

## The Von Fange Genealogical Newsletter

MAY, 2002

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Vol. 20, No. 2

### Growing Up (Part 3)



by  
Alma Buck  
(G28)

I think it was there that Clara sat on an anthill. She was screaming, and Mom came rushing out, grabbed her up and started brushing off the ants. She even had ants in her diaper! Mom put something on her bites, and soon she was good as new again.

I started school in the big, red schoolhouse in the north end of Beverly. I don't recall anything about the school, but I do remember walking across a field to get there. I think I started first grade. I'm not sure if there was a kindergarten then. Emil, Oscar, Ed and Selma all had attended German school while we lived closer to Lincoln. Clara and I did not ever go to German school. The German school was near St. Paul's Lutheran Church, which was a country church southeast of Lincoln. The boys and Selma drove a horse and wagon or rode horseback to that school. They would cut across fields and pastures to get there. It was rough going in the big winter snows. The schoolmasters in the German schools were very strict and stern. I was glad that I didn't have to attend that school.

Mom did most of her trading at the mercantile in Beverly. She took her eggs, cream or butter to trade for

things she needed. The mercantile had about anything that anyone needed. Mom got kerosene there for our lamps and lanterns. There were barrels of bulk products, such as peanut butter, crackers, dry beans, and those huge dill pickles. Once in a while Mom would get one of those pickles, and we three girls would divide it. One was big enough to satisfy all three of us. They cost ten cents each, which was really cheap for their size. The mercantile also had clothing, men's overalls, shoes, hardware, yard goods (fabric), millinery, stockings, underwear, and anything else one needed. Mom always had to take her own container for kerosene.

Mom didn't always take us girls when she went shopping, but once in a while she did. That would be a memorable experience, especially for me. I was always curious and would walk around the store gazing at everything. It was in the ladies' "ready-to-wear" that I saw "the" hat. It was gray with a red brim. Even though it was a lady's hat, I decided that I had to have that hat. I begged and begged, and finally Mom gave in and bought that hat. It cost twenty-five cents. Of course, it was too big for a seven-year-old. But Mom altered it to fit me better, and I wore it everywhere and all the time. Some kids have a "security blanket." I had a "security hat."

Sometimes Mom would buy peanut butter. The grocer would ladle it out of a barrel into a boat-shaped

*Growing Up... (continued on page 2)*



### Our 20th Year!

During this, our 20th year, I'd like to thank three special people. First, my father **Erich von Fange**, who infected me with the genealogical bug, bankrolled my first issue, tramped with me through the churning (o.k., still) waters of the Von Fange Ditch, the farm fields of Indiana and Kansas in search of our ancestors and has graced these pages with the fruits of his research and labors for the benefit of us all. Secondly, to **Linda Von Fange**, who for more than 10 years now has brought class and professionalism to this publication with an artistic layout I could never hope to emulate. And thirdly, to **David Nichols**, who takes one single printed copy with its interesting, well-written articles and pictures composed so professionally and produces, folds, seals, labels, stamps and mails 400 of them so that each and every family member can do what you're doing at this moment - read the Von Fange Genealogical Newsletter. I remember doing that all by hand on the living room floor! Thank you three so much; you are very special people! Danke sehr! Dank u!

*-Paul von Fange*

## Growing Up (Part 2)

(Continued from page 1)

carton and wrap it with paper from a big roll fastened to the end of the counter. It was the good, old, stick-to-the-roof-of-your-mouth kind. We liked it anyhow. Mom would mix syrup in it to stretch it and make it last longer.

The mercantile also had a big tank with sliding lids on top. Inside were bottles of "Nehi" pop floating in ice water. There weren't as many flavors as we have now, but there were sarsaparilla and grape and orange and that delicious strawberry. I think the sarsaparilla was the same as our cream soda is now. My favorite was the strawberry, and I always chose it when I could. After Mom got everything she needed, she'd settle the bill, and the grocer would give her a small bag of hard candy. We always looked forward to that, and would divide it equally three ways. Sometimes I'd hide mine and just eat one or two pieces a day. There was a great assortment of

penny candy and other goodies in the counter. Licorice was the favorite then, but there were sugar sticks, gumdrops, peppermints, jaw breakers, and different licorice things, such as ropes and hard licorice 'pipes'.

Mom always bought her sewing supplies at the mercantile, too. She always used #50 white or black thread. I doubt if there was any other kind. She always made our clothes, and she got some material there. There wasn't much choice of cloth, but some of it was pretty. But she used flour sacks and feed sacks for our everyday undies, and even for dresses and petticoats. If she didn't have elastic, she would cut strips of rubber from an old inner tube. It was difficult to fasten the ends together, but somehow she did. She always saved buttons from worn-out men's shirts and other clothing. Some feed sacks were quite pretty. After I was married, I also used pretty sacks for the girls' dresses.

We used to go to visit Grandma and Grandpa Von Fange once in a while. They lived with Mom's sister, Laura, her husband Lou Meyer, and their family. They had a nice house south of Lincoln and nice outbuildings. The house was big and beautiful. It had two living rooms, two kitchens and lots of bedrooms. They had seven children, among them Bernita, who was about the same age as Clara. She had polio when she was about six or seven, and it left her crippled in one leg and foot. She could walk on it, but when we were there, we kids pulled her around in their wagon.

