THE WINKELS

Written by Dena W. Allen

Everdina and Hendrik Winkel (Dutch Mission) 1935

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Much appreciation to each member of the Winkel family and Grandchildren who have contributed to this book. Rose Hallen deserves special credit for her help in proofreading. A special thank-you to J. G. Stevenson for his encouragement and council. Am grateful to my husband Luris whose loyal support and constant co-operation makes this possible.

FOREWORD

Evident from the day I first met Dena was the love and respect she had and does have for her parents and each member of her family. The memory of her "Dad" is evident every day; which grows more dear with the passing years.

May this reflection be an inspiration to those who may see these lines: You have, I bear witness one of the finest of Mothers and one who has loved her family as few have and manifested it in her writings, in her every day counseling and now in the autumn of her life in the way it comes back to her. I marvel at the closeness you each show for her. Each day through these past years have been challenges which would tax the patience of a most devoted loved one--and yet not once, no not once have I heard one expression spoken to "Mother" that did not overflow with tenderness and love such as to mellow my soul. Word or pen fall so far short of portraying the beauty of a mother-daughter relationship that is close to heavenly. May one day it become just that.

One may say that the care has been a great trial--and although you know somewhat of the problems involved, may I say my soul is lighter and my life far richer for having lived in the home where such devotion has been shown. This will, one day in the future, which none of us have yet seen, bear fruit which is so choice that I trust I may then be near enough to just catch a glimpse of the touch of the rainbow. Dena merits so much more than this small expression of our appreciation. God is love--so is she.

- - Luris P. Allen

PREFACE

This book is written so that the Winkel descendants may know somewhat of their Dutch ancestry. It is the right of every individual to look back and know something of their progenitors.

To the family it is a "Book of Remembrance." The information is taken from Mother's own family history record book, where she has recorded from time to tinge the performances of the family. The history that is written here is accurate and proof-read by her. Due to the complexities of modern living it was set aside and left until time and inclination permitted its completion. Additional history has been submitted by each member of the family. Grandchildren have all been encouraged to contribute. Many details are omitted inasmuch as they are not important or interesting. All lives are similar in that they meet the requirements of the routine of daily living. This book is a result of Mother's request.

My labor, I need hardly say has been one of love and duty. I have fulfilled, imperfectly I know, conscientiously a sacred trust, the result of which I hope will benefit the Winkels and all their posterity.

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INTRODUCTION

The Netherlands is a very crowded country. Its area is about one sixth the size of Utah, yet its population is nearly nine million. There is a general misunderstanding among many of the people living in America concerning "Holland" as a country. Holland is but one of the provinces of the Netherlands and the other provinces are: Friesland, Groningen, Drente, North-Holland and South-Holland.

It is interesting to note that this low country belonging to the delta of the river De Ryn, struggling with the sea, often changed the country and- took away years of labor. Their history shows that during the glacier period this Netherland was above the sea level but through the melting of the ice, the sea rose gradually, and when the English Channel or Straight of Dover was formed, sand and gravel were washed and deposited and later shaped what we know today as the Dunes, which started a protection from the sea and in the course of time when Netherland was settled became the dykes as protection along with the dunes. This took place about 5000 B.C.

The Netherlands were largely populated by the people of Northern Europe, who in early days came down the rivers to find new locations to settle. This was especially true in the northern part of the Netherlands and even to this day this is very evident. Naturally in the course of time they became mixed with other people.

According to records received from the archives in Assert, capital of the province of Drente in Netherland, the Winkels resided in Ruinen near Meppel. Ruinen was noted for its yearly horse markets in connection with a kermis or carnival. We also found Winkels living in Hoogeveen, Meppel and some places in southern Drente during the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Although the name of Winkel existed in these localities for a period of some four hundred years, their history and records have been difficult to trace. Drente, as one of the' north provinces has Germany as its border on the east and during the wars part of it often belonged to Germany and was under German control. Oft times this part of Germany was under Dutch rule. During these wars and contentions, especially in 1500, and during the Reformation, churches with records were burned.

According to professor De Boer, who has aided us in research, the name of "Winkel" is of German origin and means "corner where business is transacted." The name of Winkel goes back from father to son until 1685, when Albert Koerts and his wife Margjen Arends had eight children with Koert Alberts as the oldest son, who was my fourth great grandfather. Albert Koerts whose father must be Koert Alberts, is not recorded with the name Winkel, but his oldest son is recorded with it. The reason for this was that during his lifetime the law required the adding of a surname. The Winkels were called Voorhees in part of the fifteenth and the whole of the sixteenth century. The records in Assen show that transaction of land and leasing took place at this particular period. Later, the Winkels became schippers and lived on the rivers, and when a child was born it was recorded wherever they happened to be at the time, making it very difficult to find complete records of families. Sometimes to distinguish one Winkel from another, the name Schipper was added.

My grandfather, Geert Winkel was born in Hoogeveen and worked with his father as a ship carpenter, building little boats and doing the repair work. Due to the inaccuracy of the records at Drenthe, the number of children in the family is not definitely known, but there were two other children and there may have been more. The incomplete records would state that a child was born, but no name or sex was recorded. There are no available pictures, however Geert Winkel was remembered to have had a reddish complexion, matured early in life and grew to be a large man. His father died when he was twelve years of age and he had to earn his own way in life. His education was limited but he had talent in writing and composing poetry. Being able to play various musical instruments without instruction is evidence that he had a keen ear for music. He repaired docks at one period of his life.

My grandmother Roelofje Stad Winkel was a daughter of Thys Stad and Grietje Alberts van Basten, born December 29th 1841 in Nyeveen Drenthe. She and grandfather had ten children. During the cold hard winter of 1894 there was an epidemic of influenza and grandmother passed away the second day of February of that year in Devontot and was followed by grandfather six weeks later which left their family alone.

Hendrik and his younger brother were left alone at home while the older children went out to make their own way. These two little boys raised rabbits which they marketed to bring in the necessary money for food and clothing. After their furniture was sold, the smallest boy was sent to make his home with some relatives and Hendrik had to find a new home. He had an offer to become a skipper as his forefathers before him had been, but due to the fact that it was winter and ships would not be leaving for a few months he had to look for employment elsewhere for a time. He became a baker's helper which was a means of learning a new business and also gave board and room with a little extra money each week. This proved to be to his liking and he preferred it to becoming a skipper. After working in three different bakeries he went into business for himself moving to Oudshoorn Holland.

The bakery here was typical of any European business of that day. There was a bakeshop in the rear of the building and a store in the forepart in which to display products and make sales. A small aparWnent on the second floor was adequate living space for a small family. A delivery service was developed which he took care of himself each afternoon by means of a hand pushcart.

Hendrik belonged to the Church of Calvin at Oudshoorn and was president of a young people's dramatic and song class that met weekly at the church. It was here that he met Everdina, Cornelia van Ojen.

THE VAN OJENS

The van Ojens had lived in Gelderland since the beginning of the 16th century. During the past one hundred years they had been tillers of the soil. The part of Gelderland where they lived was called the Betuwe and is the lowest part of Gelderland. Large rivers surround the Betuwe and during the last two generations the dykes have broken several times wherein people would often be on housetops or in the tops of trees awaiting rescuers. My great, great grandfather van Ojen was once a man of the hour with a boat and saved many lives in of these floods. He took sixty people in his Inn giving them dry clothes and food and lodging until other help was obtainable. Many people would die of exhaustion and exposure before any aid or assistance could reach them. Electric pumps have replaced windmills now and many outlets for water in case of floods have greatly lessened the danger of such disasters.

Grandfather van Ojen was born on October 1851 in Maurik, Gelderland. Grandmother was born in Zoelmond, May 8th, 1851 also in Gelderland. They, however did not meet until each had gone to the city of the Hague for employment. One evening she was being molested by some drunken men and he came along at the right moment to rescue her and accompanied her to her boarding place. Five years later they were married, Aug. 8, 1877 and Everdina, Cornelia was their first child who was born on the first day of October, 1878.

Grandfather van Ojen was a landscape gardener and also raised vegetables and flowers. Later they moved just outside of that city to a place called Loosduinen, to work for a man by the name of Correndorf who owned a beautiful estate with many fine beautiful horses and carriages. They lived comfortably in the gardener's home which was close by a big iron gate built on a dam which held the between the estate and the highway. These people were very kind and did not have any children of their own and they took a keen interest in grandfather's family. Mr. Correndorf insisted the children put their wooden shoes out on his hearth at Christmas time so that St. Nicholas visit them there, and it was they who taught how to knit her own stockings when she but five years of age, also to read and write old enough to go to school. Memories very pleasant of their life there.

One morning when grandfather had come in early morning breakfast he was summoned to the big beautiful home immediately, as Correndorf had suffered a heart attack. After hours the grief stricken wife accepted the her husband was dead and she could not be consoled. She could not bear to live there and so a new owner took possession. After worked for such exceedingly kind and generous people the van Ojens could not endure the ways of the new employer and so they too moved

The strangeness of this sad experience was to these happenings, my grandmother actually seen this panorama before it really and knew that it was going to take place.

By this time their little family had grown to children and it was difficult to find employ as most wealthy people preferred gardeners with no families. He, however did find work at Oudshoorn by Alphen on the Rhine. When the family moved there they had to drink river there was no water system, also no disposal. Naturally the water was contaminated with all the filth and waste from

boats and ships. The results were, that all five children became ill with bowel disturbances. Mother had of the bowels and after many weeks of sickness they finally adjusted to their situation.

A baby girl was born into the family there nine months of suffering was buried there. After one year they moved to a more convenient home with a big garden across the river where they raised and sold their own vegetables and flowers.

The children all went to school until they were twelve years of age. Mother was ahead of her years in school and spent her last year in a large class of boys who delighted in teasing her constantly. The ends of her long black braids of hair were often dipped in the inkpot.

There were several churches in this locality and my grandmother favored the Reformed Calvin church while grandfather favored the Hervormde church. The children did not know the difference and would sometimes go with one parent and sometimes with the other. When maturity was reached, or the age of eighteen, the children all decided to follow their mother and finally grandfather did too.

At the age of twelve, Mother began to work for fifty cents a week doing a little housework and took care of a four year old boy. Cold winter mornings at seven o'clock found her at work helping the cook and getting the fires made for her mistress. The kitchen was cold and no fire was allowed there for warmth until later on in the day. Many a breakfast was eaten with nothing warm but a cup of tea, while the lady of the house and her husband sat in a warm room to eat. The class distinction that was always evident left a bitterness in her heart. For four years she worked there with little pay and her heart hungered for kindness that she did not receive.

She then worked in a home with three children who were all girls. Sixty five guildors a year was her income there. Once during a two week period she would have one afternoon for herself to spend as she chose. Never, under any circumstances was company allowed to see her. She was instructed by her parents to ever show respect and to hide her real feelings, which she did. She longed to read the books that were in the house and to have just a few of the privileges that the small girls had in life but these were denied.

After thirty months she hired herself out to a family where she did the cooking and housework. Her pay was increased to eighty guildors a year. These people had no children to care for and treated her better, although they made her feel that the kitchen was her place. She was often very lonely.

She was invited to join a young people's organization which was some distance from where she was working and it took forty minutes to walk the distance one way. At ten o'clock she was to be at home for the people for whom she worked insisted that she could stay out no later. Nevertheless she made her minutes count and would walk fast. Here she enjoyed the association of others near her own age. Intuition has always been strong in her life and she felt this as she attended these rehearsals. The feeling was exceedingly strong that their song leader Hendrik Winkel was to play an important part in her life.

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

Hendrik worked hard in his bakery and so there was little time for outside interests or to further any friendships that could have been made. The night they met to sing together was perhaps the only social life they enjoyed. After many weeks they felt fairly well acquainted with one another and without any dating whatsoever they discussed marriage. The custom was declaring intentions before doing any dating, so a visit to the van Ojens was arranged and the two went to grandfather van Ojens to see if they could obtain their consent. All during the serious conversation of obtaining their permission the curious little boys of the family were curiously peeking through a crack in the door and were listening in. Grandfather felt that the suitor would be a good provider and a fine husband for their daughter so consent was given. Nine months later they were married, 2 August, 1900. There was little romance to their engagement and each worked hard with little time for being together.

Although there were twenty bakeries in operation in Alphen on the Rhine they were able to make a comfortable living. Housewives in Holland buy their bread, as they are not equipped in their homes to bake it themselves. They, however were not satisfied with just making a living they wished to save for the future.

My two oldest brothers were born there. True to tradition the first boy took the name of his father's father. The second child if a boy, took the name of his mother's father. Thus the parents seldom had anything to say about a name for their new babies, until they had quite a number of children. So Geert and Gerrit sounded a good deal alike. Later on, when the boys attended American schools it was difficult for people to pronounce the name of Gerrit to sound very different than Geert, so Gerret was called Anton or Tone which was actually part of his christened name.

Seeing an advertisement in the paper for two young people from the country to come to the city, they moved to Rotterdam and had a bakery there in the Agnusestraat. They employed three people and much bread was sold, three delivery wagons went out each morning, but competition was extremely keen and operation costs were high, so they did not stay in business there very long but closed their doors and sold what equipment they could and looked for another location.

Apeldoorn Gelderland, a beautiful locality where the queen had her summer home was their next residence. My father's sister Annie Folkersma lived there and she later moved to Rudyard Michigan in the U.S.A. Discouraged with the bakery they decided to buy a freighting business from Arnhem to Apeldoorn. This proved fairly profitable.

Among the many people in and around the city of Arnhem were two young men who would send their laundry to the city. One evening when they came, Dad asked them what their work was and one answered,

"We are preaching the gospel."

"What gospel?"

"The Gospel of Jesus Christ" was the answer.

Van Ojen Grandparents, as taken on their Golden Wedding.

Everdina Cornelia van Ojen & Hendrik Winkel wedding picture 1901.

Hendrik Winkel's bakery in 1902

"We have plenty of that here," my father said, "there are so many churches here now that it is confusing."

They explained that what they had was different and a lively discussion followed. Other customers came and interrupted so an agreement was made to visit some evening. That evening Dad came home and told Mother about the se two young men who were missionaries and paid their own way and preached the same way the Savior had done while He was upon the earth. He was impressed with the sincerity of them when they told of baptizing children of eight years by the right authority instead of sprinkling infants at birth.

"I believe that we should not allow the minister to sprinkle our new baby after it is born," said my father. "We shall see," answered Mother.

While they were living at Apeldoorn, Dad would go twice each week to Arnhem. His youngest brother Thys became very ill at that time and soon died with consumption. He had always been a lover of dogs and owned one by the name of Uno. A large beautiful smart black dog which was given to Dad to use as he freighted. Along the road to Deventer Uno enjoyed running through the woods chasing rabbits and often would catch them and bring them to the wagon. It was unlawful because the hunting grounds were privately owned, but it was useless to try to teach the dog that he could have such sport and freedom on some grounds and not on others. Dad was reported to the officers and they were told that he wrapped the killed rabbits in packages and wrote the words "will be called for" on the package. The wagon often stood alone with the dog on guard in Arnhem and one time the wagon was searched for such packages. One such parcel was found and so Dad had to go into headquarters. They asked him to open the package with the writing on. He informed them he did not like to do so but if the police gave their permission to do it they would be held responsible and not him. They expected a hare or rabbit in the parcel as he slowly unfolded the wrappings, they were surprised to find some women's undergarments in it. It was disappointing to them not to be able to arrest the man with the dog.

On another occasion the dog stood barking excitedly at something on the wayside, whereupon the wagon was stopped and Dad found a little weenor pig frightened and cornered. He would not hurt it but wanted his master to rescue it. The little pig was lost and the owner could not be found so it was put in the wagon and taken home and cared for. Advertisements were placed in the newspaper but they heard from no one until many weeks went by and a man came to the wagon one day and said,

"I understand you picked up a pig on the road sometime ago, it must have jumped out of my wagon. I want that pig back."

"Allright, you may have it but I will expect you to pay for the feed he has eaten while I have had him."

The man had a sack and he put the pig into it and proceeded to carry it away on his back and leave without paying. Dad tried to stop him but the man went right on his way. Uno, who had been sitting listening to the conversation and noticed what was going on, jumped at the man without a word from anyone addressed to him and tore his trousers so badly that he was forced to ask for some safety pins before he could go home. The man was furious by being outwitted by a dog and swore revenge.

The next trip the man decided to stand and wait by an Inn where he knew the horse and wagon stopped for water. He wore a long warm overcoat and held a wicked whip in his hand for the dog. As soon as Uno beheld the man and recognized his intentions, he ran for the man in spite of the proposed whipping and sunk his teeth in the overcoat and tore it off from the man. The bystanders who were witnessing the episode were highly amused and the man humiliated again. The dog was never molested again.

The faithful dog was a guardian to the little boys. At one time Geert was missing and when found, was walking with the dog on a canal's steep bank and the dog was protecting him by walking next to the water. He loved the children and looked out for them and at any command would obey his master's voice.

When the wagon stopped at Arnhem and Dad delivered the goods he brought into the various houses, the dog would take his place under the wagon, apparently asleep but ever guarding the wagon. Two o'clock in the morning the trips were started and often money was carried with him for wine for the queen's table, in short all sorts of valuables were entrusted in his care. The road went through the woods with scarcely any homes or buildings on the way making it a lonely road to travel.

CONVERSION TO MORMONISM

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints had a branch in Armhem where two missionaries labored. They often came to Apeldoorn to hold meetings and sometimes to work. The people in Apeldoorn were not friendly at that time and not many converts were made. There had been some but those had emigrated to America. When the missionaries became acquainted with Dad they often asked him for a ride and the long hours were spent as did Phillip of old, explaining the gospel. He became more and more convinced that these young men had something that was not preached in the Dutch churches. Questions that arose were satisfactorily answered and when he came home he was so enthusiastic that Mother began to grow afraid that he was seriously considering their religion.

Elder DeHart, and Elder Shouten came one evening to speak to Mother and Dad together. Elder DeHart had been a Catholic but was converted to the true Gospel and was being supported by a father who was not. They conversed for a long time on the principles of the Gospel. Mother who had always been a Bible student was surprised that she could not contradict their doctrine and was unable to find any scripture that would assist her.

Being reared in a home where her father and mother differed in their religious beliefs Mother had prayed so earnestly that she and her husband would be of the same faith. She wanted unity and harmony in her home and a good religious training for her children and here were these elders who seemed to have a powerful influence over her husband insomuch as to persuade him to leave his church. She would stop at nothing to keep him by her side, so she invited them another evening when she could have their minister to help her keep their views. Surely these ministers, who spend their lives studying the gospel, those who were paid to preach it to their congregations, could help her. The missionaries said that they were afraid the minister would not come but she assured them that he would be there.

The minister came alright and was very kind to the Mormon elders and after a general discussion asked, "Why did you wish me to come?" Mother said, "Will you please prove from the Bible that infant baptism is necessary?" After thumbing through his Bible he 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 this was done by the method of sprinkling a little water on their heads."

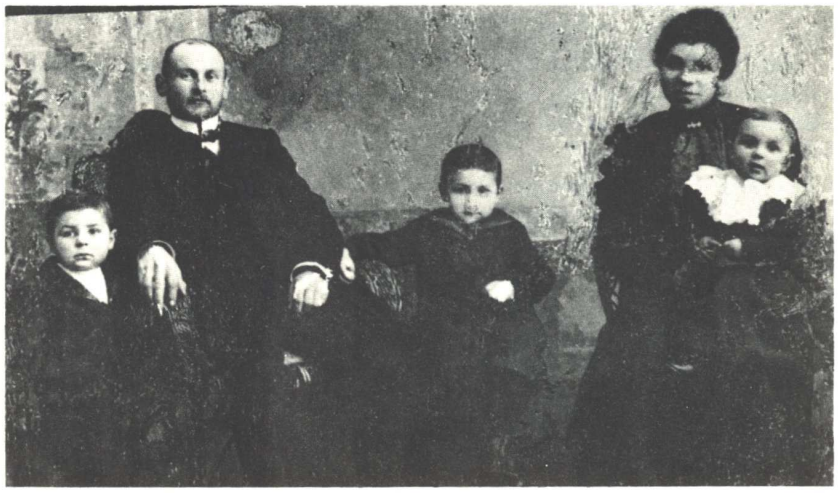
This explanation was not satisfactory at all to Mother. The discussion had lasted for three and one-half hours when the minister arose and shook hands with the missionaries and said:

"I cannot greet you as brothers but will as friends."This closing conversation lingered in her mind and Mormonism became a paramount subject in their home. Not wishing to believe in it Mother tried to avoid the elders while Dad often had them riding with him on his journeys. Some weeks later the missionaries left and were transferred to another part of Holland, but were replaced by two others. While answering a knock at the door one day, these elders handed her a

tract and spoke to her in broken Dutch. Her impression was, what a church! sending missionaries out who cannot even speak the language clearly.

Geert and Anton Winkel 1904
(Holland)

Hendrik Winkel's wagon where he heard much of the Gospel while transporting the missionaries from Arnhem to Apeldoorn in 1904.



Hendrik and Everdina Winkel
as they left Holland for America
in 1906

Their circumstances were better and the little family of Hendrik Winkel moved into a better home. Here their third son, Thys was born and when he was two weeks old Mother wished to take him to the church to be christened and sprinkled. Dad objected strenuously. After a visit from the minister the usual questions were left unasked but the baby's name went on the books of the church and the minister said he would have to be taught the gospel later on in life.

A family in Apeldoorn opened their home to the elders of the Mormon church for Sunday School and a missionary was introduced who formerly had belonged to the same church that the Winkels belonged. As a natural consequence many a conversation followed because of the curiosity that had been aroused as to why he had left the Dutch Reformed or Calvin Church. Far into the night they would talk each with a Bible in his hand.

The advise given to them was to pray for understanding. Mother had been praying through it all and although she was not in favor of the new religion it was constantly on her mind and she was finding flaws with the old belief. The minister called often and would contradict what the eider s would say. She studied and prayed sincerely that the Lord would help her find the answer and peace of mind. Some of the truths began to take root. She heard about baptizing for the dead as was preached by Paul. The minister told her he did not know the right meaning of that scripture but it did not mean what Paul said. She felt her confidence in the minister weakening and began to enjoy the simple truths read from the Bible the way the Savior taught them. The minister, not wishing to talk to Dad anymore said to Mother that he wished she would forget about these missionaries and not see them anymore; nevertheless she often let them stay overnight as they were passing through the vicinity. Their guest room door was always open to them. This continued on and the more she saw of the elders the more agitated the minister became until he said,

"If you continue to see these missionaries, I will have to take your names off of our books and I will publicize this from the pulpit next Sunday,"

Her answer to him was: "I want to belong to the true church of Jesus Christ."

The old Dutch church was always filled and true to his word the minister made the announcement to his congregation that the Winkel's names were no longer on the books of their church.

The beautiful truths of the gospel became clearer to her and finally she could see that she had to make the choice. This meant conflict with her parents, brothers and sisters as well as friends and neighbors. She knew too, that she would be despised by the great majority. When she became ready for an application for baptism, Dad was not so sure. Although he knew far more about the gospel than she did, he now hesitated for the actuality stared them in the face and it was hard. It would hurt his business; they would be friendless except for the few saints and missionaries; outcasts from the society that they had always known. It was very cold weather and the waters of baptism were outside in the canal, so his idea was to wait until spring. Mother was ready and insisted that they should not wait, so they were baptized Saturday night after ten o'clock in the canal by Elder Uffens. Just as the service was over, a man passed by who recognized them and

the Monday morning paper announced to the world that Hendrik and Everdina Winkel had been baptized into the Mormon church. Many people asked them right out

"Is it true? Can it be so?"

"Are you really joining those immoral people?"

This gave them opportunities to explain the gospel to others which they were only too willing to do. They placed many tracts with friends, neighbors, the butcher, grocer and the baker who called at their door.

My grandparents took it all very hard. They could not understand why their daughter had drifted away from their teachings. So at Christmas time grandfather Van Ojen came to Apeldoorn and spent a few days bringing with him letters from friends and their minister to persuade them to reconsider and come back into "the fold." After there had been an opportunity to explain the gospel to him, he saw and understood that they were really sincere in their new belief and it sounded good to him. The missionaries were with them and in a few days time grandfather could see the truth, however he heard so much that it was hard to digest all at once. Upon returning home to grandmother and the rest of the family he explained to them what the Mormons believed and how beautiful their teachings really were. It seemed, that hell must have broken loose--grandmother screamed when she heard that he felt kindly toward the new religion. They all talked against grandfather so much for leaning in that direction that he became unbalanced in his mind temporarily. When mother was notified of this she felt that she could and should go to them and set them right and so on New Year's day which was a bitterly cold day she left on the train with her new baby whom grandmother and her brothers and sisters had not seen, to spend the rest of the holidays. Two missionaries accompanied her, the same two who had spent such pleasant hour s with grandfather when he visited them. The entire family met them at the door and when the elders were introduced they were readily and icily dismissed. It seemed that they did not care to let mother in with the new baby either. But when the cold north wind blew and it was evident that they were suffering with the cold they were admitted into the fire for only a little while. When grandmother took the infant in her arms to the fire and the little bright-eyed baby stretched his little feet toward the warm fire her heart must have melted some and she did say to mother's sister:

"Look, Pauline, what a beautiful baby he is."

Aunt Pauline answered pertly and sarcastically,

"I will not look upon that child." My mother was hurt deeply and it made her heart ache. Why, oh why should a sister be so heartless? There was a tension in the home that was never there before. And grandfather had been taken to another room so that he could not talk with her. Mother was told that she could not stay over night but must go back that same afternoon. She then called on a nearby neighbor and friend--a Christian. This lady was kind to her but told her she had done her parents a great wrong. Mother pointing to her dim lighted coal oil lamp, said:

"If someone should give you a bright electric light whereby you could see better wouldn't you exchange your lamp?" Whereupon she answered hastily:

"No! My grandparents and parents had this kind, and this is still good enough for me."

She went back to make preparations to return home and as she kissed grandfather goodbye, he whispered "Pray for me." After this, mother received many letters from him but they were always written at the postoffice. He always wrote about Mormonisrn, but at their home it was a forbidden subject even to a generation later. Grandfather was his normal self again but the family was never very warm toward mother, always blaming her for grandfather's illness.

Gradually bakery business decreased and the atmosphere in general was none too pleasant. When dad made his wishes known to the missionaries that he thought they should migrate to America, they said:

"Brother Winkel, you must stay awhile and convert your relatives to Mormonism."

"That is just the reason we must go away," he answered, "For they despise us and do not claim us any more, because we are Latter Day Saints. They refuse to listen to us. We wish to go where the saints are--in Zion. It must be wonderful to live where the majority of the saints have gathered, to attend church in a real chapel, where friends believe as you do."

