

# **When Grandma Was a Girl**





To  
Timothy James  
Kristi Jean  
Jessica Nicole  
Ryan Michael  
Colleen Renee  
Meghann Gabrielle  
Brittany Leigh  
Max Elliott  
Melissa Jane  
and  
Jackson Petrie

- 1993

Dear Children,

I am SO VERY FORTUNATE.

I have TEN wonderful grandchildren. They are

kind intelligent clever cute loving  
jolly sweet happy resourceful smart  
helpful friendly caring

The boys are handsome and the girls are beautiful. And I love each one of you dearly.

Grandparents are

for fun

for listening

to be proud

for sharing memories

Grandparents are a link between the past and the future.

This book is to show you what things were like when I was a girl. Life was much different then from what it is now. But those were happy days for me, and I have good memories.

I hope you will enjoy this book of memories... this is part of your past, too.

Love,

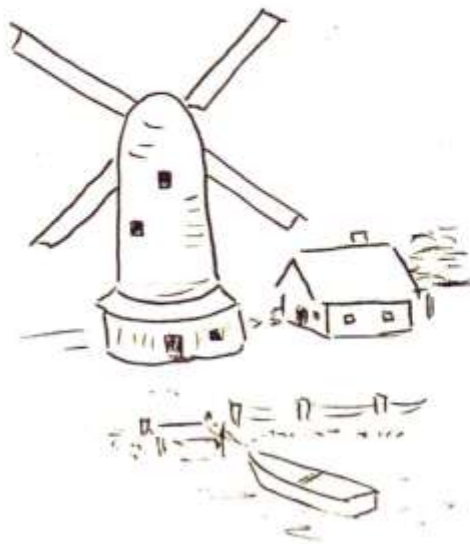
*Grandma*

Jane R. TenClay

# A Great Day!

(for me!!)

About forty-five miles southeast of Iowa's capitol city is a unique small town named Pella. In the spring its streets are lined with tulips. And its parks feature Dutch windmills. The town boasts a college, a few large industries, and many churches.





Settled by devout Dutch immigrants in 1848 as a sanctuary from religious persecution in the Netherlands, Pella still breathes a fervent spirit of devotion to God.

Seventy years ago the Dutch language was commonly preached in the churches, spoken on the streets and used in business transactions.

At 811 South Street on June 22, 1922, Dr. Quire presented me to my parents. My father, Henry T. Rozendaal, was a student at Central College. My mother's name

is Cornelia. They had an apartment in the home of Dad's Uncle Mattheus and Aunt Mary Van Gorp.

I was named Jane Antonette. (Jane for my Grandma Jane Rozendaal, and Antonette for Uncle Anthony Rozendaal who died of the flu in France in World War I.) At my baptism I wore a little tatted cap which was later worn by my three daughters and two granddaughters at their baptisms.

Recently I drove past 811 South Street in Pella.

The neat old house of my  
birth is still there. But alas!  
there is NO SIGN in the  
front yard: A






## Holland, Michigan

I don't remember anything about my home in Pella because I was just fourteen months old when our family moved to Holland, Michigan, where my father was to attend the seminary for the next three years.

And my memories of Holland are very sketchy. Sometime during these years I gained a little sister named Ruth.

We lived in a small upstairs apartment. At the top of the stairs to our apartment was a little gate  to keep me and my

sister from tumbling down the steps. One day I heard my Daddy open the door at the bottom of the stairs so I ran to the gate to welcome him. In my eagerness I unlocked the gate. Little Ruth was there beside me, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" she had squeezed through and was rolling down the steps into Daddy's waiting arms. She screamed "blue murder," but was otherwise unharmed. She forgot the incident, but I never could.

My Uncle Herman, who was also attending the seminary, had one meal a day

with us. He was great fun  
and we all loved him.

"Eat your carrots," he would  
say. "Carrots give you rosy cheeks."

(That's silly! Did you ever see a rabbit with rosy cheeks?)



"Eat you bread crusts," Mother  
would say. "Bread crusts will  
give you curly hair."

(How ridiculous! Did bread crusts every give a  
puppy curly hair?)



## A New Car

We needed a car. My Daddy was about to become the pastor of a church in Valley Springs, South Dakota. Most of the church families lived on the farm and we would also be several miles from a hospital or large shopping center. So a car was an absolute necessity.

So my Daddy bought a Model T Tudor Sedan. ("Tudor" is fancy for "two-door".) Our car looked like this:



Compared to the luxurious cars we ride today, our car was very primitive. But it was quite an advancement over the horse and buggy.

