

A Legacy of Hard Work

by Francis E. Broadbent

An important aspect of the legacy of Hendrik and Everdena Winkel is their belief and practice of the value of hard work. They came to America as immigrants at a time when there were no easy welfare benefits, food stamps or other government handouts which ease the way for present day immigrants. The Winkels had no one to rely on but themselves, and they pulled themselves up by their bootstraps. All their children were taught to work, and that quality has been passed on to many in the younger generations.

When Pauline and I became engaged, neither of us had met the other's family. At the time she was a Navy Wave serving at the Great Lakes Naval Station, and I was an Aviation Cadet in the Army Air Forces Technical Training Detachment at the University of Chicago. I wrote to Pauline's parents asking for permission to marry their daughter, and received an answer from Everdena which said, "We'll see." She was not about to hand their daughter over to an unknown Arizona boy, when she was reading in the newspaper about a group of polygamists living in Shortcreek in the Arizona Strip between the Grand Canyon and the Utah border. Moreover, this was not the first time Pauline had been engaged.

In January of 1944, when I was stationed at Will Rogers Field near Oklahoma City Pauline and I managed to arrange leaves from the military at the same time, and decided to use it to visit our respective families. Pauline boarded a train for Arizona in Chicago, and I joined her in Amarillo, Texas. Although we had decided to be sensible and wait until the war was over before we were married, after we arrived in Arizona love prevailed over common sense, and we decided to be married during our visit to Richfield, since the Manti Temple was nearby. Pauline called her mother and told her we wanted to be married in two or three days after our arrival in Utah, and that good woman, although she must have been shocked by the sudden decision, took it all in stride. She was then 65 years old, and Hendrik was 66. I got to know him a little then, but never saw him again, since he was killed while I was overseas. He displayed the sense of humor so fondly remembered by his family on one occasion by putting on my army coat and hat, and with a stern expression marched back and forth barking military commands. I also met Geert, Henry, John, and Bill. On the night before we were married they came over and talked about hunting, fishing and the value of fish meal as turkey feed. I wasn't able to contribute much to the conversation, and they probably thought Pauline had picked a dud. Dena gave us a wedding dinner in Gunnison after the wedding ceremony, and two days later we had to leave to return to duty.

Mother Winkel had at that time an old wringer-type washing machine. It had a lever which was supposed to transfer power from the agitator to the wringer, but the wringer was not working, and she was obliged to wring out the clothes by hand, which must have been both difficult and painful with her arthritic hands. A day or two before our wedding I took the transmission of the washing machine apart, and had parts laid out all over the floor of the back porch when she came out, looked over the scene and shook her head. I could almost hear her thinking, "That's the end of my washing machine." After I had fixed the problem, put the washing machine back together and showed her that it was now working properly it was hard to know whether she was more

surprised or pleased. Later I split a big pile of wood for her cookstove and heater. When she saw that I knew how to work, I think she decided that maybe I was a suitable husband for her daughter.