But mother was not so anxious to migrate to America and leave home with feelings as they were. How she prayed and hoped that her mother would see Mormonism as she saw it, but her prayers were not to be answered just then, for the time soon came that she too felt they must leave. After advertising their business for sale the one buyer that came had no ready cash, so they knew it was wise to stay longer and try to do some good and at the same time make preparations to leave eventually. Their faith was tried many time s as their relatives scoffed and disowned them. Again their prayers were to the effect that if it was the will of the Lord he would make it known unto them by sending a buyer for their business that would have ready money to purchase it from them. This time, no sooner had the advertisement been placed in the local paper than a man appeared with their price. The man, Mr. DeBoer, demanded, with the transaction, the faithful dog Uno and the deal was closed.

LIFE IN SALT LAKE CITY

Mother made one last visit to bid all of her relatives goodby and as they left Rotterdam on the tenth day of April 1906 they were happy to see the missionaries and saints who had gathered at the ship there to see them off and who sang the song, "Ye Elders of Israel," for them. They reached England where they found eighty emigrants who had come from Germany, Sweden, Denmark and England and who were all bound for the land of Zion--and the Temple.

After being on the water a very short time Dad realized that this was to be no pleasure trip for him. He was seasick and miserable the entire trip. Mother had her hands full with three little mischievous boys and the fourth one due in four months.

Easter Sunday dawned on this ship with its passengers of many countries. An impressive testimony meeting was held with each bearing a testimony in a strange tongue. The true spirit of the gospel was there and they were all happy in the thought of soon seeing the House of the Lord.

After reaching American soil and boarding the train, the children were not quite so active for the ship had seemed as a small city to them, but on the train they were compelled to sleep on their chairs and there was no room to move about. Although Dad was well again it was a hard trip and they all were tired and longed to reach their destination.

A telegram had been sent to the missionary who had baptized them but for some unknown reason it had never reached him and there was no one at the station to greet them. Picture if you can the little party at the station after having traveled under adverse circumstances for three weeks, Dad, Mother, Geert, Tone and Thys in their Dutch clothes, tired, dirty and discouraged and Mother's first impulse was to give way to hot blinding tears that came from sheer disappointment and exhaustion. There they stood in the station of a strange city--so different from their Holland. Was this Zion? To make matters worse they did not have a knowledge of how to speak in English.

A good soul by the name of sister Assenberg, whose husband had been to Holland on a mission, came to their rescue and took them to her home and assisted them with their problems. After a good home cooked meal, baths and a restful sleep, the morning dawned on a brighter and better world.

They were soon settled in a rented home and although it was not what they desired they felt it would do until they could do better. Sunday morning they dressed themselves in their best clothes and went to the famous tabernacle on temple square where they listened to the strains of music that came from the wonderful organ. The music had something strengthening and promising to their souls that was never forgotten. They lifted their eyes to the glorious temple and hoped that it would not be too long before they would be admitted inside to receive its blessings.

Due to a depression work was difficult to find. Dad worked at anything he could get but could make no choice. They were very grateful for every paycheck that he brought home. September

first 1906 another boy was born to the family. Although they seemed to cling to many of their Dutch customs they felt that they would like to name their children names of their own choosing rather than after ancestors. So this boy was named after his father.

Salt Lake City was growing and land was being sold in lots for payments of $5 per month. So Dad built their home on a lot at 8th South and 11th West, which was then called Poplar Grove. It was two rooms at first and was enlarged later. Life was hard and money was scarce, but they managed to pay for this property as they gradually built on it.

One night Mother awakened Dad and said,

"I know that this time we are going to have a baby girl, I have seen her and I know exactly how she will look."

"Then we are not going to have thirteen boys, like my boss had in Holland," was Dad's answer. A few days later the midwife announced my arrival and I was born Aug. 26, 1908.

Dad soon traded the home he had built for five acres of land on what is now thirty-third South on second west. He had to build a new home again. This was the home where John was born Feb. 2l, 1910.

Just one month before John's birth, Mother had a very severe earache. It continued to grow worse and no remedy helped. It was pronounced eariciplus and was an uncommon illness and very serious. She followed doctor's instructions but steadily grew worse. Her eyesight left her completely and the pain was unbearable. The elders were asked to come and give her a blessing but it brought no relief. Twice they administered to her without results. The bishop came and promised to send a brother Taylor who was a very devout and faithful man. He rebuked the infliction and the pain left almost immediately, her eyesight was restored and before long the swelling too, left her face, so she was soon well and fine again. The doctor related afterwards that her life had been in great danger and the disease must have gone to her brain. She lost all of her beautiful long black wavy hair and it never grew as fast or as long again.

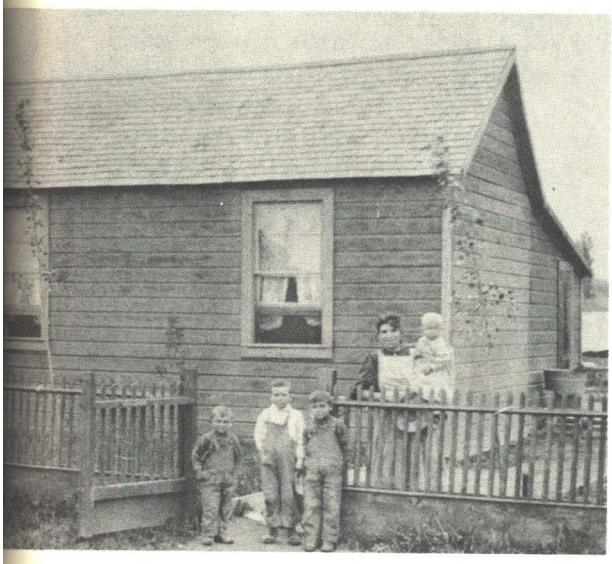
They were always hoping that sometime conditions would be better. They kept a cow and sometimes two. They also had plenty of good Dutch clothing and bedding. Under these trying circumstances they kept their faith. Deep in their hearts they knew that better days were to come,

for had they not obeyed the commandments and left Babylon and came to Zion? Some day, when hardships were overcome and the language mastered, days would be brighter. They knew that God knew they were doing right.

MOVED TO SEVIER COUNTY

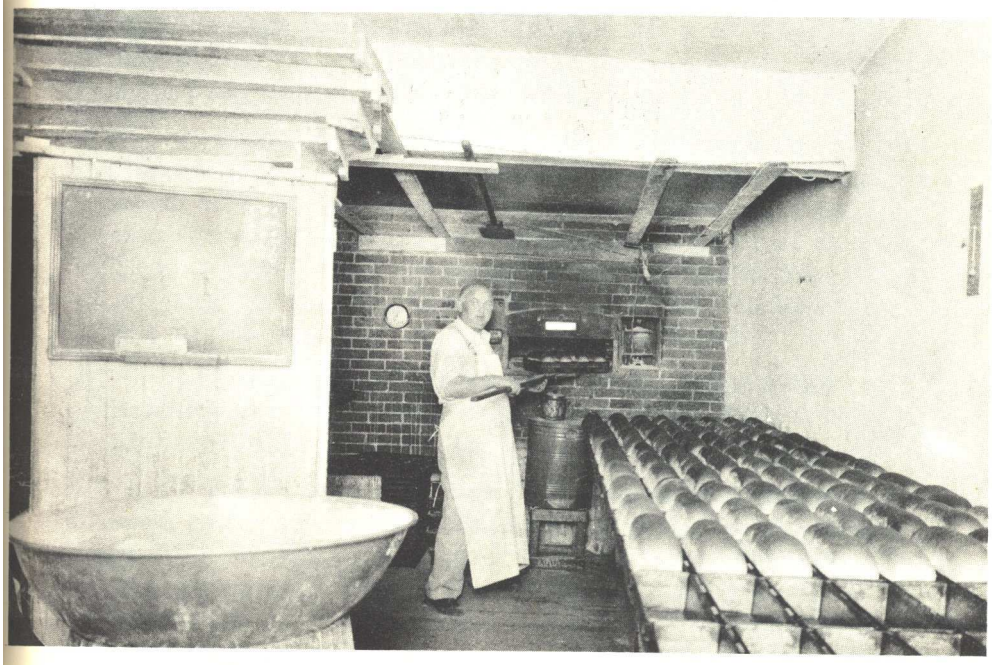
One day while Dad was in the presiding bishop's office he learned about a farm that was for rent in Monroe, Utah. A sugar beet factory was being built near Monroe and farming looked very promising. Dad looked at his five growing boys and thought what a fine place to rear boys-on a farm with plenty of fresh air, good food and work. He sold the second home that he had built and left Salt Lake City. His bishop, sorry to see hin, leave, gave him a pretty little blue pony as he left.

June 3rd, 1910 on a Saturday morning, we all started on our journey, moving the furniture and all our earthly belongings. Geert and Tone rode with Brother Wilkins, a good friend of the family, in two wagons loaded with furniture and drawn by three horses (Pete, Dick and Mack). Dad and Mother with the four younger children rode in an express wagon the little blue horse pulling us. Every day we would travel thirty miles and at night a tent was pitched and camp made. Each morning the little blue horse was balky and refused to budge, then all of a sudden she would decide to go like a flash and we would all have to hang on as best we could. It took five days to make the trip and it was all a big adventure to the boys but Mother felt as though she were leaving civilization for good.



First Winkel home in
Salt Lake City--1906.

Henry Jr., Thys, Geert
and Anton in 1909--
Salt Lake City, Utah.



Hendrik Winkel in the bakeshop 1920
Richfield, Utah.

The people of Monroe were very warm and friendly and made us part of their ward. We rented a log house for $3 a month and were very happy. Dad asked Bishop Swindle why there were so many inactive people in their ward.

The bishop smiled and said, "Brother Winkel, our people are farmers and are busy in the summer, they are winter Mormons." When the bishop, banker and others learned that Dad was a baker by trade, they offered to set him up in business and encouraged him, but Dad did not wish to obligate himself by going into debt. People clamored for bakery goods all the while Dad was proving to himself and others that he was positively not a farmer. Finally he began doing favors for different friends and baking in Mother's kitchen--doughnuts for the Hallowe'en party, a birthday cake etc. Orders were placed and Geert would deliver in his little express wagon, placing a trunk to carry the goods.

In a few months time Dad rented a store on main street, a former saloon and a small portable oven was purchased. The building was large enough that the family could live in part of it. Soon the Winkels were in business again and were selling all the products that could be made with the small amount of equipment on hand.

A second daughter was born before the bakery venture. She was born Sept. 29th 1912 and we called her Rose.

After we had lived in Monroe two years, a man entered our store one afternoon by the name of Wainright. He stayed at length and talked business with Dad. This Englishman was in business in the neighboring town of Richfield and wished to sell his business to us. I shall never forget the visit that we made to view the situation. It was the family's first ride in an automobile. The car belonged to the Wainrights and although the towns were but ten miles apart, the trip was a never to be forgotten experience. There were car sick children and sleeping children, two punctures, and one blowout. The result of that visit was another move--Dad purchased the bakery in Richfield. Mother was very sad at leaving Monroe, living conditions had improved greatly and she was so happy there. Many promises of continuing friendships by the Monroe people proved lasting and true, even to this day.

WINKELS PROSPERED

For years we lived in the same building as the bakery. A large screen porch was built on the second floor to the back where all the boys slept in the summer time. Best of all we had a bathroom that did away with the old washtub on Saturday nights. Behind the bakery was a small backyard, but beyond that fence was a large "empty lot" as we all named it, where many main street children played.

In 1914 Dad was able to invest in his first car. A Buick four, by name, that had a top on it that could be put up for stormy or cold weather and folded back for the warmer weather. It even boasted of side curtains that could be buttoned on when needed. Dad had a special coat that was neutral tan in color that covered him from his shoulders to his ankles, black driving gloves with large cuffs were real leather, on his head he wore a special cap. Mother also purchased car clothes for us. She had a hat with a veil and a three quarter length coat. Rose and I wore riding caps with georgette veils which tied in the back.

Afternoons, when business was not rushing, the family would ride to Annabelle, or Glenwood and come back with home grown watermelons to sell in the store. In Glenwood the irrigating ditches crossed the streets at each block and had no bridges, consequently more than once the Winkel family would bounce to the ceiling of the car, landing wherever we might. Babies cried, Mother's hat would be crushed and the rest of us would scramble back to our rightful places. At these instances Dad would stop the car and get out and walk around the vehicle to see if any damage was done to it while Mother would try to soothe the bumps. Strange to say that in time, either the driver became more adept or the car became used to such places for it was not always that way.

Another son blessed the Winkel family and he was "Willie", born Sept. 10, 1914.

Correspondence was kept up with the relatives in Holland. They wondered if living conditions were really as fine as they were described in the letters. Could they actually have a bathroom in their own home? A car sounded so far fetched. Surely they must not be telling the truth for ordinary people could not prosper to that extent.

Mother's brother Evert, a confirmed bachelor, managed a rubber plantation for the Dutch government in the East Indies and even his life of luxury did not include the comforts and items of interest that the letters boasted of that came from Richfield in America. He and his friend, Francis Ophof, decided to tour around the world and visit this wayward sister who had joined the unpopular Mormons in the United States. It must have helped the bitterness in the hearts of the Dutch kin when he reported back to them, but not to the point that their hearts softened on the subject of religion.

All Richfield knew that we were entertaining distinguished guests from the East Indies. It was very exciting for us youngsters to finally see a real live relative that actually belonged to our family. These two eligible bachelors made us rather popular for the time being at least.

One afternoon after a cloudburst Dad had to take them for a ride in the car. Too bad that streets had not been paved at that time. This road was the one south of town that led to the meadows. Usually the dust was thick and could be seen for some distance but this day it was very pleasant in that regard, in fact we passed a methal here and there. All of a sudden, I do not recall just how it happened for I must not have been watching very closely but we were stalled. The wheels spun and the mud flew. The men got out of the car to observe that they could not get out of their predicament without the aid of a pole or board or some such thing. By this time I decided to get out of the car and I opened the door and stepped off the running board onto what I thought was a substantial spot of dry ground. My long, white cotton stockings and canvas slippers were emerged in the red sticky mud. I mired just as the car had done. Those two Dutch men could not control their amusement, and burst into hearty laughter, but it did not seem funny to me for despite my seven years I burst into tears.

Next door to the bakery was a woman's hat shop owned by a certain Mrs. Morrison. Walter Morris on, the husband was always busy at the post office while his wife and daughters made hats. It seemed in those days we were not dressed up unless we all wore hats, little girls as well as big girls. Cleo was sixteen years of age and lone was all of eighteen. The two girls were infatuated and very flattered to receive attention from these handsome bachelors from the other side of the world. Uncle Evert had jet black hair with a long moustache that waved, while his friend had curley auburn hair with a moustache that matched. They were both well groomed and smoked large cigars which made them unique and distinguished. In the bakeshop Dad would open his windows onto the Morrison backyard where the visiting would take place. Sign language was used and there was much laughing when Dad would act as interpreter for the four of them. Then sometimes they would pair off and go walking for hours at a time. Their visit was of short duration but it was long enough for Francis Uphof to decide that he wanted an American girl for his bride. So weeks after they had left he returned for lone and they were married. The marriage was performed in her home above the hat shop and she sacrificed her citizenship and her religion to live in the East Indies with him. She felt no doubt like a little girl that had been touched by a fairy's wand and went into the land of make believe. She led a life of luxury, having servants for her every whim--to comb her hair, to fan her with palm leaves, in short to live the life of a real lady. Every few years she and her husband would return to the states to visit her family and the Winkels.

Winkel Family in 1912

One of the early cars in Richfield, Utah.
Hendrik Winkel and family 1913 in front of
the Winkel Bakery.

It was shortly after this experience that Mother gave birth to another baby boy and so he was named Francis Benjamin.

The family continued to grow to the extent that a larger home was needed. This home was purchased and was located at 290 East on Second South. We felt that it fitted our needs exactly--a large lawn in front of the house with ample garden space in the rear of the lot. Various fruits in an orchard, chicken coop to house chickens, rabbitry, barn and cows. Mother was happy to raise flowers and shrubs.

It was here that Pauline Daisy was born--the tenth child and we were all very happy to be favored with another sister. For a period of twenty years Mother had consistently given birth to a new baby every other year.

Genealogical work was started in the first ward of Richfield and Mother and Dad took an active part. Temple work began on both lines and they did research work as best they could under the existing circumstances. Thys went to the temple with them to do the first baptisms that were performed for our ancestors.

One afternoon while Mother was sitting on the front porch with her handiwork, Thys came and handed her a long envelope that made everyone very serious. The letter came from the headquarters of the LDS church calling him on a mission to the Netherlands. Tears of joy filled her eyes as she exclaimed, "Our boy is called on a mission to Holland." At that moment it seemed to us that there could be no greater joy come to parents or to families than to have a missionary. If he could only preach the gospel and bring the happiness to other souls as those young missionaries had who brought the truth to Dad and Mother.

It was indeed a blessing to the family that Thys and Tone were privileged to go to Holland on their missions while our grandparents were yet alive, renewing their acquaintances. They found that grandfather accumulated very little of this world's goods, his interest in the spiritual side of life was surprisingly high, after this important ambition, his material obligations would receive attention. He took a great deal of pride in his work and was a very accomplished landscape gardener. He was extremely kind, lovable and deeply interested in the welfare of others. His very countenance indicated a sympathetic kindliness. His friends were indeed many.

Grandmother Van Ojen too, was a sweet lovely lady, keeping her house in immaculate order, possessing a great deal of patience, seemingly thinking things through seriously and in completeness. This could have been attained to a large extent when she was in the hospital for the purpose of having a growth removed from her head, which had given her trouble in the form of severe headaches for many years of her life. It was miraculous that this operation was successful. Even today such operations are often fatal. Mother resembles grandmother very much in action, appearance and in thoughts.

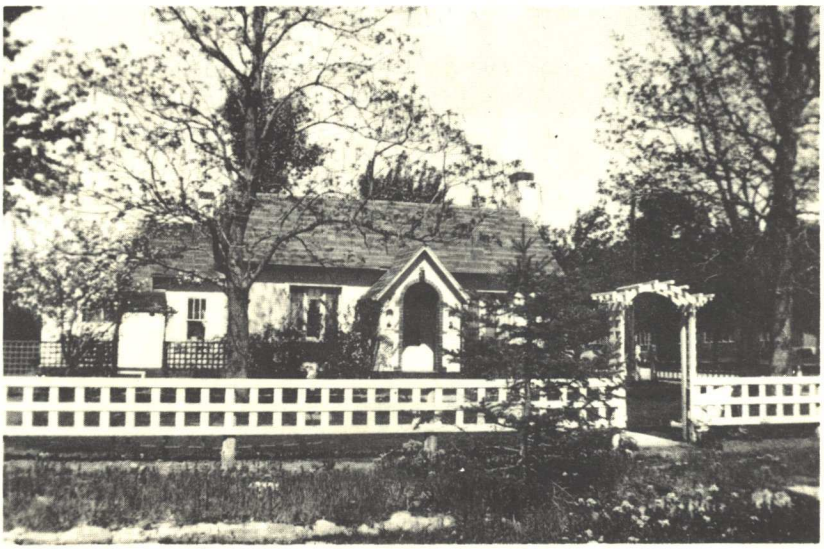
BACK IN HOLLAND

In February of 1935, Mother and Dad received a call to go back to their homeland to preach the Gospel. Much preparation was made for they would be away for a long time. It was decided that John could take care of the business and run the bakery during their absence. Bill who was married by then would occupy the home and little by little details were worked out so that they were able to leave.

Their stay for two week's training in the mission home at Salt Lake was enjoyed with the group of eighty missionaries--twenty-four of whom went to Europe. They had a special car on the train by themselves and stopped for sightseeing tours with busses and guides on the way. Fresh flowers on their tables each day as they dined, picture shows each afternoon, plenty of good books to browse through as they traveled on the liner "Manhattan" which brought them to England, made the days short indeed. It was quite a contrast to the trip that had taken them so long years previous. Little did they ever dream that this could ever take place and that they would again see their relatives in Holland. The fifth day of their trip aboard the ship, Ireland shores came into view and from there they were taken to Plymouth, England, where they boarded a train to Gravesend where the steamer "Batavier" took them to their destination.

Dad's Bakery in 1930

Winkel Family Home
in Richfield



Winkel Home at Time of Retirement

It was evening when they boarded this boat and early in the morning they crossed the north sea and saw the first signs of the country which they had left in 1906. The boat slowed down, went up the Maas river and soon they saw the city of Rotterdam. They found it difficult to describe their emotions when they set foot on their native soil. It looked familiar and yet .... the words of Sir Walter Scott came to their minds:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, 'This is my own, my native land!' Whose heart had ne'er within him burned as home his footsteps he hath turned from wandering on a foreign strand?"

Although they loved America, the entering of their old Fatherland with its memories and relationships was very impressive.

Two missionaries were there at the custom office to meet them and took them to the mission headquarters. They immediately asked for two weeks to visit loved ones before starting their labors as missionaries. So the same day they were privileged to go to the city of Mother's birth--the Hague. Although Mother's parents had passed away, her brother Arie and his wife were there to meet them and welcomed them very warmly. They were driven there in a taxi and that first evening in Holland was spent in talking and visiting. Mother had forgotten much of the Dutch language but Dad had remembered it somewhat better. There were two brothers and sisters who also lived in that city but lived some distance and were visited the next day. It seemed strange to see the members of their family married with children of their own, for they were all at home as children themselves when they had parted before. They all received them very well, but did not seem very interested in their mission work. They had some good conversations with uncle Arie, who was dissatisfied with his (Calvin) church. Then they went to Haarlem where another sister lived and to see Dad's oldest brother Arend and his sister Anna in Apeldoorn. This sister lived in a beautiful place among woods and beautiful gardens. They enjoyed a very fine visit but the message of the Gospel which they would have liked so much to deliver was unwelcome. From there they went to Gorsel where another brother Arend lived. This trip was made by bus and Arend was there to meet them. He was an elder in his church and although they tried hard to tell him what the Gospel was they did not make much progress. They had a few days left and went to see the brother that had visited us in America, Evert who lived in Gorichem and had a nursery there with many hothouses which were of much interest. They all did their best to please. Coffee was used at breakfast and when they were asked what their breakfast at home consisted of they were told fruit and cereal. They purchased a very tiny grapefruit that was so very expensive that Mother and Dad were so sorry that they had mentioned food at all and so from then on were very careful not to state what they were used to eating. It did please them, however, that all the relatives were living moderately well.

Many things had changed since their childhood--the locations were much the same but the new homes and buildings and streets were modern and much improved. Wide streets with traffic regulations proved that automobiles, although not so plentiful as in America had much to do with the improved streets and roads. Bicycles were so prevalent, that in some of the narrower streets they were really a menace, while on the larger streets there were special lanes provided for them. Trucks and busses had with their speed and conveniences taken the place of nearly all boat service. Many old boats were converted into dwellings.

World War One had brought many changes to Holland as well as elsewhere in the world. Wages were higher with the high cost of living and the results were that the hired girls who used to work for the wealthy people found employment in factories and enjoyed shorter hours and evenings and Sundays free, instead of working for a mistress who possessed her help for twenty-four hours of each day. The need for these girls was keenly felt, so that German girls came and gladly worked in homes. Finally forty thousand of these girls came and made Holland their permanent home and married Dutch boys. Then the depression came and factory work was no longer available and the Dutch girls had not been trained for housework and so had to learn.

It was a different Holland than it used to be. Many people had become bitter and hardened after the war. Mormonism could have helped but had not become popular yet. Emigration kept the branches of the church small. The increasing flow of cheap literature made tracting difficult. Many people did not read the tracts after receiving them and a new way of contacting the people was made by taking subscriptions for the Star--a little mission paper.

The big cities in Holland have many beautiful parks with benches for people to rest on while they admire the beauties surrounding them. Water tunnels through the thick growth of shrubbery and flowers while the water fowl of every description display their plumage and habits. Here the unemployed people would visit and converse, so Mother and Dad spent many days explaining the Gospel to those who would listen and passing out tracts. The ministers there in the local churches soon found out and warned their congregations that there were wolves in sheep's clothing lingering in the parks. They worked for three months in the city of Utrecht, one of the oldest towns in Holland and it is the center of the Dutch railway system. Many old buildings are still in use.

In the August conference they were transferred to the extreme northern part of the Netherlands where they had never been before. Here they labored until the end of their mission with people who were often bitter, others just indifferent, some were interested and at least good seeds were planted and whether the soil was fertile remained only to be seen.

They felt so grateful for the opportunity that had come to them to be able to return to their people and preach the Gospel to them. They had no way of knowing just how much good they accomplished but felt happy in the knowledge that they did their best. The Gospel had been the most wonderful thing that had ever come into their lives and they wished that they might give this priceless pearl to others.

REMINISCING

We have happy memories of childhood days when Dad would discover his business could get along for awhile without him and he would phone to Mother asking that she fill the picnic basket for an outing to the canyon. In less than an hour we would be off for Maple Grove or Clear Creek Canyon, crowded in the family car. Those were the times that we tried very hard to be first to reach the head of the falls or to scale the highest cliff or even to catch the first fish. There was one time that an innocent wading in the icy stream turned out to be a hilarious drenching water fight with Dad helping the weaker side. Always contesting the boys and Dad would see who could jump the farther, or beat with a game of horse shoes, or perhaps wrestling and we must not forget to mention how Dad could excel performing physical fetes--balancing himself on one foot and holding the other leg out straight in front of him as he lowered himself into a sitting position at the same time lifting one hundred pounds of weight and slowly raising again into a standing position on the one foot.

One afternoon in Sevier Canyon he crossed the river on a cable hand over hand while we children scarcely dared to breath, not realizing that the river was not the deepest in the world.

The afternoons we spent at Monroe plunge were filled with great pleasure as we generally took friends and picnicked afterwards. Geert was fished out of the water on one occasion after nearly drowning, which sobered us for awhile. Bert Kuiper should be mentioned as he was practically a member of the family and would often be with us regardless of the occasion. He worked for Dad in the business, as baker and came from Holland and had no family in this country. We loved him as our own.

Since growing to parenthood myself, I have often commented and wondered how Mother ever stood the noise and the scuffling of her seven lively boys at home, all so full of mischief and pranks. Those were the days that the Winkels needed a recreation room rather than a parlor.

Christmas time was fun as we followed the Dutch custom of setting our new shoes out for St. Nicholas to fill, instead of hanging stockings. Christmas Eves, the older children stayed up to help Santa Claus and even had a midnight snack with him, to say nothing of opening special gifts before morning. This custom prevailed to the very last that Mother remained in her own home.

Dad and Mother enjoyed the simple things of life--like sitting on the front porch drinking rootbeer while reading the newspaper, a drive to the end of the pavement after dinner--birds in the tree. They were blessed and could enjoy the small things--the common beauties--the day by day events. So many people who go afield for enjoyment leave it behind them at home, but not so with our parents.

