

RECOLLECTIONS OF HENDRIK WINKEL

Pauline W. Broadbent

I remember my father as a very pleasant person. He always had a smile for anyone, and he loved children. I don't ever remember a child coming into the bakery with its parents that he didn't give them a cookie. He always had a pocket full of peppermints, and I liked to sit in sacrament mtg by him as he kept me supplied with mints. Sometimes he would even have a pink "wintergreen" one, which was a special treat, but he liked peppermints better so that is what he usually stocked.

He was a short, round, jolly man. I never remember him thin, or with hair. He was 44 years old when I was born, so he always seemed to me to be the same age. He was a bald shiny pated man with a big smile. He liked people, and he liked to be "on the program". They didn't ask him to speak in Sac. mtg as he talked brokenly, but he loved to perform. In Holland, he was the choir director when my mother met him. When she met him, she heard a voice saying, this is the man you will marry" She replied out loud, "I will not!" and when Dad asked her if he could walk her home she said . "No." However when she went home that night in the dark, she was cutting across a field to save several blocks, and as she came to the middle of the field, she saw something white, moving up and down, up and down, and she got scared. It was too far to go back, and she didn't dare go forward. She was wishing that she had the choir director with her. She went over to the side hoping the white"thing" would go away. It kept coming closer and closer going up and down, and she kept moviing over to the side of the little trail she had been following. finally the thing passed and she could see that it was a white riderless horse, and it's head was bobbing up and down as it slowly walked down the trail that people had made cutting across the field.

I had asked my father about his people and he didn't remember much about them. He was 11 when his mother died of "consumption"--it is now known as tuberculosis. It was the #1 killer in those days in Holland. I am sure it was caused from drinking canal and river water. They were heavily polluted. It was the only water there was. Boats were on them, sewage flowed into them, you could see oil floating on the water. The people who drank coffee were much better off than those who didn't as the water got boiled that way. My father's dad died not too long after his wife. He had tried to keep his children together as he had a large family. He died of "Consumption" also, and no relation could take all of those children, and so they farmed them out.

Dad was apprenticed to a baker at age 12 years. He didn't have much childhood, and yet he was a man who loved to play and be with people. He gave "readings" in his church, for parties, and he was funny. I have heard him recite many of his poems and readings, but I couldn't understand them. The only thing that impressed me was that he was the fact that he memorized so much. When I first brought Francis Broadbent home to meet them. Francis took off his army air corps blouse (Jacket) and hung it on a hall tree that stood in the corner by the door for hats and coats. Dad took it, and put it on. When he put on the cap, he put sneer on his face, and barked out orders in Dutch. I couldn't understand what he was saying, but his meaning was clear.

One time they were having a debate in a ward party, and they asked Dad to represent the fat people. It was fat versus thin. So Dad had a ball conjuring up all the things he would like to say. I can't remember all the arguments he used, but one that went over really well was a huge, fat doughnut he had made, and also a puny, thin one. He asked the audience and the judges just which one they would rather have. This brought down the house. I remember that the thin people had a letter supposedly signed by the President of the United States that said all people should lose weight and become thin and healthy. The "thins" won the debate, and Dad wanted to see that letter, which was just a typewritten sheet of paper that Ken Isabell had written the letter on. Dad was horrified that Ken would lie to win a debate. He and Kenneth, who worked at the post office, were very good friends, and he told this story at Dad's funeral, saying that Dad was such a good, honest man that he had felt badly that Kenneth had perjured himself to win the debate.

I was the apple of my Dad's eye. I was the tenth, and a girl! Every day when he came home for what we call lunch, but really dinner in those days, he would take me by the hand and lead me out to the porch swing, seat me beside him and ask me where I wanted to go. I would say maybe Salt Lake, which was the biggest city I knew of. So he would start the swing, and mention for me to notice the fields of sugar beets people were harvesting by Sigurd, and we would go on. He'd point out the various places where he knew people lived, and we would go through every city enroute to Salt Lake. He would make comments about every town we passed through, even if it was only good milkshakes in Gunnison, or good root beer out of a barrel in Pleasant Grove.

