



Vahsholtz Cousins

March 2013

<http://www.vahsholtz-cousins.org/>

Meet Your Cousin Greg

By Ruth (Vahsholtz) Richter



An avid golfer, Greg is on the course a lot, here with daughter Brandi. Take a look at that smile, as an adult and a little kid. Is that a salesman, or what?

HOW MANY VAHSHOLTZ'S DOES IT TAKE to interview one cousin? A few weeks ago, four of us converged on Greg and Charlotte Vahsholtz at their home on the Olympic Peninsula, near Seattle. We enjoyed a weekend of fun and hilarity, including an occasional question to Greg about himself. It turns out he has lots of other things he prefers to talk about.

Bob and Marge Vahsholtz from California and Ron and I from Idaho were the guests. The photo above gave me a jolt when I realized how very much Greg reminded me of my father and two uncles, George and Leonard. I'd never noticed that before, and I've known Greg since the day he was born 50-plus years ago. I knew he'd had a successful career, but had never heard him talk much about it, until we pinned him down.

Greg says he's defined by his work, and the work ethic he inherited and passed on to his kids. Those who attended last summer's reunion will remember his son Tony and daughter Brandi. We learned that Greg has won national awards including a GE Drum-



mer's Card Award and lot's of trips. Two years running he was 10th in national sales from Boise, Idaho going against competitors from major cities like Los Angeles.

After nearly 25 years of working with GE, his division was sold. Greg was called by a former GE manager to come work for a competitor. He's now Construction Sales Manager with Wesco Distribution in Seattle. He'd worked for 20 years in outside sales and five years as branch manager with GE in Boise, Idaho and Las Vegas, Nevada, but the branch manager position did not fit his style.

Greg's a *salesman*! It's in the genes, folks. Both his father Dick and grandfather Fred were salesmen at heart and in practice!

As a salesman, Greg can't stand the "used car salesman" image. It's service work. His integrity was challenged at one point, leading to an internal fight that Greg took on ... and won. Don't mess with a Vahsholtz' integrity!

Greg's a real family man. Tony and Brandi each have three kids. Greg and

(Continued on page 2)

Meet Your Cousins Amanda ... and Berb

By Amanda Fahsholtz

We like to feature both well known and very distant cousins in this newsletter. Amanda turned up because she found our name when doing family research on a website Marge had contacted nearly 20 years ago. It turns out she lives in the Seattle area, and as I write this, she's actually meeting her cousin, today, for a drink after work. The cousin she's meeting? Greg Vahsholtz



Amanda and boyfriend Vince. Aha! HE starts his name with a "V"

MY NAME IS AMANDA Kathleen Fahsholtz. I was born August 9, 1981, a Sunday when Major League Baseball resumed play after a 59-day strike that led to the cancellation of 713 games. Which totally feels fitting; I have always had a knack for mediation and I avoid conflict like a shot in the rear.

My mother, Kristin Teresa Fahsholtz had me at the young age of 17. Her parents, John "Berber, or Berb" McCall Fahsholtz and Carol Ann (Kirsch) Fahsholtz raised me like I was one of their own children and to this day I consider them my parents.

I have very fond memories as a young girl, spending a lot of time with my Berber as he worked in the backyard at the Old White House as we now call it (the house I spent my childhood in up until we moved in 1989 to the

(Continued on page 4)



A descendant of Franz Leonard, Greg has that look!