They also enjoyed larger or more extensive trips--such as visiting friends in far away places. In their later years they traveled to various parts of the United States and upon returning they would always conclude that Richfield, Utah was the best place to live.

An orange was a treat to us when we were small children and no one ever said, "I don't like" at meal time. We relished our food. Twelve of us around the table each day. The good Dutch wholewheat bread that Dad made was different than any other, always graced our table. The headcheese in the wintertime that Mother made-the browned meat that was cooked characteristically in the iron meat pan that was brought from Holland, made our meals appetizing. Tone took pride in the clean milk that came from his milk bucket after "juicing the cow" as he sometimes put it. It was placed in large pans and put down cellar for the cream to raise. Later Mother would skim the cream and butter was churned in the old wooden churn--reminds me, too, of the ice cream that was frozen for Sundays.

The bakery was so much a part of our lives that even to this day as I pass a bakery, the aroma that comes causes me to hesitate just a moment as a wave of homesickness comes over me. I think of our Dad in his own bakeshop standing over the doughnut stove or taking the fresh hot loaves from the oven.

It seems a pattern for family living is like the pattern for a dress. It is a design, a way or mode of life that is chosen in order to reach a goal or an objective. I remember Mother saying so often to us,

"Now when you get homes of your own-yours should be much better, because you have had the advantage of being raised in this country under the influence of the Gospel and have had training in good schools that Dad and I never had."

Co-operation, service, industry, integrity, frugality, compassion and neighborliness beget love and are the elements of happy living and our parents were fine examples of this. The Gospel objectives have been their goals. They chose those patterns of family life and we, their children must not fail them.

The last trip that we enjoyed with Dad was at Fish Lake. Two of Anton's children, Cleve and Verlene were vacationing with us from Oregon and before taking them back we spent a few days with cousins and grandparents in Bill's cabin. The night before leaving for home we had a program or what we ordinarily call a "family hour" where each one took part. We loved to listen to Dad as he recited in Dutch his many dramatic readings which he remembered perfectly, later translating them. They were never serious but very comical and we marveled that evening that he, although sixty nine years of age called to mind some that we had never heard before. The grandchildren laughed and were highly entertained as he characteristically dramatized and impersonated for them as he recited. After a good night's rest and a never to be forgotten evening we returned to our home in Gunnison after planning with Dad and Mother to go to Oregon on the 31st of July 1945.

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Everdina Winkel and her girls--Dena, Rose, and Pauline 1920

Hendrik Winkel with his sons--Henry Jr., Thys, Geert, Wm., Anton, Francis and John.

First Family Reunion
August 22, 1939

They slept at our house so that we might start very early on our trip. In the meantime we had learned of sister Hallen's funeral (Melvin's Mother) that would be held that very day, so Luris decided to go with us as far as Salt Lake where we would all attend the funeral and he would return back to Gunnison to be with our children while I was away. As we knelt in prayer before leaving Dad was mouth. Little did we know what the day was to bring.

"I will drive now but I want Luris to take the wheel after a little while," Dad was heard to say.

There had been a horrible accident wherein two of our acquaintances from Mayfield had been killed and we were discussing this when a loud bang two miles south of Levan--just like a shot came from the left back tire and the car began to swerve from side to side. That is all that we remembered until we regained consciousness. The car had overturned twice. Cleve was standing on top of the car viewing the rest of us--thinking that there was no life. One by one we revived and I heard Luris' voice trying to rouse me to see if I had been hurt. I could hear him talking to Mother but could not answer at once. They could not see Dad. Luris' leg was wedged under the front seat and he was struggling to free himself at the same time checking on the rest of us. We realized at once that we were not injured seriously but one by one we climbed out of the top of the car, all looking for Dad. Luris found him in a heap some fifty feet away where he had been thrown. His head had been cut badly and internal injuries could only be guessed. He immediately gave to him artificial respiration and kept him breathing when an ambulance took him to the nearest hospital which happened to be in Payson, Utah. He lived but a few hours. That evening the headlines in the Deseret News told of Dad's sudden death. He had always made mention of

the fact that when his time came he wished to go in a hurry and the Lord saw fit that his desire was granted him.

Mother met this great grief with stoicism and willingly paced her trust in the will of the Lord. Her great faith was an inspiration to all of us, it gave her the positive assurance that she would again be united with him later on. We all felt her great strength and endurance and realized her part of the family achievements. After he breathed his last she willingly knelt down in the attitude of prayer and surrendered her help-meet to God. Strength, security and loyalty! Thank God for such a Mother.

As we children reminisced we could see how well Dad had prepared Mother for this part of her life that she was to live without him. Just a few years prior to this event he had again purchased another home to live in that was more suitable for a couple in their declining years. One that was more modern and easily kept. He had retired from business and had his finances so arranged that she would be comfortable as long as she lived. She was very lonely to be sure but she spent her time with genealogy and temple work. As we would ask her to come and live with us she would say,

"Perhaps some day but not now."

Her great ambition has always been to show and inform others how to get greater values from life and in so doing testifies that the Pearl of Great Price is of greater value than life itself. Many are the individuals who have started their genealogical research and temple work because of her encouragement and assistance.

We have often heard Mother say when pondering over their experiences of the past that had it not been for Dad, she would never have listened to the elders who brought them the restored Gospel.

"How thankful we feel that we did become members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. As time went on and our knowledge of the Gospel and language increased, we became interested in our genealogy and the desire to have a sketch of our lives with our testimonies left for our children and all those who were to come after, was very strong in our hearts. Trusting that this would be helpful to them in living the Gospel and enjoy the blessings of the Lord."

These sentiments were recorded in her diary:

"The proclamation sounded in my ear--It reached my heart--I listened to the sound, counted the cost and laid my earthly all upon the alter, And with purpose fixed unfalteringly, while the spirit of Elijah, God within my bosom reigns, embracing the Everlasting Covenant, I am determined now to be a Saint and number with the tried and faithful ones, whose race is measured with their life, whose prize is everlasting and whose happiness is God's approval; and to whom 'tis more than meat and drink, to do His righteous will."

FUNERAL SERVICES FOR HENDRIK WINKEL SR.

August 3, 1945

Bishop C. P. Christensen, Officiating

Transcribed by Vance R. Nielson

Bishop Christensen:

"It is now time that we begin these services for Brother Winkel. The program has been arranged by the family which will be carried out as to their wishes. We would like to mention some particular items at this time.

There will be a double mixed quartet who will render the first musical number. The members are: Melba Peterson, Mrs. M. W. Smith, Mrs. Roy Christensen, Mrs. Talmage De Lange, Roy Hatch, Floyd Bell, M. J. Wright, and Roy Christensen. They wilt be accompanied by Sister Thelma Meyer. We would like to mention too the pallbearers are six sons of Brother and Sister Winkel, their names are: Geert, Thys, Henry, John, William, and Francis.

The double mixed quartet will favor us with a song, 'O! My Father, ' after which the invocation will be offered by Brother E. W. Poulson."

Song. Rendered by the double mixed quartet, "O! My Father."

<u>O! MY FATHER</u>

O! My Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside:
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side.

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth,
Yet ofttimes a secret something whispered,
"You're a stranger here;"
And I felt that I had wandered from
A more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father,
Thro' Thy Spirit from on high;
But until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, l I knew not why.
In the heav'ns are parents single?
No; the th't makes reason stare;
Truth is reason, truth eternal,
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come. and dwell with you."

Invocation. Offered by E. W. Poulsen.

"Father in Heaven, according to appointment we have assembled here this afternoon in the capacity of funeral services for a member of our ward and a member of the High priest group.

We are grateful for the good clean, honest life that Brother Winkel has lived. We are also grateful for the fine intelligent family that he has left here with us, and that we have been privileged to associate with them. We pray that Thou wilt bless them, that they will feel the work and value in the life that their father has lived. That they will know he will be proud to have them live and follow his example.

We pray too that Thou wilt bless Sister Winkel, that she may be comforted by Thy Spirit. Let Thy Spirit be with her so she will know that all is well. And we pray that the injuries that she received may speedily be healed.

We pray that Thou wilt bless his sons and daughters, now that they have grown to mature manhood and womanhood, that they will live such lives that they will be pleasing unto their Mother while she lives here on this earth.

We pray this afternoon for those who speak and address us, that Thy spirit will be with them to help them say those things that will be a comfort and consolation to the family.

We feel, Father, Brother Winkel has lived an honorable life, and that now that he has been called home we know he will be given an honorable reward.

We thank Thee, Father, for the blessings we do enjoy and to be members of Thy Kingdom here on earth. We pray for guidance in working out our salvations here and we do it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Bishop C. P. Christensen.

"The quartet will then sing for us, 'Though Deepening Trials. 'Our first speaker will be Brother Ken Isabell. May Robinson will sing 'Silver Haired Daddy of Mine. 'Brother Elic Jensen will be our second speaker, followed by a few remarks from Brother C. A. Winget ofMonroe."

Song. Rendered by the double mixed quartet, "Though Deepening Trials."

THOUGH DEEPENING TRIALS

Though deep'ning trials throng your way,
Press on, press on, ye Saints of God!
Ere long the resurrection day
Will spread its life and light abroad.
Will spread its life and light abroad.

Though outsyard ills await us here,
The time at longest is not long
Ere Jesus Christ will reappear,
Surrounded by a glorious throng,
Surrounded by a glorious throng.

Lift up your hearts in praise to God,
Let your rejoicings never cease;
Though tribulations rage abroad,
Christ says, "In me ye shall have peace,"
Christ says, "In me ye shall have peace."

All glory to His holy name,
Who sends His faithful servants forth
To prove the nations to proclaim
Salvation's tidings through the earth.
Salvation's tidings through the earth.

Talk. Offered by Ken Isabell

"Sister Winkel and Family, Brothers and Sisters, Life's lot is certainly bewildering at times and especially today.

Little do we understand the certainties and uncertainties. We dare not predict to morrows events, a day, a week, a month changes the entire plans of families and even nations.

You were moved, as I was, to witness the last rites being performed by these sons in behalf of their father. What a masterful tribute to any man to have six sons assist as pallbearers on an occasion of this kind. What joy must be his this day, as he witnesses this act of nobility done in such humbleness. What a comfort to Sister Winkel to have these fine boys and girls and their families in such a trying hour.

Geert, Tony, Thys, Henry, Bill, John and Francis, no Father could build a monument greater than his own flesh and blood. Dena, Rose and Pauline as the daughters of the family have been a comfort and joy to the Winkels, now more than ever their presence will strengthen Sister Winkel.

Just a few minutes ago Sister Winkel stated that she now has to act as Captain of the Ship. I can hear Sister Winkel saying, "What shall I do?" and I hear Brother Winkel saying, "Sail on! good mate, Sail on!".

We don't consider man's movements as being predestined, but events seem to move towards a definite goal. After these many long years Brother Winkel was urged to sell his business, and along with this transaction their old home was sold for a more suitable place, for a couple in their retiring years. The finishing touches have been given that lovely home. It is a tribute to his warnings, to get his house in order for the future. Though alone, Sister Winkel is left in comfortable circumstances and with the children, grandchildren and their families, she yet has an important mission to accomplish. May we say to you Sister Winkel, you have an important assignment in life to fulfill--with your own relatives, as well as the hundreds of friends you have made and will make, there is a great work for you to do. Brother Winkel will carry on alone on the distant shores but you must carry the earthly load.

For some years our fourth Ward has established the habit of the men going coatless during

the hot summer days. Brother Winkel was a good sport and would join in with us. In the games at ward functions he would participate and enjoy the fun.

We was athletic, not so long ago he was able to handle a sack of sugar so easily, that some of us young folks were astonished, as well as somewhat ashamed of our strength.

Brother Winkel was sincere, some few years ago a debate was held in the 3rd Ward, Brother Winkel was on the side of the fat men and I on that of the slim. It was supposed to be a comic affair, in the course of the debate I read a letter, supposed to be received from the President of the U. S. in which he testified that fat men were of considerable less value in our country's service than slim men. After the debate, Brother Winkel asked to see that letter. He was told it was only a make up affair, after which he rather scolded me for not telling the truth. I mention this to show of his sincerity and belief in all you said.

He was generous and full of ambition, not long ago Sister Winkel bore her testimony on fast day in our ward. Among the things she enumerated were blessings they have had in answer to their accepting the gospel in far away Holland. Many of their people are in that land, suffering the hardships of wars and privation. Sister Winkel has demonstrated her humbleness throughout the

years. She is a woman of purest gold, ambitious, kind, courteous, loved and respected. Out of this tragedy the first of its kind to come to the Winkels, will come mellowness, love, and appreciation. She will not become bitter, or full of hate. She has learned, long ago that every living thing shall die and though the wound of death be deep, it will heal and the scar become less vivid as the years progress.

I speak of those things concerning this good family through many different circumstances. First Tony worked for my Father on the farm, I graduated from high school with Dens. I have worked in civic affairs with John, in church with Pauline Francis, Brother and Sister Winkel, and have been a customer for years with Brother Winkel's bakery and grocery. I have traded with Geert, and have had several dealings with the other boys. My sister worked for Brother Winkel through these and other events and I have learned to appreciate the things Winkels were trying to do. Brother Winkel had some of the mannerisms of the old country and was a little hard to get closely acquainted with, once you did you appreciated him.

Brother Winkel was born in Northern Holland 69 years ago last March. He was left an orphan at 11 years of age. He was next to the youngest. At this tender age he began looking for a job that would provide board and room. Several jobs were engaged in, the last being a bakers helper. At the age of 23 he married Sister Winkel, just 45 years ago. They accepted the gospel and joined the church shortly after their third child was born. They have been in this country 39 years and during this time 7 of the 12 in their family have filled honorable missions for their church. For 33 years Brother Winkel has operated a bakery business in Richfield, and prior to that time he worked as a carpenter s helper for a railroad bridge gang and then moved to Monroe where they started a little bakery, first in their home and then in a small building by itself.

Its a long way from the lowlands of Holland to the high hills of Utah, and its a long way from being a poor emigrant boy unable to speak the language of a new land, to becoming among the most successful of business men in a modern little city. Its a long hard road to bring 10 children into the world with the basic necessities alone--food, clothing, shelter, to provide for, to say nothing about education, medical care, missions and other assistance we find a monumental task. There were 10 of us children in our family exactly the same as Winkels which makes me appreciate even more fully, the tremendous tax on the many resources of a father and mother in trying to provide.

Brother Winkel was a member of the High priest quorum and I see the other members of the quorum here this afternoon to pay tribute to him.

It has been my pleasure to relay to Brother and sister Winkel my thoughts as to their success in life. I am grateful it has been so done in private as well as in public. Again today I'd like to tell Sister Winkel that her life has been a motivating force for good, a shining light to many. Few if any stories I've ever heard compare with that of Brother Winkel and his good friend Gerritt Ripp.

These two men were from the same town in Holland. Each of them embraced the gospel of the L. D, S. Church. They would hold Sunday School in their homes alternately and worship their maker together. They came to Utah, working hard and bringing large families. Brother Ripp had 7 children while Brother Winkel had 10. He chose the painting business and Brother Winkel the

bakery as their life's work. One was 74 years of age and one was 69. Last Friday Brother Ripp came to Richfield and stayed with Winkels where he and Brother Winkel and the families had a good visit. At that time it was expressed that both would like to go on a mission for the church. They are both members of the High priest quorum of their stakes.

Last Monday at 1 o'clock, Brother Ripp passed away from a heart attack. Two hours later Brother Winkel answered the call. In 28 minutes the funeral services for Brother Ripp will begin in the Sugarhouse Ward chapel in Salt Lake. These services of two life long friends, whose lives so paralleled will be in progress at the same time.

There is a resurrection, a tomorrow of life. We shall meet Brother Winkel in the by and by. In the robes, of the temple, he rests until that eventful day.

It so happened that it was my turn to conduct our sacramental services last Sunday in which Brother and Sister Winkel sang with our choir. Little did any of us know that those songs, were the last ones Brother Winkel would sing. Somehow it seemed to be his earthly farewell in song. I was moved to remark at the close of our services that I thought the songs Brother M. W. Smith had chosen were done under inspiration. Somewhere they touched vibrant chords in my being, for they seemed unusually beautiful and well done.

The farewell song Brother Winkel assisted with and hallowed this building more deeply was our Joy and song. Its words are thus:

"We praise Thee, O God, for the joy and the song
Which unto us this beautiful season belong:
We love and adore, Thee, for light and for love,
And for all the rich blessings that come from above.

The gates are wide open, and they beckon us all,
Each to follow and serve at the sound of Thy call;
Through portals of praise, and thro' Zion's fair gates,
We will pass on with songs to the work that awaits.
At last in that city, with its glories untold.
With its gates all of pearl and with streets of pure gold,
We'll give to the Savior, who dwelleth in light,
All the pow'r and dominion, and wisdom and might."

What a beautiful farewell sermon in song. Now he belongs to the choir invisible, singing the immortal songs of eternity.

All of us could do well to emulate these good qualities of this good man who has gone so far in life.

To these boys and girls, the grandchildren, the inlaws, may we offer this little tribute to Sister Winkel, who so needs you now.

TO MY MOTHER
by Thyrza Roekelley

God moulded you from finest clay,
And sent you from above
And that is how I came to have
The gift of life and love.
You showed me how my erring feet
Should treat the path of life,
That was so new, so strange to me,
So filled with unknown strife,

And when I stumbled on my way
'Twas you who helped me up,
And bade me on, and gave me strength
To drink the bitterest cup.
You taught me how to worship God,
And pointed out the way,
But the greatest gift of all, my dear,
You taught me how to pray
And now upon my knees I bend
As you have taught me to,
And bow before the heavenly throne
To thank my God for you."

So I say to you boys and girls, comfort your mother, cherish the memory of a good father, and your lives will be enriched.

May the peace and blessings of this afternoon guide us through the hills ahead, and may the life of Brother Winkel illuminate our path towards perfection, I pray for through Jesus our comforter, Amen."

Song. "Silver Halted Daddy of Mine," sung by May Robinson.

SILVER HAIRED DADDY OF MINE

In a vine covered shack in the mountains
Bravely fighting the battle of time,
Is a dear one who's weathered life's sorrows,
Is that Silver Halred Daddy of Mine.

If I could recall all the heartaches,
Dear old Daddy I've caused you to bear,
If I could erase, those lines from your face,
And bring back the gold to your hair.
If God would but grant me the power

Just to turn back the pages of time
I'd give all I own, If I could but atone,
To that silver halred Daddy of mine.

I know it's too late dear old Daddy,
To repay for the sorrow and care,
Though your mother is waiting in heaven
Just to solace and comfort you there.

If I could recall all the heartaches,
Dear old Daddy I've caused you to bear,
If I could erase, those lines from your face

And bring back the gold to your hair.
If God would but grant me the power,
Just to turn back the page s of time,
I'd give all I own, If I could but atone
To that silver haired Daddy of mine."

Talk. Offered by Brother Elic Jensen.

"Sister Winkel and family, Brothers and Sisters, I humbly stand before you this afternoon and I trust that the beautiful prayer that was offered in our behalf will be answered so that we will say nothing that will mar this beautiful program.

Today I feel I should be among the family as a mourner, because I have been so well acquainted with them and worked with them in our ward. It has been a pleasure Sister Winkel, boys and girls, to have you in our ward. When I was in the First Ward and Bishop, I don't know what I would have done without their background.

Brothers and Sisters, I don't know of a man who's life was so well rounded out as Brother Winkel's insofar as he joined this great church of ours.

When he first came here, I don't think they had too much of this worlds goods. He tasted the hard licks of life and has also tasted of having things a little better, and of retired life. He enjoyed himself these past few years, and even though he was retired he could not quit working. His life was well rounded out. And as I said he tasted of the sweet and the bitter of this life and the glory of our great church in which he was a member. And I know that he shall see God in all His Glory. He believed he would see God the Father, and to this day I believe it; his good wife believes it. What would be a more just reward for a man who has lived as Brother Winkel has lived.

It was hard for Brother Winkel when he first joined the church, because his own family were against it they spat in his face for joining. Look what it has meant to them; to our families; to your families and to the Winkels. Seven of the ten children have filled missions and I have had

the privilege of sending four of them. Brother and Sister Winkel were out on their mission and through Sister Rose, Francis was sent on a mission later and then she got married. These boys and girls have taken the Gospel to heart. They are missionaries at heart. Look at the extensive good that his family has done and at the good work they have accomplished by going through the temple, in doing the work they loved for both the living and the dead. Brother and Sister Winkel gathered up a lot of genealogy while on their mission in Holland doing a great work.

Think, if some humble eider had not carried the mission to them where they would be. They may not even hive lived in our good land arid enjoyed themselves as they have here. The Lord has blessed them. They are a blessed family. They believe in prayer.

I wonder sometimes if we believe this message good enough to be worthy of the blessings that are in store for us. I know our intentions are good but I how of people who could put their intentions into reality. I have been a stake missionary and talked with some that are Latter Day Saints who have talked about going to the temple but keep putting it off. The good this good woman, Sister Winkel has done, and the blessings she has received during the past forty years no one will take away. This couple will have each other and their children in the next world because they went through the temple and had their children sealed to them.

I have performed a good many marriages for a period of mortal life only. They cannot live together in heaven as they do here on earth unless some one does that work or has it done. Father in heaven, be merciful unto them. Bless them.

Sometimes I wonder if we really believe that the Hebrew Children were rescued from the burning furnace. Is that harder to believe than the God the Father is eternal? That the people were thrown into the burning furnaces and into that intense heat and yet came out unharmed? Joseph Smith had faith and prayed to our Father in Heaven, and the Angel Moroni came to him and told him where he could find the golden plates, and that Moses received the ten commandments. Is that harder to believe than this glorious Gospel?

I am thankful to be honored to say a few words for this good man. I feel he happened upon a good work and lived on borrowed time. Of course, chances were, he would have lived a good many years, but it was not God's will.

I once talked to President Warner and asked him why he thought that this person or that was called home at a certain time. He said, that when our time comes we must go no matter what we have left here to do or what we must leave behind, while others go on living because their mission has not been fulfilled. When our time comes we will go and not before.

I feel there is no need for sorrow, in a way, he has lived an honorable life and done the best he could. I doubt there is any person in this country that was his enemy. He was a liberal man. He always gave generously to the ward whenever he was called upon. He was always worthy of a high recommend. Boys and girls, emulate the good example that your father has shown you so when you meet him on the other side he will be pleased. What we do here will go with us to brighten our paths and lighten our load on the other side. Do the best you can and no more will be expected of you.

May God bless Sister Winkel and the family, and I praise the family for emulating the teachings of their father and mother in this great cause for which we are born. May God bless this family in their bereavement I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Talk. Offered by Brother C. A. Winget.

"Sister Winkel, Sons and Daughters of Brother Winkel, you honor me this afternoon in that you request I speak a few moments at his services.

After listening to the illuminating remarks of the other speakers I feel more keen in my ability in trying to make you feel the friendship I have always tried to attain for this family.

I perhaps was one of the first to meet Brother Winkel in our county. He came to Monroe, and somehow, someway, he came up to my home looking for our Bishop. I was then a member of the Bishopric. He was looking for Bishop Swindle, to help him find a place to stay. I was so impressed with Brother Winkel's appearance, I said, after a short conversation with him, "Brother Winkel, you are going to stay in our home, and we desire the privilege of entertaining you." He said, "I have so many on growing boys I wanted to settle out of Salt Lake." That is the way he put it. "I have so many on growing boys, that I want to be more at home with my family." He wanted to live with them and to be able to be at home more. It is a blessing and a good feeling in ones soul when we do good to some one.

When I was in his home today and saw the beautiful floral offerings that came from friends and relatives, I thought of the loss of Brother Winkel, and the vacancy caused by his departure. But the appreciation of love, sympathy, and good will, will help to fill in a small measure, the gap left by his passing.

Brother Winkel believed in the scriptures. He believed what the Savior said, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of my children, you have done it unto me." I knew Brother Winkel in his fullest extent to bless the wrong, and to do things for those who were in need and to those who were not in need as well. I remember, when my wife and I were working in the temple in Manti, he came to us and expressed his consideration and appreciation for the kindness we showed him when he first canoe to this part of the country. At the time my wife and I spent three years as ordnance workers. We were called from our stake to fill a mission. Brother Winkel, after all these years did not forget us. One Christmas we received a number of lovely cakes, sacks of pastry and some other nick-nacks made by Brother Winkel. No one knows just how much my wife and I appreciated his consideration. It was not so much the gift, it was the spirit in which it was given. We could have gone out to some shop and bought those things, but there is something about being remembered especially by one whom you loved so much.

When I looked at him today in their home and as I looked about me, and saw the flowers and shrubs, I thought, "Oh! my, how it depicts the character of this wonderful man." As I looked at his emaciated face, I saw there, numerous signs of nobility and Godliness. I thought, "Here surely lies the remains of a man of God, one of whom God will approve. One who has earned for himself the glorious crown of our Father in Heaven."

It seems glorious to me, as I stood there, contemplating when my time comes to pass on, and I am not worrying about it, I am not worrying in the least in my going, not in the least, as I stood there I wondered if I would be worthy to grasp Brother Winkel's hand when I pass on, in a real friendly hand clasp.

He knew the Gospel was true, he knew when the King shall come in his glory, all nations shall be gathered before him, and he shall separate them one by one. The righteous people on the right and the unrighteous on the left. The Lord will then say, to those on the right side, "Come and live amid the Kingdom of God which is placed for thee." And on the left He shall say, "Depart from me."

He has lived in such a way he will receive the reward of being numbered among the righteous of our Father in Heaven. It is a reward to be glorified in such a way.

As I have contemplated in pity our gathering here for these services in this chapel, the gloriousness in eternity, the preciousness of immortality, seems to sink into oblivion. The finer things of life seem welled up in my bosom, and the hope of my attaining the goal that Brother Winkel has reached.

I have not seen anything here nor have I heard anything that can compare with the things

God has in store for man. Brother Winkel, we know, will enjoy the things that are in store for us by the Father in Heaven. Sister Winkel is more worthy than anyone I know for the crown of God. Brother Winkel loved her and his family, and on her part, devotion has never ceased for her husband and family.

It is not my purpose to talk long. I just want to say I have always cherished the memory of Brother Winkel and his wife.

I am hoping for the privilege of meeting Sister Winkel and the members of the family many times in eternity, because as you may know, mingling with such people we get inspiration, we get visions, we see things from a liner view point through the association of people we love the most.

May God bless you in your trial and may He provide the spirit to comfort you in your grief, that you may indeed feel the comforting influence of the Lord, that he will comfort you by day and by night, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Bishop C. P. Christensen.

"Those have been very high tribute s acclaimed to Brother and Sister Winkel and the family, and I know they appreciate it very much.