The Model T )

- Had no ← starter. Instead someone had to crank the motor to get the car started.
- Had no foot-feed. There was a little lever on the steering wheel post to regulate the fuel fed to the motor.
- Had no electric windshield wiper. Daddy operated the wiper by hand.



- Had no heater, no defroster, no radio/tape player
- Had no trunk. An expanding luggage carrier could be fastened to the running board and our suitcases were firmly strapped in that.
- Had no bumper, no turning lights, no gauges on the dashboard.

The spare tire was fastened to the back of the car. This was a very real necessity as flat tires and blowouts were fairly common.

The gas tank was under the

hood, directly in front of the driver so gas was nozzled into the tank through a hole just in front of the windshield.

When the weather was warm, we would open all the windows and let the wind whip through our hair. When it was cold, we wrapped in blankets and kept our trips as short as possible.

But it was a great car! It was an antique when we replaced it with a V-8.

Questions to ask:

What is a radiator cap?  
a rumble seat? a jump seat?

## Our Home in Valley Springs

In some ways our house in Valley Springs was very elegant. However, we always had to say "BUT" because some things were not so elegant.

Across the front of the house was a large screened porch through which all had to pass to get to the front door. The front door, which had a large beveled glass window, opened to a good-sized vestibule grandly painted with cattails and ducks. (Very elegant BUT cold as the North Pole in winter.!)



The living room was light and cheerful with walls painted dark near the floor and fading lighter to almost white where a stenciled border met the ceiling.

Oak collonades with built-in glass-doored bookcases divided the living room from the dining room.

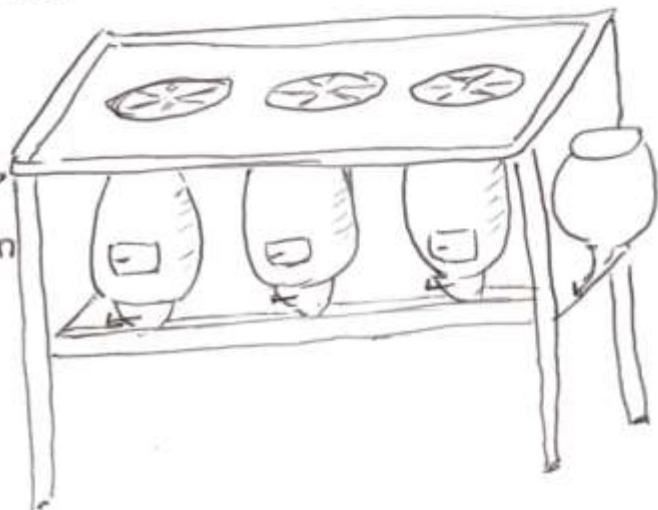
Oak beams decorated the dining room ceiling and all around the room was a plate rail about 5 feet from the floor. On one side of the room was a built-in buffet over which was a beveled-edge mirror. On both ends of the buffet were built-in china closets. A swinging door led into the kitchen.

Here ends the elegance!

In one corner of the kitchen a sink was set on a box-like frame which was open on one end for easy access to the pail set under the drain. There were no faucets, no running water - only a pail with a dipper and a wash basin. When we emptied the basin, water ran through the drain into the pail under the sink. And woe! woe! if Daddy forgot to empty the slop pail!

Food was cooked on a 3-burner kerosene stove.

When my mother baked, she set an oven over one of the burners.





Our bedrooms and Daddy's study were upstairs. There was also a room that was supposed to be a bathroom. BUT it had no fixtures - only a hole in the floor where the stool should have been. We took our baths in a wash tub in the basement -



- and went to the toilet in the little house out back.



- all year round! Brrrrr!

## Sunday - Church

When we first lived in Valley Springs, our small congregation did not have a church building. For the worship services we had the use of a Methodist Church on Sunday afternoons. It was a small building with straight-backed chairs rather than pews.

Young men and their little brothers sat on



benches lining the outside walls.



All of our services were in the Dutch language. Sunday School, following the service was in English.

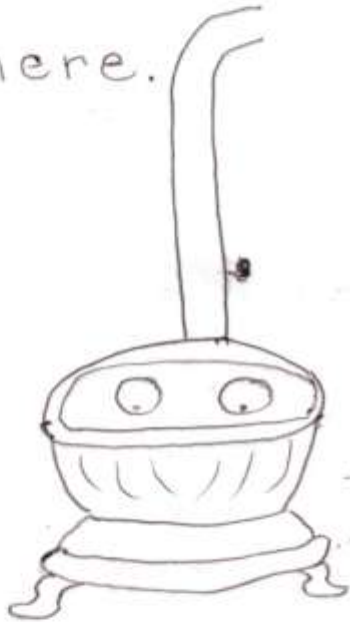
All of the other church meetings were held in our house: ladies aid, consistory meetings, catechism classes.