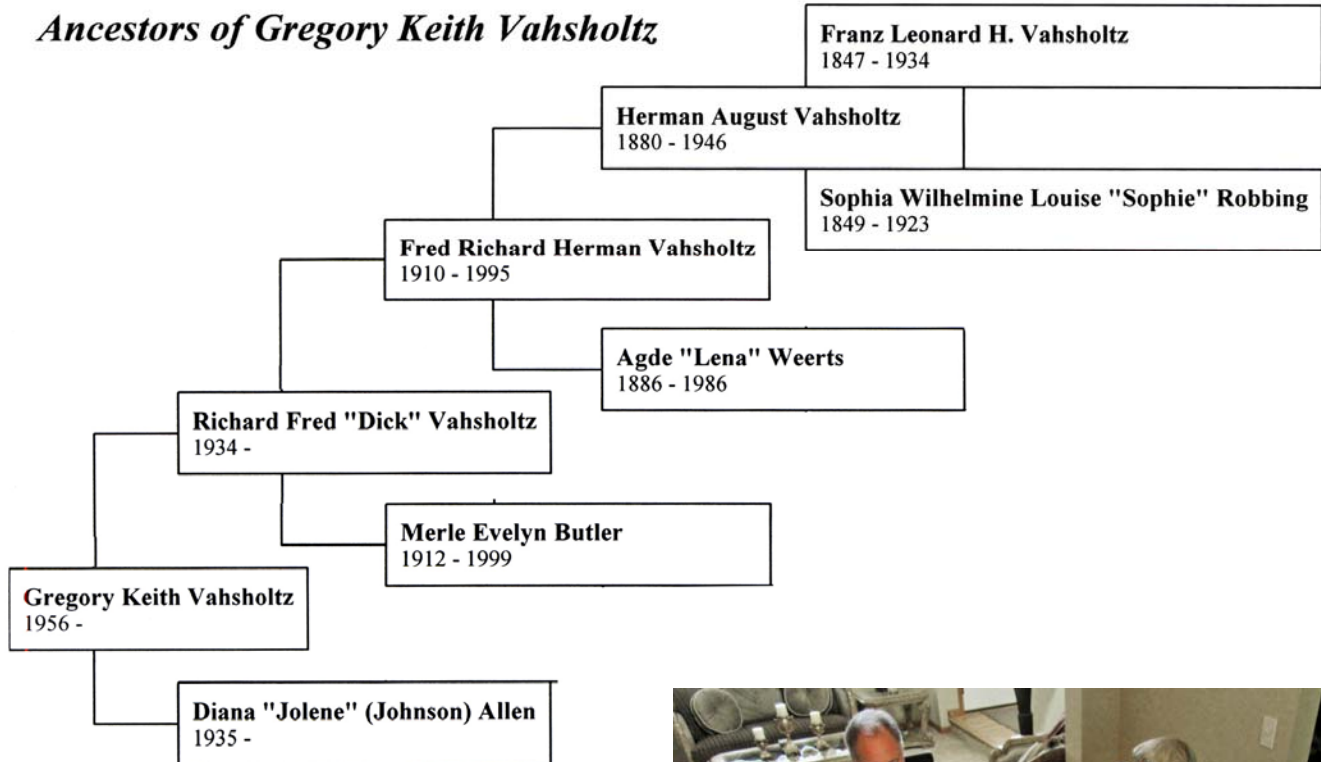
Charlotte are called "Papa" and "Lotti" to define them from their other grandparents. Seeing them with the grandkids is to watch a family full of love. Son Tony has that salesman gene and has received a variety of awards in his field of banking. Brandi is outstanding in her work as well. Greg lives a long distance from both families, (Tony in Boise and Brandi in Las Vegas), but he and Charlotte remain a big part of their lives.

Greg's lifetime passion has been sports, starting with lots of baseball when he was still in school, and now he's an avid golfer. In 1992 Greg took Tony, Josh and Jerrad (other family members) driving to 16 baseball parks across the nation and Canada, a two and a half week trip and a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, especially for the kids.

Greg and Charlotte do a lot of traveling, mainly time-share related, that have taken them to a variety of spots mostly in the U.S. and Mexico. Greg has had a longtime

(Continued on page 3)

Ancestors of Gregory Keith Vahsholtz



Greg comes from a long line of game players (though his is the first generation to take up golf). At right, the "interviewers" take time out to have a game of Mexican Train, at the dining table. Greg is in the process of losing. Left to right, Ruth Richter, Greg, Marge Vahsholtz and Greg's wife, Charlotte.

We had plenty to eat at that same table, another Vahsholtz tradition that does not seem confined to this branch.



dream to visit every state in the nation; Charlotte, not so much. Driving, Greg's favorite mode, is difficult for her. A lot of their travel over the years has been business-related flights.

Greg has endured sleep apnea for many years, has had several surgeries to try to correct the problem, and still receives treatment. Not a pleasant thing for him, and no fun for Charlotte, either!

With visible emotion, Greg confessed, "I wish I was closer to my fam-

ily, both in miles and in relationships." He was speaking of his immediate family, parents, brother and sisters. "I've always tried, but wish I'd tried harder."

Greg came to the family reunion last summer in Colorado Springs, his first ever. Tony and Brandi joined him there, as well as his brother, Randy, and one sister, Janine Korsen. None of them realized that decision would develop into a passionate interest and willingness to be active participants in future reunions. Drafted to become master of ceremonies at future reunions, Greg

says, "I would encourage others to come. I'd never cared much about the extended family prior to that reunion, but found I really enjoyed being involved. Considering the fun and enjoyment every time we've gotten together, immediate family or extended family, it's amazing that we all don't do it more often."

