



Vahsholtz Cousins

November, 2014

vahsholtz.com

2014 Vahsholtz Cousins Reunion

By Geri Tate and Janine Korsen

The 2014 Reunion was again held in Colorado Springs, Colorado on the weekend of July 18-20 at the Academy Hotel. A delicious hot breakfast was enjoyed every morning by all staying at the hotel. Host Mary Dillon brought homemade cookies that made visiting and getting acquainted evenings by the fireplace a special treat.



Five younger girls enjoyed a shopping trip to Manitou Springs, Colorado on Friday afternoon, while most of the crowd devoted the time to greeting arrivals, renewing acquaintances and making new ones.

On Saturday morning, we had a short business meeting led by our new

reunion coordinator Greg Vahsholtz. After a welcome to everyone, he congratulated Clint Vahsholtz, who again took 1st place in his class and son, Codie Vahsholtz who took 2nd place in his class in the Pikes Peak Hill Climb. Greg asked everyone to introduce themselves, naming their ancestor and where they live. He asked families to have family group pictures be taken before leaving the reunion.

Marge read names of seven well-known Family Members who died since the 2012 Reunion (see below).

She asked everyone to notify her of family deaths and to please send an obituary for the family genealogical records. Roger Vahsholtz noted the recent death of his brother, Walt Vahsholtz, on April 1, 2014. He was 62 years of age.

Jenny (Vahsholtz) Werner reported on the Vahsholtz.com website for her

brother, Tim Vahsholtz. Greg Vahsholtz spoke about privacy issues on the website, and Bob Vahsholtz added that the book *The Road from Zwillipp*, as available on the website, has never contained personal information about living Vahsholtz relatives. Marge Vahsholtz asked any relative wanting specific family genealogical data to email her and she'd send charts and the like.

Carole Vahsholtz nominated, and the group approved, Geri Tate as the Vahsholtz Reunion Historian, noting she has family photo albums available to view. Bob Vahsholtz mentioned that Geri also writes for the Vahsholtz newsletter.

Janine (Vahsholtz) Korsen, speaking for Treasurer Tony Vahsholtz, noted we had \$921.22 on deposit as of 12/31/13, with expenses year to date of just \$39.10 leaving a cash balance of \$882.12 at 6/30/14. Donations were



| | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|-----------|
| Velma Friedrich Peterson | September 22, 2013 | 101 years |
| Hattie Vahsholtz Rathke | April 30, 2014 | 98 years |
| Lloyd Vahsholtz | March 8, 2014 | 96 years |
| Velora Vahsholtz-Drosselmeyer | January 6, 2013 | 94 years |
| Helen (Hartman) Callam | February 10, 2014 | 93 years |
| Milton Vahsholtz | October 14, 2012 | 87 years |
| Les Vahsholtz | December 8, 2012 | 70 years |

received at this reunion in the amount of \$130.00.

Greg asked where's the 2016 Reunion to be? Any volunteers to host? What time of the year is the reunion? Ron and Ruth Richter gave a presentation suggesting the Lutheran Camp Perkins in Idaho, pending further investigation. It was voted to accept the Richter's suggestion. Also it was agreed July remains the best month for the reunion.



On Saturday evening we saw Sharon (Walters) Powless as Mona Lisa at the Melodrama dinner and show.

The reunion ended on Sunday morning with a Worship service led by Ron Richter. His message was based on 1 John 1:5-16, "Our Blood Inheritance." Bible readings were read by Dan Werner and singing was led by Jenny Werner.

The reunion was well attended, numbering 72 relatives and families including descendants of:

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Henry Vahsholtz; 1879-1946 ----- | 19 |
| Herman Vahsholtz; 1880-1946 ----- | 19 |
| Karl August Julius "Charles" Fahsholtz; 1850-1923 ----- | 14 |
| Franz "Hermann" Albert Fahsholtz; 1856-1942 ----- | 9 |
| Friedrich August "Herman" Vahsholtz; 1844-1935 ----- | 7 |
| Friedrich Wilhelm Albert Vahsholtz; 1848-1926 ----- | 2 |
| Heinrich "August" Vahsholtz; 1841-1924 | 2 |

We had families attending from California, Wisconsin, Missouri, Idaho and Washington, as well as many from Kansas and Colorado. ■

Watch www.vahsholtz.com Lots of reunion photos will be posted soon!

