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Mackay, Toni Oral History Interview: Sesquicentennial of Holland, "150 Stories for 150 Years"

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Oral History Interview with
Toni Mackay

Conducted December 16, 1997
by Terri Hertel Prins

Sesquicentennial Oral History Project
"150 Stories for 150 Years"
THP: You want to state your full name and date of birth?

TM: My given name?

THP: Please.

TM: My given name was Antonia Wilhelmina Van Bragt. I was born [date removed], 1931, in the middle of a blizzard.

THP: Where were you born?

TM: Actually I was born in my home on Lakewood Blvd., 878 Lakewood Blvd. it was known as. Dr. William Tappan was my doctor. He came in from downtown in a horse and buggy in the middle of a snow storm because obviously my dad wasn't able to bring my mother into the hospital or wherever they delivered babies in those days.

THP: And at that time Lakewood was just kind of a two track, wasn't it?

TM: Oh, yes.

THP: With a maiden name like Van Bragt, I don't have to ask what your heritage is. But were both of your parents Dutch?

TM: Yes. My mother's maiden name was Vande Kerkhoff; we called her Mary or Mia which was little Mary...but actually it was, I think, Maria Magdalena.

THP: How many siblings did you have, and were you the youngest or...?

TM: I was third in line of the four. I had two older sisters, Marie and Marge. Marie was
the oldest, Marge, and then I have a brother Bob.

THP: When did you leave Holland, because I know that you were born here and grew up here and went to what school?

TM: I left here actually when I got married and that was when I was twenty-five and moved to Lansing. But what school did I go to here in Holland?

THP: Yes.

TM: From kindergarten through eighth grade, I was at St. Francis de Sales and then went to Holland High School for four years.

THP: And you were members at that time of St. Francis de Sales Church? You said you were married and this was to Bill Mackay. Tell us a little bit about his background. There are some pretty funny stories about him.

THP: Well, how long a tape do you have? (laughs) Actually, from what I understand, Bill came from St. Louis, Missouri, when he was nine and thought he was in paradise when he saw Lake Michigan and Lake Macatawa. But those were in the rough days and during the depression years and shortly thereafter. His parents were immigrants from Scotland. His uncles, in fact, still live in St. Louis; they're all butchers by trade. His father was but had been injured by a horse. That's how they ended up in Holland because his mother came and lived with her sister until they could get off on their own.

TM: His mother actually just died a few years ago, didn't she?

TM: Yes, she was 91 and a half. She was a real tough little Scottish lady of about five feet in height or less, and operated their store—a little mom and pop store on
Sixteenth Street until she was seventy-two years old.

THP: That mom and pop store in those days sold beer and wine, didn't it?

TM: Oh yes! And everybody here thought they were Irish Catholic, and they were neither, because they were open on Sundays. I guess that they were just hardworking Scottish people.

THP: In those days that was very unusual to not only be open on Sunday but to be dealing in alcoholic beverages.

TM: Oh, yes!

THP: Bill went to Holland High too, didn't he, because I think my husband knows him from there.

TM: He graduated in '43, and then he went into the Marine Corps and went into the South Pacific and was injured in Okinawa. Then he came back to the States and taught sharpshooting at Quantico, Virginia, and returned home I think it was in about the middle of '44.

THP: When did he decide on his vocation in law, and where did he get his education?

TM: When he go out of the Marines, they actually tried to talk him into staying and go to officers school, but he declined. Instead he decided either to go into the FBI or to become a lawyer. So he saved his GI Bill for law school and went to Hope College as an undergrad. He was working four jobs to get himself through Hope College. Then he went to the University of Michigan, and of course when he graduated from there is when I met him. His first job offer was in the prosecutor's office in Ingham County which is in Lansing, Michigan, and he went on to become a trial lawyer and
apellate lawyer.

THP: That's where you lived and that's where you raised your children?

TM: Raised our five children. Four daughters and a son there.

THP: I want to mention that they are all grads of Notre Dame.

TM: Yes, they are! Except the youngest, but the price was the same across the street at St. Mary's and she's now a nurse.

THP: The decision to come back to Holland was when Bill retired, isn't that correct, Toni?

TM: Yes. He first wanted to wait to find out where our last child would go when she graduated. He always wanted our kids to know that their home was theirs. So when she graduated from St. Mary's and chose to work at Children's Hospital in Cincinnati and wouldn't be coming back, then he said, "Well, now we have our options. We can now decide what we want to do." And because I was still working at Lutheran Social Services as an office manager, I was working full time and he was. We started giving it a lot of serious thought and looked around both areas and finally decided Holland was absolutely the right place to come to. We were just very thrilled that everything was as beautiful. We missed Lake Michigan--it was definitely a drawing card. We still knew a lot of people in Holland because we had always been visiting Grandma, or Mom Mackay, so we knew that we had a lot of associates here. We were definitely directed to come back to Holland. It was a very good decision.

THP: Okay, I want pause just a minute...(tape stops and resumes) Okay, Toni, let's get back to the matter of your coming back to Holland. While we were on pause you
said something about how you felt that this was part of God's plan, that it was the right decision.

TM: It definitely was. We just both felt all along that once we started looking in Holland everything was falling into place. It was if we were going along with God's will. Little did we know how true that was, especially with Bill's recurrence of cancer. We felt at home. We enjoyed the quality of life here while he was still living—every minute of it. The senior professional group here was just a wonderful bonus for Bill and his interest in world affairs and government. He was able to teach a couple of courses and worked as co-curriculum chairman. He thoroughly enjoyed it.

THP: You're talking about HASP. Hope Academy of Senior Professionals?

TM: That's correct. He also had many long time friends from not only Hope College, a few he remembered from the U of M Law School and...

THP: A couple from high school that he remembered.

TM: Oh, yes. And all the people who used to come in the store!

THP: Right. Then he died in March?

TM: March 15th of this year. He knew he had throat cancer eight years ago when we were in Lansing. He had gone to the University of Michigan, had had radiation, and he lost some of the volume of his voice but he was still able to continue. He never stopped working as a trial attorney. He enunciated beautifully. Still had a very powerful voice and continued on. Little did we know that it would recur two and a half years ago where he had to have a laryngectomy. After that, even with radiation and chemo, that was not enough. He eventually died from that.
THP: Tell me about your early days in Holland--about taking the school bus and so forth to the Catholic School, and something about the prejudice that you encountered at that time.