Greg is determined in the future years to "keep the family flame alive" as was preached long and hard by his Grandma, Merle Vahsholtz. ■

Posterior Genealogy

By Marge Vahsholtz



BOB ALWAYS READS THE COMICS. Not me, but he often calls my attention to *Pickles*, a strip that strikes close to home. When he showed me this one that appeared as we were editing this issue, we agreed it would be great for this story. To gain reprint permission Bob promised Brian Crane, creator of *Pickles*, that I'd faithfully follow the life of Earl and Opal Pickles from here forward. An easy promise to keep.

Maybe not all "posteriors" are alike, but I'll bet young Nelson will feel differently some day, long after that X-box is consigned to a garage sale.

People ask me, "How did you get started in genealogy?" It must be in my genes because I remember collecting obituaries when I was not much older than Nelson. Strange hobby? Well, there were no X-boxes around when I was a kid! Still, my future (and current!) husband Bob thought the hobby a little strange. But he hung in there and now he's walking thru cemeteries with me, looking for old, almost forgotten, relatives.

In Spring Valley, Kansas, the farm community where I grew up, everyone knew everybody else. When someone died I kept their newspaper obituary,

and if I attended the funeral, I saved that obituary, too. It seemed a way to remember them. What are shoe boxes for after the shoes are on your feet?

After we were married and moved away, the obituaries kept coming and being saved because my mom saved and sent them. When my mom and grandmother died, I found many more older obits to add to my collection.

When Mom died in 1985, I promised my brother and sister that I'd do something with the suitcase full of photos she left behind. Most were identified on the back and I knew the names of many others. BUT ... how were our descendants going to figure out how to place Aunt Mildred or Cousin Emily's pictures into the family scheme of things?

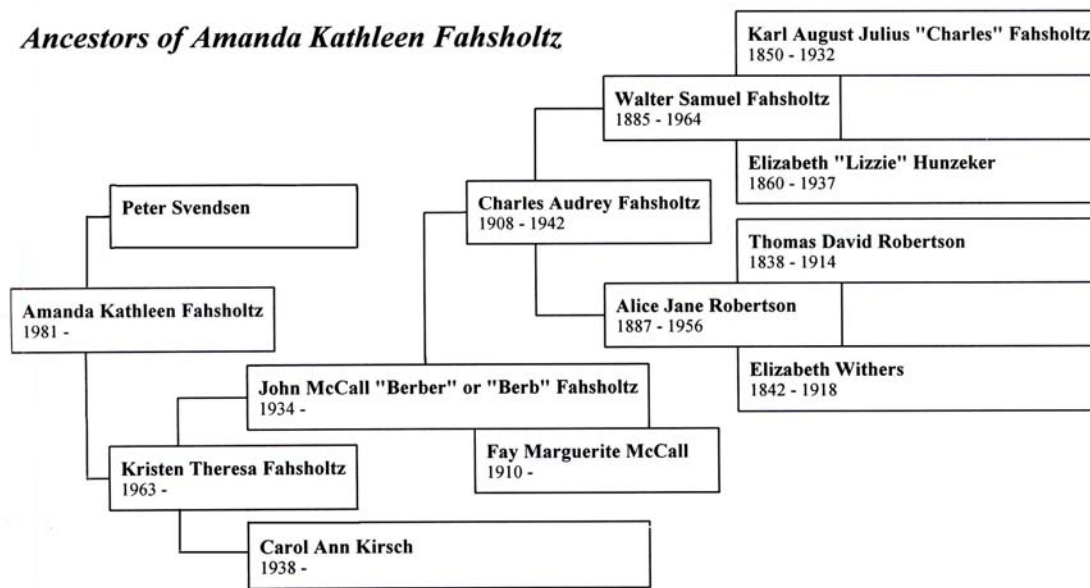
We were living in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada at the time and the winter weekends were long. I'd stretch out the big oak dining table and start sorting photos. Finding no reasonable way to sort them, I started drawing boxes to connect who was who. Then I found a book where Mom had written the names of her and my dad's ancestors going back to their grandparents—dates and everything. Hmmm.

The next summer we drove thru Kansas on our way to our Canadian cottage when I discovered that Bob's parents had a book (Melvina's!) with lots of the Vahsholtz names. More boxes to draw!