Round and Round We Go

by Marge Vahsholtz

Bob and I attend Saint Johns Lutheran here in Arroyo Grande, California, "The Little Church with the Big Heart." Nobody's heart is bigger than Shari's—a musician who can do approximately anything, and does.

More than two years ago, Shari told me about a conversation with her cousin visiting from Texas who mentioned that their aunt had a first husband whose name was Vasholz. Shari said, "We have members with that last name!" She told me. I consulted the Vahsholtz Family Tree and found the aunt's name, Herberta Ruth Wright, and that her husband, Alfred Herbert Vasholz, had died in 1944. And that's all we knew. Just a minor coincidence starting when Shari stopped by "our" pew.

At the 2012 Reunion in Colorado Springs, we met Cheryl (Vasholz) Polkinghorn. She and husband Royce live near Divide, Colorado. They came to the reunion because Cheryl heard the name "Vahsholtz" mentioned at a neighborhood store and thus met Stan Vahsholtz. Though they spelled their last names differently, they must be related so Stan suggested Sheryl and Royce come to the upcoming Reunion.

Bob and I met them there and exchanged email addresses just prior to the drive up Pikes Peak. Well, we all know what happened then. The FIRE. Cheryl and Royce had to scurry home in case their house was in the fire's path (it was safe). We didn't get to chat any more at that reunion, but exchanged emails and family information. Cheryl caught the genealogical bug.

At the 2014 Reunion Cheryl (below) gave me lots of data she'd gotten from her relatives in Omaha and elsewhere. Included was the information that Al-



fred Herbert Vasholz, known as "Big Al", had been killed in WWII; 1944 in Italy. www.findagrave.com listed Al's obituary and burial information. In the obit an unnamed son was mentioned as a survivor. "Big Al" saw his son only once, at age six months, before being shipped off to war.

Meanwhile, Shari's cousin got in touch with me. She had kept in contact with some of her half-cousins and had the current address of "Little Al," whom I have now contacted. He was adopted by his mother's second husband, so Little Al's name is now Al Vasholz Abels.

And around we go! Genealogy is a story that has no end. ■

Internet Tombstones

By Marge Vahsholtz

We've spent many hours tromping around old cemeteries seeking ancestor information. A pleasant experience on a nice day, but it's usually slow going. The internet can be a lot faster.

Of the many genealogical web sites, one I've found to be among the best (and free!), is www.findagrave.com. An increasing number of cemeteries are listed, identifying most gravestones, the names and dates; maybe some data to go with it—possibly a gravestone photo. The system is not standardized, and not all cemeteries are included.

Findagrave listings are created by volunteers, often people who have family buried in that cemetery and took it upon themselves to gather the information. Or, they may just be enthusiastic genealogists, or the cemetery's sexton.

As with all sources of genealogical data, take Findagrave information with a little grain of salt. Typos creep in. Some tombstones have been found to be in error. We've even helped the site's author update or correct their information. Most genealogical hobbyists try to help each other and appreciate efforts toward setting old records straight.

If you find information on a Vahsholtz relative through Findagrave (or otherwise!), please let me know so I can update my files. And as always, I'm happy to share what I have with you. ■

Roughing it in IDAHO—2016

by Ruth (Vahsholtz) Richter

As a proponent of the next Vahsholtz Reunion being held in Idaho and used to folks who aren't from here saying, "Idaho, why would you live in Idaho?" I thought maybe in a short column each time the newsletter comes out I could address some of your concerns and questions about the summer of 2016. Maybe help you plan on coming out here for the reunion and, hopefully, for a more extended vacation than just a weekend.