The catechism classes were held in our basement each Saturday afternoon. My Daddy taught all the classes. That was a lot of work for him. But Mother had the clean-up. That was work, too!

Times were hard and people were poor. But after a few years the congregation bought an old wooden high school which they tore down and rebuilt as a church. It is still there after 60 years.

## Monday - Wash Day

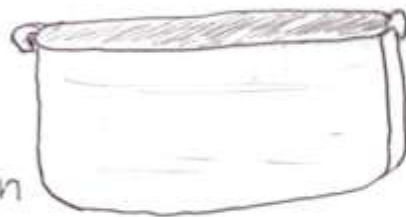
Monday began Early in the morning. Dad's first job was to go to the basement and light a fire in the little cook stove down there.



(This stove was also used for canning, butchering or making soap.)

Then he filled the wash boiler

with rain water from the cistern



and set it on the stove to heat.

After breakfast Mother sorted the dirty clothes into

piles:

white clothes

light colors

dark clothes

Jeans

rugs  
and  
rags

Then she shaved a bar of home made soap into the hot water and dipped the soapy water into the washing machine.

The washing machine was made of wood. It was run by hand.

My Dad usually took Monday morning off work to help Mother by pushing the machine handle back and forth, back and forth about 15 minutes for each machine-load of clothes. The whole laundry took 2 or 3 hours.

White clothes were washed first. After about 15 minutes,



I found this page in a book by Bob Artley  
This looks just like our washing machine.



the clothes were run through a hand-turned wringer (to squeeze out the soapy water) and into a tub of cool rinse water. (Oooo - a hot, hot job!)



While Mother was rinsing the first load of clothes, Dad would be washing the next batch. All of the clothes were washed in the same water.

After rinsing, the clothes were again run through the wringer into a clothes basket



(a bushel basket in which Mother had bought peaches).

The wet clothes were then taken outdoors and fastened to a clothesline to dry in the sun and wind. (📌📌 clothespins.)



On warm, breezy days the clothes dried fast. But in the winter they would freeze stiff almost as soon as they were fastened to the line.

When all the clothes had been through the machine, the sudsy water was drained out and used to broom-scrub the basement floor. (Water was precious and we used and re-used it carefully.)

When the clothes were dried, the sheets and pillowcases were put back on the beds. Towels and underwear were folded and put away. More dressy clothes were sprinkled for ironing.

Wash day was WORK when I was a girl:

NO

- water heater
- water softener
- faucets - Pump, pump
- electric, automatic washer
- spin dry
- dryer

Questions to ask:

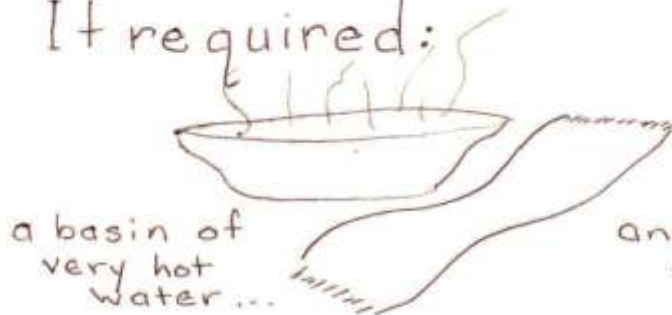
1. What is a cistern?
2. Why, and how were clothes starched?
3. What is a clothes rack?
4. How was soap made?



# The Dutch Rub

I must tell you about Daddy's daily morning ritual.

It required:



a basin of very hot water...

and a washcloth or towel...



a shaving mug with a round bar of shaving soap in the bottom...



His shaving brush with bristles soft as a bunny's tail...



A razor with a very sharp blade...



After-shave lotion!...



The razor strap made of leather. (Some Dads whipped their kids with a razor strap. But my Dad never did.)

Step one: The cloth was dipped in the very hot water and



then held against Dad's face to make his whiskers soft.

Step two: the shaving brush was dipped in the hot water and then worked over the soap in the mug to make a rich, foamy lather which Dad then painted all over his face till he looked like he had a Santa Claus beard.