That was a rainy summer so I set up a little table in front of the windows that looked out over the lake. Noted for frugality, I used scrap paper, taping sheets together and measuring out little boxes in which I wrote the names and what I knew about each of the Vahsholtz family and mine.

Driving home to California we stopped in Idaho at Greg Vahsholtz' and learned Charlotte's dad had died. Among his things, they found an unopened box containing some genealogical software. I was (still am!) computer illiterate, but Bob talked me into giving it a try, and that was the start of my computer genealogy-life.

One thing led to another. Before long we were planning trips to areas where ancestors had arrived and lived. I can't tell you how much fun we have had finding new cousins, and how many have turned into great friends. ■

Ancestors of Amanda Kathleen Fahsholtz

house my grandparents currently live in). As anyone who knows my Grandfather will tell you, he is deaf – not in the literal sense but darn near. I was around three years old when I first called him Berber. The story goes, I was out in the backyard with him and I called out, “Berber!” He responded and till this day it has stuck; everyone in the family knows him as Berb. As I think on it today, I wonder if I wasn’t trying to tell him I was cold, “BRRR!!”

I’ve not met many people like Berb. He is a force to be reckoned with, standing 6’5” (maybe a little shorter now that he is nearing 80 years), strong hands, broad chest – he is a natural athlete though he never participated in sports because he says he blossomed late in life. He enlisted in the Army, which along with farm life, is what I imagine instilled his strict disciplined background. He became a Civil Engineer with a degree from Oregon State University, which he always says was a miracle because he was practically illiterate coming out of high school. He spent the majority of his career working for the US Forest Service in Naches, Washington. He is a Master Gardner, a reader of history and politics (hard core right wing Republican) and a lover of music; constantly singing around the house in this very unique nasally trumpeting kind of song that always struck me as being a cross between Willie Nel-

son and Bing Crosby.

He lives to be in the outdoors, spending as much time as he can at “The Ranch.” Ninety acres of isolated ranch land with a primitive cabin he built just outside of Curlew, Washington; an unincorporated community located in Northwestern Washington right near the border of Canada. Berb loves The Ranch – it is darn near all he talks about anymore. It was one of his dreams in life to have a piece of land that he could build on, tend to and develop as he saw fit. In the years Berb has owned The Ranch he has helped in reforestation; planting thousands of trees by himself and with the help of the family. Clean water initiatives including installation of an aquifer well for use by the permanent residents who live near that have never had a clean water source. He has built a non-obstructive fence around the meadow lands to keep the roaming cattle out of the water well and from polluting the field and of course his “beautiful” little cabin that he built from reclaimed items he found at the Yakima City dump, with flushing toilet and all. He is limited in his artistic abilities but his creativity knows no bounds – Berb is a renaissance man in some aspects, but a caveman in others.

In his old age, he has become quite the character, not caring much about what anyone thinks of him and therefore pretty much saying whatever he

thinks. He has retreated to a life he once knew growing up – a life that he is comfortable with and that comes easy to him – aka rural Oregon in the 1940’s.

He calls himself a peasant, which always cracks me up as I look around at the beautiful house he and my grandma live in with their flat screen TV, fancy car and a Rolex on his wrist. But if you knew “Johnny Mac” growing up in the Willamette Valley of Oregon, you would have a better understanding of the man he has become.

Berb’s father, Great Grandpa Charles Audrey Fahsholtz, died young at 34, the result of a car accident in Opportunity Heights, Oklahoma. He was struck while pulling out of a filling station. After her husband’s death, my Great Grandma Faye Marguerite (McCall) Fahsholtz moved herself and her children up north to Oregon to live with the McCall family. I don’t know much about their childhood, but Berb always speaks fondly about life on the farm with his brother Charles Albert “Sonny” and sister Sina Jane “Sally” in the small town of Sublimity right outside of Stayton.

Berb grew up with a close connection to the McCall side of the family.

I grew up with a close connection to my Grandma Carol’s side of the family.

Berb is the Fahsholtz in our family – If all you Fahsholtz’ are like my Berb, then God help Us! Haha!!! ■

Dick Friedrich married Hulda Vahsholtz and they sojourned, with several others of the Vahsholtz family, to the Olpe area in Lyon County, Kansas. The farm Dick bought, the furthest south of them all, was across the line in Greenwood county, and cut in two by the Verdigris River. The house was poor and when the river flooded, they could not get to church, or much of anywhere else. So Dick, a great craftsman, built a new family home on the north side of the river (see map on page 118A, The Road from Zwillipp). All the Friedrich's loved that house including the youngest, Velma. From memory, she painted the picture of it on page 74 of the Zwillipp book.