If I was to say anything here this afternoon, not by way of tribute but by way of advice, it would be something like this:

Live each day as though you may never see the morning come.
To be strengthened by my actions and honest with myself.
To be kind and pleasing to others, to be pleasant to all.
To be courteous, to look forward to happiness and not disappointments,
To remember that my life will be better from the services of others.
To be grateful and helpful whenever needed.
To be true in my own way in all things.
To make the best of my strength and the days alotted to me.
To be friendly and helpful wherever possible.
To do, without dislike, temper, and bitterness.
To be considerate of my friends, and fellowman.
To keep Faith with God and my fellowman.

This is my creed and my philosophy. I have failed it often, and will many times more, but by those teachings of my mother and father I have lived at the best of my ability.

I appreciate the acquaintance I have had with this family and the friendship I have shared with Brother and Sister Winkel. In behalf of Sister Winkel and the family we wish to mereion our appreciation for your attendance at these services, the fine turnout, the fine floral offerings, the talks and the beautiful music. They appreciate the friendship of all not only in Richfield but in our neighboring towns as well. They appreciate all that has been done in their bereavement and sorrow, the kind words and sympathy, and the shake of good friendly understanding hand clasps. They appreciate the attendance of the High priest quorum of which Brother Winkel was a member. They appreciate these fine tributes both in floral and word and musical offerings. They also appreciate those who have taken part in the services in anyway.

The quartet will now sing, 'I know that My Redeemer Lives. 'Brother M. J. Wright will sing the solo. The benediction will be offered by Brother B. W. Coons. Brother G. M. Ogden will dedicate the grave."

Song. "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," sung by the mixed double quartet.

<u>I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES</u>

I know that my Redeemer lives
What comfort this sweet sentence gives
He lives, He lives who once was dead;
He lives, my ever living head.

He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,

He lives to comfort me when faint
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart
He lives, all blessings to impart.

He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives, loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same,
O sweet the joy this sentence gives,
'I know that my Redeemer lives!"

Benediction. Offered by Brother G. M. Ogden.

"Our Father in Heaven, The close of these services we render unto Thee with thanks in our hearts for the beautiful thoughts which have been given unto us this afternoon, for the sympathy which has been extended in speech or song in these services to the family.

Our Father in Heaven, we are grateful for the privilege of knowing this brother and learning of his activities here on earth and the mission he has performed while here with us. For the example he has set, for the words of comfort which he has given and we pray Thee, Father in Heaven to bless his companion Sister Winkel, and may she be able to carry on as the captain of the ship. May she be blessed with Thy Spirit that she will be able to find joy and comfort and consolation in our church activities as well as with her family and with those whom she loves.

We are grateful for the Gospel and hope we can attain Thy presence.

We ask Thee to be with us now as we dismiss these services that we may journey to the cemetery in safety for the last rites for this, our Brother. To come and return to our homes and be able to carry on our daily duties, we ask Thy blessings in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Winkel Reunion June 15, 1957

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GEERT WINKEL

Geert was the first child born to Everdina and Hendrik Winkel on the 26th of April 1901 in Alphen on the Rhine, Holland. He was named after his grandfather Geert Winkel. What a precious bright baby he was. He walked and began to talk when eight months of age. When he was three years old, his little mind was full of questions as any normal child's is. One evening after saying his prayers and being tucked into bed he was very thoughtful and with wide eyes asked,

"Mother, do I have a mother in heaven too?"

He started school when six years old in Poplar Grove school in Salt Lake City, Utah, handicapped because of being in a new land, not being able to speak English and due to the fact that he was dressed differently. Mother could not bring herself to put denim overalls on her little sons. She thought them the ugliest clothes she had ever seen. So Geert went to school wearing the unique Dutch clothes she had brought from Holland. He must have been a novelty, for the children often cornered him and in a group he was reciting or counting in Dutch for them and in turn they would reward him with tops, marbles etc. He learned very fast and was soon Americanized. He soon played marbles with the best of them and had bottles full of his prettiest winners which he proudly presented to his Mother.

He was baptized May 1, 1909 in the Granite Stake Tabernacle in the Miller Ward. He was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood by Bishop J. Jensen in Monroe, Sevier County, Utah.

Early in his youth he showed exceptional ability in salesmanship, selling produce from the garden, bakery goods from the bakery, newspapers on the street and later on, innumerable items of every description. He was self supporting early in life due to his ingenious as a rustler. He always managed to find opportunities to make money.

As a very young man he managed a store and with his brother Anton went to Johns valley to operate a farm for their father in Henderson, Utah. The enterprise did not prove as profitable as anticipated so was soon given up.

He also operated a store at one time in the town of Elsinore, grocery and confectionary. He always seemed to enjoy life wherever he was and was so free hearted that he never lacked for companionship. He has always been known for his unselfishness and big heart.

At one time during his boyhood he trapped fur bearing animals and sold the hides to tanning companies. One winter that the neighbors well remember was a skunk perfume that lasted for several months. No matter what measures were taken the scent remained much to the disgust of the family.

As a duck hunter and a fisherman he excelled. It seemed as though the family never lacked for meat for most of the boys loved to fish and hunt and they never failed to return without something

to show for their time and ammunition. He met Rosa Fredericks Aden in Oklahoma City in 1940. February 1, 1941 they were married in Juarez, Mexico. She was a girl that was remarkable in personality and made a marvelous companion for him. She fit into the Winkel family immediately and we all loved her from the very beginning. Geert's most outstanding accomplishment in life was his selection of a wife. She desired that we call her Rose. This made a Winkel bouquet of Roses as we already had a sister Rose, another sister-in-law Rose (Francis' wife) and a Linda Rose who was Francis' daughter. But it seemed that there must be something about the name for we felt that each was an outstanding personality.

In Rose's own words she writes:

"Since I met Geert in Oklahoma City in 1940, I have never had a dull moment. Pauline said, "there is one thing about it--you will never have a dull life." That has been so true. I have loved every minute of it and him. There are few people who have made history in two places. Geert is in the history of John's Valley and Elsinore town history. We attended the Johns Valley Reunion-everyone remembered him and was so glad to see him. People who hadn't seen him for forty years-that is one thing about Geert--no one ever forgets him.

He has lost and made more money than most people. Lost everything he had in the crash of 29--but has always managed to come back.

Hunting, fishing and horse racing are his favorite sports. He loves horses and has a special way with them. They will run their hearts out for him--follow him around like puppies."

Geert has always been known for his green thumb. Each spring his strawberries are the earliest, the reddest and the largest. His tulips the same. Even though he gives them little care they seem to thrive just for him.

Geert and Rose have never been blessed with children, although they wanted them the doctor could never give them any reason. So Rose operates a little cafe on the main street of Richfield, Utah. Geert is still in the wholesale candy business.

ANTON G. WINKEL

My life history parallels that of my family for the first fourteen years. I spent my time feeding and driving cattle, topping sugar beets, trapping for muskrats, skunks and coyotes. I worked on the railroad when I was sixteen, receiving a man's wage.

When I was seventeen year s of age Geert and I went to Widstoe to run the ranch. Geert took care of the small store and I looked after the cattle. After returning in the fall I jobbed around, started a herd of short-horn cattle and broke horses for farmers. My greatest pride was to have a good riding horse.

I finally w e n t to Logan to study forestry at the U. S. A. C. I have worked a total of six summers for the Forest Service and I have had many varied, interesting and startling experiences. More than once I have ridden down a trail to meet a startled bear. I have awakened in the cold dark as I lay on my saddle with a bed roll and listened to the cries of cougars which caused my frightened horses to race away into the black night. I have had the trail washed underneath by high water, suddenly give away dumping my horse and myself into ten feet of boiling muddy water and have had to swim out with wet chaps and riding boots full of water. I have had my pole climbers suddenly give way in the rotten wood at the top of a telephone pole only to land feet first on the hard frozen ground below. I have come home from fighting forest fires with my clothes partly burned off and a beard so long my children were frightened of me. I have fallen over fifty feet while topping an ancient poplar tree and landed on my knees. There was the time my car broke down in the northeastern part of Idaho and walking in the hot sweltering sun caused my face and tongue to swell badly before I reached water and help. One of the many horses I have broken was the defiant bronco that suddenly took the bit in his mouth and raced through the timber and under a half-fallen log, scraping the skin off the full length of my back. All the se and many more experiences have given me a thankful sense of protective care.

The first important event in my life was my mission call. I was set apart by Joseph F. Smith and left Salt Lake in November 1925 sailing for Holland. While tracting every day in the December rains my heavy woolen overcoat would not dry out, even though I draped it each night around the tiny stove in our room. The continual dampness caused me to contract spinal meningitis and I canoe near death. After I had been in the hospital two months, Pres. Lillywhite bought tickets to send me house on the boat with eider Hogan and a special nurse. I refused to go saying, I had been called on a mission to Holland and would not leave until I had fulfilled this calling. After another month or so I finally walked out of the hospital supporting myself with my hands on my knees as my back was too weak to hold me up. I stayed at the mission home about four more months then went out proselyting with a sixty-four year old man for a companion. I was soon made a senior companion mad later, presided over the Utrecht District as District President for the remaining twelve months of my mission.

The following was taken from "De Ster" (The Star) Vol. 32; No. 20; (Oct. 15, 1927) page 3 19:

Elder A. G. Winkel, one of our missionaries, has certainly earned a reward. On the 13th of September this year (1927) he rescued a four year old boy from certain death, although Elder Winkel was too noble to make the courageous deed known to others, we rejoice that his companion, Elder G. W. Esplin, has told us a few things about this event.

Ordinarily the entire day is spent by these two servants of the Lord, who are working in Tiel, in bringing the message of salvation to the people in this provincial City. On the above named date, in the afternoon about a quarter to six, Elder Winkel called to his companion to go home with him. Elder Esplin was somewhat surprised because they ordinarily didn't stop until six. Suddenly he understood why. The saturated clothing of Elder Winkel betrayed that something had happened. So Elder Esplin's question as to what was the matter, Elder Winkel told him that while he was having a Gospel conversation with a woman at one of the houses along the canal, he was shocked to hear a woman scream, and turning around, he saw a childs hand protruding above the water in the canal, without hesitation Elder Winkel jumped fully clothed into the foul water. As in many ancient cities, one finds in Teil a canal in which the sewage from the city people in the area is carried off. That squeamishness is forgotten in such a moment is understandable and the danger connected with such circumstances in such a canal where there is perhaps more muck than water and where swimming is impossible, is known to us all.

Elder Winkel succeeded in bringing the lad up on dry land, naturally to the great happiness of the bystanders and to unknown joy of the parents. It is not surprising that through this manly act Elder Winkel has made many friends in this old city.

For them who have so much criticism of the Church and its members, the above happening should be proof that the Latter Day Saints are not destroyers of men but are saviors of men, in the flesh as well as spiritually.

We are rightfully proud of Elder Winkel and we are convinced that all the members in the Netherlands will willingly offer him their praise.

Years ago these canals encircled the cities for protection. The drawbridges have been replaced by arched ones. It was from this new bridge where the lad had fallen and from where Winkel made the jump. The chief of Police made this comment: "If our Queen had fallen off this same spot where this boy fell, I would not jump in after her for the rescue."

ANTON ATTENDS GOLDEN WEDDING IN HOLLAND

Tiel Holland
August 9th, 1927

Dear Folks,

It is now half past eleven and we just arrived from our trip to Alphen. Yesterday morning, Joe Van Ojen, my companion and myself left Tiel to attend the Golden Wedding. While riding on the train we began to sing a few American songs which were accompanied by Joe's violin. After

changing trains three times we took a bus or an Omnibus to further our travels. Then we reached a small town and were compelled to wait for a half hour before we could proceed. Finally a self-moving vehicle drove up and we rode all the rest of the way into Alphen.

We reached Alphen about twelve o'clock after traveling four hours. We then walked over where the old folks lived but there was no one at home, but we were told by the neighbors that they were all gathered together in a hall which was about twenty minutes away. We soon reached the place where they were assembled. After congratulating the Golden pair and all the rest that were there we started to participate in the program and fun which was going on. My companion and I sang a duet which we practiced while on the train and that was all the rehearsing we did. I also gave a short speech and related some of the words which I had heard Mother relate about my Grandparents, later on in the afternoon the town band came and gave some music and all the children were just aching to dance, there was not a one of them outside of Dick Van der Horst that could dance, but they were all just overflowing with the dancing spirit and so Tone Winkel began to dance and believe me that those children of Uncle Arie and the rest were having the time of their lives; for not one of them are allowed to dance or go to picture shows or such. In a way I feel sorry for the kids for we should not keep all enjoyments away from them, otherwise they are coming to a time that they are going to rebel. It is just like a small mountain stream we can dam it up and hold the water back, but not forever, for if we keep on enlarging the dam we are coming to a time when it will be impossible to dam any farther, and then, maybe our whole dam will wash away. On the other hand if we had made a reservoir out of our little mountain stream and held the water back to a certain degree and just let enough out occasionally, as we saw fit to meet our needs, considering all the circumstances prevailing, it would then be a great benefit to us. That is the way I look upon the youth problem, for every young child if they possess any health at all they are full of ambition, full of energy and it must be put into use. If they are held back too much it is very apt to go in the wrong direction.

Well to come back on the subject again-there was wine galore served at the party. Joe Van Ojen did not use any of it, he seemed to follow our example, while Dick Van der Horst drank a few too many and he was quite sick, happy, and dizzy. That night we all went to the train and most of the relatives left again to their various places of abode.

Grandmother told me that she had just received a letter from Mother and that she kinda half expected her to be present at her Gouden Feest, but I tried to give her the consolation that Mother would probably come and visit her about the time when I am released from my mission that is, if things could so be arranged. At least I hope that it will so come out. Grandmother would surely like to see Mother and I sure would like to see the meeting take place.

That night we stayed in the hotel at Alphen and early the next morning we started back for Tiel.

Friday, Aug. 12 we plan to go to Amsterdam and attend the conference. I was also thinking if the weather is good that I will try and visit the island of Marken, otherwise I may not have another chance to visit it before I leave Holland.

Before I forget, I must say that Grandfather's health is good and that he attended the party until it was out, of course it only lasted until ten o'clock that night, however it began in the morning of the same day, he also works again in the tuin and looks just as good as ever.

The people here in Tiel are surely not very religious and yet we are having good success thus far. They have Dominees galore here but their churches are only about half full. Last Sunday we visited another one here but we did not learn a thing. I do not blame the people for not going. If the pastors do not possess a testimony of what they proclaim we cannot expect their members to go to hear them is niet waar?

Daag, we must be going tracting.

With Love to all,
Tone.

While I was in Holland, Dena was attending Snow College at Ephraim and she sent me pictures and a letter from her friend, Clella Luke. After returning from my mission I went again to the U. S. A. C. and began correspondence with Clella. On May 28, 1931 we were married in the Arizona Temple.

I leased the bakery from Dad in the spring of 1931 but due to the depression I had to give it up and my wife and I went to Logan to finish College. We lived in Logan the most part of five years, working for the Forest Service in the summers. I received my degree in Forestry and Range Management in 1937. It was here that three of our children, Cleve, Verlene and Gary were born in 1932, 1934 and 1937.

I took two Civil Service Examinations given by the U. S. Government and as a result I got a job at the U. S. Sheep Experiment Station in Dubois, Idaho, where we lived one winter. In 1938 I received an appointment with the U. S. Soil Conservation Service and was called to Moscow, Idaho, then later to Pocatello where we stayed one year.

In 1939 I was transferred to Stanfield, Oregon and it was here that our son Bob was born. We had to travel twenty miles to church to Pendleton. While we were there we helped organize the Metralston Branch.

In 1941 we were transferred to Baker, Oregon and Kendel was born here. We were both active in church work. At this time the shortages of World War Two became acute, but we were blessed on our two acres of land with plenty of vegetables, milk and meat.

We received extra gas rations in 1944 to move to Redmond, Oregon, where we bought a new home and five acres. Here we spent ten happy years. Our two youngest, Tonetta and Ron L. were born. We raised strawberries and because they were so large and produced abundantly we made $2100 in one summer on 11/2 acres.

We started a Branch Sunday School in our home where we held meetings for five months.

We then rented a building and a full fledged Branch was organized. I served as Branch President for six and one half years.

In 1951 I achieved a life-long desire when we sold our acreage and bought a seventy acre farm. Here we had milk cows, beef cattle, chickens, geese, horses and a fish pond. We raised six acres of potatoes which were sold for the Branch Building Fund.

We had to sell our farm as I was transferred to LaGrande, Oregon in 1954, but we returned to Redmond to see eider LaGrande Richards dedicate the church we had labored for so long.

In LaGrande I served as Sunday School Superintendent, Stake Scout Leader and in the Quorum Presidency. My wife was Relief Society President.

A transfer to Manpin, Oregon came in 1958 and here we bought a beautiful hillside ranch above the Deschutes River. However we had to travel fifty miles to the Dalles, Oregon every Sunday to church. My wife and I were set apart as local missionaries and we held Sunday School in our home with two women members, their children and friends. As our children could not attend MIA or primary we were happy when a transfer came in 1959 and we moved to Vale, Oregon where we now live on an eighty acre farm stocked with beef cattle.

Here among other jobs, I have served as Scout Master, been in the Y. M. MIA Superintendency and at present I am a Stake Missionary. My wife has been teaching early morning Seminary.

All of our children are diligent in church work and excel in music. We have indeed been blessed.

THYS WINKEL

Thys was born during the time that the Winkels were investigating the gospel, Aug. 27th, 1904. He was sprinkled, as were his two older brothers and became a child of record in the Reformed or Calvin Church.

When he was twenty months old, the family migrated to America. During the trip on the Atlantic he had to be watched very closely while on deck where he wanted to watch the water. Several pictures were taken of him by the passengers on the boat as he was a beautiful child dressed picture squely in his native, navy blue suit and bright red cap.

He was a serious minded child right from the beginning, although pleasant and happy. Unlike most boys, he took a pride in his appearance, kept his hair combed neatly and disliked overalls.

Eleven years of age found him selling newspapers on the streets of Richfield, Utah, also manifesting a profound interest in the theater where he spent much of his time ushering and making himself generally useful. He first worked in the Bonnie Theater, then later on, at the Rex and Kinema.

In 1920 he first met Reba Zoe Peterson thinning sugar beets during the beet vacation. She was a farmer's fair daughter from Glenwood, Utah, whom he immediately liked very much and who also attended high school in Richfield.

1917 found him the proud owner of a Ford touring car, which he later sold and replaced with a new Ford coupe, paying exactly $890. He draped the windows with green brocaded satin and kept his pride and joy polished and shinny. In those days it was not every boy who could court his girl friend in a car of his own.

Thys received a mission call to the Netherlands when he was but seventeen years old and returned to the land of his birth in 1923. Authentically speaking the impression was given that he had the largest and best vocabulary of any Dutch missionary in the field.

THYS WRITES FROM HOLLAND
Young Richfield Missionary Talks Interestingly In Splendid Letter.

Thys you are a brick? The editor compliments you and congratulates you on the spiritual and mental growth your recent letter to the Reaper testifies to. And if the large family of Reaper readers should not believe that our compliments and congratulations are well earned, let them judge for themselves. Here is the letter:

Rotterdam, Holland, June 27th, 1924

The Richfield Reaper, Richfield, Utah, U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Markus:

Hello Dr. can you print me 100 dodgers and have them ready in 30 minutes? Sounds like old times, doesn't it?

Well the old clock has ticked off another eight months since you last heard from me, although it seems like yesterday. I often wonder why the time passes so rapidly, especially for the missionaries: probably it's because they are always busy, and perhaps the change of life has a great deal to do with it.

The Reaper never fails to find its destination. I can always find it in the mailbox every Thursday morning just two weeks after it is sent. And upon its arrival everything is shifted aside until its contents are observed and read with an interesting desire to know who's who and what's what in little far away Richfield. After it has been read (I almost read the type off from it from one end to another) it goes to Quinn and he informs me that he is always looking forward for the Reaper in order to learn what friends are doing in his choice town.

We have just held our semi-annual Rotterdam Conference, which continued for five days. Elders from Germany, England and South Africa were present, including Apostle McKay (President of European Mission) and Pros. Fadje from the Swiss and German mission.

The majority of speakers were Americans, speaking in the English language and translated by one of our Dutch missionaries. There were hundreds of people present--many of them having an earnest desire to investigate Mormonism. And as the conference was well advertised to the effect that real American speakers would be present it created quite a sensation among the natives of Holland.

Our (English) missionary meeting continued for 9½ hours in succession with but five minutes recreation, but was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. So we are all full of the spirit to go ahead and try to find people who are willing to accept our messages.

The city of Rotterdarn surely is noisy; street peddlers shriek out their wares; the Hollanders have no speed laws and their driving is more reckless than John's, my heart has taken a permanent lodging in my throat, and I jump about as though I had St. Virus dance in trying to keep out of the way of the motor cars. The main street of Rotterdam is only wide enough for two cars to pass and the fezzed chauffeurs fly in and out, grazing the little Dutch street cars at a speed which would cause their arrest in Chicago. Even the street cars are dangerous. The side walks (if there are any) are often not more than two feet in width and the cars are apt to skin one's leg as they pass. They go like mad, and the ringing of their bells vies with the honking of the automobiles.

Quinn tells me that if perchance you should mention the "Dutch twins" names through the columns of the Reaper to assure everyone that Richfield is not forgotten by him: and believe me its well represented in Holland even though we have but two representatives .....

Sincerely,
Thys

July 30, 1924.

Dear Folks,

..... I talked to Oom Arend a great deal about the Gospel in fact he really believes everything but still he cannot figure out if he should accept it or not. I wish he could attend Mormon meetings but it is almost out of the question because we do not have meetings in Deventer and Apeldoorn is really too far away. We can hope for the best and I have faith that he will come around. At first I thought he had more religion than he really has. He is sincere allright and I will keep in touch with him and you do likewise.

In July 24th I rode a bicycle to Deventer and talked to the missionaries there and also to V. D. Saag (the baker). I told you concerning him did I not? I went through the little bakery but Oh! a little oven, and everything so small, everything is just as it was when Father worked there. They said they would write you so that will take care of the Deventer news.

July 25th I left Gorssel very early for Tiel, I don't know just why I insisted on going to Tiel because it is a long way out of the way, however something just forced me to go. Now I can plainly see why I was lead there, I stayed in Arnhern for about two hours and had dinner there with a saint and after that journeyed to Tiel over Nymegen. When I arrived there I asked a man who was pretty old and looked as though he was a native of Tiel, where Arie Van Ojen lived. He told me and said that he was a neef of his, now this was erg toevallig denkt u niet? In other words he was a relative of mine also. He said not to go there because his wife had just been buried and of course his store was closed. I explained to him that I was a relative of his from America and so he said it would be allright to go in regardless of the circumstances. Well, I knocked on the door, as it was shut but all the family was upstairs and I could not get any response, but after waiting about five minutes one of Van Ojen's sons came to the door and I explained who I was. Now this was erg toevallig that they answered the door because it could not be heard upstairs, and I could not ring the doorbell. I met Oom Arie Van Ojen and he said I was very welcome regardless of the conditions. As I entered the dining room who should I see but Opoe and Opa. They were very glad to see me and of course so was I happy to see them. I felt as though I had not better come because of the circumstances but tried my best not to change the spirit that was there. You can picture yourself how everything was. Although everything was calm they insisted on seeing kiekjes van Amerika so I showed them some pictures out of my album and then I had to preach Mormonism for at least an hour. You understand the majority of this big family were very curious. I did not do any arguing. Oom Arie asked me if my Mother had sent me to visit him on a purpose, while Opa was out of the room. He told me how you had asked for genealogy but he was unable to give me any information whatsoever. They all thought it was so funny that we wanted that. I pulled around and told them that for myself I would like to know something about my relatives and was curious to know a little bit about them. If I had told them about baptism for the dead I would have started trouble. After talking about forty-five minutes about familie leden I figured out how I could get some pretty good news and so I left that night for the Hague with Oom Evert not my oom Evert but Mother's Oom Evert, the photographer.

I arrived in the Hague at about 12:30 Friday night and went to the missionary rooms, for oom Evert did not have an extra bed. The next morning I went back to oom Evert's place and met his wife and daughter--a very nice family. He took me to tante Pauline's place and there I stayed the

remainder of the day Saturday. Oh what a lovely family--all girls but one, everyone good and healthy. All my relatives said that my mother and tante Pauline looked a great deal alike but there is a lot of difference. Maybe one reason is because tante Pauline has lost almost all of her teeth, however--they do not look alike-enough said. I was made very welcome. They almost loved the life out of me and the children are surely fine children. The twins now! Beautiful does not begin to express it. They are almost fourteen months old and are certainly attractive. I took some pictures of them. I love aunt Pauline, how I wish mother that you could see them, Her husband John De Greet works in a book bindery. He took me all through it and I found it very instructive and interesting. He is a fine man. I talked with him about the gospel and he would agree with me in all my statements and I hope that I can get back and make an earnest investfaster of him. Tante Pauline is very reasonable and I know I am welcome there at all times. All the cousins are always inquiring about their oom Hendrik and tante Deanchi in America and of course they asked so many questions that they know much more now.

I went to church in the Hague all day Sunday so was unable to visit relatives. Monday morning early I went to oom Gerrit and paid his family a call. I was very welcome and surely enjoyed myself there. His wife has never seen you she claims, but she is a good woman and makes a good wife. They have but two children and the two insisted on saying "hello" to you--I will inclose their notes. Oom Getfit makes it fine, looks good and healthy and is very reasonable and surely made me feel welcome. He would not let me get away from him and insisted that I come back and stay a week with them before leaving the country. He carries a picture of our home which mother sent to him in his pocket so you can readily see that he thinks about his sister and family living in America quite often.

At about six p.m. we went to visit oom Anton and his wife. He was extremely glad to see me and I wasn't there fifteen minutes until he brought up the subject of religion. It suited me fine and for three hours in succession we discussed principles. He knows the bible like a top but I stuck him on several texts where he was unable to argue. It is strange but regardless how learned a person is in the Bible they cannot get the best of a Mormon missionary. "waarbeid is wearbled" and it shall stay waarheid. He gave me some of the most unreasonable answers on texts that I had ever heard, but believe me he and oom Arie are regular ministers--they both know the Bible but

they don't know the gospel of Jesus Christ. I hope that I will be able to work in the Haag. I understand it will be hard to convince my relatives there, because they are so strong in their beliefs. But nevertheless they will all know Mormonism before I leave Holland, providing I am welcome, which I am certain I will be (Geduld is Tulk een schoone task). Sometimes when I think back and realize how hard it was for my mother when she accepted the gospel, it just makes me as bumble and thankful that I cannot explain it. Because I can now understand the circumstances which took place at that time. I know the Van Ojen family and they all say that mother was always very bright and they cannot understand why she could ever accept Mormonism. They think she was blind--.