TM: When I was young, even though I was Dutch, it didn't seem to make any difference in this community. I was immediately always asked why I had brown hair instead of blonde hair, and why I was Catholic. And that issue was brought up many, many times. My parents always said they came from the Netherlands. I spoke Dutch until I was six, but they said fifty percent of the Netherlands was Catholic. But that didn't seem to make any difference here in Holland. They still thought I was a kind of an oddball. I had a few stones thrown at me and lots and lots of names (laughs). It's okay, mainly because I think we all learned on both sides from all of that. I became stronger in my Catholic faith. I studied my religion a great deal. Knew my doctrine. Read newspapers that would come out through our parish at St. Francis, and we had excellent nuns. They had all the answers to a lot of the questions and problems I had even when I went to the high school, and a few teachers put me on the spot and on the defensive. I had been forewarned about that and told that when that would occur to feel comfortable about saying I don't know the answer if I didn't. And that I would come back and find out the correct answer and make sure that I went back to them with the correct answer. So I did do that a couple of times. In fact, I just recently corresponded with one of the nuns, Sister Mary Celeste, who is now eighty-four years old and semi-retired. "Semi," she let me know, in Farmington, Michigan. But there's been a lot of changes in this community when we returned. We now
have two Catholic parishes which are growing by leaps and bounds. After, of course, the fire at St. Francis, the local churches have been just absolutely marvelous and receptive of being able to have their ceremonies held there et cetera. There's a lot more understanding of what Christianity really is all about and I don't think I hear any cat-calling or anything like that any more. Through the years we've had friends of all faiths, and I think I still like to take one person at a time for who they are, and I hope that you know goes both ways. I like to be accepted on that same basis. I think age and wisdom help. But I do hope the young children today don't receive that type of prejudice or do it to anybody else.

THP: No, I'm sure they don't. It has changed.

TM: But when I went to St. Francis, as little as I would remember, I'd stand in these high snow banks waiting for the bus to come and because of where we were, on Lakewood Blvd., we were probably the third people to be picked up by the public school bus. We had to pay which was hard for my parents because we were poor. We would go all the way to Tunnel Park. All the way to Ottawa Beach. Then we would go all the way through Waukazoo, and then go down the Beechwood which was known as the Beechwood Road all the way by the lake. So it was at least a forty-five minute to an hour drive. And even then we had our lunch pails, but they would have to drop us off because of the public school run going right down River Avenue. They'd drop us off at Thirteenth and River Avenue regardless of the weather, and we would all hop off--there were about eight of us I think--and then we'd have to hurry like the dickens because we attended Mass every morning. Many
times if there was a funeral we would also have to sing in the choir. We were always hoping for snow storms. Maybe we could get stuck on a hill. Maybe the bus couldn't make the hill at Tunnel Park. Today I keep thinking what hill, and I keep looking but it must have been just an incline or snow banks). But I think it happened only once in all those years but we would always keep talking about it. "Gee! I hope we get stuck!" (laughs) I remember the bus driver through the years, the older man. His name was Al Brinkman and he lived on South Shore Drive. Later on his son took over that same bus route.

THP: And from River Avenue and Thirteenth you had a two block walk?

TM: Yes.

THP: Over to Maple.

TM: St. Francis.

THP: Yeah. Maple and Thirteenth. Well, those are interesting observations about living that far out and then we kind of get to the heart of this interview, Toni. I was very interested when you told me about the Van Bragt history. How they happened to come to Holland because some people may not know that that family was part of the tulip industry as well as Nelises. And some kind of interesting and not such nice details. But would you want to go over some of that history? I won't interrupt you.

TM: I will try to remember it. I had made some notes, but it's hard to read and talk at the same time. So what I'm going to do is go first from memory. As far as I know, my grandfather brought his eight children to the United States on the S.S. Zyndam out of Haarlem in the Netherlands and arrived in Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1911. I
believe it was in October. There is a discrepancy in the Netherlands records that I've been checking but right now that's not important. Why they came to Holland, Michigan, has always really been a question in my mind. From only a few things I've placed together, I assume that when they got to Hoboken they must have found out that there was a Dutch community and possibly agriculture and good farm land in Holland. I have come up with no other answer, and I just have to assume that they didn't know anybody here, but they came to Holland, Michigan, for that reason. When they came, there were just two daughters and the rest were all sons. Uncle John came on that same ship and he was fourteen years younger than my grandpa, but when they came to Holland John went off on his own and rented, I assume, a place to live because he wanted to get married and bring his bride across from the Netherlands which he did in 1912. She was my Aunt Lena, but her name was Helena Feije. They did get married in 1912. Prior to that time, however, my grandpa, who obviously was the authoritarian type father, made his boys go to work. They started off in the Holland Shoe Factory and after they worked there a year or so, they went over to the Western Michigan Tool Factory. However, the one son worked at the Busse Machine Company--my Uncle Bill. My Uncle Joe was a jeweler and jewelry repairman and worked at Hardy Jewelry Company. So this was all around 1911, 1912. They lived on Cherry Street which is near Holland Hospital. I assume that it took approximately four years for them to accumulate enough money, because in the city directory I discovered that they then moved to Rural Route Four or Six, whichever, on Lakewood Blvd. They started a farm and called it Hollandia
Farm. I have a photograph with their sign. But they were raising celery and onions. That became the family home there for a period of time. About that time, I saw a postcard written by my grandfather in Dutch to Frederick Nelis who was living in South Holland, Illinois, saying to them, "I understand things are a little rough there for you, but there is an eighty acre farm for sale for $2,000 in Holland and the land is conducive to raising flowers." Then, of course, according to history the Nelis family then arrived I think in 1914, but I'm not certain of the exact date. But I think it was the following year that they came, and they did buy that farm. During that period of time, however, we no longer were living at the old farmhouse. There was an exchange of farms was always the term I had heard. But I have not been able to document what happened. There was a Vander Schaaf family that owned a farm right between our two farms and some property. Whatever happened, the Nelises ended up buying and owning what had been my grandparents' home and the farm east on Lakewood Blvd., and the Van Bragts--which would be my dad, Chris, and my Uncle Bill--bought the farm west of the Nelises. So they ended up first in line for the tourists when we went into the tulip farm businesses. But prior to that time, the Nelises too were into vegetables. Then they went more into cut flowers and we would both sell them to tourists as they were going to their cottages in the summertime. About that time, my uncle John, who became the first superintendent of parks in Holland, found out that they were discussing Tulip Time. He ended up starting to plant the tulip lanes and designed the parks. Eventually there was a relative of the Nelises--a bulb salesman from the Netherlands--who came over and
started selling us bulbs, and they were top-sized quality bulbs. So we went for top-size quality bulbs after that, and by that time it became a lot of work. I worked at the farm from the time I was seven or seven and a half years old in the summer, not only helping with the gardens and the canning, et cetera, because everything we ate was canned, and cleaning bulbs, keeping them all separated. We ended up having two hundred and twenty-five varieties one year. All of those bulbs had to be graded, and we had to make sure that the varieties were kept separated. That was extremely important. My dad was always in charge of the display fields, and he took great pride in the beautiful color schemes he would come up with. They changed every year because all those bulbs had to be removed yearly and placed in the land that was prepared and held for...we planted soybeans in there to put nutrients in the soil. Also about that time talking about soil, the government came up with a program for land conservation because the sand dunes were starting to show in some of our property in the back. There was a sand hill and we were then asked to help plant these little twigs of pines. I went back there when we retired and could not believe how high these pines were! Of course then I added up the years and that was fifty years ago! They are now a part of a beautiful backdrop and back yards of the people who live at Bay Meadows! (laughs).