When she was young, the family moved to Clay Center, Kansas and rented the farm to one of the boys. In 1940, my dad, Fred, bought the place when I was starting school. Of all the places we lived, the old Verdigris farm is the one I always called "home." We took our daughter Kim down to see the farm—what's left of it—a year ago. She took pictures and at Christmas made me a gift based on that farm.

I opened the package and started to read. I broke down and couldn't finish. Marge had to take over. It still brings tears to my eyes.

Most of us share the heritage of a Kansas farm house of this type, and I think you'll enjoy Kim's story:



On the Winds of Time

In Memory of the Home by the Verdigris River.

*Kim (Vahsholtz) Wallace
December, 2012*

An empty house stands on a windswept prairie; barren and abandoned.
In springtime, forgotten daffodils still glow yellow and the apple trees untiringly blossom.
Much of the yard has come up to the house; a sprinkle of trees grow against the windows and walls.
Broken fences show where fields were once plowed, but now gone to cedar woods, creeping inward.
Desolate now, it once stood proud with its walls done in paper, and wood freshly painted.
A garden struggling up from the soil, out back of the kitchen, with flowers scattered about the yard.
The fields are freshly planted, awaiting its seeds to spring up in the fresh warmth of the day.
A family now stands around looking proud at their accomplishments and hard work just completed.



Children scurry, chasing each other, quivering like excited puppies on their first day out.
Their new bedrooms wait for their presence, upstairs. Downstairs is mama's new parlor.
And a kitchen, with the pump inside means no more drudging buckets in on washing day.
Big windows, plentiful to let in the sun, with a stout roof meant to keep out weather,
gone foul.

The first night alone, children snug in old beds, but hear the new house creaking and moaning.

Listening to sounds of animals snug in their barn but other animal sounds not quite so familiar.

The Kansas winds must now sweep around these corners, newly built,
where once they blew strong, straight and free. Nothing then could slow it down.

Oh, to see the hung wash, marching in its line, slapping on winds of time blowing.
Now hear the birdsong from the trees by the river, joyfully cheering on the chores of the day.
Watch over the garden, wary of weeds, rows planted to yield plenty for forthcoming dinners.
See out over the yard, there, where boys and men ready for their full workday in the fields.

The younger in age get in all kinds of mischief, the many new ways here, too compelling.
Scampering up and down over dirt and earth, still raw from their house, recently built.
Finding new places where as Indians they can hide, to come charging, a' shooting their arrows,
While pursued by a cavalry with dogs, the army is victorious, having over-run the enemy once again.

(Continued on page 6)

A house full of neighbors when harvest-time comes, descending down like a fast moving storm.
The kitchen full of women so busy cranking out tantalizing smells from the wonders of their cooking.
Setting tables on trestles, spread under the few trees by the river, and lemonade made by the gallons.
Ready for the men and boys, hungrily coming in from the fields, to eat; soon harvest calls to them again.

With no family abiding, keeping up essential fixing and repairs, the house stands abandoned,
While the rain, the freezing hail blowing down on its roof, furthers the house's decline.
It breaks out the windows, swells up the doors, leaving the walls weeping wallpaper and paint.
The laughter is gone. Silent sits the home now open only to sounds of the prairie.



Another storm blows through rearranging the rooms, from the plans of usefulness, now gone.
Upstairs the bedroom now slopes down into the kitchen below, making the stairs obsolete.
The staircase survives but leads to nowhere upstairs. Only a bird perch is left as its job.
Large holes in the roof let the weather in gladly but also critters slowly creep in.

The parents passed on, their children have scattered away, gone from this house, once their home.
The homestead no longer needed or wanted. It's grown too old; the new of then is now out of date.
The fields are forgotten, no more wheat with the wind blowing it, like waves in the ocean,
Just weeds aplenty give food for the creatures comfortably inhabiting, where once a family lived.

This has become their new home, sheltering them as it once protected its first family.
New nooks and crooks are fashioned within, the old ways matter nothing to them.
Fallen in rooms and holes in the walls are better for the homes they envision.
Mice are now keepers of the walls in the kitchen, and that pump means nothing to them.
Only curious people stop to peek in the broken out windows and doors now hanging askew.
They try to imagine how this house was once proud to the family abiding within.
"Living life in such a primitive house!" we exclaim, but then once it was a delight, in its glory.
The remaining shell still hints of loving details no longer made, due to the rush of our time.