All the relative s talk about Opa en Opoe. They are both healthy and full of fun and I know they try to live close to God. The result is that they are an example for their children. Opoe just loves the life out of me every time I come around. She kisses me and embraces me, so you can understand how she welcomes me. I sincerely hope that Mother an d Father can arrange to come

to Holland before Opo en Opec are gone. It really is an obligation to them. They owe it to their families, but I can understand that it is not so easy to make preparations to go. However we will hope for the best and if everything is favorable then it can be worked out.

Well I have written a regular volume but this will give you a little idea as to how all relatives are etc.....

I spoke on "the Herstelling" last evening in our Wednesday meeting because I received many interesting ideas from oom Anton. You see he had a bible class.

God's blessings and love
Thys.

July 18, 1925.

Dear Folks,

I just returned from Alphen, had a good trip, left this morning at 9 A. M. on a street car, then switched onto one that took me to Leiden and from there I took a bus, did not reach there until after 12. Only about thirty miles but what terrible connections.

The grandparents were very fine--could not be better, talked about the gospel, nembely paradies--Doop voor de dooden--they had no questions about it after I laid it out. I am grateful that they listened because it will help them in time to come if not in this world, later.

I ate the last strawberries Opa had in his garden and other vegetables there look very prospective.

I met the family Lena, also took a snap of them which I will send as soon as developed. All relatives are well. About all the grandparents do is visit relatives and try to live the very best they can to serve the Lord according to their own dictates. I surely love them, the little son of Lena's, chats with Opoe a good deal and this afternoon he put his arms around her and then I said, "Don't do that, you will make me jealous," then the little fellow of about eight I presume did not know if I meant it or not, so Opoe had to let me do it, she surely is a good old soul and I sincerely hope you can have the blessed privilege to embrace her once more before she gets called to the great beyond...

I visited uncle Gettit and found them all in good health and they gave me a very hearty welcome. My companion (not understanding Dutch) said he enjoyed the evening because they seemed to be kind and respectable people. They all look well and send you their greetings. It was Saturday and we always fast for twenty four hours each fast day from Saturday to Sunday and so I was on my fast. In one respect it did not make it so very sociable but of course it immediately started a gospel conversation and that is about all we discussed other than family affairs. I surely enjoyed results from fasting because my testimony was stronger and I was full of the Spirit, regardless who the opponent may be even though he be the most well known Dr. of religion, he cannot knock down the first principles. All I ask is to be reasonable and then one can get somewhere with them. Uncle Gettit was compelled to agree with me on various subjects because I proved

my statements from the Bible and then he declared that these things have been changed according to conditions etc.... and he thought as all Gereformende that they all reach the same point. Well the result was that he is now reading the Book of Mormon and as I explained everything very plainly to him about the coming forth of the book, he may change his view points. Oom Gerrit is very reasonable and I do like him. His children appreciated the postcards from mother and send their thanks .....

..... DREGS WILL COME TRUE. Am going to the Dutch Arkief tomorrow and search for names, am determined to get all I can, there is a fellow who looks up names for the saints, he charges $50 and $75 per line and has surely found a lot for others. I will get in touch with him as soon as I Can .....

Becklaan 356

den Haag, Nov. 13, 1925.

Dear folks,

Am sending herewith a lot of names of the "Winkel line" surely feel good in obtaining them and hope to be able to do work for them. They are all direct relatives and give us a very good chance to procure more.

I am rather curious to know if you are in Salt Lake City at this moment (evening of Friday November 13, 11 P.M. Perhaps Anton is leaving. Do hope this is the case and that he will arrive on the morning of Nov. 29th at 6 A. M. I will be there to meet him unless I hear that he did not leave at that time. I can hardly wait for his arrival.

Yesterday the most sensational part of my mission took place. Can you feature it? An automobile ride. We baptized in Rotterdam and one of our saints took a Studebaker "6" and we drove to the city of R'dam. It seemed strange for the roads are all very narrow and of course water on both sides most of the way. We passed three toll gates that required 25ó a gate and of course the same coming back. Gasoline costs a tremendous price, but the thrill was worth it. Why I was as happy as a "kid on Christmas." A reminder of home.

As yet I have only seen the sun once. It is always raining it seems. It is difficult to get people to listen to us for even one minute. I do keep busy for I have so much to learn.

Eatables are extremely costly here. People have to work or starve. They try every means to get something to eat. Yesterday a fellow brought a pamphlet and said it was for a good cause, for a children's home--something like an orphanage and he wanted a dime--just ten cents. Well people here in Alkrnaar figured out that it was just a graft and they ran him out of town. I do not know what will become of Holland. Things are higher now than they have ever been and there are so many German people coming in every day who have no work and must eat. You can never imagine how thankful people in Utah should be with homes of their own and plenty to wear and work to do. They do not realize what they have and how fortunate they are .....

.....From the time I landed here in Holland I have been in a new and different world. Everything is different, the food, climate, work, customs and positively everything. The Dutch language came pretty easy. If you want to learn Dutch all you have to do is learn to read it and read it aloud and as you repeat the words you will recall having heard them before even if it was when we lived in Monroe. Of course there are many words you have never heard before, but with a dictionary and a little study you can be a real Dutchman in a week if you are interested.

I weighed 135 American pounds when I left home and am steadily increasing in weight.

Thys remained in the mission field for thirty one months and was released when twenty years of age.

In 1927 he married his attractive sweetheart of several years, Reba Peterson, in the Manti temple. They were blessed with two living children; their first child died at birth and was buried in the Manti cemetery across the street from the beautiful Temple. Val Thys was born 2nd of Oct. 1931, Salt Lake City, Utah: Thomas Ray 2nd of Oct, 1936, Salt Lake City, Utah.

At the age of 22 Thys was a bishop's counselor in the Center Ward of Manti.

He owned and operated the Manti City Bakery for eleven years. For healthful reasons he sold it and moved to Alameda, California, where he again pursued his theater interests.

Upon returning to Utah and bearing a testimony in Sevier Stake conference in Richfield, an elderly sister came to him and said: "That testimony is worth more than a million dollars to you." He frequently refers to that incident and has always felt extremely appreciative and thankful for his knowledge and under standing of the Gospel.

Uppermost in his mind is service to the Church. This has been well demonstrated as bishop's councilor for nineteen years under three bishops, servicemen's LDS co-ordinator, as high council member and as bishop of the Alameda Ward. Under his supervision Alameda Ward erected one of the most beautiful chapels in the Bay area--the Alameda chapel.

One of Bishop Winkel's close associates, undertaking to explain what it was that made him tick, said, "He always sees a thing whole, never starts building just a fragment. Better than anyone I know, he exemplifies the ability to get the right man for the right job and to get the most out of helpers. The job he starts gets finished quickly because of his skill in keeping people enthusiastic over their work."

The following is a tribute given him:

OUR BISHOP THYS WINKEL

Bishop and builder of our fine ward,
Diligent worker called of the Lord,
Never disparing though others may shirk,
Faithful in service in God's Noble work.

Genius of finance like President Grant!
All of our failures you hide or surplant,
Humble and kind as a human can be,
Constant, and blessed with diplomacy.
We love you and wish you joy and great wealth
Happiness always, with excellent health.

signed
Your friends of Alameda Ward.

This item carried all the personal signatures of ward members.

On another social occasion in 1948 one of his ward members composed the following:

THYS WINKEL

This story happened when Thys was small
He was ten years old and that is all
One day the Winkel family in their Buick did take a ride
When far from home the car stopped dead when something popped inside.

They left Thys and told him not to wander far
Because some thief might come and steal the car,
To town for help they hurried along--
To bring somebody back to fix the wrong.

And when they returned no car was in sight-
Young Winkel had fixed it and drove it home allright.
This story I am sure is true
It was told to me, and I'll pass it on to you.

Cars were few and far between so you must agree
Thys was grown up at l2, for he owned a Model T.
In this family there were three girls and seven boys
There must have been some teasing and plenty of noise,

But Thys did not take much time for fun
Off to work he would go the show to run--
The show didn't run all night, oh no!
For promptly at 12 o'clock he'd go.

Seven miles in that Model T
His charming girl he went to see.
My, how he shined his leggings and shoes--

To see young Winkel shabby would surely be news.

It's amazing the endurance of some swain
He would drive that seven miles in good weather, snow or rain.
Up the canyon they would ride at l2 o'clock at night
To look at the moon and stars it was such a pretty sight.

Sometimes outside the show, Reba and her friends would wait
For a young man and Thys to take them on their date.
One arm driving then was the style.
(We must keep this from Val, at least for awhile).
Midnight rides, Model T's and blonde dates
on fun bent, Had to stop at 17 for on a mission Thys went.
He tells in Holland's feather beds one sleeps as light as air
And how those good saints with missionaries would share.

Ever since the days of his youth, he has loved the gospel truth.
He married his first and only love you should know
His second love is the Church and he made the chapel grow.
He has worked long hours and hard with brain and braun-
And oftimes worried through the night until early dawn.
We love, honor and respect him,
He's Father of this ward--we say-
And want the Lord to bless him--yes, in every way.

Lucille Schow.

Geert Winkel and his wife Rose

Anton Winkel Wife Clella Cleve Verlene

Gary Robert Kendal Tonetta Ronald

Thys Winkel Wife Reba Val Thys Thomas Ray

ry Winkel Jr. Wife Wilma Philo Leon Russell

At the time of writing Thys is living in the Netherlands once again. He has a special assignment purchasing building sites and obtaining property for the LDS church in eight foreign countries. His headquarters are in Laren. Assisting him are his wife Reba and son Thomas.

He is also the first foreign speaking Patriarch of the church.

HENRY WINKEL JR.

Henry was the first child that was born to the Winkel family in Utah. He was named after his father and was blessed in the Twenty-first ward of Salt Lake City. His birth date was September first 1906.

His life has been unique in many respects. He has often knocked at death's door. Doctors have been mystified with his miraculous recoveries. Even the newspaper at one time had as its headline "Fairview Baker May Die from Accidental Wound." Somehow, he has always managed to make a remarkable comeback. His life has been prolonged for some special purpose.

His very early years were filled with mishaps and accidents. He loved to be with his father as he traveled back and forth to his farm in Monroe and insisted that he ride on the wagon with him which he did many times. On one particular day he was kicked in the face by our horse. His front teeth were knocked out and his upper lip was ripped open beginning at his nose. The doctor stitched it but a real vivid scar left its mark. At the time it was hard to understand how his little face was left at all.

On another day when he was with his father in the hayfield he must have grown weary for he lay in the lucern when the horses stopped short in their course, but it was not soon enough for his little leg was severely cut to the bone by the mower, luckily the bone was uninjured. It healed allright in due time.

During the same summer he fell from a sandwagon while it was running. The little fellow was brought into the house unconscious. The man that was driving was unaware that anything had happened so did not stop. The neighbors came in and an administration was suggested hut not a man could be found in the neighborhood. Those present knelt down with Mother and she led in prayer. A refreshing sleep came over him and when he awakened he was well.

Later on when he was in his adolescence he with other boys thought it a lark to ride the cows home from the pasture. A dog barked at the heels of the cow that Henry was on and threw him on some sharp rocks which cut his ear off and left it dangling by a bit of skin. It bled severely but also healed fast.

These are but a few of the close calls he has had. His health was excellent other than his accidents.

He was a great fisherman and hunter and a lover of hiking in the mountains. He thought nothing of hiking several miles at a time. Scout hikes were relished--cooking out over an open fire was his delight. In fact he did not always wait for a trip but would sometimes cook a stew or the like, out in the orchard or in the back yard somewhere. Oft times he would be with friends having a cookout in the fairgrounds which was only a block and a half away from home. His menu s would vary but often consisted of eggs cooked in mud, and potatoes in a black shell.

He was always aware of the first ripe tomato in the garden and the first apple that had turned yellow on the tree. It was a family joke that was oft repeated. Being a very small chap he was told by his father to pick up the fallen apples and throw them into the pig pen. "Oh," said Henry, "Why wasn't the apple tree planted in the pig pen."

He was the one that scaled the dangerous cliffs, or reached the top of the mountain before the others had scarcely decided to try. He seldom could keep a secret. When birthdays or Christmases were near--his closet would he kept locked and he would carry the key in his pocket. As the days would come and go he would weaken and take us younger children one at a time to his room to show us his purchases and to make sure that we liked what he had for us.

At the age of nineteen he went into business with Birt Kiuper operating a bakery in Salina, Utah. Up until this time he had worked as his brothers had in the bakery for Dad. He was no exception when it came to business ability and at an early age was ready to manage a business of his own. It seemed that the Winkel boys were well trained in responsibility and self reliance for they all exhibited this in their early years as they worked side by side with Dad, in fact it did not necessarily stop with the boys for the girls were the same.

It was about this time that he became interested in Wilma Gardner from Venice, Utah, whom he married in Junction, Utah on the 21st of December 1926. Later solemnizing their marriage in the Manti Temple in March of 1929. She was a beautiful girl and her parents had long been friends of the Winkels.

Although Henry did not go on a mission himself he was the main support of Francis while he was in the Tahitian mission and also helped maintain Anton on his mission in Holland. He was known for his liberality and big heartedness.

It was in the year of 1928 when he was but twenty-one years of age when he met with the accident that was to affect him the rest of his life. He was opening up a new bakery in Fairview, Utah when he reached in the car for a box of bread that caused him to jar his gun--discharging a bullet that pierced him through the chest, making a hole through his lung and leaving his body just above the left kidney. Thys was present at the scene and lifted him from the car and carried him into the bakeshop. The doctor would not permit him to be moved as he said that he could not possibly live longer than fifteen minutes or so. Thys immediately administered to him with the help of another older and promised him that he would live. The blood flowed freely as it soaked the mattress and dripped on the floor under the couch where he lay. The family was summoned and the hours went by and still he lingered, scarcely breathing. We exercised all the faith that we were capable of and Mother especially felt that he would not die. Our fasting and prayers were rewarded. His recovery was not complete in that his entire life has been visits to clinics and hospitals--in and out of surgery. Each time he managed to astonish the doctors and make a miraculous recovery. Never would he accept financial assistance from those of the family who offered to assist him. Uncomplaining and always optimistic he joked about his condition. He has lived with but one lung and minus nine ribs among many other disadvantages. We cannot say that he was an ideal patient for nurses testify differently. He was a hard and difficult patient and suffered much.

Much could be said concerning his faithful and enduring wife Wilma who was ever at his side, seeing him through these critical times. She was untiring in her nut sing him back to health. She alone knows the feeling of despair and darkness with uncertainty that faced them during their most perilous times. Doctor Tyree, a bone specialist declared that Henry was one of his major surgical triumphs. On another occasion in a clinic in Phoenix, Arizona, a doctor Reed, another famous chest surgeon made the statement that he wished he had never seen Henry for he was a thorn in his side. Before operating on him he feared his reputation would change for in all his surgical career he had never been known to lose a case. He did not want to operate on him as he felt that he was unable to stand an operation yet it was inevitable. He felt that Henry's case was hopeless. Yet, he performed the operation and Henry recovered, again baffling the physicians, Surely there is a purpose--his mission in life is not yet complete. His life's objective has not been fulfilled.

Wilma and Henry have three stalwart sons, Philo Gardner, Leon Henry and Russell Kent. Philo was the first grandchild in the family. Although their father has not been able to work physically, he has provided well for his family. For many years he has been president and general manager of the Sevier Processing Company of Richfield and a prominent turkey raiser. He sold his interest in the processing firm in 1950 due to ill health and later was area representative for the Nephi processing Plant. He operated the B and H Distributing Company.

He is a charter member of the Richfield Rotary Club, served five years on the Sevier County Fair Board at which time the new stock barns were built under his supervision. He was a member of the Richfield Zoning and Adjustment Board for ten years and has served as director of the Sevier County Fish and Game Assn. Currently he is serving as Sevier County Clerk.

DENA WINKEL ALLEN

I came into the world August 26, 1908 in Salt Lake City, Utah. The first girl in the family. My earliest recollection of myself is when we lived in Monroe, Mother stood me on the kitchen table and dressed me in my very best clothes, which consisted of a red riding hood ensemble even to the button shoes on my feet to the hood on my head that had a furry mouse in its folds. The Clark sisters, our next door neighbors were waiting for me and watching the procedure with the intention of taking me for my first visit to school.

After we had moved to Richfield my childhood must have been like that of most any other child of the community, nothing eventful or outstanding is in my memory. I must have been an average child with average ability and talents. We played in the "empty lot" behind the bakery with the other main street children. My brothers often made playhouses for me out of the wooden boxes that were accumulated from the various stores and many many hours were spent playing house.

As I grew older I shouldered the responsibility of caring for my younger brothers and sisters to keep them from being "under foot" in the bakery.

One particular Saturday evening after my hair had been rolled up in rags, I hurriedly knelt down and rattled off a childish prayer in Dutch and jumped into bed. As I held the covers tightly about my chin I felt Mother's firm but gentle hand taking me by the arm and asking me if I thought that the Lord understood my prayers. She informed me that I was old enough to say my prayers in English, suggesting that if I did, Johnny might follow my pattern. That must have been one of the hardest tasks of my young life up to that point as I slowly knelt down again and tried so very hard to pray words of my own.

When we moved to 290 East on 2nd South we were overjoyed to pick fruit from our own orchard, flowers from our own beds and had plenty of room to do just anything we wished. Although we lived eleven blocks from school we never felt that it was far and we walked that distance four times each day. Mother had a hot dinner waiting for us at noon and we hurried back. Never do I recall being late for school or church, in my youth.

It seems that my father was very anxious to see the day come when I would grow tall enough to see over the counter so that I could begin clerking in the store. I am sure that I was about as anxious as he was and we would measure ever so often and count the inches that I had yet to grow.

I well remember the cold winter nights when we would sometimes walk home after locking up the bakery. I do not recall just why we were not riding in the car--perhaps Dad would feel the need for the exercise or the fresh air, but nevertheless he would take my hand in his and put them both in his big overcoat pocket as we trudged along in the snow. His pet name for me was Cookalookie. It seems that I had many names, seldom was I called by Dena except by my Mother. Thys and the older boys called me "Miss Pretty" much to my embarrassment because I never did know exactly how it was meant, but had to take it in good part. Henry was in a teasing

mood most of the time and so I was Eva Barquist to him. Rose called me Nie Nie for years. But I was blessed with the name of Dena Antonia--Dena after my Mother Everdina and Antonia after my maternal grandmother whom I had never seen.

Speaking of relatives we children often longed to have an aunt or a cousin or just anybody

that we could claim to be related to. Other children had grandparents but ours were in far off Holland and in those days that was just about as distant as our imaginations would allow. When some of Mother and Dad's Dutch friends would come from Salt Lake or Ogden, we would feel so favored and thought that was nearly as good as being related but not quite, as they never invited us children to spend a vacation with them, but they would stay with us for a few days at a time occasionally.

When I was twelve years old I made my first dress and both Mother and I were so pleased with my accomplishment. I continued to sew for myself from then on and often for my two sisters as well.

The birthday parties that Henry and I had together were lots of fun--our birthdays were in the same week and he would invite the boys and I, the girls. Of course the big birthday cake that Dad would bring from the bakery would meet with our approval for they were occasions particularly our own. He liked to make some Dutch specialty for our parties that would be different. Little did I then realize what a help the bakery was to Mother for she had little or no baking to do.

Another thing that we delighted in was "playing out". "Let's play out tonight" was a common expression among the neighborhood children. We played hide and go seek, run sheep run, kick the can and many other favorites. There was no restriction as to age--the more children that came out the more fun we all had.

One night I was delivering a bucket of milk to Stalling's who lived one block away. The night was very dark and there were no street lights on that particular street, I started out but would liked to have come back in, to ask for company but continued on in spite of my fear, I had not gone far when I stopped dead still. Instinct told me that something was in my way--I could just seem to feel that my way was blocked. My hair stood on end, I dared not scream out so I stood there and after a'few seconds or minutes--I cannot tell--but I kicked with all my might. Well, I nearly fell down for my foot struck something-something that was alive--it squealed and ran out of my way. It was a pig that had decided to sleep on the sidewalk and must have broken out of its pen.

Luris Allen

wife Dena

LeGrande

Carol Gene

Shirley Rae

Dianne

Elaine

Wayne

Antonia

David

John Winkel

1st wife Ruby

Jack Francis

2nd wife Rhoda

Bryce

Mary Jan

Corey

Then there was old lady Goosley as we all called her who lived down past the canal and down the lane in the pasture. Mother would send me down with a pail of milk for her and wanted a report to see that she was all right. She was an elderly lady with no family. She walked with a cane and was very poorly. When I asked her how her health was, her answer was always the same, "miserable, miserable, miserable." She saved all her little pill bottles, which were many, for me and sometimes I would be favored with a kiss or a dish from her cupboard to remember her by. Her kisses always frightened me and I tried to avoid them by keeping the table between us.

On one occasion she told me that she knew she was going to die on Sept. 5th, and gave me instructions as to what I should do, should I find her thus. How well I remember it, --no smoke came from her chimney that morning and no answer when I knocked on her door . I stopped all the boys as they came by with their cows going to the pastures, We dared not open her door at first--but one boy was older and bolder and we all crowded near--he hit the door hard and then pushed it in. Open it came and there stood Mrs. Goosley. Apparently she had a very bad night and had just awakened. A dark grey nightgown that hung loosely about her with a nightcap atop a tousled head of straggly uncombed hair. Her eyes were bloodshot and her step was unsteady as she reached for her cane. The boys fled and I alone remained to meet her.

"Here is your milk," I hastened to tell her.

"Oh!" she answered, "I was afraid it was those awful boys again. Yesterday they threw rocks at my house."

Apparently she had forgotten all about setting her death date and I was glad and as soon as I could get away I ran all the way home.

When I was fifteen I had my first vacation without my family. A crowd of girls from the first ward spent a week at Fish Lake. Thereafter I managed to spend a few days each summer. Sadie Ogden and I got up one morning at five o'clock and I caught my first fish that weighed five pounds and there were more later on. We read books and sewed a lot.

During pay senior year at high school I discovered that I liked typewriting and shorthand very much. I excelled in typewriting and won the state medals for accuracy and speed. After this I was offered a position at the high school with the faculty. Supt. A. J. Ashman suggested that I gain a little prestige by attending college for a year, so I saved my money.

About this time I had been going out with a young man by the name of Odell Julander. He was working on his doctor's degree in forestry and wanted me to marry him. I liked "Dick" very much but was dubious about marrying him for I had always imagined that when marriage came knocking at my door I would be deeply in love and thrilled. I had no such feeling but he insisted that it would come as I grew older and he promised to make me happy. I could find no fault with him and it hurt me to turn him away. As I discussed my problem with my Mother she said that perhaps I was not the type that would experience such deep love that only added to my perplexity. On my knees, I asked the Lord to bless me in this--the most important decision of my

life and if Dick was not the man that I should marry to please make it known to me before it would be too late. Encouraged, Dick went back to school for another quarter's work.

Very shortly after this my closest girl friend, Sevila Ogden came home after having visited with her married sister in Kingston, Utah. She told me of her newly acquired friends and said that she had promised them that she would invite me to go with them all on a trip to Puffer's Lake on the 12th of August. When my Mother was consulted she did not approve of these plans so I let the matter drop. When the boys arrived, Scylla told them that I was not going. Mrs. Ogden, Sevila's mother, telephoned to my mother to assure her the company was of the finest--but to no avail. She said that Luris Allen, was the son of Bishop M. D. Alien of Kingston and was very anxious to meet the Winkels and especially after learning that Mrs. Winkel was so particular about the company that her daughter kept. So he drove to our home and introductions were made. It seemed that Luris and Mother did most of the conversing an d before long I was getting ready to go on the trip.

The novelty of riding horses in the picturesque mountains coupled with delightful companionship made the week an outstanding one. I suppose that all the girls became stiff and sore from riding but they were more accustomed to riding than I was. It embarrassed me not a little bit when I could scarcely lift my leg to get into the saddle.

Each night a tent was pitched for the girls and a bed of pine boughs made us sleep comfortable. The boys would make their bed under the stars. It was a real vacation for us because the boys did the cooking and even washed the dishes. At night we would sing around the campfire and tell stories.

It wasn't long until Luris had me convinced that Snow College was the college that I should attend and as he was the student-body president I would have no problem of getting acquainted. I knew that Mother would be delighted with that decision as she never quite wanted me to go to the University, but the church school would meet with her approval.

The year that followed was one that will never be forgotten. At first I dated different boys but after three weeks I knew that my prayers had been answered. We had much in common, we liked the same things, had the same ideals and most of all--the Gospel was paramount in our lives and so we planned our marriage.

October 4, 1928 we were married in the Salt Lake Temple and attended general conference for our honeymoon. We traveled in a model T Sedan Ford which was not very reliable. It was used very little afterwards, but served its purpose.

Luris had worked on his father's farm all of his life but had little in a material way to show for it, so my father offered to teach him the bakery trade which he did. After some experience in the Richfield and Gunnison bakeries we decided to go back to school and made our home in Logan for two years where Luris was known as the "Doughnut King" for that is the way we made our way.

Three days before graduation from the U S A C, Pres. Grant phoned to the president of the college to find for him a graduate who could be superintendent of the church schools in Kelsey,

Texas and Luris was the man. So we went to Texas on a mission with our four small children and stayed for three years. Returning to Utah Luris continued to teach for the church and has been a seminary teacher ever since.

Our eight children are God's gift to us. They have enriched life with meaning and purpose- LeGrande, Carol Gene, Shirley Rue, Dianne, Elaine, Wayne, Antonia and David. Our major responsibility has been rearing and educating them in the ways of the Gospel and in working for and with them.

Many, many things could be written of our life in Gunnison where our children experienced the joys and pangs of growing up, but this is a story of the Winkels, suffice to say that as far as we know there is no truer, liner, more satisfying purpose in life than that accepted by the church as revelation from God; Man is that he might have joy in abundant living, here and hereafter. The Gospel objectives of life have been our goals and we have tried to lead the way for our children by setting the proper examples for them. We have not had to use force ever, nor do we believe in it. The joy and happiness our children achieve and the measure of their service and usefulness in their communities, are the criteria of our success.

JOHN WINKEL

"John was our first child born under the New Covenant on the twenty-first day of February 1910 on a Monday morning in our own home on second west and thirty-third south in Salt Lake City, Utah. We were living in humble circumstances when our son was added to our household. He was our fifth son; sparkling dark eyes and rosy cheeks made him an attractive baby."