THP: A beautiful area!

TM: Absolutely beautiful. But they were only little sprigs that we planted and they came in those huge bunches. I thought what a stupid thing to do as I was digging the holes in the ground with a spade. Somebody would go ahead of us and we'd put those
little pine trees in--hundreds of them.

THP: And it kept the dune in place.

TM: Yes.

THP: How many acres were those farms, Toni? And do you have any idea what they cost?

TM: I do know the Nelises had the initial eighty, and I know they had to borrow it. They were poor at the beginning. We had fifty nine, mainly because the one acre was not part of the farm and that was the part that my aunt and uncle had built a home on. And that was our farmhouse. But that farmhouse has so many memories because...

THP: Eventually the Nelises wound up with that farmhouse. But that's where you really grew up, isn't that correct?

TM: No. That's where my grandparents lived for a period of years while they were getting their feet on the ground for their family, the sons. The sons by that time were all in their twenties and really resented having to bring home their paychecks to grandpa, because in the winter they still were working in the factory and in the summer working the land.

THP: Did your father live on Cherry Street for a while too?

TM: No, they moved to Lakewood Blvd. from Cherry and then they bought the farm land. But when my father got married in 1926, so this is a number of years later, sisters married brothers. My Uncle Bill was already married right from the beginning or shortly...no, they got married here at St. Francis, but they had known each other in the Netherlands. My Aunt Sis, whom I'm named after (her name was Antonia Wilhelmina), was Vande Kerkhoff, and she married my Uncle Bill. Then my mother
came to visit her sister from Ohio where they had moved to--Tiffin, Ohio--and met my dad. So then sisters married brothers. My grandfather and grandmother, my mother's parents, were living at the farm because my Aunt Sis didn't have any children, never did have any children, wasn't able to, and took care of them until they died. Then my grandfather, who had been a teacher in the Netherlands, came across on his pension with twelve adult children. When each of them got married, he gave them enough money to build their own home. So when my folks got married, we built the home at 878 Lakewood Blvd., about a quarter of a mile east of both of the farms, and that was where I was born and raised.

THP: Tell a little bit about how you played. You told about how you went to school, but what games and so forth...very different than in the city.

TM: Oh my. We just had a marvelous way to be raised as children. First of all, we could go to Ottawa Beach or Tunnel Park when we could ride bikes, or my uncle occasionally was good enough to take us in his old car and then we could change our suits after they were wet because he had shades that we could pull down. So we girls got in the back seat. We could pull the shades and change in there (laughs). But there were so many trees, and I was a tomboy, so I loved climbing trees. The hill by my house was just marvelous for tobogganing, and all the neighborhood kids, all the Nelises, the Hinderts who now lived in what had been my grandparent's home (they rented from the Nelises at the top of the hill)--they were our playmates. On the other side of us was Eugene Marcus. Between our families there were enough kids to always have a playmate of any age. Occasionally there would be enough snow we
could try to get all the way down to street (because there were hardly ever any cars in those days) and see if we could make it all the way down to the bridge. Once in a while we were very close to making it. We also had a pond, which was a natural pond, next door and so we'd go ice skating there at the Marcuses. On the other side of us we had a pasture which belonged to the Nelises, and it was all fenced in— I think they had a few cows or horses at that time which we all did because it was before tractors. We had these huge horses with these big hooves and I forgot...Clydesdale-type horses? They were beautiful! I remember one whose name was Babe. We would play in that pasture and we'd just shoo the animals away. The great fun was we'd play tricks on each other all of the time, and if they wouldn't let the younger ones play with them occasionally baseball, we found buckets and we would pour water on all the bases so that when they'd slide in they'd really get sloshed (laughs) with mud! We had snakes at that time I remember. Most of them were not dangerous, but there were Blue Racers at one time but they were ugly looking things. I remember they would be up in trees. One time we were cleaning bulbs with a whole bunch of us. It was pretty windy and dirty, and I remember having mud or sand on my face and cleaning the bulbs. It must have been a damp season and there were a few rotten bulbs. I got hit by one and I didn't know who had thrown a bulb across that pile of bulbs...we would sit around this big table. I finally figured out who it was, and then I thought the guy was a pretty nice kid. He was a little older than I, so I thought maybe he was taking a shine to me (laughs)...

THP: He probably was!
TM: But I had to get back at him. So after lunch time when I came back (they all brought their lunch and would come to the farm on bikes), I put the Blue Racer in his lunch pail and only later did I realize that his mother was probably the one who opened that lunch pail box. (laughter) It was a funny thing because he ended up being in Bill’s high school graduating class, and I met him at a high school class reunion...

THP: And he remember it?