Our church in Cascade, Idaho held a retreat in conjunction with the church in McCall, Idaho in September. We had a bigger crowd than anticipated and, logically, most folks wanted to stay in the lovely Retreat Center which is as nice as many hotels. Since Ron and I were quite involved in planning the retreat, we didn't feel we should have one of the rooms if others wanted them, and we signed up for one of the cabins. The cabins are mostly used for kids who come up for a week of Camp and so they are very bare bones ... bunk beds,



lots of them, and a wood stove in the middle of the room, and little else.

I was less than excited, having never stayed in one before, most especially about the rest room facilities being a walk through the woods since my nocturnal trips often are in the multiples. I might add here that it gets VERY dark at night in places like Camp Perkins where no city lights or street lights or other buildings are anywhere near the facility.



So, the first night, restricting my liquid intake, making sure I took care of business at the very last minute, I crawled into my sleeping bag on a bunk bed only to discover that Ron and our daughter, Ginger, had managed to build a fire and it was HOT, too hot, in the cabin. Oh, well, the fire soon went out. Around 1:00 a.m. I woke up and gritted my teeth, picked up the flashlight and headed toward the facilities.

Much to my surprise the flashlight did a magnificent job of lighting the trail, so I was in no danger of falling, which had worried me. It was crystal clear and crispy cold but not too cold, and suddenly I was thinking, "I can do this; this isn't bad at all, here I am out in nature with no one around, no animals either, and it's just a beautiful night." The facility itself is just as nice and clean as can be so no problems there either. The second trek that night was just as painless as the first; I felt like a real pioneer who was roughing it, but it wasn't too rough!



Being an early riser, I got up and headed for the Retreat Center, which will be our gathering place, and made the first pot of coffee, but was quickly joined by other early morning folks. Hey, this was working out just like at home ... and the parts I'd been worried about were not an issue at all.

As you think about you and your family coming to the Vahsholtz Reunion in 2016, and if that generates questions, you can email me or call me, ruthrichter2@gmail.com or 208-462-3442. I'll be happy to correspond directly with you about anything and everything or, if it seems a question others might also like answered, I'll share it in the newsletter.

As I typed my phone number above, it occurred to me that one of the unique things about Idaho is that we have only one area code for the whole state; we're one of the lower populated states. Some of us think that's a real plus and even in the tourist season of July, I think most of you will wonder where all the people are. ■

The Battle for Mayor of Divide

by Carole Vahsholtz and Bob Vahsholtz

In our great nation, the right to vote is too often spurned. Some say that's because of our shortage of qualified candidates for election. Divide, Colorado has devised an excellent solution to this challenge. Mayoral candidates in the Spring of 2012 included dogs, cats, a horse, a donkey, a wolf and even a hedgehog. What's not to like?

Ashley Vahsholtz, a black Labrador, attempted to get out the vote in the highly contested race but lost by a whisker to Pa Kettle, a bloodhound. Unfair? Perhaps. Pa's soulful eyes and long floppy ears proved real crowd pleasers. Kenyi the wolf was given the honor of occupying the vice mayor's office.

This small town, having no budget for a mayor, took the elections as a means to raise money for the Teller County Regional Animal Shelter and have some fun! Every vote cast costs \$1, which may not be entirely cricket, but who can object, since all funds go to the shelter—some \$10,000 per election, and that ain't chicken feed.

Ashley is owned by Codie Vahsholtz and she was sponsored by

Vahsholtz Automotive in Woodland Park, Colorado. The candidate was interviewed about her duties at Vahsholtz Automotive as well as her personal routine in the Vahsholtz family.



“Well, being a mechanic and all, I don’t get to work on cars by myself because my thumbs have not grown in yet. So I just crawl under the cars to see what the mechanics are doing and if they need my help, I give it. Usually I just make sure that everything smells right—ya know? I am also the official greeter and the only one that runs up to everybody’s car and gives the driver a kiss.