Step three: He then made the razor sharper than ever by rubbing it briskly over the razor strop.

Step four: Ever so gently,

with the sharp edge of the razor, he sliced off whiskers and lather.

Step five: He'd wash his face and slap on after-shave lotion, leaving his skin soft and smooth as a lady's.



But not for long! Dad's beard grew fast. By late afternoon I could crawl on his lap and say, "Daddy, give me a Dutch Rub." He would grin and gently rub my soft face with his sand-papery chin. That was a Dutch Rub.

## Men's Hair in the '20's

And then there was Dad's hair-do. In the 1920's he wore his stiff black hair combed straight back.




Such a hair-do was called a pompadour.

And - it was very greasy. In fact, it was quite stylish to have the hair oiled and slicked in place and very shiny.

Sometimes Dad rubbed vaseline in his hair, or a hair oil called Brilliantine. There was also a hair oil called Macassar.

When the men had their hair so greasy, their wives found that husbands left huge greasy spots on the overstuffed furniture when they took their afternoon snoozes. So the women began to crochet or embroider fancy doilies to lay over the chair backs to protect the upholstery. These came to be called "antimacassars" after Macassar hair oil. It's true; look it up in the dictionary. You can still see antimacassars in old-fashioned houses and on some buses or airplanes.



## Hard Times

There were two things that happened while we were living in Valley Springs that affected the lives of many, many people. These events were long-lasting, covering several years. The first was THE GREAT DEPRESSION, and the other was THE DUST STORMS.

The Great Depression was a time when many people were very, very poor. Many people were out of work and those who did have jobs received low pay. To add to the distress



in South Dakota there were several very dry years, so the farmers had poor crops or no harvest at all.

We were poor, too. But since everybody else was in the same kind of trouble, we children didn't know how bad things were.

One time I asked my Mother, "Are we poor?" She said, "Oh, no. We are very rich. We are all healthy. We have food to eat. We have a comfortable home. There are many, many people in the world who don't have enough to eat and don't have

a bed or warm blankets. We are RICH!" And we were happy.

How did we get along in those hard years?

- We had few clothes: two dresses for school; an old one for play; one for church.

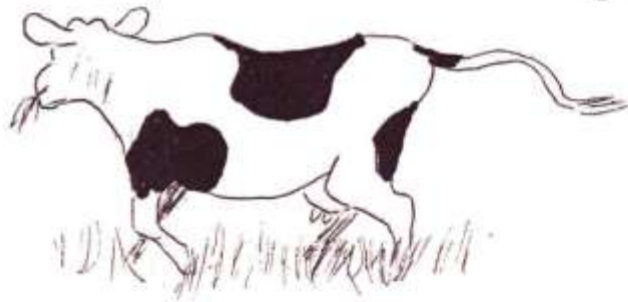
We always changed clothes after school. And we always wore dresses. (Pants or slacks or shorts for girls we unheard of.)

- Only the downstairs rooms were heated in winter. We slept in cold bedrooms under piles of quilts. (Everybody did.)

- We walked everywhere. The car was for Dad to use when he had to go any distance.
- We never "ate out."
- We didn't buy pop or candy or go anyplace that cost money
- We had a huge garden and raised much of our food.
- We didn't throw anything away that could be used, remodeled or passed on.

## Meet Molly

One of the things our parents decided to do during the Depression years was to keep a cow. So Dad bought a black and white cow that we immediately named Molly. He kept her in a neighbor's



barn in exchange for supplying that family with milk.

Since we didn't have a pasture Molly was staked on a long rope in roadside ditches. This grazing on public land kept

all the roadsides in our area neatly "mowed." We had to buy hay for winter feed.

Molly supplied us with a brimming pailful of milk each morning and each evening. And a new little calf once a year.

Do you know how much milk a family of six can use? In addition to what we drank at meals we had butter, cheese, cottage cheese, pudding, and milk and buttermilk for baking.