TM: No! I reminded him about it, and my first question to him was, "Is your mother still living?" (laughs) And she was! All of my fun memories, most of them other than playing house in the back fields and at the Hinderts next door because Mrs. Hindert with ten children was just a delightful laid back person who was very intelligent but we were always welcome at her house. My mother was so spotless that people did not feel as comfortable and she...but there we were always welcome. I remember having a nanny goat chase me. They had goats and they'd get loose. One of them chased me and I ran right into their house I remember, for safety. At the tulip farm I was always asked to go help my aunt because my two sisters would be enough to help my mother, and so she kind of became almost a surrogate mother in many ways to me. We baked always all the bread for both the farmhouse and our family, so it was like umpteen loaves of brown bread, usually about a half dozen, and then about a half dozen of white just for the week. Lemon meringue pies. She was so good at those, and cakes for the tea times for the week to come. There was tea time at three o’clock at the farmhouse every day of the week. Sundays people would drop in. They could walk right in the house. Everybody was welcome. It was like an open
house there. I loved that atmosphere. My dog lived at the farm but would greet me when I came off the bus. His name was Prince. My aunt was a lot fun in many ways. She would read the comic strips and see the humor in things. She taught me to play "Help Your Neighbor" cards and we would bet with pennies and she taught me to knit, and even though I was left handed, she made me learn how to do things right handed if she couldn't teach me left handed. I learned how to sew there and how to crochet all these fancy doilies. So those were fun times and creative times. When I look back on it now I think that's where I started developing my creative talents. And then of course canning... I'd come home off the bus and many times the first thing I'd here is, "You have to go to the farm. We think there's going to be a storm!" And "We have got to pick the daffodils," which we then had to pick fields and rows and rows of daffodils until dark. They would get shipped out by the local train, to Chicago in big boxes--big cardboard boxes about the size of this table. We'd all have to help until it was all completed. Or other times I'd come home and they'd say, "Well, with all the heat we've been having, now we've got three bushels of tomatoes and three of beans and we're going to have to make sure that all of those get blanched and all those beans have to be washed and cut." And that's what my life was all about in those days.

THP: It's interesting, Toni. You're talking about starting this kind of work so young because the last couple of weeks we've been reading a lot in the paper about "child labor" and these farm families, particularly the migrants that come into the area, that these children need to help because the whole family pitches in. Now it's as though
they're saying this isn't right, and yet it's in a way getting back to an earlier time when a whole family did work together. There's something healthy about that.

TM: There is. There were so many people in the neighborhood, but we had the local farmers calling and asking us, "Our strawberries need to be picked. We need help." We would be taken over there by truck or however. I grew up with a straw hat on my head, a big one, to protect me. There was a lot of camaraderie in all of that. We learned to work. We knew what work was all about. But we also had fun! We had a lot of good fun. I think as far as the migrant workers today, it's a shame that those children are maybe put into forceful situations that make them feel different from others. But as long as they get their education, then working that hard with their families I don't think is going to hurt them.

THP: No, I don't either.

TM: Because it might benefit them in the long run. I think you learn a lot of self-sufficiency and a lot of confidence—and there's nothing like working the land. There's something very healthy and beautiful about that. I think that's why today I appreciate nature and now have the time in my retirement to just observe shadows and the beauty around us. I am fascinated by it!

THP: That brings up—and this is way off the topic we're on—the matter of your watercolors. What you've been doing since you moved back to Holland.

TM: My friends who knew me in Lansing knew nothing about my ability to paint, nor did I. That's the truth. I started painting because I had always wanted to try watercolor. I loved watercolor. I love color. I think I always was creating in my mind,
but I started in '93--so that's four years ago--and I have grown with it, I have loved it, and now I just finished painting my grandchildren, so I'm into portraits as well. I love beauty. I love color. And as my two best friends say, "God gave me the talent when I needed it the most." I truly believe that, and I'm very grateful for it everyday. If it's ever taken away from me, I'll really wonder why, but I do think it was God-given.

THP: And I can attest to how beautiful your painting is!

TM: Thank you.

THP: And you know, that's so difficult painting children or people.

TM: People say, "Well, what do you paint?" when I say I paint. And I'll say anything I love or anything I'm inspired by--I can really paint that well. But I have to really love what I'm painting to do it well. It's hard for me occasionally to get into a class and look at a still life if I'm not enthused about it because I feel like I don't have the enthusiasm or whatever it is, and then I can't paint it well.

THP: But to be able to paint portraits and particularly hands. I understand that's the most difficult thing to do. I saw these of your grandchildren and they're just beautiful!

TM: But you know I worked in foster care for seven years, and I studied the faces of those children in Lansing. I guess I've always been better with children than I've been with older people. And I always knew that because I was in Junior League and I remember having been given a number of different areas in which I could do my volunteer work. I ended up writing music and the lyrics for a musical, "Red Riding Hood," which had not only a young wolf but also a wise old wolf. I had so much
fun doing that. Then we trouped it to the schools for about three or four years, to
many thousands of children who could use their imaginations, be afraid, go back to
their classrooms and draw pictures of what they had seen. We hope we always left
them dancing. I think as a result I love watching children's faces and expressions. I
love their just being natural, and I like to capture that.

THP: Now, awhile back you said the one thing you couldn't paint was tulips. Now has
that changed? (laughs)

TM: My favorite tulip was always the deep black tulip known as the Black. It's a very
deep burgundy or maroon. I did end up doing one painting I really enjoyed of those
and have not been able to get back to those because I've been off doing other
portraits and other types of paintings. My son in Grand Rapids and our daughter-in-
law own that painting.

THP: One of these days I'm expecting it to be the Tulip Time Poster. I'm sincere!

TM: (Laughs) I wanted to tell you this morning and it is part of the subject. I stopped in
to thank a woman who actually owns the Lake Michigan Contractors Company with
her husband because she had purchased all my tugboat scenes that I had painted.
Yes, I painted beautiful tugboats out there. I walked in, and she had had back
problems and wasn't there for me to thank. I wanted to thank her because she gave
me so much encouragement on the first few pictures...The first picture I ever sold
was to her. She wanted to buy it. She bought about five of them from me. When I
was in the hallway today leaving, there was my painting in a beautiful frame and
matted gorgeously...and you know, I have to stand back because when I went in the
secretary said...I said, "Would you please tell Kemma Walsh that Toni Mackay stopped by to thank her." And she said, "Oh, you're the artist!" I blushed! (Laughs)

THP: I want to catch up on a couple of things that we missed. What province did your grandparents come from, Toni?