John was a likeable little fellow and was full of life. I remember well when we were very small how Prime Black, who was then the delivery boy for Peterson's Mercantile Company took us two small children with him on his express wagon as he made his deliveries. Sometimes we would be gone for hours sitting in the hot sun upon the spring seat. Many complimentary comments would be given to the chubby little Johnny, by the people we met. When we became uncomfortable or hungry Prime managed to produce a dried prune or a questionable piece of hardtack candy from his pocket. And to this very day when we meet him he pleasantly recalls those days of nearly fifty years ago.

It seemed that in addition to Mother and Dad's ten children there were always other children at our house as well. When John was a boy of seven and eight years, Hart Stallings was his constant playmate. Hart's parents operated the Kinema theater where Thys worked and somehow Hart and his young sister Erma seemed to have the right to be with us. It was through John's example and encouragement that Hart came to Sunday School and Primary. One day on a Saturday afternoon he came to play when John said that he was unable to play. He was preparing to go to the chapel to get baptized. After asking and answering many questions Hart asked Mother Winkel to call his mother on the telephone to see if there were any objections to him getting baptized at the same time. Mother did so and Mrs, Stallings replied,

"Mrs, Winkel, you are such a good Mother and anything that Hart wants to do with your approval, is all right with me."

So it was that Mother rustled some more white clothes and took the two little boys to the first ward chapel and got them baptized.

Many years later in one of the largest wards in Salt Lake City, Bishop Hart Stalllugs bore a strong testimony to his ward members in a sacrament meeting, complimenting little Johnny Winkel and giving him the credit for being so exemplary in his young years as to give him the right start in life, stating how he had knelt down for family prayers in the Winkel home and had learned to ask the blessing on the food before partaking of meals-always doing as Johnny did.

John was ordained to the Aaronic priesthood by Peter Nielson and was president of his quorum. He had a keen and alert mind and was very active in his religious duties.

He was the most sports-minded boy in the Winkel family. He pole vaulted for pleasure and also on a team in high school. He was always playing some kind of ball, football, basketball or baseball and for years played on various baseball teams. Baseball continued to play an important

part in his life. He managed a club for Elsinore for several years and each year his team won the championship. He loved it and instilled that feeling in his players also to play to win. His sons inherited the same love for baseball. John has coached and umpired many Little League games. Today, still for all the high school games and especially those of division championship he is always asked to umpire. His pitching ability has been a great asset in bowling and so in the present popular bowling game John also excels.

He was gifted with many talents. All the neighbors can testify to his singing ability as they heard him coming home late at night. Just as soon as he would turn the corner from main street and start walking down the three dark blocks he would begin to sing at the top of his lungs until he reached home. Some neighbors complained about his loud singing while others were amused and would compliment him. He enjoyed choir and chorus work in church, school and community and did some solo work.

He married Ruby Gregerson on September 1, 1933 at Los, Utah. She was the oldest child in her family and was deprived of her parent's loving care at a tender early age. Her childhood was a sad one as she tried to care for her younger brothers and sisters, so John tried to make it up to her by giving her the things in life that she had missed.

They lived in the bakery apartment as many of the family had done before them until they could build a new home of their own. Ruby clerked in the bakery while John helped in the bakeshop. He worked longer with Dad in the bakery than did any of the seven brothers. It was they who managed the business while Dad and Mother went on their mission to Holland.

It was on the third of April 1937 they had a son--Jack Francis. They then lived in a home of their own on the Winkel property just south of the family home. When Jack was twelve years of age he and his father had sadness enter their lives for Ruby's life was cut short and she did not recover from a major operation that she suffered. Her death was on the 30th of November 1947.

Life was very dark for John as he tried one housekeeper after another to care for his little son. One particular evening he called on his good friends Don and Web Johnson in Elsinore. Their sister Rhoda was at home spending the Christmas holidays with them. She taught school in Salt Lake City. After spending an interesting evening with them John was taking his departure and turning to Rhoda he said,

"May an 'ole bachelor come to Salt Lake and take you to the Ambassador Club?" She, being of a very sympathetic nature said, "Yes."

Finally this sympathy turned into love and John was again blessed with a beautiful fine wife who made a happy home for him. Their marriage took place 27th of July 1948, and Jack again felt that he had a mother.

May 19 of 1949 Rhoda gave birth to a son whom they named Bryce Johnson. He is also a lover of sports, a good student, and has high ideals.

Their daughter was born September 19, 1951. She was like an angel to them with a million dollar smile and a personality such that both young and old enjoy her--Mary Jan.

Corey Johnson, their third child was born to them the fifth of May 1955. It was unusual because Corey was born the fifth day of the fifth month of the fifty-fifth year. When he was five years old it was all "fives" with him.

ROSENA WINKEL HALLEN

Like Nephi of old, I can say I was born of goodly parents. They had great faith and courage to leave all of their loved ones and come to a new land to follow the dictates of their own conscience. I well remember my Mother telling me when my father at one time considered a move to Africa for better employment--My Grandmother Van Ojen said to her,

"No ocean will separate me from my daughter."

Fate proved otherwise for a few years later they did leave their native land and crossed the ocean not for financial gain but for the sake of the Gospel which they had embraced.

On a Sabbath day, 29th of September, 1912 I was born to Hendrik and Everdina Winkel, Their second daughter and seventh child in Monroe, Utah. My parents moved to Richfield, Utah while I was still a babe in arms and we lived in the apartment above the bakery which was purchased by my father. My childhood memories are pleasant ones, I remember very little that transpired while we lived in the bakery building, Mother spent a good many hours clerking and I seem to vaguely remember sitting in a high chair while she clerked in the store.

After moving to our home on 290 East 2nd South to a large comfortable house where we spent many happy hours in the old dining room, sitting close to the heater-ola in the winter evenings eating apples, popping corn etc. There was always doughnuts or cinnamon rolls in the bread can that we could nibble on. Our large family surrounding the table where we ate in the screen porch during the summer months. I will never forget those cold bedrooms upstairs where most of our bedrooms were. The windows were never closed even though it snowed or rained--Mother was a firm believer in fresh air. We were a healthy bunch and I am sure it was because the way our Mother fed, and taught us good health habits.

I went to Sunday School, Primary, religion class and mutual in the old first ward chapel and had many fine and capable teachers. My what good times we had when I became a beehive girl-especially during our summer camping trips.

The times that Thys and Anton were called as missionaries to Holland stands out as a choice memory. Their letters would be read at the dinner table after we had eaten and tears and smiles together often mingled.

Anton became very ill with spinal meningitis while on his mission, but through faith and prayers he became well again. He was paralyzed from his hips down, and did learn to walk again and was permitted to stay and fulfill an honorable mission.

Bill, the second to the youngest boy, also contracted spinal meningitis in Richfield, he also was very ill but recovered--losing the ability to hear in the one ear.

Henry, the fourth son was the first one to marry in this big noisy family of ours. It was not long after that he was accidentally shot through the left front chest, the bullet leaving the body through the back. He was not expected to live and was at death's door on numerous occasions, Numerous occasions down through the years he has undergone chest surgery, each time recovering when it was thought impossible. It was because of these three brother's experiences that I began seriously thinking about becoming a nurse. I planned my classes through high school so that I was finished in the middle of my senior year. I had been teaching junior Sunday School and was stake secretary of the Primary Association. Also having spent many hours in the bakery tierking during the summers all through my high school years. Saturdays often found us girls in the bakery helping our Dad. Mother often said that she had little help from her girls as soon as they were old enough to clerk, Dad had them in the bakery. I always felt it was an education in itself to work there--to greet the public and learn the value of the dollar, as Dad gave us a salary as he paid his outside help.

Everyone seemed to discourage me in my thoughts of being a nurse. My father promised to buy me a new roadster of my own if I would forget the whole thing. Hannah Buetler, the second counselor in the Stake Primary Presidency, said I would not last six months (she was a practical nurse). The more they tried to discourage me, the more determined I became in my thoughts to go into nurse's training. On a cold winter day on the 15th of January 1931 Henry took me to Salt Lake City. My mother made the statement that day that she felt that I would never again be home again to live, I told her I would be back in three years to be Dr. David Gotfredson's nurse, but Mother was right. The LDS Hospital Nurse's Training School was to be my home for three years. I have never since lived in Richfield.

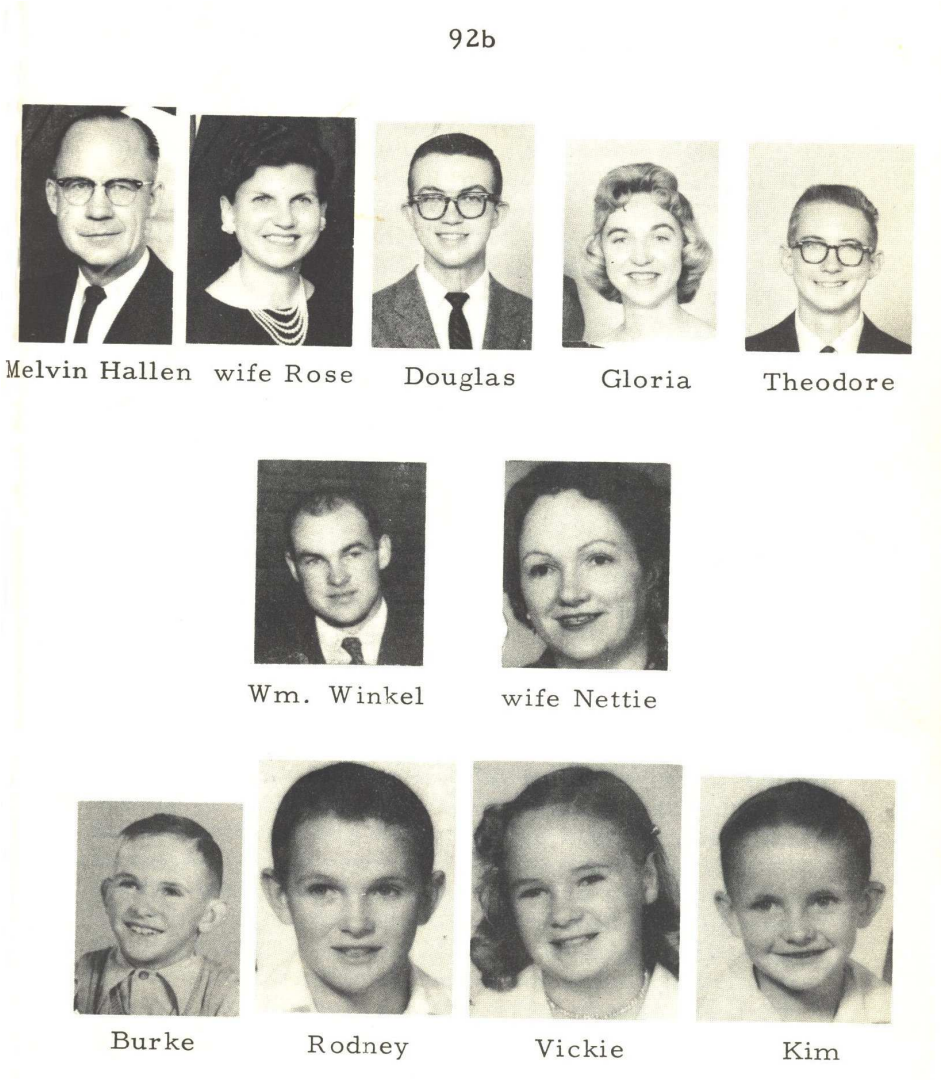
Those first four months of probationary period were hard ones. There were more nurses available than there were hospital positions, our class members were eliminated constantly--just called to the office and each was told she was not adapted for nursing. For the first time in my life I really had to settle down and learn to study and concentrate. There was so much to be learned. Physically, mentally we really were put through a rigid training. On the hospital floors daily as well as taking a heavy University course. In May 1931 instead of walking across the stage receiving my high school diploma as were my high school associates I was receiving my nurses cap in capping exercise s and officially became a student nurse. This was a rich experience in my life. Learning to live with other girls my own age, caring for the sick in the hospital, going to classes daily and getting University credit, assisting in the operating rooms, learning to cook in the diet kitchen for special diets, helping in the delivery rooms, watching for the first cry of the new born babe, working shift work- -11-7 (night shift) 2:30 to 11 P. M. and the day shifts sometimes straight 7 to 3 P. M. more often split shifts, day after day, night after night, Saturday, Sunday, Christmas, in fact all holidays--such is the life of a student nurse. We were permitted a three week vacation yearly taken in the summer months.

There are two experiences in my life that I have forgotten to put into this history thus far. One was when I came to Salt Lake with my parents to meet Anton when he returned from his mission. I was a sophomore in high school and had grown tremendously over a period of just a few short months. Geert had married while Anton was away and when we went to the station in Salt Lake to meet Tone, he greeted each one there and last of all he turned to me and said,

"Is this Geert's wife?"

The other experience was about a year later when I was clerking in our bakery. Each one of my brothers had taken a turn working in the bake shop and in driving the truck to the surrounding towns with the bakery goods for the grocery stores supply of daily bread. This was deer season and all of our brothers wanted to go hunting deer but someone had to remain home to drive the bread truck--well, the end result--I was nominated for the job which I did because I enjoyed driving anything as long as it was a car. When I arrived in Monroe and went into one of the stores (I believe it was called Monroe Merc.) the proprietor Juel Anderson put his hands on his hips and looked at me and said,

"Don't tell me that the Winkel boys have finally run out!" He had seen each one for a period of about twenty years I guess.



To make a long story short I did finally succeed in successfully finishing my three years as a student nurse. I shall never forget the day that we took our state board examinations all day long, much to my surprise I had a final average of 90-8/9 and was on the state honor roll.

I finished training in January 1934. Those were depression days, more nurses were available than there were jobs. Some of the girls that graduated in the class four months before us did not find work. Now we had a new worry! The hospital was staffed with student nurses, graduates held head nurse and charge nurse positions, two girls out of our January class were asked to remain and work for the hospital and I was fortunate enough to be one of those two. I lived in an apartment near the hospital with two of my classmates and we really had some good times together. About a month after I became a graduate nurse, I met Melvin Hallen, a patient in the hospital. He had been in an accident and was there with a broken leg. Dr. Tyree was his Doctor and he had to stay for six weeks. I started to go steady with him when he was able to be up and about. His parents were converts to the church from Sweden. He came from a small family, only one sister besides his parents. He went home to Richfield with me on several occasions and let me drive his car and take the girls down also even when he did not go with us. His Mother was a real good cook and very jolly and enjoyable to be around even though she was crippled with arthritis.

In the spring of 1935 Mother and Dad were called on a mission to Holland? Dad had always wanted to go back and his chance had come. Three children were unmarried, Francis who was still at home, Pauline the youngest of the family and myself living and working in Salt Lake. Arrangements were made for Francis to live with Bill and his wife Nettie, John was to take over the bakery and Pauline was to go to Texas and live with our older sister Dena and her family who were on a mission for the church. The three unmarried ones, and our parents took a trip to Gilmer, Texas to take Pauline. Melvin and I saw my parents daily while they were in the mission home, and were on hand at the depot to bid them farewell. I gave up my position in the hospital to go to Texas on this trip with my family and when I came back got a job as nurse in the Oregon Shortline Clinic. By October of 1935, Melvin and I could not see any reason why we should wait any longer to get married so on October 17, we went to the temple with our family friend Sister A. Wilkins who was also our neighbor when the folks lived in Salt Lake City in 1908. There I received my endowments and the following day I was sealed for time and all eternity to Melvin Theodore Hallen. We concluded we could not go on a honeymoon trip but used that money in purchasing a home of our own. This first little five room bungalow was on 18 Van Buren avenue in the Jefferson Ward. How we enjoyed furnishing that home! In Feb. 1936 I started to work part time for the Visiting Nurses Association, this was a new type of nursing experience in the home. That summer we went together and Melvin's parents sister and aunt Emily were with us on an excursion or convention of the Swedish Male choruses of America up in Seattle Washington. We felt that this was our honeymoon.

July 6, 1937 our first child was born in the LDS Hospital, a daughter. Life was good, and we really began to live and enjoy that little one. She was the only grandchild on the Hallen side and of course they enjoyed and spoiled her along with us. On Nov. 17, 1940 our second born, a son came to us. Now we really did have complete happiness, a daughter and a son! I did not regain my health as I should have after Douglas was born, I was up and down from November until

April when I went to the hospital for a currettement and then I quickly enjoyed good health once again.

In Dec. 1941 Pearl Harbor was attacked and war was declared. Now we had a bit of a worry as Melvin was a reserve officer in the finance department. He was not called until May 1942 and then he left to go to Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. After he was here for a few weeks training he was sent to Atlanta, Ga. The children and I took a train and joined him a few weeks later. This was an entirely new experience for us, Gloria started to school in Atlanta, Ga. and she soon was talking southern dialect with all of her little classmates. We were fortunate in renting an apartment next to the chapel headquarter s for the Southern States Mission and we became active and had many friends and happy times there. I was the Primary Pres. and Melvin was teaching in Sunday School and Mutual. We were in Atlanta almost two years and then Melvin was sent to Duke University for special training. We were warned that it probably meant an assignment overseas, but to our joy he was sent to Moore General Hospital, Swannanoa, North Carolina. This was a beautiful part of the country and we enjoyed our stay here very much. There was no branch of the church there but we wrote into mission headquarters to find any members near. A branch was soon organized and a home Sunday School and four families gathered over a radius of forty miles.

On April 30, 1945 our third child Ted, was born in Moore General Hospital. We will not forget Sunday in our little home Sunday School and Fast Day meeting when his Daddy gave him a name and a blessing--Theodore Swalberg Hallen. I had my old trouble corm back again and was scheduled for another currettement when we received a telephone call from home stating that Melvin's Mother had been operated and died suddenly of a blood clot.

I was advised by my Doctor that it would not be wise to leave on any kind of a journey at this time but that I should stay and be operated as per schedule. Melvin and I both felt very strongly that we should return together for the funeral. Little Teddy was not three months yet and it was hot traveling in July. We made it a matter of prayer and felt that we should start the trip immediately. We arrived home four days later and were happy to be back at such a time. On the way to the funeral my parents had a blow-out and the car tipped over throwing my father clear, he never regained consciousness. Now, there was another funeral for us to attend. Our children lost a grandmother and a grandfather within a few days of each other. I returned from Richfield after the funeral and was admitted to the LDS Hospital once more upon the advice of Dr. Cornwall our family Doctor. The operation was performed the following day and when the tissue was sent to the laboratory it was found to be malignant, after all of the patients I have cared for with cancer, I too was afflicted. A consultation was held in my behalf and I was given 72 hours of radium and then sent home for six weeks. When I returned to the hospital again I had a complete hysterectomy and knew that I would never be blessed with another baby. Our baby Teddy was cared for during this time by my mother and sister Pauline who were trying to adjust themselves after the sudden death of my father. I was examined frequently and after a period of three years was released as cured!

We as a family have much to be thankful for, for parents that had courage enough to accept the Gospel and come to this new land, and give us the opportunities that this great land and church have to offer. Ours is a rich heritage, may we live to prove worthy of it!

Melvin was sustained as financial ward clerk in Jefferson ward. Later we sold our home on Van Buren Avenue and bought a newer home at 668 Garfield Avenue in the Belvedere Ward. We have so much enjoyed associations and opportunities in this ward. Melvin was sustained as the bishop of that ward after having lived there three years. I was a counselor in the Primary and a counselor in the Relief Society and oh what rich experiences and what lovely women I worked with and loved as if they were my sisters. I guess few bishops ever have the experience of seeing their chapel go up in flames as we did, while Melvin was bishop, but out of this terrible catastrophe came a unity and closer knitting of the members than we had experienced before. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Melvin was bishop for six years. Gloria is now married to Richard Hyland after having taught school for two years. Douglas is on a mission in Brazil. Ted is a junior in high school and is a carbon copy of his father.

I sincerely pray that I may live up to the expectations of parents who gave up everything dear to them for this wonderful Gospel. Theirs was a courage strong. We have much to live up to.

WILLIAM WINKEL

The sixth boy that was born to the Winkel family was "Bill". Although he was blessed with the name of William we never heard anyone refer to him as such. Early boyhood was "Willie" then later it changed to "Bill" and the name suits him perfectly. He was born in the apartment above the bakery in Richfield. He had blue eyes, brown hair with very fair complexion. Grew to maturity and was six feet tall and weighed two hundred and four pounds at the time of writing.

He was always very ambitious and full of life. He began school at the usual age of six and learned fast but his teacher had difficulty in keeping him occupied and when he was not busy in a studious way he was making mischief. This continued on through all of his schooling.

When he was seven years of age, he worked in the bakery with his father doing little jobs that were comparable to his years and he was paid 25 cents per day. As his ability and years increased so was his pay and he learned in this wise to learn the value of money and how to handle it. By the time he was twelve years of age he was delivering bakery goods on his bicycle to the women in their homes and at thirteen he drove a truck around the county. This continued until he was fifteen and one-half years of age when county officials began to enforce the driving law and he was not yet of driving age. So he went to Kingston and worked on a farm until he was sixteen. He then continued to drive a truck including candy and lunch meat with his bakery line and drove as far south as Fredonia in Arizona. When he reached the age of seventeen he purchased his own truck and in another year he owned two trucks. He did not complete high school but operated a business of his own and did it efficiently.

In 1930 several cases of spinal meningitis broke out in Richfield and he was one who contracted the disease. He was one of the two who survived it, but it left him deaf in his right ear.

Nettie Barney was a beautiful little girl from Elsinore and was his first and only love, and made a splendid wife for him. They were married on the 3rd of October in the Manti Temple in 1933. Their home was in the apartment above the bakery. Their fir st little daughter lived but six weeks due to pneumonia and was buried in the Richfield cemetery Feb. 17, 1935. Everything was done that could be done for her. Rose was then a registered nurse and was summoned immediately to care for her but it seemed she was not to live.

In 1936 Bill bought the Manti Bakery from Thys and he sold his trucking business to Henry. However Bill's heart was not in the bakery and he went back to trucking after one year's time.

They were blessed then with a little son whom they named Burke. At this time Nettle became aware of a lump on the bottom of her foot. After tests had been made by the doctor who removed it, it was found to be malignant. Four operations followed. After the third one, which was in Salt Lake City it became infected so badly that the doctors decided the only thing left to do was to amputate her foot. She was administered to by Hans Hunsen and many prayers were offered by the family and friends. Nettie's own dear mother fasted for several days. Dr. Cowan said that nothing could save it and only to please the distraught husband's pleading to try just once more proved effective and her leg was saved and her trouble ended. The doctor himself pronounced it

a miracle, admitting that it was not his skill nor his good judgment that the operation proved successful. It took nearly one year to heal but it healed completely and became nearly as good as her other foot.

In 1938, their warehouse burned down completely, leaving them almost penniless. A newspaper, The Deseret News, described the incident:

" .... Four people narrowly escaped serious injury or death yesterday morning when fire completely destroyed the Bill Winkel Distributing Warehouse in the southeast corner of Richfield.

Mr. Winkel said today, that he does not know exactly what the total loss will amount to yet, but that $10,000 cases of bottles, and a full stock of groceries for distribution in southern Utah--as well as records and buildings were destroyed. He said this would make the loss well over $50,000.

The fire, which originated in the newly completed office, was caused from an explosion. Three young men employees: Max Slye, Carl Jensen and Lynn Poulsen were in the office at the time with Miss Pauline Beautier, bookkeeper, who was preparing the bank deposit for the company.

Mr. Slye had filled the stove preparatory to starting a fire, and it was thought some of the fluid had been spilled on the floor. As one of the boys lighted a match, none of the group realized what happened ..... Mr. Winkel had left for Salt Lake early yesterday morning and was not located until the fire was extinguished.

He estimated the bank deposit at approximately $1,500 in checks, currency and silver. The only part of this amount saved was a silver dollar, a five and a ten dollar bill, which were carried from the building and these were badly damaged. Likewise the entire office equipment, which had just been purchased, was completely destroyed.

Young Winkel, who is now only 24 years of age, started in the distributing business in 1931. He has built a steadily increasing business. About a year ago he became the distributor of wholesale groceries in the southern part of the state for Scowcroft & Sons Wholesale Company of Salt Lake City.

He had recently stocked the warehouse to capacity with their winter distribution. One of the difficulties in fighting the fire was due to lack of a fire plug in the vicinity of the warehouse, according to officials."

This was a blow to the young couple but not in the least discouraging. For a quick comeback was made and he continued on in the same business. Dad gave him a building lot next to the family home and he built a large basement which he used for a warehouse and a lovely brick home on top and Nettle took over the job of bookkeeper and they started anew.

In February of 1944 Bill bought a cattle ranch with a range near Fish Lake. He also purchased a cabin near the lake and continued with his trucking, hiring what help was needed. This cabin at fish lake has been enjoyed by the entire Winkel family through the years.

By this time Bill was president of the Sevier County Fair Committee and worked hard preparing the fairgrounds for the Cow County Carnival. Living so near the fair grounds it was convenient to spend a few hours daily preparatory for the coming event. The heavy equipment was dangerous as they operated it on the race track smoothing the track for the races. It was fascinating to the little boys who were looking on, they played in and around the machinery until Bill sent them home realizing the danger there. Thinking that they had all disappeared he went back and seated himself on the noisy 50 ton roller, continued with his work. Seeing some children again he cautioned them to keep away from the equipment, his own son Burkie being among them. The equipment was extremely heavy and he felt nothing that came in the way, and so it was that little Burke met with this tragic and fateful accident. No words can begin to describe the deep anguish and remorse that filled Bill's soul as he realized that his own dear son had been under the heavy weight, and was crushed.

Sometimes deep sorrow comes into our lives and we wonder why---Why? It seemed that it was more than they could bear. If anything good can be said to come from an experience so heart rendering and sorrowful, --it was the realization that their lives had been a little bit too careless and free. They were losing sight of true values. It immediately brought them back into church activity. It perhaps was the redeeming factor that kept Bill from losing his mental balance. True, they had gone to church before, when convenient but this made them realize that solace and comfort could come from no other source. At times it seemed that their hearts would burst within them but God was good and in time wounds were healed. Every Sunday from then on found them in church, and the cabin in Fish Lake empty over the weekends. Bill was needed in the bishopric and he became the financial chairman of the new chapel that was to be erected.

On the 29th of June 1951 Bill went through the temple for Burke for he only lived to be twelve years of age. On Dec. 17, 1951 they were blessed with another son--Kim. Their family now numbered three with Vickie and Rodney.

Nothing stands in the way as Bill and Nettle put church work foremost, both are doing what they can in their ward to further the work of the Lord. He is now serving his second term in the bishopric of the Richfield Third Ward.

ABOUT BURKE

Nettle Winkel

This is very sacred to me. One week after Burke's funeral I was awakened early in the morning, just daylight, by footsteps coming through the hall into our bedroom. The steps came to the side of the bed and stopped. I waited expecting Vicki or Rodney who were sleeping at the other end of the hall, to say,

"Mamma," or probably to climb into bed with us. Then---all at once, I knew. It was Burke, a few more seconds went by and I looked up, of course there was no one there. I felt that he had come to let me know he could walk. He wasn't broken and mashed, but well and all right. I knew he had been there.