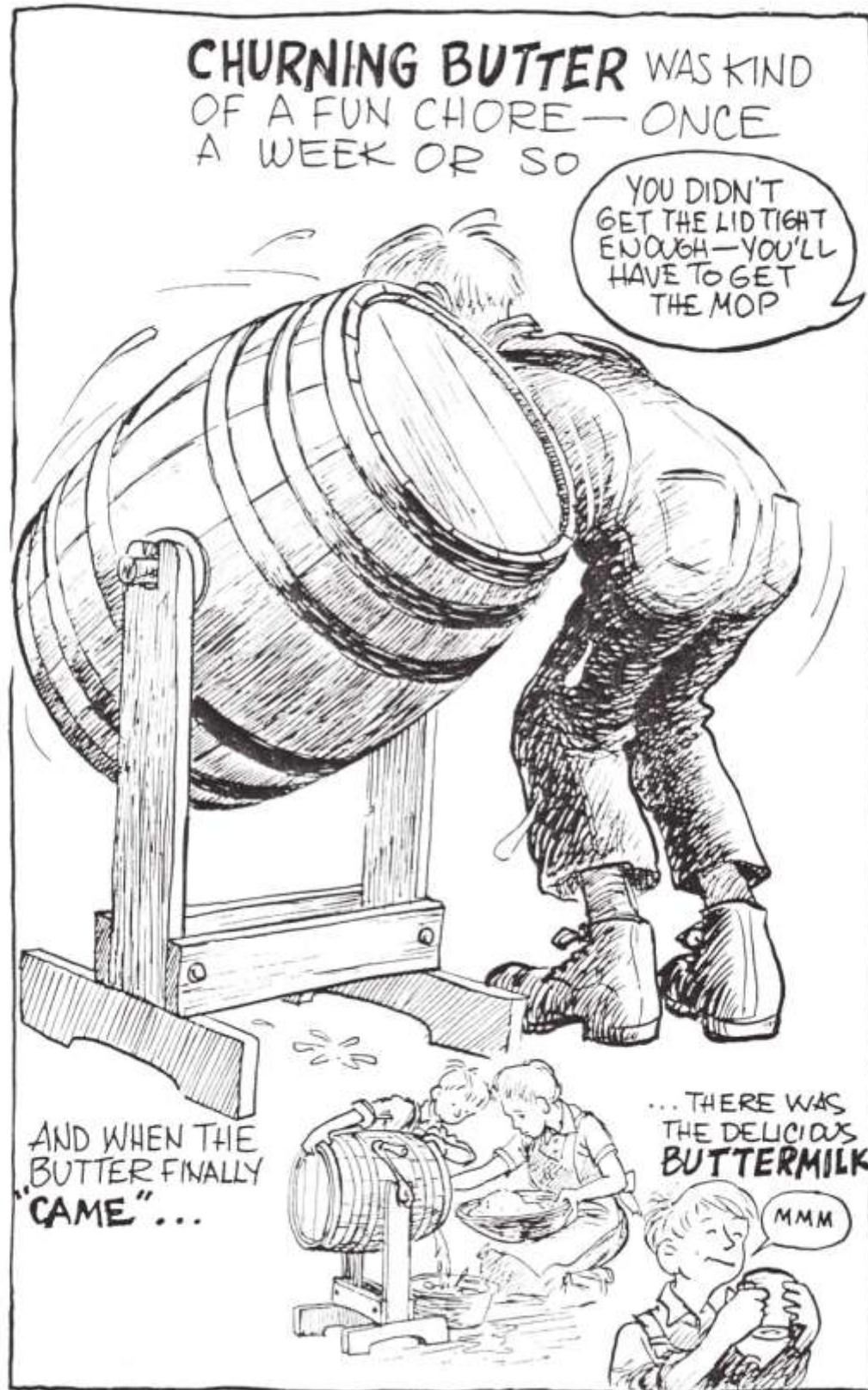
When Dad brought the milk in, Mother would strain it into large rectangular pans, cover



them and set them carefully on a table in the basement where it was cool. (We didn't have a refrigerator in those days.) After the milk had set for a few hours, the cream would have risen to the top. Mother took a ladle to skim off the cream and save it in a big crock. We drank the skimmed milk at meal times.

The cream was used to make butter. Mother churned about once a week. We had a barrel churn and we made about 8 pounds of butter at a time. When the butter "came," the buttermilk was drained off and salt worked into the butter.

***This is a barrel churn like the one we had.***



***I found the picture in Bob Artley's book.***

Homemade butter is delicious on homemade bread. Mother could usually sell some of her butter as our family didn't need all she made.

Some of us liked to drink fresh buttermilk and many people like to use it for baking.

Every time Mother churned we children had to take a syrup pailful of buttermilk to an old lady who loved to make

Buttermilk Pap

(a Dutch pudding that I think only Dutch people like!)