“My favorite food is the huge Milk Bones that the tool man, ‘Bob the Mac,’ brings. He gives me one and I go bury it. Then I come back for one more to eat, saving the other one for later when my dog food doesn’t sound good anymore.

“Pretending that I don’t see Codie walking up to me is my favorite game. When he walks past me, I pounce! I think to myself, ‘Ha, he didn’t even know I was there and BOOM, I really am!’ That’s the best!

“I really hope that you pick me for Mayor. Thanks for reading this.

“Ashley Vahsholtz”

You can see why Ashley was such a great candidate for mayor of Divide. Even though she did not win the may-

oral election, don’t we all recognize that the best candidate is too often left in the dust? Anyway Ashley is continuing to



Click Here
to Vote!



enjoy her career in business and remains a valuable asset to Vahsholtz Automotive and the Vahsholtz family!

Next time you’re in Divide, stop by and shake her paw. ■

GRAND vs. GREAT

Meet your Cousin Tony

By Ruth (Vahsholtz) Richter

I’ve been telling people lately that I was going to be interviewing for this newsletter my *grand* nephew rather than saying *great* nephew. I suppose you call that a Freudian Slip, but either way I have to say that Tony (Anthony) Vahsholtz is worthy of knowing. He’s what my mother used to refer to as “a good kid!”

So, who is Tony? Likely if you went to Boise, ID and stopped in almost any of the banks there and mentioned his name, you’d find someone who knows him or has heard of him. We jokingly talk about him having tried out all of the banks in town, but in truth the banks have always come seeking him out wanting him to come to work for them.

Tony’s position at the bank is in the Commercial Banking end of things financing big construction projects. He commented that he loves his work, and the fact that he’s just changed banks again, receiving an offer that was too good to pass up, would indicate he’s very good at what he does. Tony is

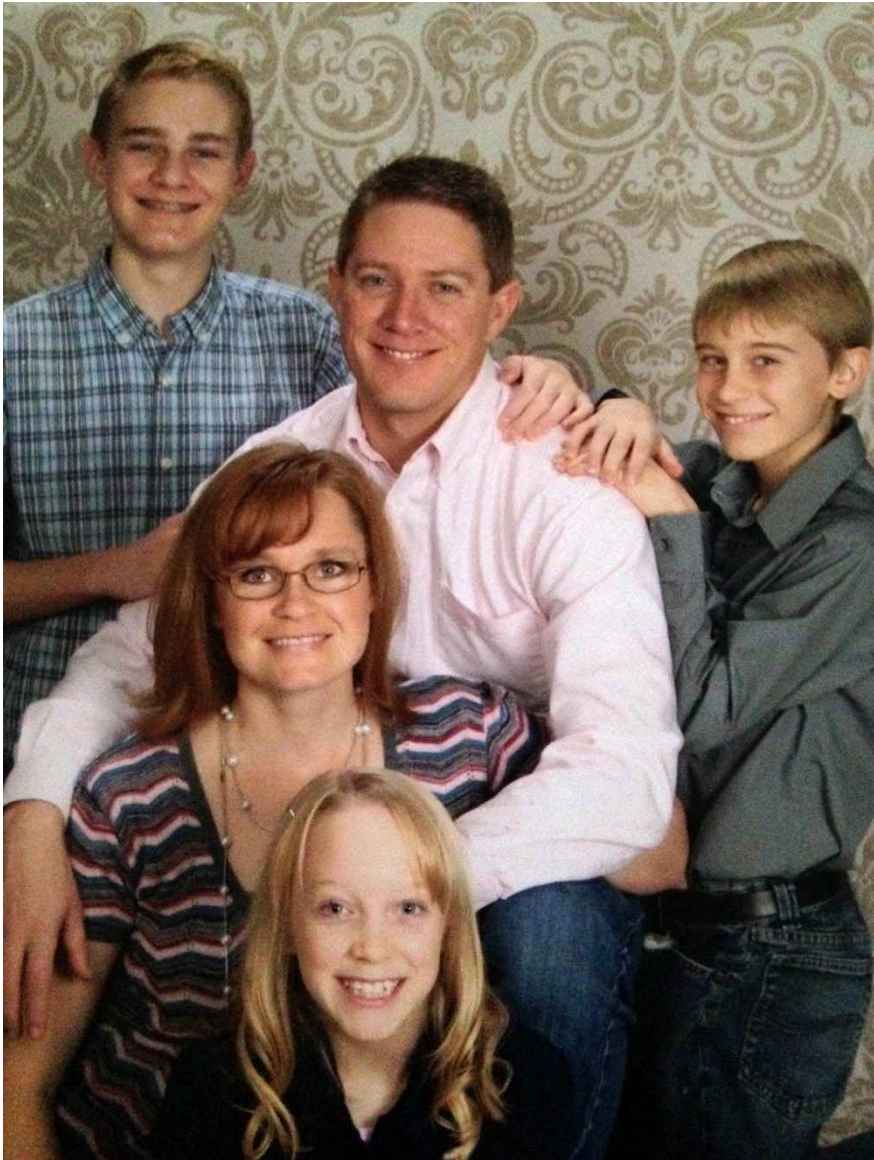
happy to be designated a “salesman” like his dad, Greg, and his grandfather, Richard, and his great-grandfather Fred. Each one of them was a master salesman albeit sometimes with different techniques!