TM: The Van Bragt family came from North Holland and they were northwest of Amsterdam by about twenty miles in the city of Beverwyk—that's north of Haarlem. Actually they were in that area all the way back into the late 1700s, I think in the 1780s from the genealogy I had done, so they had remained in that area. Even though some members of that family I have found out did come from the Province of Limburg, and that of course is right near the Belgian border in the southern part but that's also all Catholic country I assumed. So that kind of defined maybe why they were Catholic. I think because on my mother's side, the Vande Kerkhoffs, came from the Province of North Brabant, and he was the head schoolmaster there near the town of Helena Veen. I found that on the map—it's between two cities. It's between Einhoven and Venlow. I remember my one uncle telling me—my two bachelor uncles also joined our business at the farm and lived at the farm—that he would ride his bike twenty or thirty miles in to get his teeth fixed at a dentist in Germany. So I knew they had to be relatively close to the German border on that side. However, that same Vande Kerkhoff family, from what I gather, was originally from Belgium, possibly even France. I have not been able to document that at this point. But the Vande Kerkhoff family with the twelve children came in 1923. My mother was twenty-three years old. They moved to Tiffin, Ohio. From there I had relatives
eventually after they all married living in many different states in the United States—Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts…and they would always vacation at the tulip farm which gave me an opportunity to become familiar with all of my relatives and cousins. And there were so many of them. Many of them very talented musically. I had about four cousins who could just sit at the piano and play without any music in front of them, and two of them did go to the Conservatory of Music in Ohio. I did not have that talent. (laughs)

THP: You can’t have them all, Toni.

TM: But that farmhouse was full of people, full of relatives. In fact, I had one uncle—my Uncle Wies—who I never got along with too well. He’d always have to play jokes, and his jokes weren’t always that funny. Many times my one uncle who was…

(end of side one)

THP: Well, we got interrupted on that, Toni, so I’m going to let you continue.

TM: I’ll try to make that story brief. Anyway, my Uncle Wies (Aloysius was his real name)...they had some real great names there. In fact, my dad’s real name is not Chris, it’s Christiaan and my Uncle Bill’s is Wilhelmus. Anyway, my Uncle Wies, who always thought he was pretty funny, always put a bag of garbage in the trunk of their car. And you can imagine, in those days there was no air conditioner in cars. It was those old, old cars and he thought that was hilarious. He could just imagine them starting to smell that odor somewhere down the line, and of course they were always visiting in the summer time. They loved coming to the farm in the summertime when the kids weren’t in school. But that was Uncle Wies.
THP: That was on your mother's side?

TM: That was one of my mother's brothers. There were nine boys in that family and three girls. My mother was in the middle somewhere, one of the younger ones. She was the only blonde--real blonde, tow head blonde--when she was young...and blue-eyed, fair. But the tulip farm had other memories. During Tulip Time it was like a circus atmosphere. There were the popcorn stands that rented room from our farm. It was a little additional money. And there was the PR system and because of the Nelis' Tulip Farm being the first in line for the tourists, we were always trying to attract the visitors over to our farm letting them know there was another farm here. Of course, those people would look and say, "Well, there's tulips here too and there's tulips there." We tried to get them over. We would have to hire people from Aquinas College or Hope College usually to speak on the microphone because my uncles all had such Dutch accents and they weren't always able to say their "th" sounds. In fact, my friends would try to get my parents to say, "thick and thin" because they would say "tick and tin" and they thought that was hilarious. (laughs) But my dad had a good sense of humor. And then there would be ice cream bars, these chocolate covered ice cream bars. I remember we thought those were great. All different...and I think we donated some of the little places for stands for local groups who were trying to make money because even recently some men from one of the local organizations like Rotary Club, one of those types, they always said dad was always so good to them because he'd say, "Yes, that's for a good cause."

THP: That he would donate flowers?
TM: No. He would donate an area so they could put up a stand. Because the area was limited as to where the tourists could walk and everything. Just taking orders from people...I met people from all walks of life. I learned to like people and the beauty...I mean how they appreciated the beauty of the tulips! I didn't realize how special that was. I wish my grandchildren would be able to see that. And of course then we would wear our Dutch costumes so I made tips. If I could go and have my photograph taken for them in the tulips. We were on many post cards and I, at that time, had lost interest in all of that as I grew older and it was in high school and never kept any of them! Only lately was I able to find some of those postcards. By surprise, however, I did walk into the Holland Museum and walked around, and as I'm leaving, looked up and here am I with my two sisters, my two cousins, my two aunts and my mother in our Dutch costumes on a blown-up postcard over the door!

THP: No kidding!

TM: I had to let my sisters know they were in a museum (laughs). That was fun! There was a lot of authenticity. There wasn't fakery at the farmhouse. All of the china, all of the beautiful crystal, everything my aunt owned was all from the Netherlands. And only after she died and my uncle remarried did all those things disappear because his second wife wanted all modern things. We were all by that time away from home and didn't know that had occurred or we could have possibly, you know, retracted some of it. But I don't know. It was hers. Anyway, during Tulip Time, the farmhouse was like an open house, but by that time it was just an unbelievable cafeteria. My aunt would have my other aunts come in to visit from Ohio. They
would come in to help do the cooking. They cooked for every single person that worked on the farm, every helping hand, and fed everybody in shifts.

THP: In the house or on picnic tables outside?

TM: In the house...We were told occasionally it's now time for you to go in for dinner and whether it was the boys who did the weeding or the cleaning or helped in the parking lot, or the men who were working on the PR system--and as I said the Nelises had built a fence between our farms so for the people to walk across they could no longer walk over these little boardwalks which we had built over the ditches. But they now had to walk all the way to the road and around the fence to come to our farm. Financially we eventually became...we were hurting and especially when Montgomery Wards and Sears came in.

THP: What do you mean by that, Toni?

TM: Because they were starting to sell bulbs! And people were not realizing they were not getting quality bulbs. They were getting medium sized bulbs or seedlings and they were not the quality we had--beautiful huge cups that were sometimes five and six inches in height. I mean, we had beautiful, beautiful...and they were well taken care of. The Nelises, at that time, all of their children went to parochial private schools in Grand Rapids. So in the high school years, we didn't see any of the Nelis children anymore. It was like we went our separate ways. The competition did hurt us to a certain degree. I'm happy to say that today, Harry and his wife, Sandy Nelis and I are very good friends and became good friends of Bill and I. I was able to contact Harry at one point when we decided to sell the farm and were interested in
doing that. Harry had no idea that we had become part owners along with Bill's partner. I think that good decisions were made and we're both very happy with the resulting Bay Meadows development. We wanted to do something good with the land because obviously our forbearers really knew what good black dirt and black soil was all about. It was worthwhile.

THP: I want to ask you about what was a very, very interesting sounding job that you had. If you would tell us about it and how old you were when you did this.