This house cries for its beauty, now lost forever and forgotten by those who once knew it well.

Time marches on and as each season passes, the house grows wearier all the while until it no longer can stand, on what's left from long ago. It collapses; it falls to the ground.

Now it is gone, covered with earth blown over it, on the winds of time. ■



Left, a sketch of the old house as I remember it, and right, the river is unchanged.

Bob



Dear, Dear Cousins,

I would like to take a moment to try and express how much Les and I both appreciated the outpouring of birthday cards you sent to him last December celebrating his 70th birthday. It was a thrill to go to the mailbox each day and see 4-5 cards coming from our Vahsholtz cousins who live all across the country. I read each and every card to Les. As the end drew near and the cards continued to come, I would read those cards to Les, knowing he heard my words and he felt your good wishes.

He so enjoyed the Vahsholtz reunions, and getting to know each and every person that either came to the reunion or that he talked with on the phone about the reunions. He also enjoyed receiving and sending e-mails anywhere and everywhere there was a Vahsholtz relative. He was always thrilled to find a new cousin on Facebook and I wish I had a way to tell you how many cousin "friends" he had, including the ones from Germany.

From the bottom of my heart, thank you for giving my dear sweet Les such wonderful memories of a family who loved him and appreciated everything he did to keep the Vahsholtz family lineage intact.

Your cousin, Carole



This picture of brother Les and I was taken with our spouses, Jim and Carole, on Thanksgiving Day, November 22, 2012, at a family celebration hosted by Jenny and Dan Werner. They'd been married the night before. Les, in his wheelchair, escorted his daughter Jenny down the aisle. Les graduated to heaven on December 8th. Geri Tate

Letters:

Marge and Bob,

How wonderful to read the article that my great-nephew Alex wrote. I feel that Ray and Ruth, Alex's great-grandparents are strutting around heaven right now, after reading the newsletter. I'm so pleased that Sharon and Lloyd have taken Alex to the reunions, and the sense of family pride they all have. I've made a commitment that "the good Lord willing and the creek don't rise," (and the fires don't happen again!) I'll be at the 2014 Reunion!

Barbara Patterson

Barb's an Illinois bookkeeper, and sister-in-law of Ruth Walters, who did so much Wisconsin Vahsholtz genealogy.

Marge & Bob,

I wondered about that fire all the time. Hope the next reunion is there again. Reading the newsletter made me wish I'd gone, even by myself. Oh well, perhaps there'll be another time.

Norma Johnson

Marge & Bob

I enjoyed your newsletter very much. Wish I were younger with more energy and lived closer. It's rewarding to keep up with family, even if I don't personally know any of them. Thanks so much for the time you spent putting this together. It's greatly appreciated.

Luci Christensen

Luci and Norma are sisters, descendants of Hattie (Vahsholtz) Schroeder.

Bob and Marge,

I still remember the puzzle on the waiter's face when he looked at our almost identical credit cards. Of course y'all have some extra letters in your name. Usually I tell people we were so poor growing up that we couldn't afford them. There aren't very many Bob Vasholz' around, (or however one spells it.)

Bob Vasholz

Bob's one of those Nebraskans from the "Clown Band" branch. A certified pastor and academic theologian, he also has the knack of being a fun guy. We met he and wife Julia in St. Louis one day and had lunch together.



That's Lloyd Vahsholtz celebrating his 95th birthday. He and his wife Ella were instrumental in digging up Vahsholtz history, and hosting reunions. They lived their lives in Vancouver, Washington, and Lloyd is going strong.

Marge & Bob

Thank you for the wonderful and "newsy" newsletter again. I'm glad you all stayed safe through the fire!

Trina D'Amico

Trina's dad was Duane Vahsholtz and Lloyd, above, was Duane's uncle.

(Continued on page 8)

Marge & Bob

Great Job on the newsletter—as always. Sure am sad we missed the reunion. Real life gets in the way sometimes. Sounds like it was quite exciting

Peggy Scott

Peggy 's from Missouri and used to be editor of this newsletter. She's a pro who got us off to a great start.

Marge & Bob

I just finished reading and printing out the November newsletter. It is great! Thanks so much for doing it. It has some really good articles and I enjoyed reading what happened over the weekend, and also the pictures! Geri did a good job writing about what happened.

I would love to see Colorado again—its been a lot of years—probably since 1970.