Tony’s currently going to Pacific Coast Banking School in Seattle where for two weeks each August over the three-year program he “gets to” stay in a dormitory and is treated more or less like a freshman in college. He’s not so keen on that part but finds it to be good training for bank management and in between living on campus, he gets to put together reports and projects as well.

While Tony is well respected in his field of choice at work, he’s really to be admired as a family man. Married to Jennifer for 18 years, they have three children, Bailey, age 14, Bristol, age 12, and Mattingly, age 10. Mattingly, as some of you might recognize, is the last name of a well-known baseball player, Don Mattingly, who was first baseman for the Yankees when she was born, and is now the manager for the Dodgers. That’s another aspect of Tony coming up further in the article.

Tony and Jen are homeschooling all three of the kids. As Tony puts it, Jen is the teacher and he’s the principal. As any good principal would know and say, he gives all the credit to Jen as an excellent teacher. There are lots of kids being homeschooled in Idaho and that means there are lots of opportunities to get together with other parents and children for interaction: in sports, social activities, teaching specific subject matter, music, and art; and Jen and the three kids do this every Monday with a large group of at least 150 students.

This couple believes in their kids having responsibilities at home and they all have their jobs to do, not with a lot of fanfare or teenage angst, but just by calmly reminding them of what needs to be done, sometimes more than once. They regularly have family night which might be something like everyone going for a bike ride or an evening spent playing games. They are also very active in their church, Lakeview Bible Church in



Nampa, the kids are in Awana, and they compete in Bible quizzes and evidently Bailey, especially, really shines at these quizzes.

Tony and Jen are both native Idahoans. They met at college at Lewis-Clark State College in Lewiston, ID, and since they graduated, they've lived in the Boise area.

Tony was and is an avid sportsman. When he was still in high school, his father, Greg, took him and several others on a tour of all the major baseball stadiums where they watched lots of their favorite teams playing. This was a really big deal for the kids ... and Greg, but also means that Tony remains an avid fan, currently of the Yankees. He

had a baseball card collection as a younger person, and he now enjoys that same collection with his son, Briston. He's also a fan of the San Francisco 49ers and, of course, the Boise State Broncos.

He also takes after his father, Greg, in his ability to marry a sports love of his life with his work. Somehow they both manage to do their biggest business out on the golf course. I think it has something to do with having the guy(s) you're trying to sell something to as a captive audience for hours on end. I'm not sure whether beating the pants off the customer is a good idea or not!

Tony is the treasurer for the Vahsholtz Family Reunion, and I think

we can all safely assume our money is in good hands! He likes jobs with banks—he and Jen are in the midst of building a new house and seem to feel that moving from house to house is a good, if not challenging, idea. This will be at least the fourth house they've lived in during the past ten years, and it's all been THEIR choice, not because of moving from one position to another since all of the bank jobs have been in the same area.