TM: I think it was the year I became twenty-one that I decided that I wanted to do something of interest. I wanted to become a stewardess for an airline company. Being from this small town and being a farm girl, I found out also because I wasn't able to complete my college wishes--I could only go a semester before I found out I wasn't going to be able to get any financial help, and at that time I still was not able to go to Hope College because Father Westdorp at St. Francis didn't think we should be attending chapel. And that's too bad because I think that all that has turned around and changed entirely since that time. But he was ultra, ultra-conservative unfortunately.

THP: And chapel was compulsory at that time?

TM: Yes. As a result, I felt rather bad about not being able to continue on with my desires because I was a good student, and I frankly was heart broken about it. I should have been majoring in chemistry and fortunately two of my daughters are chemical engineers. I was working at the Jeanne Shop which was a very beautiful dress shop in Holland at the hotel right on the corner of River and Seventh Street.
THP: Warm Friend.

TM: At the Warm Friend. We would show all of the clothing. I took great pride in knowing so many of our local people because I knew exactly what to look for for them. I worked for Jeanne Rackes. Her husband was a career officer, a colonel, Col. Ed Rackes. He had to retire from the service mainly because they found out he had Parkinson's. When he got to know me a little bit one day, he confided to me, "You don't need to tell Jeanne I'm telling you this, but," he said, "when you get an opportunity why don't you use that good mind of yours and go and work for somebody else when you get that chance. And work for as many people...don't be afraid of leaving a job and taking on another. If they offer you any education, you accept it. Go for it." Through a person I met in the shop...her husband was an officer on the S.S. South American. As a result I was, even though I wasn't a college student per se, able to get a job. I worked very hard and because they knew I wasn't all of those things, or didn't fit all of their so-called wishes, they gave me the largest station that there was in the forward deck of the dining room, and I worked like I had never worked in my life! But did I have fun! Worked with all these other college students, was in the cruise show twice a week.

THP: What were those like?

TM: Oh, they had many of these students who were very talented. They came on with talents such as singing and imitating well-known people. I was in a dance number, wore the black dress with the white pearls down the front, with all the kicking routine like the chorus line. But we had fun. When we weren't working, we could
go up on the rear deck, the poop deck and (laughs). It was way in the back, but it was gorgeous, and we could lie in the sun and just bask in the glory of where we were out on whatever lake we were. But that first year we would go all the way from Duluth, Minnesota, through the Soo Locks, reach Mackinaw twice a week. Go to Detroit, Cleveland, and then go through the Welland Canal and go into Toronto, New York. After I finished that summer, I then went to American Air Lines in Chicago and applied for a position as a stewardess. Well, they implied that my teeth weren't quite as white as they thought maybe they should be. However, I could have a job as a reservation agent and maybe later on I could become a stewardess. So I went with that hope in mind and took the job. I lived with an aunt and uncle shortly and then at the Y. In the class in which we had training for two weeks I met a woman my age who said she worked on the S.S. North American that summer as a waitress and needed a roommate. She and I then became roommates in an apartment in Chicago, became very good friends, we were very compatible. After that winter of taking and placing people all of the world in our booking with earphones, we decided we would like something better in life. "Let's go back on the ships," we decided. We even were foolish enough to give up our two-week vacation we had earned and I forgot whatever benefits--a free flight somewhere--to go back on the ship provided we had better jobs. So we went back on the S.S. North American, she as a social director assistant, and I went as a tea room hostess assistant. So she and I could bask in the sun many times without all those lowly waitresses (laughs). But we did get to know them all. They had the band members, and my friend, Lou Walters,
her name now is Flater...we just renewed our acquaintanceship after 43 years and she lives in Galesburg, Illinois. We picked up right where we had left off, and she is going to come to Holland next summer. I have driven down there to see her. But she remembered people's names that I hadn't remembered. But those were good times. Then that ship went from Chicago to New York. It did not get into Lake Superior and Duluth. But they missed a lot of fun because I remember we had one of the roughest storms on Lake Superior one year where the dishes started flying out of their containers which were built to hold all of these dishes. But it had really gotten rough. Luckily I never got seasick! Out of thirty waitresses that year, I remember there were only two of us who never...So we were permitted then to go help all those passengers who might...We were handing out little bags! (Laughs) But I traveled all over those Great Lakes. In pre-season we had private chartered cruises wherever these groups wanted to go, so we went to Georgian Bay. Went to other ports that we would normally never go with passengers. But there were over five hundred passengers on that ship and we had a hundred and fifty crew members plus. And the best food! We had to learn how to serve meals in the best fashion. The steward was absolutely super at teaching us, and they wore gorgeous uniforms and the inside of that ship was absolutely beautiful. All the beautiful brass, mahogany...even on the railings and those staterooms. Every thing was plush!

THP: What years were those, Tomi?

TM: That was in 1952 and 1953.

THP: How long did those ships continue?
TM: I have a record of it but it's on my records downstairs. But that's because of all the beautiful wood they had on them. They were too dangerous, and if they had a fire, I assume it would be...so they were no longer approved of.

THP: I can remember when they were parked near Heinz--all three of them, the North and South American and the Alabama. Did you have any time ashore when you were...?

TM: Oh yes! I would hate to tell you all the stories about that because I'll tell you my friend Mary Lou Flater and I laughed because we said we probably...If our parents knew some of the places we have been, but when you realize you are there every week through the entire summer for almost...We had to commit ourselves from I believe it was May through the middle of September. That's a lot of time! So we would meet at different bars. The Pink Pony at Mackinac Island was a favorite haunt. We knew who was playing the piano there. And of course we would always shop. But you can only shop so much. At Buffalo, New York, the only place that was safe was actually a "black and tan" which today you hardly even know what a "black and tan" is, but that means both white and black people would go to this bar. But those were the days when that was still a separated thing in the big cities. But we had a lot of fun because there was a lot of camaraderie among the crew.

THP: Then when you finished those two stints on the ships, then what were you doing when you met Bill?

