

Little Chute Historical Society 2010 Cemetery Walk

HENRY J. GLOUDEMANS

My name is Henry J Gloudemans. I was born on December 11, 1883 to John Gloudemans and Johanna (Annie) Hietpas Gloudemans. I am the grandson of Adrian and Johanna Van Rooy Gloudemans who came to Wisconsin from the Netherlands. My Grandfather lived to be 99 so the Gloudemans had good longevity genes even back then. My dad had a farm and also was one of the original founders of Little Chute Supply Company. I worked very hard on the farm growing up in Little Chute, but I always found time for fun.

On May 12, 1908, I married Harriet "Hatti" Vosters. We had 10 children, including a set of twins, but my wife and one twin died shortly after childbirth after only 16 years of marriage, leaving me with 9 surviving children, a farm to run and a business.

Later I met Elizabeth Moliter Schumacher. Elizabeth had been widowed by the death of her first husband, Joseph, and had 6 children. After a short courting, we married on November 25 1926. I was fixing up the house on route N for my new blended family when a fire destroyed the home. The barn was saved. The fire was caused by a gasoline engine which was being used to power a belt to draw water from the well. A spark caused by the friction on the hot oily belt ignited the gasoline and that spread upwards from the belt and its housing over to the house. I was in the process of installing a steam radiator system and despite the flames of the fire; I rushed into the house to rescue those precious steam radiators. Even though I was a very strong man, I burnt my hands on the hot metal, but got them out. My new wife and I rethought how to take care of our 15 children, and we decided to expand the simpler house on the farm at the corner of 41 and N. We added the indoor porch and the extension off the parlor, plus rooms above, making the attic a large dorm for the boys. We had a large tree with a swing and lots of room for children to play kick the can, around the moon, baseball, etc. Two years later, in 1928 my father John died. I bought my father's stock in Little Chute Supply Company. I became the Vice-President and the manager as well. With the farm and the supply company to run, my blended family took on many roles. My sons worked the farm and also worked at Little Chute Supply Co. When the war came, some of my sons, Pete, Rich, and Joe and stepdaughter Elizabeth, served in the military. My son Joe was killed in action. Other sons Bill, John, Tony, kept the farm running for food for our family. The barn was used to store hay and heifers were pastured there. I remember forking manure and hoisting racks of hay into the mow, we worked very hard. My sons Bill, Rich, Tony, John and I also kept Little Chute Supply running. Coal was used to heat most homes and we had built a railroad spur to get the coal brought in. The boxcars of coal, sand, wood, and other materials had to be unloaded by hand. We provided credit to a lot of wives whose husbands were serving in the military. The depression hit and people did not have any money. I saw that customers got coal to stay warm even though they could not pay for it. This meant there was little money for my own family. But since we grew potatoes, cabbage, onions, etc., had milk and meat from the cows on the farm, my family always had food, even if they had to sometimes eat onion sandwiches. I had 40 acres on my farm Today there is a windmill and a group of trees to mark the spot of the Gloudemans farmhouse. The Little Chute High School sits on the spot of my barn.

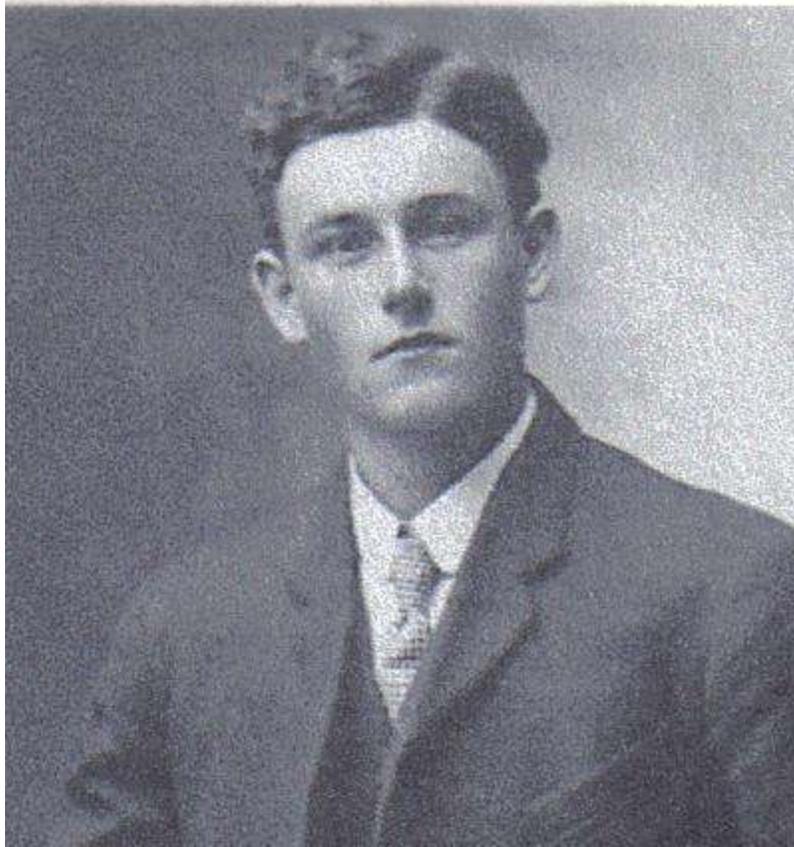
I loved people. I was extremely kind and generous. I once lent \$4000.00 to a family when their farm burned down and would not hear of taking one cent of interest when they paid it back. I loved to sit in my rocker, read the paper, smoke a cigar, & pet the cat. I would tease the grandchildren by meowing like a cat and saying "where is that cat"? I loved to have picnic lunches with homemade ice cream under the big trees. I was a diabetic, and saved my insulin bottles so the grandchildren could pretend they were bottles for their dolls. I loved to read to the grandchildren. I died August 2, 1956 at 72.

Presented by Joe Gloude-mans - Grandson of Henry











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