At the next reunion in 2016 in Idaho, be sure you look for Tony and take a few minutes to get to know this very bright and capable young man who has excellent values and qualities, and he's a whole lot of fun to be around as well! ■

Nuther Cousin? Who Knows?

Dear Dr. Poschel,

I'm sorry to hear you had difficulty downloading a copy of the Zwillipp book from our website. I just tried it and it worked fine. It's a big file and took seven minutes to load on my connection. I have attached a file containing only the words of that book and a reference to Mrs. Varchmin can be found on page 158. If you are successful in loading the web copy that has the pictures, you will find her name mentioned on page 133.

Our book has quite a bit of Zwillipp history that you and your family may find interesting.

Also, a distant relative of ours, Martina Riesener, has just written a book in German about Zwillipp and access can be found at this website:

<http://www.cardamina.net/artikeldetails.php?aid=410>

Good luck with your research and let us know if we can be of further assistance.

Bob

Dear Bob Vahshotlz!

Thanks a lot for your fast reply. I suppose my father in law will be glad to learn some more news from Zwillip, with which you supplied me.

Yours sincerely, Klaus Pöschel ■

Thanksgiving Troubles

Thanksgiving Day's upon us.
Some guests start to arrive.
Countless things are planned to do,
Hoping everyone will thrive.

The menu has been set.
(It's the same thing every year)
Expectations rise from everyone,
This menu's become quite dear.

The Uncles are all coming,
The Aunts will bring the pies.
Cousins all have games to share,
Folks every shape and size.

Green beans, soup and onion crisps
Are warming near the oven.
The roasting turkey's almost done.
It's a treat they are all lovin'.

The Aunts are all a'helping
To ensure the dinner's ready.
Well, just a few must stand aside
For wine leaves them unsteady.

The little ones are fussing
Only babies get Mom's hugs.
Bottles they are fixing
Those babies need their jugs!

The men are crowded in the den
Games keep them occupied,
Football's blaring on TV,
All toddlers shoved aside.

"Dad, take care of them, this once!"
As from the kitchen, babies squeal
But husbands are all tone deaf,
The games take all their zeal.

So mothers mash potatoes
While their toddlers try to sing,
Hello! Here more guests arrive,
With excitement they all bring.

They're the ones from out of town
Waylaid by sleet and snow,
Now here, all safe and sound.
Hustle up; no time for slow.

The turkey's almost fully done,
Just browning, mustn't burn.
Take it out, we need the heat!
The biscuits need a turn.

As the oven door is closed
Twenty minutes left to go.
Then "ZAP" out goes the power
Now the cooks are full of woe.

The gravy isn't finished,
The green beans are still dry.
What about those biscuits?
Power coming by and by?

Everyone's now anxious,
TV and computers gone.
Games have stopped midway.
"How will we know who's won?"

We know the food needs cooking.
The biscuits won't survive.
Call up the power company,
Ask if juice will soon arrive.

Turns out the storm approaching
Has done its nasty deed.
Of bringing down the power line;
Won't be fixed with any speed.

The younger kids want candles
To light the dark and gloom
There are some on the table
But they light up just one room!

Grandpa yells for quiet,
Guests try to settle down.
Surely he has no solution,
For everyone has a frown.

Grandma comes upon the scene
From the kitchen with good news,
"Dinner's not really ruined,
So stop crying out the blues!"

"The turkey is completely cooked.
The beans are partly done.
Salad's in the making
So the dinner can still come."

"Gather at the table now.
With candles nicely lit.
Wine or juice are poured for all
Food'll arrive, in just a bit."

All cooks head for the kitchen
To see what's going on.
It seems that just the biscuits
Are the thing that is not done.

The gravy's a bit soupy,
Of beans there's hardly none.
The biscuits are a write-off;
Who cares! The turkey's done.