TM: I got off the ship and we decided not to go back to American Airlines. Lou wanted me to come to Galesburg and work in her home town so we could stay together because we got along, but that was her hometown. I did work down in Vicksburg,
Mississippi--took care of my sister Marie's daughter so they could go to a trailer convention. They were in the trailer business, building business. Took a class there in shorthand and thought maybe I could get a better job as a secretary. A tornado swept through and I worked for the Red Cross. After that I decided to come back home to Holland. Got a job with Henry Maentz. Good old Henry Maentz at the First National Bank. He was the president, Red Maentz he was known as. And he and I got along well. All of the people knew that he liked me for some reason or other. I think it was because I always leveled with him. If I felt I needed a raise, I didn't talk to anybody else. I'd knock on his door and he would listen to me. He usually went along pretty well with what I had to say because he knew I was working and learning. I was the assistant savings teller to Carolyn Schaap. She and I ran that entire division and occasionally even helped out with the small commercial loans. One Christmas, before Christmas, the other tellers were griping because we didn't have any Christmas display in the window. "You go talk to Henry," they said. They didn't dare to call him that in front of his face of course. He had to be known as Mr. Maentz. I went to talk to him. He said, "Alright, you may put a little Christmas tree in there but you have to advertise our Christmas savings program. So if anything, maybe you can tie new dollar bills on the tree." So that's as far as I had gotten. I was in the window tying those Christmas dollar bills with little red ribbons on the tree when I looked down and there was Bill Mackay standing with my so-called "date" for the night who...anyway, the three of us ended up going out together to a place somewhere between Holland and Grand Haven, a bar on the right hand
side and dancing place where we would play the jukebox. Bill and I ended up
dancing practically every dance. I went home with my so-called "date" or just "good
friend." They had been law school buddies and that's how they knew each other.
Bill, that night before we parted, asked if I would be interested in going to his
sister's the next night to listen to jazz records, which was our first date. And that's
when we went to his sister Mary Jane's house, and Mary Jane went somewhere. But
that was our first date. Bill was still quite broke at the time because he was fresh out
of law school waiting to hear about his bar exams, knowing his first job would start
January 1st. Our first date was December 19th; I'll never forget it. It was as if we
had known each other all of our lives. Ten months later, in October, we got married
at St. Francis.

THP: What year was that, Toni?

TM: That was in '55. A year later our first daughter was born. We ended up having five
children, four daughters and a son. God was very good. They're all very good-
looking children and intelligent, and they all use their good minds. But Bill and I
had forty-one good years of marriage. Thirteen years into our marriage he,
unbeknownst to me, started studying Catholicism. After about two years, he had I
guess learned everything he thought was essential. One day came home and told me
everything was arranged, and he was ready to join the church and make his first
communion. So thereafter I think he knew his faith better than many Catholics I
knew. And yet he had a deep faith when I first met him, but it just grew! But then
we had even more in common. The fact that he was always a Notre Dame fan had
nothing to go with his being Catholic obviously, because he wasn't. It was because he was a poor kid on the streets in St. Louis, Missouri, with the Polacks and the Dagos, he called them all; he had all their names. They all rooted for the underdog which was Notre Dame. And he loved Notre Dame with a passion! He bled when they bled. He just enjoyed it. And our children grew up listening to...

THP: His ranting and raving?

TM: Oh, he'd have the front door open, the back door open for those football games. He had to pace back and forth. He got into it. On one occasion, we drove to Notre Dame and showed them the campus, on a little side trip. Well, Joni wanted to go to St. Mary's right away. It was the most beautiful women's campus I had ever seen in my life. She was the first woman ever to transfer from St. Mary's into the College of Engineering of Notre Dame, in the middle of her junior year, and she had to go that extra year. Our daughter, Patti, was originally going to be a nurse. She followed her to St. Mary's and also ended up transferring into the College of Engineering and becoming a chemical engineer. Our son Bill, in between these two girls, had an injury and became paraplegic when we were skiing in Colorado. But he chose to go to Notre Dame and they made the campus available and accessible to him in all ways. Built the entire big ramp to the dining hall because he was the first in a chair to live in a regular hall. A lot of good stories. He had gone to the University of Michigan law school after he had graduated cum laude from Notre Dame and found that the Law Club was not accessible. Yet, he was required to be there for lunch. The students took umbrage and got on the right boards and called us even
after Bill left law school because he decided a law career would not be his and went to Washington, DC, instead. But they did build a ramp that was architecturally approved as a result of our son having been present there. I could go on about son Bill, who I call Mac (it means son), because he's a success story. Thirteen years with the Department of the Treasury and now with Merrill-Lynch. Our younger two daughters, the fourth...we tried to get her to go to Michigan schools but she said, "I'm going to go to Notre Dame through the front door. Not by way of St. Mary's," which was a little slam at her sisters, but anyway she did. She became an English teacher and that was her major. The youngest went to St. Mary's and is a nurse today.

THP: Now you're bringing up what your daughters have done which is quite different than when you were a young person--the opportunities that were there for them. Have you ever thought about how the perception of women has changed in Holland over the years?

TM: Oh, I don't think it's necessarily even in Holland. I think that it's because of our daughters and the careers that they have pursued, it has changed a great deal. But still it isn't enough. I have heard from my daughter, who is very successful as a chemical engineer today, the hard road she had because chemical engineering was still "a man's world." There still are problems because of who is in charge. If the man in charge doesn't really approve of women being in the field or doesn't want to cope with women especially in traveling, business-wise, how you are to entertain our clients, et cetera, it is not totally acceptable and it is not correct. It is not right! We
still have a long way to go to even the sexes and there should not be that
discrimination. But it is still in the work field from what I hear. It's coming, but the
women still have to fight hard. I hope they continue, and I hope they let it be known
and do it in the proper ways. Do it within the justice system if necessary or in the
legal system. Continue to communicate well with those people who are in charge to
let them know that, yes, as women, we can do what men do, however, that we still
want to retain our femininity. And that's extremely important!

THP: Can you describe a significant turning point in your life other than what you already
mentioned, and also tell about someone important who influenced or affected your
life here.