I also enjoyed the article Bob wrote about Lester, and I second all the things he said.

Anyway, I just wanted to say thanks for all the time you spend doing the newsletter and all the other things you and Bob have done in regard to all the reunions.

Arlene Rathke Young

Arlene is the daughter of Irma Vahsholtz Rathke. ■

Where are the Robbings?

By Marge Vahsholtz

FRANZ LEONARD'S WIFE was Sophie Robbing. We have tried for many years to find any living Robbing descendants, especially in the Kansas/Nebraska area where we last knew they lived.

In her 1977 family book, *Martin Vahsholtz 1675-1977 - over 300 Years of Genealogy*, Melvina Hitzeman told a bit about them. When reading Hulda's journal (see below), I learned that Sophie's parents also came to the USA in 1868. New information! On goes the

detective hat. I found the ship they came over on and the names of the children with them.

Sophie came on her own in 1866, and it appears her brothers William and Henry, probably a year or so earlier.

Melvina called one of the kids Christopher August Robbing (1852—1929). Ship and census records indicate this person is actually two men, one named Christoph (age 16) and one named August (age 14; both according to ship records). They seem alike in that they both married the same woman (Lena Korber). First Christoph married Lena and when he died a few years after their marriage, August married her. Between the two marriages she was the mother of many children.

What became of them? If anyone knows anything about the Robbing Family, please contact me. Just one little thing can sometimes make a big difference. No tidbit is too little. HELP!

Contact mvahsholtz@gmail.com

MEMORIES—Growing up in Kansas—1880s is Hulda Vahsholtz Friedrich's journal, written in 1937, at age

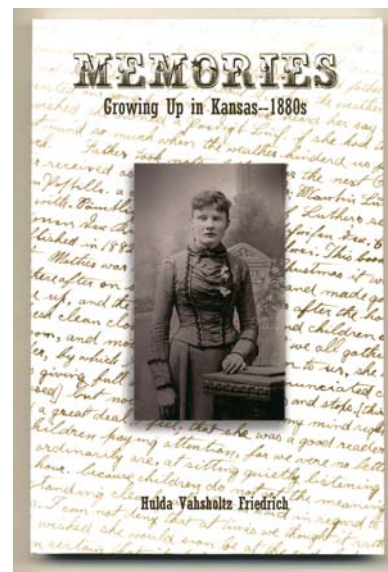
63. We've had it printed, 198 pages, with lots of illustrations, some of them by Hulda herself.

They're \$13 each, plus \$5 shipping, and we'll allow that shipping budget to cover as many copies as you want. Send your check to:

Bob Vahsholtz
866 Pine View Drive
Arroyo Grande, CA 93420 ■



That's the Robbing research so far. Lots of paper; not much information.



FARM AUCTION

Sat. November 10th • 9:00 am
at 235 S. 2300 Rd. White City Kansas.

From Junction City go 8 miles south to the Skiddy/Rock Springs Ranch Rd. then proceed on blacktop east and south 5.7 miles through Skiddy to B Ave. the 1 mile east and 1/2 south or 1 mile west and 3&1/2 north of White City KS

FARM MACHINERY: JD 4440 tractor; 1968 JD 3020 diesel; JD 3010 gas WF; JD 46A loader; Belarus 925 diesel tractor; WestendorfTA26 loader currently on Belarus; NH 2450 SP diesel hydro swather; Case 3900 22&1/2ft. disk; JD 712 9 shank consertill; Deutch-Allis 25ft. field cultivator; 30ft. Crustbuster cult.; IH 550 5X16 plow; JD 8350 grain drill; IH 56 4R planter; Bushhog 7ft 3pt. rotary mower; Schaben 3pt, sprayer, like new; Kuker pull type sprayer; IH 175 pto manure spreader; NH Stackliner 1033 bale wagon; Big Ox 9ft. blade; IH 120 3pt. sickle mower; 3 drag harrows; Hutch 6X32 auger w/hopper; Windpower pto generator on trailer; Danheuser posthole digger w/accessories; old machinery; scrap iron;

TRUCKS & TRAILERS: 1969 Ford 600 farm truck; 1995 Ford 150XLT ext. cab 4WD PU; 1975 Ford 1 ton dually w/flatbed; Circle C 6X16 stock trailer; Kelly Ryan 5X10 silage wagon, VG; Grain-O-Vator silage wagon; 20ft hay rack w/5010 gear; other running gears & old stock trlr.