So gather 'round together,
While grace is said by all.
The room's still somewhat dim,
Big folks share food with small.

The hush stays upon the room,
Not boisterous at all.
Everyone has a turn to talk
And everyone has a ball.

This day will be remembered
Despite the dreadful weather.
As the best Thanksgiving ever,
When dark brought us together.

THE GREAT WOOD SAGA

By Ruth (Vahsholtz) Richter

All of us have family stories we like to share. They're retold because they're humorous, sad, or maybe just gratifying.

Our branch of the Family has many such stories; not all of them appropriate for a family publication! The one I'm relating here explains a bit about our "wheeling and dealing" family.

Around 1980, my salesman father, Fred Vahsholtz, came home from an auction quite pleased with himself. He'd bought a load of rough sawn walnut planks, estimated 1,000 to 1,500 board feet, milled in 1918; always stored inside. I never heard what he paid for it, but he was mightily pleased with his bargain.

He and my mother were living in the Lebold Mansion in Abilene, Kansas. Mother was conducting tours and when he dumped that load of walnut in the driveway, she was less than thrilled with the effect on her pristine grounds. Dad assured her, "I can double my money on that walnut any day of the week." Well, he didn't get the job done and we'll never know if he had opportunities. After serious nagging on my mother's part, it got moved into the back room of their garage. And there it stayed.

About a decade later, my oldest brother, Dick, came to visit and evidently Mother told him about her irritation regarding that useless walnut. Salesman Dick assured her and Dad, "I can sell that walnut out in Idaho any day of the week that I choose." He was invited to haul it to Idaho, which he did.

Dick sent samples to a maker of gun stocks who was eager to buy, but found the aged walnut unsuitable for machining.

Dick put it in an outbuilding on his place; our father died in 1995, and there was no movement toward selling that old walnut. Our mother died in 1999, and the dusty pile of wood became part of the estate (photo right).

By then computers were fashionable and brother Bob suggested he and his

son Jon might not be great salesmen, but could auction that wood on eBay just any old day. The wood was listed at \$1.25 per board foot—about half retail price. A fair bid was accepted and the New Mexico buyer asked brother Dick to measure and confirm the exact amount of lumber. It turned out to be just 500 board feet. The buyer decided it was not worth renting a trailer and making the trip. He backed out of the deal.

By then, the rest of the estate was settled, with the walnut lumber the only remaining item.

Our daughter, Tammy, living in England with her husband in the Air Force, got wind of all this, and said she and husband Geoff would buy it since they enjoyed woodworking projects. She agreed to pay \$500 for the walnut. The deal was conditional on Dick continuing to "store" it (using the word "store" loosely—it was sitting on the ground in an open shed) until such time as she and Geoff could pick it up.

Tammy and Geoff returned from England, lived in Florida, then Alabama, and finally moved to Tucson, AZ. From time to time they'd visit us in Idaho and drive past Dick's place on their way home. But a Mini-Cooper or Honda Element was unsuitable for hauling much of anything. Then in 2012 Geoff finally got his dream vehicle, a

Ford F150 Pickup! The possibility of picking up the wood became a reality ... except, oops, it had an extended cab and covered bed, which limited hauling space. Also, Geoff is known for bringing lots of "toys" when he travels ... no space for a pile of wood.

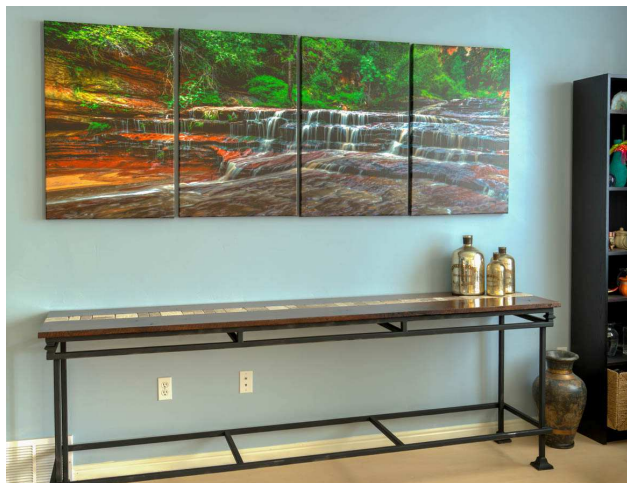
This summer, 2014, they again came visiting in the pickup. There was much discussion about the dynamics of loading wood, trailer rental, and such logistics. Ultimately a trailer was rented, the walnut was loaded, and off to Tucson, with a stop in Salt Lake City to visit a friend.