TM: Besides Sister Mary Celeste from St. Francis and then Ed Rackes who opened my
eyes to making decisions for myself, it would be my husband, Bill. Mainly because
when we moved to Lansing, and there wasn't any religious prejudice there at all, and
many wonderful people that we met. People who were well-known through the years
of our marriage--judges, we knew Governor Williams when he was head of the
Supreme Court. They were our friends. There was Governor Milliken. Many times
Bill was the treasurer for his campaign even though we disagreed with some of his
liberal philosophies. Bill's partner, Charlie E. Chamberlain, became a congressman.
Wendell Miles was Bill's mentor. I met many famous people. But it never made
any difference. What I learned from my husband is you take one person that you
meet at a time. You take him for what they stand for, their character, their beliefs.
You get to know them. You don't judge them on a title, how much wealth they
have, and I learned through him to live that philosophy, and it has affected and benefited me all the years of my life and will continue to. Because that is exactly the way it has now become a part of me. It also means a lot to me today mainly because in my faith and because of the strength I have gained through those years, I was able to care for Bill through those difficult years with his throat cancer. Even though he hadn't smoked in over thirty-five years, that smoke is dangerous. Who knows, may be it's secondary smoke. But anyway, our Lady of the Lake parish which has just doubled in size in the five years I've moved here, is more than just a church. It is a community of people that reaches out to the migrants and reaches out to the indigents and to the people maybe a lot of us like to frown on or say, "We're not part of them!" But they are our community and they are part of our community, and I think we do have to reach out as much as we are reluctant to at times. They are Christians. They are going the same place we want to go. We have to take them one at a time. And when it comes to speech, I remember the president of the Peoples Bank told Harry Nelis that he still remembers when the Van Bragt family came into this town, my grandmother insisted that all of her sons and daughters learn to speak English within six months and they did. She said, "You are to speak English because we are now Americans," and she was very proud of that. And they did learn very, very rapidly. I suppose when it comes to bilingualism, I hope we all eventually can learn to be bilingual. That would be nice. But I think we have to start from when we are very, very young. And to have to change all of our middle and high school classes into bilingual classes and everything, I think it's a waste of
money. I do think it has to start very, very early. Let's not waste our tax money on children who are not going to benefit from it. But as far as prejudice towards it, I think our world is becoming too small. Most of our children are going to be working in other countries.

THP: But you're right about... The time to learn the language is before you're five.

TM: Oh, yes. I still have a few words I once in a while stutter and I want to say it the way I learned it when I was a kid.

THP: And I have a few Dutch words that I learned...

TM: I never say the word M-I-L-K correctly. Or S-A-L-A-D. Somehow or other when I don't think about it, I don't say them properly. (Laughs)

THP: I won't ask you to demonstrate.

TM: I will not.

THP: Have your priorities changed over the course of your life here and in Lansing? Has your commitment to faith gotten easier or harder?

TM: That's an easy one to answer. My priorities I always reassess. I think I call them chapters of my life. When I completed a chapter of my life of raising the family, then my priorities changed and I went to work for a foster care agency for seven years. I became an office manager, supervised five secretaries... got to know what it meant for kids to go into foster care and what was best for them and how the rules in our system have to change to benefit the children, not to go by what... I guess the old fashion sayings were, "Keep the family together at all costs." That no longer is true in today's world. We now have to look at what's best for the children. I was glad
to see some of those rules and laws changing. We also need people constantly getting into those fields to make sure that those kids are taken care of. My priorities now...I like to be flexible enough to be able to change them depending upon what's given to me and what's on my plate. When Bill was ill, my priority of course was caring for him. Now today he isn't here, so my priorities now are my grandkids and my art work. But my faith has grown by leaps and bounds through the years, and it has not diminished. I continue to study. I continue to learn. I am frankly, and I maybe shouldn't be putting it on tape, but I think I have a love affair going with our Lord Jesus Christ.

THP: Me too.

TM: And I mean that sincerely. I enjoy being made a Eucharistic minister. It has a great deal of meaning. I was able to bring the host home to my husband when he was in the hospital, or when we had to live in Ann Arbor for seven weeks and then when we came home, every day. It had a great deal of meaning to him. I think that physically and spiritually we benefit from receiving those sacraments. I am so pleased to be a part of a very active community at Our Lady of the Lake, and I know all of the other churches in the area are very active, have a lot of good people. I respect everybody for whatever they are doing.

THP: Thank you, Toni.

TM: Did I miss anything?

THP: No, a couple of other things that we just briefly should touch on here. We were talking about controversies that you witnessed in Holland. Negative aspects of
Holland. And I think most important, have the problems and concerns of the average Holland citizen changed over the past fifty years? How is daily life different? And we got to talking a little bit about the Macatawa...

TM: I think probably that is one of the things that I would like to see changed—the accessibility. To be able to go our beautiful lake on the south side, and we happened to end up moving on the south side really hurt my feelings and a lot of others a lot. Somewhere along the line it just doesn't seem right. In Florida the ocean is everybody's beach and the Lake Michigan really should be everybody's beach. If some people do destroy it, then the rules have to be more stringent, or the laws. But to restrict it for all of us citizens does not seem correct. There has to be some type of accessibility for us and I think those changes have to start...we have to start working on those soon. When it comes to Holland itself, because it is growing, there's always that fear of all of these beautiful things being destroyed. But I don't think that's the correct way of doing it--by restricting people. You have to make the citizens abide and take interest in caring for what we have. And because Holland is growing, we're seeing all types of crime and other problems developing and that will continue. Unfortunately, that is not going to go away. But we have to continue working within the community to make sure these people know they're not going to get away with what they're doing. You put a stop to it just as you do in raising a family. You nip it in the bud.

THP: Good point.

TM: ...as soon as possible. As far as all of the other things, I don't think that's my area
of expertise.

THP: Now did I miss anything, Toni?

TM: I don't really have any area of expertise! (laughs)

THP: Oh, yes, you do! (laughs) Is there anything else you wanted to add? Anything I didn't touch on?

TM: I think we covered quite a bit!

THP: I almost want to tell the joke Bob told about your uncle who was the city parks person about the...(laughter)...

TM: Go ahead! I wish I had gotten to know him better, but as I said, those two brothers obviously he was not about to be told by his older brother that he had to bring home his pay check to him. So he just decided right from the beginning he wasn't going to live with him.

THP: Well, he lived over on Twelfth Street by the park.

TM: Yes, he did. They were very good friends of the Wichers. I tried to find out from Mrs. Wichers as to why they came to Holland. She didn't know. She too had some funny stories.

THP: Oh, yeah. Well, this was about when Bob was a boy, and he and his friends would be riding their bikes, and of course they wanted to make sure they'd get Mr. Van Bragt to come charging out of his house. All they had to do was ride through the park and just get one of the wheels off onto the grass, the slightest inch, and here he would come storming out saying, "I know who you are! I'll get you! I'm going to call your parents!" And that was a time when Holland was small enough that people
knew each other. Of course it’s grown and awful lot. So, I think that pretty much does it, Toni, and I thank you very much.

TM: Well, you've made it very easy.

THP: It was fun. I enjoyed it.

TM: Thank you, Terri.