesman for 32 years, in an excerpt from a letter written following the funeral services):

"My good friend Henry Winkel must have been a kin to Santa Claus. Having his disposition, his winning smile, his eagerness to help. In fact, he even had Santa's features. But most of all, he was forever Jolly."

Hendrik Winkel was proud of his Dutch ancestry. While in Holland I met two of his sisters, Janna and Anna, and also a brother still living at this date, 93 years of age. Janna at 64 years of age was still unmarried. She was a delightful person, kind and eager to listen in reviewing the past incidents. She was, however, decidedly nervous and seemed filled with anxiety and insecurity, although she lived comfortably with her younger sister and her family at Apeldoorn.

Aunt Anna was married to a kind, dignified school teacher, who retired at the time of my visits. They had two lovely daughters, Anna and Willie. Aunt Anna was also neat, considerate, and

appeared to be a good manager in their humble home which was their own property, which is unusual in Holland.

Uncle Arend had been a military officer in the Dutch army, assigned to the Dutch East Indies, where he spent perhaps 20 years of his life. His appearance resembled Dad in height, weight and general facial features. He was rather well educated and radiated dignity along with systematic orderliness in his household. He has two sons, Geert and Jan. They are very much like Geert and Tone. Uncle Arend has lived on his government pension for perhaps 40 years. He loves the out of doors, and at the time of my visits he had rabbits, chickens, geese and a well-arranged garden. The two-acre yard reflected good housekeeping. He is very particular about his attire, precise and exacting in all that he does--a real gentleman. He said, "My brother Hendrik worked with his own hands and made his own way-and expects everyone else to do the same." All other members of this Winkel family of 10 are now deceased with the exception of Uncle Arend.

Some of H. Winkel's respected and close friends, for whom he had great admiration, are listed below:

Heber Christensen, First Ward Bishop and Peterson's store manager
Dan Jensen, cashier of State Bank of Sevier
Frank M. Ogden, First Ward Bishop
R. D. Young, Stake President
Billy Johnson, hotel owner
John Christenson, hardware store
J. A. Ashman, Superintendent of Schools
Nephi J. Bates, attorney and Sunday School teacher
H. Goodwin, barber (Dad taught Goodwin the bakery business)
The Roy Barkers, neighbors
Soren Christiansen, furniture store company
J. A. Johnson, Scowcroft salesman
Charles Woodberry, grocery salesman
Robert Eite, McDonald Candy Company
Andrew "Candy" Anderson, Shupe Williams
Heber C. Winget, farmer and Monroe Bishop
The Lundgreen family, Monroe choice neighbors
James R. Ware, Stake President
Frank G. Martines, neighbor and tenant
J. Milton Olson, tenant
John L. Sevy, Judge and Sunday School teacher
Joseph S. Horne, Patriarch
William Wainright, bakery
The Guy Bakers, neighbors
Gerrit and Sr. Rip
Sister Deleuw
The Steenblik family

Space does not permit countless others.

Showing respect and paying tribute to the Richfield baker who had served in this capacity and played an important part in civic development during these many years, all merchant doors were closed as the funeral services were held. I assume they still miss him.

After about two years' retirement, July 30, 1945 marking that fateful day, Dad, Mother and some of Dena's family were on their way to attend the funeral services of Melvin Hallen's mother in Salt Lake City, leaving Richfield about 7 a.m. They had a tire blow out on Dad's Plymouth sedan between Levan and Nephi. Dad was at the wheel, but was unable to keep the car under control. It turned over and the window out his head severely. He was rushed to the nearest hospital, which was at Payson (about 35 miles). I was in Glenwood that morning and accompanied Henry and John to the hospital. During those anxious hours of waiting, Mother assured the doctor that Dad should have a better than average chance in recovering as he had always observed the Word of Wisdom, and had not indulged in undesirable habits. The doctor indicated his patient was in excellent health; however, with such injuries it was simply impossible for him to recover. At 3:05 in the afternoon, Dad still had not regained consciousness, but passed away at that time. Mother embraced him and said, "Oh, Dad, I never felt it would end this way. We had looked forward to enjoying these years and all the children so much, together."

Written in Alameda, California

November 8, 1960