That good friend was granted several pieces of the wood and the two photos on the next page show the beautiful piece of furniture that he made from it ... surely worth waiting for all these years.

Geoff has used bits and pieces to make walnut knife handles and gun stocks. Other friends and acquaintances are salivating to get their hands on pieces of that fine aged walnut that is so well-traveled—the valuable walnut our noted Vahsholtz salesmen could not manage to sell at half-price.

So, I've shared one of our family stories. Think about stories in your Vahsholtz branch of the family and consider sending them to the editors of this Newsletter for future publication!





Ancient walnut, reborn and repurposed! ■



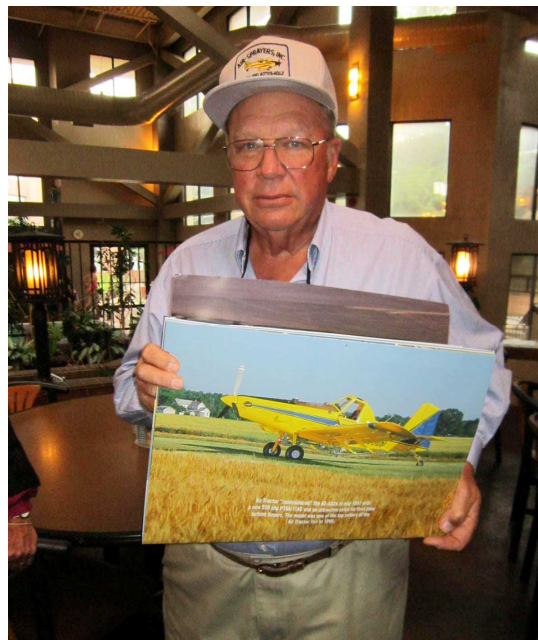
Youthful Ancestors

Do you recognize these people? They're middle-aged Franz Leonard Vahsholtz and his wife Sophie Robbing. We don't know when the photo was taken, but the elegant framed portrait hung in the Herman Vahsholtz parlor for many decades. It was inherited by Leonard Vahsholtz and passed down to his son Roger.

Knowing that Tony Vahsholtz has two trunks full of Vahsholtz heritage, Roger and Lynn decided this portrait should be included there for safekeeping, and brought it to the 2014 Reunion.

The oval portrait is covered by compound curved glass, making it difficult to photograph because of reflections. Added to that is layers of dust from the ages. Ruth and Ron Richter offered to take the portrait back to Idaho, where Ron took it apart, cleaned out the dust, took this photo and put it back together for use by future Vahsholtz generations.

Meanwhile, Marge Vahsholtz has gotten in touch with a little-known branch of the family and is on the track of more information about Sophie (Robbing) Vahsholtz' family. She hopes to lift the veil on Sophie's past, at least a tiny bit, in a story she's working on for the a future issue of this newsletter. ■



Meet your Cousin

Ron Drosselmeyer!

Ron and his wife Sheila live in South Eastern Colorado, where Ron flies these crop spraying planes, serving a broad farm community. ■



Vahsholtz Cousins is published twice yearly, spring and fall. Copies go out to some 250 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, due to costs of printing and stamps. Your donations are appreciated. **What will help most is any additions or corrections you can make to our email list. Each mailing we send out, we get half-dozen email bounces or returned mail from those who have moved, passed on, or changed their address. Please let Marge know! mvahsholtz@gmail.com**

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