Some questions to ask:

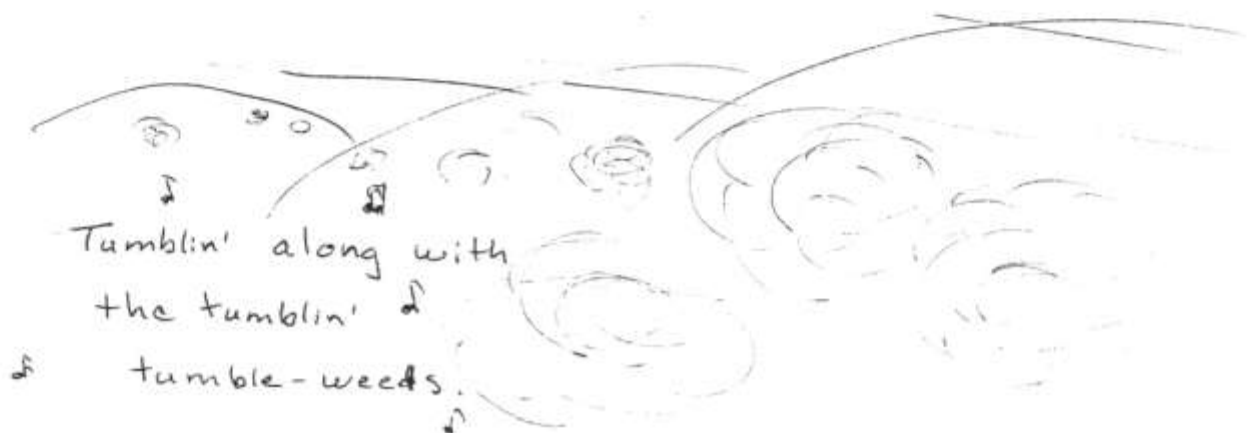
1. What is a ladle?

2. What is a crock? What else were crocks used for?
3. What is a syrup pail? A tobacco pail?
4. There are many kinds of churns. What kind have you seen?
5. Have your Grandma or Grandpa tell you about Buttermilk pap.

## Dust!

No one who lived in the Dakotas in the 1930's will ever forget the dust storms. There were several years of dry weather with no crops. It seemed as if the only thing that grew was tumbleweeds and Russian Thistles---round bushes of prickles about 3 feet across.

When the wind began to blow the dust whirled along in





huge clouds much like a winter blizzard; only, of course, much dirtier and grittier.

I remember especially one Sunday when the air was so full of dust that people couldn't get to church. We could see no farther than a half block from our house.

It was dark in mid-afternoon, but, because of the storm, we had no electricity. So Mother lit the kerosene lamp and we children huddled around the dining room table playing games.



The dust piled like snow drifts in the ditches. It was so fine it sifted in at the windows covering the sills with a gray layer of grit.

The Dakotas came to be called the "Dust Bowl." To prevent further erosion the farmers planted many strips of fast-growing trees. These were called "shelter belts." This was to stop the unhampered sweep of the wind across the land.

Today farmers know more about how to save the land,

and there has been more rain. We've never since had such severe dust storms as we had in the 1930's.


## School Days

We were living in South Dakota when I started going to school. There children entered the first grade at six years of age. We did not have kindergarten.

School for first graders was from 9:00 to 3:30. Our teacher taught both first and second grades. Her name was Miss Getzen and I simply adored her. As early as the first grade I decided to be a teacher when I grew up.

$1+1=2$     cat    boy    We lived a  
dog    run    half mile from  
 $\frac{2}{3} + \frac{1}{3} = \frac{3}{3}$      $\frac{5}{3} - \frac{3}{3} = \frac{2}{3}$     school, so I walked

to and from school when the weather was good.

I even ran home at noon for my noon meal. Mother had a little apron ready for me to slip on so I wouldn't soil my school dress. One time, in my hurry to get back to school, I forgot to take off my apron. Was I embarrassed to show up at school wearing my apron. - 

Each morning and afternoon we had a 15-minute recess. There were swings on the playground, but most of us played jacks or jump-the-rope. We had lots of



little songs we sang as we jumped rope. One was:

Cinderella, dressed in yella  
Went to town to kiss her fella.  
How many kisses did she give him?  
One, two, three .....

(Giggle, giggle, giggle!)

On rainy or cold days my Daddy took me to school. On those days Mother packed a noon lunch in a syrup pail. My lunch was a sandwich, a couple of cookies, and a piece of fruit.

I remember one very cold day when Daddy was away from home, I had to walk to school, facing the wind. When I got

to school, my cheeks were frozen. My teacher and the janitor immediately worked to thaw me out. Later we learned that it was 30 degrees below zero that morning — one of the coldest days of my entire life!

Br...