There was also a few dreams that were so real and made me feel so much better. They were about this same time. Dreams where Burke had come down from heaven--always dressed as I last saw him. He would tell me things he did up there and answer all my questions. One especially, I asked him if he had seen my father who died when I was but three years old and Burke said,

"Yes, he's around."

He also said, "yes" when I asked him if he was happy. Although the look on his face made me think he was a little sorry for leaving us or maybe a little sorry to see us feel so badly. Those dreams were so real to me and oh, what a thrill to wake up and feel so strongly that I had really seen him. I felt that I had had a talk and visited with him.

All those things helped to lighten the sorrow of losing our dear sweet little Burke, as I look back now. However, at that time, it didn't seem as though anything could lighten it.

FRANCIS WINKEL

Francis Winkel was born on October 11, 1916, in Richfield, Utah, to Everdena Van Ojen and Hendrik Winkel in the upstairs apartment of the Richfield Bakery owned by his parents. When he was a year old, the family moved to 290 East Second So. Street. His boyhood years were spent in this neighborhood. As a boy, he did the family chores, milking the cows and taking them to pasture, spending much time in the fair grounds, working in beets in summer, and helping his father in the bakery.

Francis always had a strong interest in sports--fishing in the Sevier River, pole vaulting, and playing basketball and football with the neighborhood boys. He took a special interest in Doug Barker. He taught Doug how to milk cows and how to make sling shots. He even pulled Doug out of the Sevier River when he had fallen in by the dam, and carried him a distance of three miles on his shoulders. The bigger boys let him play football-he could sneak out quietly for a pass because he was so small. Later he was a boy scout--Enoch Larsen was the leader of his troop--and in Junior High he played on the basketball team. He attended school in Richfield and graduated from Junior High and High School there. In High School, he played football and basketball and was on the track team. His preference was basketball, however.

He worked two summers at Manti in the bakery for Thys--this was during his Freshman and Sophomore years. In his Junior and Senior years he worked for Bill and Henry in the B & H Distributing Company, covering all of southern Utah in the truck. Following graduation from High School, he attended Utah State Agricultural College, leaving after the Second Quarter to work for Bill and Henry again, prior to being called to a mission in Tahiti, Society Islands.

In October 1935 he left for Tahiti in company with W. Dean Palmer of Preston, Utah. He served in the Society Islands for 34 months under Mission President L. R. Mallory and President Thomas Woodbury. Later Brother Woodbury became ill and had to return home for medical attention. W. Dean Palmet was called to act as Mission President, and Francis was asked to assist him. (Subsequently, after returning to the States, Palmer became Bishop and is now a Stake President. Francis also held the office of Bishop twice, once at Alameda Ward and again in Centerville Ward, and at the present time is Stake President of the Hayward Stake.

On his return home from the Mission field, he worked with Henry raising turkeys. After one year, not having done well financially, he decided to go to California to work for Thys. On January 23, 1940, before leaving, he married Rose Thompson of Aurora, Utah.

On their arrival in Alameda, California, he purchased the Alameda Food Shop on Park Street, a restaurant and bakery. Here Rose and Francis worked together and employed seven or nine people, Francis doing all of the baking, Rose doing the cooking both for the restaurant and the bakery. They did well financially, and purchased their first home at 1381 Fernside Boulevard in Alameda for $50 down and $50 a month. They lived there for six months, trading their equity for a better house at 2205 San Antonio Avenue in Alameda. After three years they sold the Food Shop - business had become too good!

World War II started. They moved to Richmond and purchased the Peerless Bakery on 19th and McDonald Streets there. Francis operated this business for a period of one year and was very successful. They sold their home in Alameda and bought a new home in Richmond on Costa Street. Richmond was booming with war work, and the City became a rather undesirable place to live, and so they decided to go to Provo, Utah, for a few months.

Shortly thereafter Francis received his induction papers to join the Armed Services. Rose thought it best that they return to Alameda. Francis felt he could do more good by going into the Maritime Service, and in that service he worked in Standard Oil tanker ships, serving as Chief Cook, on board a ship carrying gun crews in the Pacific and along the Coast until the War ended. He was in the service on board a ship out of Seattle when his Dad died. Word was telegraphed him aboard the ship. He took a plane from Seattle to Alameda, picked up Rose, and left for the funeral.

On his return home after discharge from the Maritime Service, along with Thys, he invested in the Bodily Manufacturing Company in San Leandro. The Company was doing very poorly at that time, and he was sent to Roseburg, Oregon to run the By-River Lumber Company, a subsidiary of the Bodily Manufacturing Company. He did not know much about the lumber business, but soon learned, and was able to make the saw mill produce and to sell it as a going concern at no loss. He returned to Alameda and assumed the management of the Bodily Manufacturing Company in October 1946. The name was changed to the Beaver Lumber Company and is at present a complete lumber operation including dry kilns and complete manufacturing facilities. At this tinge, October 1962, he has successfully managed the Company for sixteen years.

In the meantime, he was called to serve as Bishop of the Alameda Ward. He held this position for three years, and then because of Rose's asthma, they moved away from the Bay to Niles, California, where they built a home sufficient for the needs of the family.

He served in the Branch Presidency of the newly organized Centorville Branch in 1950. Centerville Ward was created in 1952, and he was called to be the first Bishop, which position he held for a period of three years. He was called to be Second Counselor in the newly created Hayward Stake. After serving three years, he was released to permit him to spend more time with the family and especially the boys, as it would be their last few years at home. When the Hayward Stake was divided and the new San Leandro Stake established, in May 1961, he was called to serve as President of the Hayward Stake.

He served as Finance Chairman for the Alameda Ward Chapel, as Finance Chairman for Centorville, as Finance Chairman from Hayward Stake for the Inter-Stake Center, and he helped purchase the 1,000 acre, $800,000 Patterson Ranch for the region. He is presently serving as Chairman of the Ranch for four stakes.

While in Alameda operating the Food Shop, their first child, Linda, was born at the Alameda Hospital. She spent most of her first year on the dough bench in her basket - she was always a great joy. Richard came along while they were still operating the Food Shop. He was born at the Peralia Hospital in Oakland. Mac was born in Berkeley while they were living in Richmond

operating the Peerless Bakery, and then Rose started staying home to care for the family, and Francis was on his own in business. When Francis was called to the service, there were three children, Linda, Richard and Mac. Jan Paul was born after Francis was discharged, and we enjoyed him for eight months, when he took pneumonia and died. Rose and Francis took him back in the car to Utah to be buried in Richfield Cemetery by Grandfather Winkel. Becky was born just ten months after Jan died in Oakland Hospital; Nancy twelve months later, also in Oakland. Rose Marie was born in Oakland three years later, and Debbie, four years younger than Rose Marie, was also born in Oakland Hospital. Our family doctor, Dr. Reich, had delivered Richard, Becky, Nancy, Rose Marie and Debbie. He couldn't deliver Mac and Jan - he was in the service.

Francis and Rose built a summer house at Rubicon Bay, near Meeks Bay, at Lake Tahoe, and the family have enjoyed each summer there since.

They have also purchased a ranch in Aurora, Utah, formerly known as the Fairborn Ranch, 240 acres, plus range pasture in Lost Creek, forest rights in Booby Hole, and 350 head of cattle.

Community Service: Francis ran for the City Council in 1959, but was defeated. In 1961 he was elected to the School Board in Niles District. He served as President of the Boy's Club of Fremont for one year and at the present time is Chairman of the Civil Service Commission of the City of Fremont.

PAULINE WINKEL BROADBENT

December 6th, 1919 at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon a happy addition was made to the Winkel family and Pauline put in her appearance. Being the youngest of ten children she never lacked for attention. She was loved by all.

As a little girl she liked excitement, green apples and candy, but cats in particular. When she was five years old, she wore a dress that Mother had made out of a velvet piano scarf. Now nothing was wasted at our house--it was just that Mother was that frugal. This dress just simply would not wear out and she wore it for a long time and it was finally given to a needy child. This is merely mentioned to show that frugality has its own reward. It was because of this quality that meant much to the Winkel family and enabled them to be independent financially through life.

Pauline was vivacious and life was full of interesting experiences for her. True, her brothers who numbered seven often teased her to the limit, but she retaliated in her own way. There was the time when she was cleaning Francis' bedroom and came across a very personal letter written to him by a close girlfriend. This was a juicy morsel to Pauline and as she opened it, the door also opened and in walked Francis. When she held up the letter for him to see, he immediately flew into a rage as she made her exit with the prize still in her hand. She managed to run through the hall and into the bathroom where she locked the door feeling she was reasonably safe for as long a time as she needed to remain. But when she realized he was taking the hinges off the door she climbed up to the tiny window which led onto the roof of our two story house and managed to squeeze herself through it and found herself slipping on the shingles that were none too safe. Luckily a boxelder tree had spread its branches toward her direction and she was clinging with her might trying to bring herself to the trunk of the tree and onto safe ground. Meanwhile Francis had succeeded in entering the room and could not pursue her through the small window, so he managed to take two or maybe three steps at a time down the stairway and stationed himself in the screen porch next to the base of the tree. Silently he waited and just as she gave what she thought was her jump to safety, he seized her and picked her up by her heels and swung her around and around in merry-go-round fashion which she did not appreciate very much.

When Pauline was fifteen years of age she bid her parents goodby as they left for their mission to Holland and she lived with her sister Dens who was then fulfilling a mission with her husband and family in Texas where she remained for eighteen months.

Back in Richfield, Utah she was active as a chorister and teacher in the auxiliaries of the church. She also belonged to a girl's Drum and Bugle Corps. The college at Cedar City was her choice where she attended one year. In 1939 she answered a mission call to the Northwestern states. When her mission was terminated her parents met her in Startfield, Oregon and they toured the northwest somewhat and visited the Cardston temple.

Francis Winkel

wife Rose

Linda

Richard

Mackay

Rebecca

Nancy

Rose Marie

Deborah Jean

Francis Broadbent, wife Pauline, Susan, Sally
Paul, Deanna, Charles and Ruth

Returning home she resumed her work in the bakery for a time then went to a Comptometer school and took a business course. After working for Auerbachs war broke out and she joined the Waves to serve her country. She was an assistant to the Chaplin and while teaching a Sunday School class met Francis Everett Broadbent at Great Lakes Naval Base in Chicago.

Francis Broadbent came from Snowflake, Arizona and became Pauline's husband in the

Manti temple January 20, 1944. Francis' interests were in furthering his education and their life together has taken them to different parts of the country. After the war they moved to Ames, Iowa and stayed there until he received his Ph.D. degree in the field of microbiology of soils.

They then went to Riverside, California where they remained for two years. The next five years were spent in Ithaca, New York. From New York they returned to the west where they purchased a home at Davis, California and have since resided.

Pauline and Francis have had six children-Susan, Sally, Paul, Deanna, Charles and Ruth. They have both been very active in church work.

Pauline has been a very efficient helpmate, has many talents and assists musically in the ward and in various capacities. Francis has been bishop of their ward and their family are all musically inclined and take part in many public affairs.

Currently they are spending a year in New Zealand as Francis is taking a Sabbatical leave with his family.

FAMILY RAMBLINGS in 1938 at a family reunion.

by Rose Hallen

Mother and Dad have lived a life,
Full of hardship, joy and strife
Thirty-nine years of living together--
Through thick and thin they've braved the weather
And now that they have raised their ten,
They're carefree, happy and content.

Now Geert I don't know much about--
For he left home while I was but a sprout.
His occupations have been many,
For all the things he's sold 'tis plenty.
Doughnuts were the first of his sales,
Now he's selling on higher scales.
In trapping he had much to tell
He brought home a skunk and, oh! what a smell.

Tone was always the handy man,
He fed the cows, and filled the milk pans.
He built his cabin and also the barn,

He planted the garden, and hoed the corn.
He always said he'd marry a blond
For that was the type that he was most fond.

Thys, the third son, owns his own show--
And in case you don't know, he takes in the dough.
He used to peddle his own cakes and bread,
But he worked so hard, he had pains in his head.

Hen, was the first child born in Zion,
And I firmly believe he's as tough as a lion.
He was shot and the Doctor said he was gone--
But he was fighting his nurse by the next dawn.
He catches fish, shoots ducks and deer,
In fact he's successful in any career.

The fifth child came and it was a girl--
My! How the Winkel boys did whirl.
Dena can sing, she can cook, and sew a fine seam,
And give a good speech on any theme.
Her big moment came along and changed her name
Six children have they, and she's still the same.

John is the boy who pitches the ball
He pole vaulted too, and knew not to fall.
Football, basketball, tennis or track,
The cows weren't milked,
He'd forget to come back.

Rose is the girl, that is a trained nurse,
She gives treatments according to anyone's purse.
When Mel broke his leg, she didn't give heed
But I'll be darned if she didn't marry the swede.

Bill is the boy that owns all the trucks,
He used to be worth a million bucks.
He's been sued, he's been wrecked,
he's been burned to the ground
But he goes back for more and still gets around.
He fishes, he hunts and even does plumbing--
I wonder what's next, No one knows what is coming.

In 1916 was born the last son,
It was Frans whose liked by everyone
Preaching, singing, dancing or ball,
Even raises turks, - He's capable of all.

Last but not least in this family is Paul,
It's her turn now to accept a mission call.
She can play and sing and teach any class,
In every way she's quite the lass.

TRUE TO OUR PARENTS

Our parents have given us, their family the best that they had. Their lives have been devoted to us. They have taught us the real values in life. Their loyalty, strength, courage and determination to follow the sure road to eternal joys should be an inspiration to us. They have played with us, worked with us, worshiped with us. They have started us all on our ways to success. What do they expect in return? Only gratitude--that gratitude can best be shown in terms of performance. Ingratitude is one of the greatest sins. IF WE FAIL OUR ANXIOUS PARENTS we shall be ungrateful, untrue and unprofitable and although we might win the acclaim of the world and even some of its wealth we will have failed in the truly important phase of life.

To be true to our parents we must be true also to ourselves. We will reap only what we have sown. There is nothing to be gained in drifting with the stream. We owe it to ourselves to get the most out of life. To be really true to ourselves we must build up our faith and broaden our knowledge and we must expand our usefulness by a proper application of both. We are not true to ourselves nor to our parents, unless we hold unalterably to our high standards of honesty, morality and integrity. Being true to our parents and also to ourselves requires that we be true also to the Lord our God. Only through him can we achieve the abundant life. Only by being selective in what we accept as truth can we avoid tragedy. We must be true to the Church, must know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith is a true prophet, that the Book of Mormon is true, that the Bible and all our other scriptures are likewise true, that the church is true and that it is the very Kingdom of God. We must not stray from it but be active in it. Attend Sacrament and other meetings, live the Word of Wisdom, pay our tithes and offerings, uphold and protect our personal purity.

To be true to ourselves and true to our parents and true to our God we must remember that straight is the gate and wide is the way which leads to our own destruction. We cannot partake of the tinsel and folly of an erring world but must place our lives in harmony with the sweet truths of the eternal program of exaltation.

The following is a paragraph taken from Mother's personal history.

"Oh! this Gospel is the most wonderful thing that has ever come into our lives. My most knowledge has come from being a church member, attending Sacrament meeting, Relief Society, Sunday School, Mutual, why this is a college education. Our Prophet Joseph Smith once said that it is impossible to be saved in ignorance. All these studies have brightened our outlook on life, increased our knowledge and strengthened our testimonies and not to forget our regular visits to the temples for the same sweet spirit is there. Our missionary work for our ancestors on the other side has been an unselfish work that the outside 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 as Moroni promised in the last part of the Book of Mormon. And oh! if only EVERY ONE of our own children would live the gospel, life would be PERFECT-some day they will."

Our parents would be most happy today if they could know that among their children there have been eighteen missionaries, eight bishops, two stake presidents and one Patriarch. Besides, one Primary president, four MIA presidents and five Relief Society Presidents.

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE

No matter what else you are doing
From cradle days through till the end
You are writing your own secret story,
Each day sees another page penned.
Each month is the end of a chapter,
Each year is the end of a part
And never an act is misstated
Not even a wish of the heart.
Each morn when you wake, the book opens
Revealing a page clean and white
And what thoughts and what words and what doings
Will cover its surface by night.
God leaves that to you, you're the writer
And never one word will grow dim
Until you write the word "finish"
And you hand your life's book back to Him.

author unknown.

AS I REMEMBER GRANDMOTHER

As Grandmother Winkel now sits in her wheel-chair with a far-away look in her dimming eyes, I think of the full life she has lived, the wisdom she has always shown, and the influence she has had for good on all who have known her. My big regret is that my children will not have had the privilege of knowing her as I did while she displayed such remarkable qualities few women I know possess.

During summer vacations at "Grandma's," she taught me that a child has many capabilities-whether it was embroidering, dusting, making a bed, or playing, we were to use our time wisely. We were to sew on a button when it came off, not when we wanted to wear it again. Shoes and dresses were to be polished or pressed Saturdays, never Sunday morning before Church. If there was dust under the piano we could attempt to remove it even though it wasn't seen. When she

visited at the homes of her children, she wasn't idle a moment, but had darned every sock, mended holes in sweaters, sewed on buttons or whatever she found to do to be useful. One couldn't get their feelings hurt over Grandma's constructive criticism 'cause we knew she was always right.

Bright and early Monday mornings Grandma had the fire going under a huge black pot in the back yard, heating water for washing more batches of clothes. Long before her vacationing grandchildren opened their eyes, she had already hung out several lines full and raised them high in the air with ten foot poles. The smell of a good breakfast was in the kitchen and "grains o' gold" cereal awaited eager eaters -- though only she could make cereal smell so tempting. Grandpa's whole-wheat bread was toasted on a non-electric toaster on the stove, and we liked using special grapefruit spoons for squeezing out the little sections our grapefruit halves.

I loved Grandma's cooking, whether it was a pot of spaghetti or her Sunday roast beef dinners-they were seasoned just right for me. Even cabbage at Grandma's was good for she raised it in her own little red dirt garden, alongside the parsnips. Each mid-morning she was seen taking fresh vegetables to the back porch for preparation for dinner. We sometimes helped her shell the peas, snap beans, top the beets, or scrape new little carrots or potatoes. Occasionally on a Saturday afternoon we could help her turn the little ice cream freezer by hand. We liked to sit under the large tree in the back yard, lean up against the huge trunk where large roots protruded out of the ground and seemed to nestle us in its lap. And there we'd try to shell the black walnuts with a hammer, the nuts supposedly going into the ice cream but mostly ended up inside the "shellers."

Each night before bedtime Grandma served us a small glass of root beer (of her own making) and as the last drop was drained from the glass, and we'd wish for another, 't was time for family prayer and we'd all go to bed when Grandpa did. I loved the gong of the old clock that could be heard clear upstairs as we waited for sleep to come.

Grandma's yard as well as her home was as neat as could be, nothing out of place. Peonies sent their fragrance throughout the front yard as the large pink and white blossoms lined the path that led from the corner of the lot to the front porch. Grandpa kept the hedge neatly trimmed and the grass was mowed on the usual day whether it had grown much or not. Buttercups and snowballs adorned the southwest of the front lawn, and daisies seemed to bloom all summer. Rows of multi-colored gladfolds were blooming between the lawn shrubs and the garden and behind the tall pink double hollyhocks hid the small chicken coop. Just inside the home of the little brown hens was kept a shallow blue speckled pan filled with crushed egg shells, which had been dried as they had been used in the dutch kitchen, kept warm in a dish in the upper warming-oven of the old coal range and returned to the chickens for their "calcite." We helped Grandma gather the brown eggs and she cooked them soft-boiled for our breakfasts and we ate them from the shell with tiny "coffee" spoons (though we didn't know what coffee was).

Not only the grandchildren but everyone-young and old--loved to go to Grandpa's bakery. The aroma of the bread baking, doughnuts frying, candy and cakes cooking was one of the most pleasant smells I know, and even now brings nostalgia to me.

Naturally a lot of the best qualities Grandma and Grandpa possessed were passed on to their daughter, for I find a good many of those traits plus a few added of her own in my dear mother. I sometimes wonder how I could have been so favored, for the Lord to allow me the privilege of being born and reared by such wonderfully choice parents, I am thankful.

Shirley Rae Beeton

SACRED TO ME

All my life I dreamed of gaining a strong testimony of the Gospel and felt deep in my heart that someday perhaps my Heavenly Father might bless me with an experience which would take all doubt from my mind. As a boy sick with a rheumatic heart I had my father's hands placed on my head in an administration and felt deep inside that the Lord had been the cause of healing me. Yet, as any young boy, I felt that because I still was restricted from my activities with a heart murmur I could not give the credit to Him. I would sit in testimony meeting and listen while Dad would hear his humble testimony telling how he knew that God had healed me and yet I would say to myself--Why then doesn't he heal me all the way and let me live a normal life.

Well as the years went by and my 20th birthday grew close frequently I would go to the mountains and find a secluded spot and pour my soul out, praying sincerely for an answer as to whether I should go on a mission or continue my college to become an Air Force officer. Inside I knew what was right but it was not what I wanted to do and then I remembered a promise I had made as a young 12 year old boy. It was a promise I had made many times in my nightly prayers. I had said: "Heavenly Father, if Thou wilt make me have a healthy body and allow me to run and play as others I promise to go on a mission when I get old enough." I actually had been selfish enough to think that I was doing the Lord a favor by promising to go on a mission. Well, a promise is a promise, no matter what motives prompted the action and when I was asked, I consented.

Today as I look back on my extremely active high school and college days I truly feel thankful for my health--to have fulfilled the mission realizing that it was my duty and privilege to share the Gospel with others.

Today as I play with our little one year old Laurie on the front room carpet while mama sews a tiny new dress for her, all things seem insignificant comparing them to the Lord's divine plan of life. Life is so wonderful and as we travel throughout the nation as the typical U. S. Air Force family we humbly kneel and thank God for guiding our footsteps to let us have the hope to someday be with our family with Him.

Lt. Wayne L. Allen

SACRED TO ME

Having been born of "goodly parents" who taught us the principles of the gospel by example

from infancy, the gospel has been our "way of life" not just a religion. We learned to pray as we learned to talk, thus prayer has probably been the greatest factor or influence in molding my life. As long as I can remember, there has never been a day when I did not communicate with my eternal father and feel His presence.

So many instances I could relate regarding the power of prayer in my life, but they are sacred to me and others would not see any significance to them, for this has been a matter of inner feelings of peace that cannot be expressed on paper. Such things as banishing fear instantly, exerting extraordinary strength and power when greatly needed, or a feeling of well-being amid trying situations have all been displayed on numerous occasions--to not mention the gift of healing which has been manifest many times.

To the missionaries who brought the gospel to my fore-fathers, I give my heartfelt thanks. To my parents and grandparents, for the heritage which they have given me, I will be eternally grateful.

Shirley Rae Allen Beeton

FAITH PROMOTING INCIDENT

The 4-H girls of Gunnison had been preparing for weeks to attend their summer camp for three days of fun in the mountains. A large open truck had been hired and all the "grub," bedrolls, suitcases and twenty excited girls with their two leaders had been piled in. The squealing and laughter had been hushed only long enough for the bishop to lead in prayer in our behalf, that we might be able to enjoy our outing in safety. Then the excitement resumed and singing and laughter kept a steady pace on the way up the county. It was a cloudy day but no spirits were dampened.

Soon after starting up the narrow dirt road in Ephraim canyon, it began to rain. We topped our curls and shoulders with whatever we had and sang on, the water running off dish panned heads just making things more gay. Finally reaching the top, we were met at the Experiment Station by County Extension officials who advised a cancellation of the encampment.

Twenty drenched disappointed girls reluctantly started back down the canyon.

Somehow food always manages to help when spirits are low, so the truck bed became a diner and all the grub was spread out as best it could be with the curves in the road causing everything to sway and bounce here and there. Carol Gene scooped plenty of potato salad onto my already full glass plate and I commenced to eat it but somehow the fork didn't reach my mouth. The plate tilted to the west, the girls in front of me tilted backwards and I had a rather strange sensation. The next thing I knew, Carol Gene was trying to pull me from a tree stump, crying "Shirley, Shirley!" and picking potato salad from my forehead and hair. I felt blindly around for my glasses so I could survey the situation, and Gene found them for me near the tree stump where my broken plate lay. As we looked up, the truck bed was empty, having dumped its load all down the mountainside. And the truck was held almost upside down in a precarious position

above us wedged by a small quaking aspen tree against the cab. No one was injured for the mud, leaves, and sticks had softened the fall. We all knew at once that a higher power was keeping us all from being crushed to death. No one could tell us that prayer hadn't been answered.

Needless to say, we were all a royal mess! Watermelon, cantaloupe, tomatoes, sandwiches and "what-have-you" was well plastered on everyone and everything. Pearl Hill's flimsy suitcase had been broken and her paraphernalia scattered throughout--bloomers here, a bra there, tomato splotched blouse found in somebody's food-filled paper plate, etc. Thus smiles soon turned the near-catastrophe into a humorous incident and we set out to walk toward home or help. As always, our Daddy was right to the rescue. The first one to arrive at Ephraim called home and Daddy soon had us all warm in a borrowed truck and delivered twenty weary and exhausted girls to frantic waiting parents. It was an experience long to be remembered.

Shirley Rae Allen Beeton

SACRED TO ME

When I was a child my faith perhaps was stronger than now. When I pray now I know I must work to make my prayers come to pass. As a child I left it to God and He always accomplished it.

Mother had given me some little red felt house slippers trimmed with white rabbit fur. I was so proud of them and wore them anywhere to show them off. Mother had asked me not to wear them outside. One day when she was to Relief Society I decided to wear them when I went to get my cows. As I crossed the canal on the pole that I had crossed on for years, my feet slipped and I fell into the water. I was horrified--not because of my failing, or the fact that I was all wet--but because I had ruined my houseslippers. I took them off and looked at the bedraggled fur as tears rolled down my cheeks. I went over to the one tree in the pasture and knelt there and told the Lord my troubles. I promised him if he would fix my slippers, that I would not disobey mother any more.

When I got up I felt better and got the cows started toward home. I carried a slipper in each hand and by the time I reached home the fur had dried and they looked as good as new. No one could have told me that the elements--sunshine and the wind had made the fur natural--to me it was a direct answer to prayer.

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To show this childish or child-like faith again .....The one-armed man had come to our

house one day and mother had made her usual purchases to help him out and he had some lovely rings which appealed very much to me. Mother did not believe in such things--but Thys bought his baby sister a tiny gold ring with a tiny green stone which was supposed to be my birthstone. I was so pleased--it was real jewelry as far as I was concerned.