LIVESTOCK EQUIP.: many feeders of all kinds, some are Hay Savers; Pearson squeeze chute; lots of other cattle equip. fencing, tanks, milkhouse equip. etc.;

TOOLS, PARTS & MISC.: lots of tractor weights; air compressor; Stihl chain saw; 1/2 sack cement mixer; tarps; fuel tanks; ladders; lumber & tin, misc. shop tools & lots more

ANTIQUES & PRIMITIVES: windmill head & fan; tooled saddle & tack; JD 20 pedal tractor; cream cans; toys & various old & dusty items.

NOTE: The Vahsholtz are in their 90s and have farmed all their life. The machinery has been shedded and well cared for. Loader tractor available until Nov.11th. Google kretzauctions.com or go to kansas.auctions.net for large detailed listing, many pictures, sale order and map.

TERMS: Cash or good check day of sale. Not responsible for accidents.

Norwood and Naola Vahsholtz, sellers

For information call Max at (620)770-2707

Auction conducted by: **Kretz, Hauserman, Bloom Auction Service**

Greg:(785)630-0701 Gail:(785)447-0686 Chad(785)632-0846

Where have all the Farmers Gone?

REMEMBER WHEN FARM SALES were a major neighborhood event, with the church ladies furnishing pie and the kids playing tag down the rows of stuff lined up for sale? In recent years there have been so many sales, the fun is pretty much gone. Buyers are scarce too. The old family farms are fading away. Maybe Norwood and Naola's sale marks the beginning of the end of that tradition? Maybe farm sales will

turn into oversize garage sales? It's a sad but perhaps necessary tradition. Few young people want that sunrise to sunset hard work any more, even with air conditioned cabs on tractors and combines.

The following is from a recent obituary for Norwood's sister, Velora Vahsholtz Drosselmeyer, who many of you may remember (she hosted the 1996 reunion). She and her late husband Bob had one son, Ron.

Bob worked for Boeing but was a farmer at heart, so he became a "suitcase farmer," commuting to the

farm. Later they moved to Colorado to run a family farm, but young Ron did not have his dad's hankering for the land.

Velora once said, "... when Ron was a small boy, he'd put his head down on the tractor wheel and say, 'I just can't do this anymore.'" Velora would respond, "Come on Ronnie, just one more round." Ron would say, "Well, just *one* more round, Mom." And Velora would say, "Just one more round."

Ah, the life of a farmer. Ron stuck with it anyway, and he's still on the land when he's not flying his crop duster. Just one more round, Ron. ■



Vahsholtz genes are hardy. These photos were taken by Betsy Peterson at Velma Vahsholtz Peterson's 100th birthday celebration last summer. At left she is surrounded by her great grandchildren. Left to right top: Jack Peterson, Kylie Jones, bottom; Emma Peterson, Velma and Dawson Jones. This was taken on the deck of Velma's mountain home, near Sequoia National Park in California. At right, the birthday girl with her cake, made by Betsy Peterson. Hang in there Velma, you're an inspiration to us all! ■

HELP WANTED: Tim Vahsholtz. is trying to get the website updated and is considering replacing it with a simpler and free version of Wordpress. Does anyone out there have a bit of computer skill and could pitch in and help? Contact tvahsholtz@gmail.com

Vahsholtz Cousins is published twice yearly, spring and fall. Copies go out to some 260 Vahsholtz families. It is supported entirely by donations. Those who supply email addresses get full color copies attached to an email, as a PDF file, which they can read or print as they wish. Those having no email address get a black and white edition mailed to their last known address. "Snail mail" is the biggest cost item of the whole Vahsholtz publication enterprise, because of the costs of printing and stamps.

You can help three ways. First, give us an email address if possible. Email newsletters cost nothing to produce and send (the labor is all volunteer).

Second, let us know of any address changes, email or post office. This is an on-the-go tribe and keeping track is a constant challenge. (And don't hesitate to add new-found relatives who'd appreciate a copy!) Contact the editors:

Bob & Marge Vahsholtz, 866 Pine View Drive, Arroyo Grande, California 93420 mvahsholtz@gmail.com or kingmidgetswest@yahoo.com

Third, send a donation to our treasurer. We're not begging at the moment, because of the incredible generosity of the cousins at the 2012 reunion, but expenses do go on. The treasurer is:

Tony Vahsholtz, 1920 Honey Dew Drive, Nampa, Idaho 83651 avahsholtz@gmail.com

PS: Hey guys, you think you've got trouble? How'd you like to live on Honey Dew Drive? ■