One Sunday afternoon Dad told us he would take us for a ride. In those days, a ride was something special. We didn't use the car very much. Dad was not the best driver, and he wouldn't let his kids take it at that time. This was before I went to school, so it was probably around 1924-25. Sunday School was at 10:30 in the morning, which would let out at 12 noon. We then either had to change clothes for a few hours, or keep our Sunday clothes on to go to Sacrament meeting which was from 6 pm to 7:30. If we would stay in doors or just visit with someone, we could keep our good clothes on, but we had to "behave" if we had our Sunday clothes on. We all decided that we would keep our Sunday clothes on after our dinner as Dad was taking us for a ride. He promised to go a different place than to the end of the pavement. In those days the only good road that was paved was what we called "State St." It started at one end of town, and went through the main street of our town, and out three miles south of town. The airport has since located out there. Well, Dad packed us all in the car, and he turned down Goosley Lane. This was named for old Lady Goosly, who lived in a little hut and raised chickens and ducks, and we always thought she was sort of a witch. The road was not even gravel, it was just Richfield red soil. It was dusty unless it rained, then it was muddy.

We went driving along slowly, I think 35 MPH was about as fast as it would go or at least as fast as Dad could drive. All of a sudden Dad exclaimed, "Vat den Drumme!" and we all sat up to see what was going on. This was not a swear word, but an exclamation of disgust or something unpleasant. Some farmer had taken his water turn, and turned it onto his field, and gone to church and forgot it. It had flowed all over the road (lane) and it was one big mud puddle. Dad was in it before he stopped, and try as he would he could not get out. He thought the harder he stepped on the gas, the quicker it would come out, but alas, the wheels spun round and round, and sunk in deeper. He told us all to get out and push, and he would stay in and guide it. They said that I would have to get out but I wouldn't have to push as I wouldn't do any good. The rest,

Francis, Bill, and Rose and Mother all got out after they had removed their shoes and stockings, They carried me and deposited me on a dry mound. Then they got behind the car and dad gunned the motor while they pushed. The wheels spun and flung up mud on everyone behind them. Francis Winkel had a blue and white striped shirt on. It must have had some rayon in it as it was quite shiny, and the red mud didn't help its appearance at all. Mom was very mad at my dad. She said he just sat there and they were doing all the work. He said, "No one else knew how to drive." Mom said anybody could guide the car--anyhow, they finally got it out, but the family had many a good laugh over Dad behind the wheel shouting "Push harder! Push harder!" while the family was behind muttering about being splashed on by the red mud. Not many wanted to go on Sunday drives after that.

In Grandpa's bakery, he had a big showcase that carried all kinds of penny pieces. That meant that anything in the case could be bought for a penny. My favorite was called a "Dark Secret". It looked like a large biscuit dipped in chocolate. However, it was made of marshmallow, and there was a little hollow place in the middle where there was a prize. You got two pieces of marshmallow, dipped in chocolate, and a prize. Many times I got a ring. It was a piece of glass sometimes in a heart shape, or square or oblong, attached to a metal ring. We thought they were beautiful. Anyhow, little kids would come in with a penny, and study out what was in there, which included bubble gum, all day suckers, banana bats, a small roll of lifesavers, or a pack of gum (5 very thin sticks). There were black licorice cigars, red licorice ropes, and many other delicacies. The kids were most always dirty little urchins, (no automatic washers) and they had dirty hands. My dad would say to them, "Keep your hands mit your fingers from the showcases off!" The kids would all laugh and laugh. They loved to hear dad speak. I think they put their hands on just to hear that famous sentence.

Dad hated wind. He would say, "it messed up his hair". He didn't have any hair, but he would say that. Then he would put his hands on his hips and look far away over to Cove Mountain, and Say, "Golly, vat a vind!" To this day, when any of the family are together and the wind is blowing, we look at each other and say, "Golly vat a vind!"

I wish you could have known my dad, the grand kids that knew him loved him so and when Dena would bring her children home, she would be loaded up with bakery goods when she left town. Dozens of doughnuts, cinnamon buns, cookies etc. He was a very generous man, and was well liked by all who knew him.