One day Darthell Delange and I were down in the pasture picking wild iris or "flags" as we called them, the first flowers of spring were so much fun to gather. I noticed after some time that my ring was gone, I was just sick. Mother had told Thys that I would just lose it and I did want to show her that I could take care of something. We looked and looked, but there were hundreds of "clumps" of flags in the pasture and the grass was quite long. I took Darthell by the hand and we knelt under this one tree in the pasture and I poured out my soul's troubles to God. We arose and decided to get the cows and come home and as we passed a few more "clumps" of flowers I stopped to gather just one more perfect bloom and there--just waiting for me to find it was my beautiful little ring.

I knew I would find it as I had asked the Lord to help me. I wish I had that same faith now. Now when I pray--I pray and feel that if it is God's will--the child will live or we will get the job or whatever it is that I am praying for.. . but there is an "if" now. There never was when I was a child.

Pauline Winkel Broadbent

SACRED TO ME

The summer after my college sophomore year, I went to work in Yellowstone National Park with my cousins Elaine and Dianne Allen. My brother Gary later arrived. While we were there I got a chance to go swimming. I hadn't been swimming for quite some time and I had gained ten pounds since arriving so I was out of condition and swimming tired me out easily. Nevertheless when some of the group said something about 'shooting' the rapids, I decided to go with them. We climbed over rocks and swam upstream until we got to the place in the river where the water going over the rocks made the water white with foam. I jumped right into the middle of this while a boy who was a lifeguard said he would follow me. When I came to the top of the water the current was so swift that it carried my feet ahead of the rest of my body. While I was trying to get into the right swimming position I did not notice that I was being carried towards the side of the river where there were many jagged rocks sticking out of the water. The others yelled at me to get away from there so I began paddling for all I was worth. I was soon tired out until I felt like giving up completely and letting the river current take me where it pleased. By this time the boy behind me had passed on by while I was being pulled towards the rocky side of the river. I became frantic and started praying and then calling for this boy to help me but of course he could not because the current was taking him downstream and it was too swift for him to swim back upstream.

I prayed for help and was just about ready to let the river take me under when t noticed a huge

rock near by, I reached for it and finally caught my finger tips in a small groove in the only place on the rock that I could hold on to. I thanked God then and there and rested until I got my breath back, then I easily made my way down the rest of the rapids.
Verlene Winkel

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

When I was in the first grade in school we were living on 33rd South and 2nd West in Salt Lake City. I came home alone from school one February afternoon, running part of the way. The streets were muddy and sidewalks were nearly as bad. When I came into the house Mother looked at my feet and said, "Where is your rubber?" I looked down and discovered for the first time that my thinly worn shoe was minus a rubber. "I don't know," I replied. Mother immediately put on her coat and we hurried back toward school as the daylight would soon be gone and the distance was almost a mile. We approached an empty lot that we usually used as a cut-off. There were two wide-eyed Jersey cows with big horns in the lot which caused a small boy to hurry across. Mother thought the rubber would most likely be in there, but the cows had helped to track up the sticky, black saline mud until no definite path could be seen. The lot was about the size of one-fourth of a Salt Lake City block. Mother searched and hunted with no success and she realized that it was getting too dark to continue. She took me by the hand and walked over to the nearby fence telling me to stand by. She then knelt and prayed that the Lord would help her with her problem of finding the little rubber that meant so much to the needy family. When she had finished her supplication she said to me, "Stand right here and I will go get the rubber." She walked straight out about 150 feet and picked up the rubber then returned to me and put it on my dilapidated muddy shoe and we walked home rejoicing. The experience made a deep impression on my childish mind.

Anton Winkel

SACRED TO ME

The following is a letter that was written by Elaine Allen to her parents while she was in Provo attending the BYU (She was perplexed concerning a problem.)

Dear Mother and Daddy,

Last night I had a dream that has given me such sweet peace that I must relate it to you. I hope you will not mind if I write it because I cannot come home for a while. Some might scoff and call this silly but to me it is very sacred.

I dreamed I was back in Palmyra again in the Sacred Grove. You were there also and we were among a small congregation. Everyone knelt down and bowed their heads. I knew what was

happening and so looked up (everyone else remaining with heads bowed). A white angel started to come down from the sky. He came nearer and nearer--right over to me. I reached out to him with both arms and cried,

"Please help me." He looked at me and said in a beautiful rich voice,

"I will help you," then he disappeared. Everyone got up and I ran to Daddy throwing myarms around him and his about me. I was crying because I was so extremely happy.

I feel so peaceful when I think about it. It all seemed so beautiful. The effect it had upon me is something that I hope to remember always.

With Love, Elaine

(Elaine Allen Beeton)

SACRED TO ME

I was called to administer to a sister here in Holland. I felt her head and was só shocked-it was perfectly cold. Immediately I got another older and we began to administer to her. She was so delirious and did not know we were even there.

I spoke a few words in prayer anointing her, while she was almost screaming. Suddenly she stopped and received color in her cheeks and started to sleep being very restful, while our hands were on her head. She became warmer and when she woke was healthy and as spry as could be.

I am telling you she was very nearly dead and became better. I have experienced these things so often that if I should say I did not know it was true I would be prevaricating, swerving from the truth. Do not tell me the Gospel isn't true.

I enjoy myself in the Lord's work more daily-only wish we could have better results and find more souls who are willing to listen to our testimonies.

We have had rain for eleven days constantly and prayed and hoped it would be good today--it was, and now it is raining again after our outing. Better weather could not have been expected up until this time or when we were out. Strange?

Thys Winkel (missionary)

The following is a copy of a letter that was written to Mother on October 9, 1946.

Dear Mother,

I had a pleasant experience and felt that I should relate it to you.

About five o'clock this morning I got up with Toni and after putting her back to bed, I cannot say for sure that I went back to sleep. I am of the opinion that I did, yet my eyes were so free from sleep when I should have awakened, that it causes me to wonder.

I was lying in bed, only it did not seem to be in this house, hut it was this bedroom furniture. There was an outside door just a few feet from the door that led into the bedroom and it was warm weather with all the doors open. Through the outside door a man entered and I knew at once that it was Dad--dear old Dad, he acted as though he were traveling a great distance. As I recognized him I raised my head, and he came right through the front room into where we were. He did not walk on the floor but a few inches above it. His appearance was fine, just as he was on earth at his prime--well filled out and his face wore a pleased and happy expression. Taking steps toward me, he held out his left arm with the palm of his hand open and I knew what he was going to do and I was so thrilled, for at that moment I wasn't certain that I had just dreamed of his being dead and this was going to be the test, so that I would be sure. I knew that when his hand touched my face I would know. When I raised my head expectantly he put his outstretched hand on my cheek, and although I did not feel it I could see it. It was his hand just as plain as could be--only that it was not flesh any more, but it was Dad's hand, the shape, and the way he held it, the color being more white than we had known it before. He gave me the impression that he was pleased with me, and then spoke and said,

"I am going to Leiden" (or some such place, I was not too sure of the name but I knew it to be a long distance). And I wanted to be with him so much and I knew that it was impossible to go with him and take all mine along, but even so, I spoke to him and said,

"Oh, Dad, let me go with you." Turning half way he said very gravely,

"You are a messenger." With those words he stopped by the little rocking chair in the bedroom and sat down for a few moments and I became aware of the fact that he was fading away. I raised up quickly, wide awake and looked around in the faintly lighted room for it was that time that the darkness was lifting, but could see no one.

I immediately awakened Luris but he of course knew nothing of it.

Love,
Dena

MIRACULOUS LIFE

At the birth of our eighth and last child, it seemed that all went wrong that could possibly go wrong. When he finally was born there was no evidence of life. Doctor and nurse took turns

trying to make the little blue limp form breathe but nothing brought results. Finally doctor Rees said,

"Call Luris quick."

For three hours or more Luris had been waiting just outside the delivery room doer waiting for word--sensing that things were not right. He immediately entered the room and told the doctor that this thine he was going to help with an administration,

"I can't do that, Luris, you know I am not worthy."

"You are an older aren't you?" "Yes, but .....

As the supplication was in process, there was a gasp--and a power penetrated the room that was felt by all who were there. The nurse, Viiate Bond, who had assisted with over two thousand new babies said, never had she experienced anything so miraculous. Thereafter our little son was referred to as "the miracle baby."

Dena W. Allen

GENEALOGY

HENDRIK WINKEL was born 24 March 1876 in Avereest by Dedemovaart. He was the son of Geert Winkel and Roelofje Stadt. On 2 August 1900 in Alphen on the Rhine, Netherlands he married Everdina Cornelia van Ojen, daughter of Gettit van Ojen and Antonia Elisabeth Bosschaart. She was born 1 October 1878 in The Hague, Holland. He died 31 July 1945 in the Payson Hospital, Payson, Utah. Their children follow:

GEERT WINKEL, born 26 April 1901 at Alphen on the Rhine, Netherlands; md. 5 Feb. 1941, Rosa Aden.

GERRIT, ROELOF, ANTONIE WINKEL, born 4 Oct. 1902 at Alphen on the Rhine, Neth.; md. 28 May 1931, Clella Luke.

THYS WINKEL, born 27 Aug. 1904 at Appeldoorn, fielderland, Neth.; md. 15 June 1927, Reba Zoe Peterson.

HENDRIK WINKEL. born 1 Sept. 1906 at Salt Lake City, Utah: md. 2l Dec. 1926, Wilma Gardner.

DENA ANTONIA WINKEL, born 26 Aug. 1908 at Salt Lake City, Utah: md. 4 Oct. 1928, Luris Porter Allen.

JOHN WINKEL, born 21 Feb. 1910 at Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 1st 1 Sept. 1933, Ruby Gregerson; md. 2nd 26 July 1944, Rhoda Mary Johnson.

ROSEINA PAULINA WINKEL, born 29 Sept. 1912 at Monroe, Utah; md. 18 Oct. 1935, Melvin Theodore Hallen.

WILLIAM WINKEL, born 10 Sept, 1914 at Richfield, Utah; md. 3 Oct. 1933, Nettie Barney.

FRANCIS BENJAMIN WINKEL, born 11 Oct. 1916 at Richfield, Utah; md. 23 Jan. 1940 Rose Thompson.

PAULINE DAISY WINKEL, born 6 Dec. 1919 at Richfield, Utah; md. 20 Jan. 1944, Francis Everett Broadbent.

GEERT WINKEL was born 26 April 1901 It Alphen on the Rhine, Netherlands. He was the son of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Cornelia van Dills. On 5 Feb. 1941 he married Rosa Fredrika Aden, daughter of John F. Aden and Fredricka Jantz. She was born 1 April 1907 at Foss, Oklahoma. They have no children.

ANTON G. WINKEL, son of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Cornelia van Ojen, was born 4 Sept. 1902 at Alphen on the Rhine, South Holland, Europe. On 28 May 1931 he married Clella Luke in the Mesa Temple, Arizona, U. S, A. She was the daughter of William James Luke and Lavenia

Allen and was born 19 Mar. 1907 at Kingston, Piute, Utah, U.S.A. The following are their children:

CLEVER. WINKEL, born 20 Mar. 1932 at Logan, Cache, Utah; md. 1 June 1955, Vera Stevens.

VERLENE WINKEL, born 12 Jan. 1934 at Logan, Cache, Utah; md. 15 June 1963, Noel Spencer Tanner.

GARY VAN WINKEL, born 9 Feb. 1937 at Logan, Cache, Utah.

BOB VAN WINKEL, born 13 June 1940 at Pendleton, Umatilla, Oregon.

KENDEL LUKE WINKEL, born 5 Feb. 1944 at Baker, Baker, Oregon.

TONETTA WINKEL, born 14 Jan. 1947 at Redmond, Deschutes, Oregon.

RON L. WINKEL, born 12 Feb. 1950 at Redmond, Deschutes, Oregon.

CLEVER. WINKEL, son of Anton G. Winkel and Clella Luke, was born 20 Mar. 1932 at Logan, Cache, Utah. On 1 June 1955 in the Logan Temple, Logan, Utah, he married Vera Stevens, daughter of Kenneth Richards Stevens and Ione Brimhall. She was born 15 Oct. 1932. Their children follow:

VON KENNETH WINKEL, born 29 Nov. 1957 at Salt Lake City, Utah.

STEVEN ANTON WINKEL, born 1 Mar. 1956 at Logan, Cache, Utah.

JULANN WINKEL, born V July 1959 at Salt Lake City, Utah.

BRYAN HENRY WINKEL, born 2 Feb. 1961 at Rexburg, Madison, Idaho.

VERLENE WINKEL, daughter of Gerrit Roelof Antonie Winkel and Clella Luke, was born l2 Jan. 1934 at Logan, Utah. On 15 June 1962 in the Idaho Falls Temple she married Noel Spencer Tanner, son of Vincent Spencer Tanner and Florence Keppner. He was born 2l Feb. 1940 at Byron, Big Horn, Wyoming.

THYS WINKEL, son of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Cornelia van Ojen, was born 27 Aug. 1904 at Appeldoorn, Gelderland, Netherlands. On 15 June 1927 he married Reba Zoe Peterson in the Manti Temple, Manti, Utah. She was born 2 June 1904 in Glenwood, Soviet, Utah, the daughter of James William Peterson and Alice Johnson. Their children follow:

Stillborn Son

VAL THYS WINKEL, born 2 Oct. 1931 at Salt Lake City, Utah; md. Carolyn Muriel Christian.

THOMAS RAE WINKEL, born 2 Oct. 1936 at Salt Lake City, Utah.

VAL THYS WINKEL, son of Thys Winkel and Reba Zoe Peterson, was born 2 Oct. 1931 at Salt Lake City, Utah. He married Carolyn Muriel Christian, daughter of Milton Everett Christian and Alice Emilie Cohen, 14 Aug. 1954 in Alameda, California. She was born 8 Sept. 1930. The following is their child:

CURTISS WINKEL, born 7 Feb. 1959 at Oakland, California.

HENRY WINKEL JR., son of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Cornelia van Ojen, was born 1 Sept. 1906 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. On 21 Dec. 1926 at Junction, Utah, he married Wilma Gardner, daughter of William Gardner and Annie Matilda Westman. She was born 2 May 1906 at Venice, Sevier, Utah. Their children follow:

PHILO GARDNER WINKEL, born 19 Apr. 1929 at Manti, Utah; md. 15 Feb. 1956, Helen M. Baumgarden.

HENRY LEON WINKEL, horn 22 Apr. 1950 at Gunnison, Utah; md. 14 Apr. 1956, Maggie Mae Baker.

RUSSELL KENT WINKEL, born 22 Aug. 1937 at Richfield, Utah; md. Carol.

PHILO GARDNER WINKEL, son of Henry Winkel Jr. and Wilma Gardner, was born 19 Apr. 1929 at Manti, Utah. On 25 Feb. 1956 at Las Vegas, Nevada he married Helen May Baumgartner, daughter of William John Baumgartner and Florence Esther Blood. She was born 16 Jan. 1931. The following are their children:

KAREN WINKEL, born 27 Feb. 1958 at Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona.

ROBERT GARDNER WINKEL, born 13 July 1961 at Apple Valley, San Bernardino, California.

HENRY LEON WINKEL, son of Henry Winkel Jr. and Wilma Gardner, was born 22 Apr. 1930 at Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. On 14 Apt. 1956 he married Maggie Mae Baker, daughter of Edward Lester Baker and Maggie Meacham. She was born 3 Aug. 1932 at Boulder, Garfield, Utah. Their children follow:

GAYE LEE WINKEL, born 6 Sept. 1957 at Denver, Colorado.

HENDRIK LEON WINKEL, born 9 Sept. 1958 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah.

RUSSELL KENT WINKEL, son of Henry Winkel Jr. and Wilma Gardner, was born 22 Aug. 1937 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah. On 19 Jan. 1958 at Las Vegas, Nevada he married Carol Lynn Olcott, daughter of Robert Leon Olcott and Marjorie K. C. Willardson. She was born 20

Sept. 1939 at Richfield, Utah. The following is their child:

RANDALL KENT WINKEL, born 12 Sept. 1959 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah.

DENA ANTONIA WINKEL, daughter of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Cornelia van Ojen, was born 26 Aug. 1908 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. On 4 Oct. 1928 in the Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, she married Luris Porter Allen, son of Marion Devalson Allen and Laura Priscilla Porter. He was born 8 April 1905 at Kingston, Piute, Utah. Their children follow:

LeGRANDE ALLEN, born 14 Aug. 1929 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah; md. 20 Mar. 1953, Marva Genevieve Stevens.

CAROL GENE ALLEN, born 8 Nov. 1930 at Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah; md. 21 June 1950, James Cotless Chapman.

SHIRLEY RAE ALLEN, born 4 Nov. 1932 at Logan, Cache, Utah; md. 26 June 1952, Gerald James Beeton.

DIANNE ALLEN, born 6 Mar. 1934 at Logan, Cache, Utah; md. 11 May 1960, Wm. Henry de Jel.

ELAINE ALLEN, born 15 Dec. 1935 at Kelsey, Upshut, Texas; md. 7 June 1957, Martell Beeton.

WAYNE LURIS ALLEN, born 4 Sept. 1937 at Bicknell, Wayne, Utah; md. 11 Nov. 1960, Virginia Louise Haws.

ANTONIA ALLEN, born 9 June 1943 at Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah.

DAVID LYNN ALLEN, born 6 June 1949 at Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah.

LeGRANDE ALLEN, son of Luris Porter Allen and Dena Antonia Winkel, was born 14 Aug. 1929 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah. On 20 Mar. 1953 in the Logan Temple, Logan, Utah, he married Marva Genevieve Stevens, daughter of Kenneth Richards Stevens and Iona Brimhall. She was born 9 Aug. 1929 at New Brunswick, Middlesex, New Jersey. The following are their children:

MAYLENE ALLEN, born 24 Sept. 1954 at Fairfield, Solano, California.

REBECCA ALLEN, born 22 Jan. 1956 at Aurora, Adams, Denver.

KAYLA ALLEN, born 6 May 1957 at Ogden, Weber, Utah.

DANIEL LeGRANDE ALLEN, born 6 Sept. 1958 at Salt Lake City, Utah.

SCOTT JOSEPH ALLEN, born 11 Sept. 1960 at Salt Lake City, Utah.

CAROL GENE ALLEN, daughter of Luris Porter Allen and Dena Antonia Winkel, was born 8 Nov. 1930 at Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. On 2l June 1950 in the Manti Temple, Sanpete Co., Utah,

she married James Corless Chapman, son of James Chapman and Estella Johnson. He was born 9 June 1926 at Manti, Sanpete, Utah. The following are their children:

CHRISTENE CHAPMAN, born 23 Sept. 1951 at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah.

CRAIG CORLESS CHAPMAN, born 22 Apr. 1953 at Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah.

JAMES RANDALL CHAPMAN, born 3 Apt. 1954 at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah.

ALAN LURIS CHAPMAN, born 24 Dec. 1955 at Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah.

DENNIS MELVIN CHAPMAN, born 2l May 1957 at Salt Lake City, Utah.

TAE CHAPMAN, born 18 Feb. 1960 at Monticello, San Juan, Utah.

SHIRLEY RAE ALLEN, daughter of Luris Porter Allen and Dena Antonia Winkel, was born 4 Nov. 1932 at Logan, Cache, Utah. On 26 June 1952 in the Manti Temple, Manti, Utah, she married Gerald James Beeton, son of James Beeton and Sarah Jones. He was born 10 June 1928 in Malad, Idaho. Their children follow:

JERI LYN BEETON, born 1 Dec. 1953 at Castle Air Force, Merced, Calif.

CYNTHIA LEE BEETON, born 4 May 1955 at Merced City, Merced, Calif.

KENT DALE BEETON, born 9 May 1957 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah.

VALENE BEETON, born 13 Sept. 1959 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah.

DIANNE ALLEN, daughter of Luris Porter Alien and Dena Antonia Winkel, was born 6 Mar. 1934 at Logan, Cache, Utah. On 11 May 1960 in the Salt Lake Temple, she married Wm. Henry de Jel, son of Henry Nicholas de Jel and Janie. He was born 12 Jan. 1937 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. The following is their child:

SUSAN de JEL, born 22 Apr. 1962 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah.

ELAINE ALLEN, daughter of Luris Porter Allen and Dena Antonia Winkel, was born 15 Dec. 1935 at Kelsey, Upshut, Texas. On 7 June 1957 in the Manti Temple, she married Martell Beeton, son of James Andrew Beeton and Sarah Lillian Jones. He was born 3 Oct. 1934 at Malad City, Oneida, Idaho. Their children follow:

JANICE RAE BEETON, born 23 May 1958 at Logan, Cache, Utah.

HALBERT MARTELL BEET, ON, born 1 April 1960 at Alexandria, Virginia.

DANIEL TERRY BEETON, born 1 Feb. 1962 at Bountiful, Davis, Utah.

WAYNE LURIS ALLEN, son of Luris Porter Alien and Dena Antonla Winkel, was born 4 Sept. 1937 at Bicknell, Wayne, Utah. On 11 Nov. 1960 in the Salt Lake Temple, he married Virginia Louise Haws, daughter of Elwood Goodman Haws and Valeria Rosaland Cochran. She was born 26 July 1940 at Ely, Nevada. Their child follows:

LAURA LEE ALLEN, born 11 Aug. 1961 at Provo, Utah, Utah.

JOHN WINKEL, son of Hendrik Winkel St. and Everdina Cornelia van Ojen, was born 21 Feb. 1910 at Salt Lake City, Utah. On 1 Sept. 1933 at Loa, Wayne, Utah, he married 1st Ruby Gregerson, daughter of Christian Lars Gregerson and Christinn Maria Nielson. She was born 5 Feb. 1910 at Elsinore, Utah and died 30 Nov. 1947 at Richfield, Utah. Their child follows:

JACK FRANCIS WINKEL, born 3 Apt. 1937 at Richfield, Utah; md. Jane Peterson.

JACK FRANCIS WINKEL, son of John Winkel Ruby Gregerson, was born 3 Apr. 1937 at Richfield, Utah. On 6 Sept. 1958 at Richfield, Utah, he married Jane Marie Peterson, daughter of Orean Peterson and Dot Christensen. She was born 22 Mar. 1939. Their children follow:

LORA LYNE WINKEL, born 15 Nov. 1960 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah.

On 26 July 1944 John married 2nd Rhoda Maria Johnson, daughter of Alfred Johnson and Maria Anderson. She was born 24 Feb. 1912 at Elsinore, Utah. Their children follow:

BRYCE JOHNSON WINKEL, born 19 May 1945 at Richfield, Utah.

MARY JAN WINKEL, born 19 Sept. 1951 at Richfield, Utah.

COREY JOHNSON WINKEL, born 5 May 1955 at Richfield, Utah.

ROSENA PAULINA WINKEL, daughter of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Cornelia van Ojen, was born 29 Sept. 1912 at Monroe, Sevier, Utah. On 18 Oct, 1935 in the Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, she married Melvin Theodore Hallen, son of Andrew Theodore Hallen and Maria Ulrika Swalberg. He was born 4 May 1909 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. Their children follow:

GLORIA HALLEN, born 6 July 1937 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah; md. Richard Hyland. DOUGLAS WINKEL, born 17 Nov. 1940 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah.

THEODORE SWALBERG HALLEN, born 30 Apr. 1945 at Swannanoa, Buncombe, North Carolina.

GLORIA HALLEN, daughter of Melvin Theodore Hallen and Rosena Paulinn Winkel, was born 6 July 1937 at Salt Lake City, Utah. On 29 July 1962 in the Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, she married Richard Cairn Hyland, son of Cairn O'Brien Hyland and Rhoda Robertson. He was born 9 June 1937.

WILLIAM WINKEL, son of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Van Ojen, was born 10 Sept. 1914 at Richfield, Utah. On 3 Oct. 1933 in the Manti Temple, Manti, Utah, he married Nettie Barney, daughter of Edson Barney and Rose Etta Barney. She was born 27 Aug. 1916 at Elsinore, Sevier, Utah. The following are their children:

PATSY WINKEL, born 1 Dec. 1934 at Elsinore; died 17 Feb. 1935.

BURKE WINKEL, born 4 Sept. 1937 at Elsinore; died 5 Apr. 1950.

VICKIE WINKEL, born 7 Aug. 1943 at Richfield.

KIM WINKEL, born 17 Dec. 1951 at Richfield.

FRANCIS BENJAMIN WINKEL, son of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Cornelia van Ojen, was born 11 Oct. 1916 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah. On 23 Jan. 1940 in the Manti Temple, he married Rose Blanche Thompson, daughter of William Leslie Thompson and Eva Stevenson. She was born 30 Mar. 1922 at Sigurd, Sevier, Utah. Their children follow:

LINDA ROSE WINKEL, born 7 Aug. 1940 at Alameda, Alameda, California.

RICHARD HENRY WINKEL, born 17 May 1942 at Oakland, Alameda, California.

FRANCIS McKAY WINKEL, born 9 Aug. 1944 at Oakland, Alameda, California.

JAN PAUL WINKEL, born 21 Nov. 1946 at Alameda, Alameda, California.

REBECCA ANN WINKEL, born 24 May 1947 at Oakland, Alameda, California,

NANCY LOU WINKEL, born 30 May 1949 at Oakland, Alameda, California.

ROSE MARIE WINKEL, born 28 July 1952 at Oakland, Alameda, California.

DEBORAH JEAN WINKEL, born 1 Nov. 1956 at Oakland, Alameda, California.

LINDA ROSE WINKEL, daughter of Francis Benjamin Winkel and Rose Blanche Thompson, was born 7 Aug. 1940 at Alameda, Alameda, California. On 24 July 1957 at Las Vegas, Nevada, she married Thomas Kipp. Their children follow:

LISA ANNE KIPP, born May 1959 at Oakland, Alameda, California.

GREGORY KIPP, born Dec. 1960 at Oakland, Alameda, California.

PAULINE DAYSE WINKEL, daughter of Hendrik Winkel and Everdina Cornelia Van Ojen, was born 6 Dec. 1919 at Richfield, Sevier, Utah. On 20 Jan. 1944 in the Manti Temple, Sanpete, Utah, she married Francis Everett Broadbent, son of Hyrum Broadbent and Lorana Smith. He was born 29 Mar. 1922 at Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona. Their children follow:

SUSAN BROADBENT, born 10 Sept. 1946 at Ames, Story, Iowa.

SALLY BROADBENT, born 9 Oct. 1947 at Ames, Story, Iowa.

PAUL FRANCIS BROADBENT, born 10 Nov. 1948 at Riverside, Riverside, California. DEANNA BROADBENT, born 19 May 1951 at Ithaca, Tompkins, New York.

CHARLES WINKEL BROADBENT, born 21 July 1953 at Ithaca, Tompkins, New York.

RUTH BROADBENT, born 10 Jan. 1956 at Davis, Yolo, California.