They had a nice house and nice things in it. Upstairs was a wind-up type Victrola. We kids were fascinated with it, and we always played it a lot. Then there were the beautiful quilts that Grandma and Aunt

Laura made. They had a quilt in the frames all the time. All the beds had quilts on them. Grandma loved to make quilts, and so did Aunt Laura.

Their house sat next to a river, and even though the house had a high foundation, they did get flooded once in a while. I don't think the water ever got up into the house, but certainly around it. We didn't get to go there often, as there was friction between them and Dad. And I don't recall that they came to visit us either.

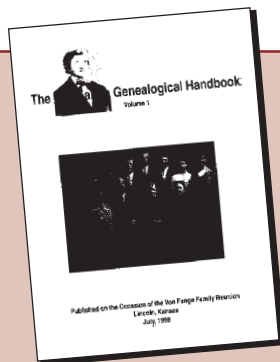
Uncle Lou had a big apple orchard, and he also had a few cherry and pear trees. We always went there when the fruit was ready, as we could eat all we wanted, and Mom always took some home. She always took enough for pies, and even apple butter. And she also canned some.

One place I remember vividly was a run-down place a little north-east of Barnard (KS). The house wasn't in very good condition. The living room had a dirt floor. It was packed down pretty hard, and Mom had an old, floral, room-size rug she spread out in there. The rug fit pretty well on all sides, so it covered the floor pretty well. The house had two bedrooms and a good-sized kitchen. Mom and Dad used one bedroom, and we girls used the other. But I can't remember where the boys slept, unless they used the barn, which they often did.

Clothes closets weren't built in then, and our good clothes were kept in a wardrobe. Anything else was hung on hooks and nails on the backs of doors and on the walls.

In the living room, our organ sat against the far wall. Then there was a "stand table," a chaise-type couch with a well-worn leather cover and horsehair stuffing. A Morris chair was also there...

(To be Continued . . .)



### VON FANGE GENEALOGICAL HANDBOOK

Get your copy of the 155-page **VON FANGE GENEALOGICAL HANDBOOK** mailed to you postage paid with every donation to the VF Newsletter of \$20 or more! **Make your checks payable to Paul von Fange** and **send requests and payment to "Erich von Fange, 808 Savannah River Drive, Adrian, MI 49221"**. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! These handbooks contain copies of every issue from #1 through #27. Only **11** left!

# The Zuroebeste Letters

Part XXIII in a series

This continues an ongoing look at the letters of Johann Heinrich Zur Oeveste, a German immigrant arriving in the 1830's, the same time as our ancestor Gerhard Von Dem Fange. The text of these letters is provided courtesy of MaryBeth Glick, Columbus, IN.

**B**artholomew County on the White Creek, Indiana  
December 6, 1842

Col. Kassens Zur Oeveste, Rieste Amt Voersens(?) Bramsche,  
Hannover, Europe

Dear parents, brothers and sisters:

Your letter of March 13 (1842) we have received with great joy already in the month of July. We read in it that my father is suffering with a severe affliction of the leg, which caused him much pain and we therefore hope that he has recovered from this long ago, and that all of you may receive my letter in good health. I and my wife and child are till now enjoying good health. But I must also say that in the past winter I was somewhat sickly for several months, namely in this way that I could not pass my water properly. But, praise God, it gradually got better. I must further tell you that the crops were quite good this year, and this year there are plenty acorns so that all the hogs are getting fat in the woods. Here everything is quite cheap. One hundred pounds of pork cost no more than \$2.00. There is food in abundance, but you can't make any money. We are glad that we can live on our own property and one lives here much more quietly than in Germany because taxes are lower. The tax that I must pay this year is about \$1.50....

*(To be Continued . . .)*

## Family News

### Luella Marie Von Fange Bell

**Luella Bell**, 79, of Tucson, AZ, died September 13, 2001, in Salina, KS. She was the second youngest of twelve children born to Ernst and Adelia Von Fange of Lincoln, KS. Luella was born on April 28, 1922, at Lincoln. She married Morris Bell in 1942 and lived in Salina until 1970 when the couple moved to Tucson, AZ. Survivors include a son, John Bell of Salina; a daughter, Patti Bell of Tucson; a sister, Lenora Schneider of Salina; and three grandchildren. Burial was in the St. Paul Lutheran Church cemetery, Lincoln.

From the Jan. 26, 2002 Wichita Eagle article on personal safety: Lt. **Barry Von Fange**, an east-side police supervisor, said many businesses are installing cameras in parking lots. "A lot of times, you won't even know they are there," he said.

Von Fange has particular concern for the elderly.

"If you know someone elderly, don't let them go by themselves to the store," he said. "Even if you aren't elderly, it's better to go with someone else to the store." That way, he said, when you're busy loading groceries, someone can watch your back.

From the guest book at [www.vonfange.com](http://www.vonfange.com), Sunday 04/14/2002 2:43:26pm, "**Name:** Albert (A.J.) van der Fange, **E-Mail:** [alvdrfange@hetnet.nl](mailto:alvdrfange@hetnet.nl), **Location:** Netherlands, **Comments:** Very nice this worldwide Von Fange-site. As [a] member of this family [I] can ... look around [at] what is going on [with] ... my family all over the world. See you on this site!!" Nice to hear from you Albert!

### Die Familie

## Von Dem Fange

The VON FANGE Genealogical Newsletter

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### WHERE ARE THESE PEOPLE?

Please help us find the following people—we need 31 new addresses out of the 387 we send the Newsletter. Also, check the web site for the latest addresses needed:

Jason Audemberge;	Barbara Meyer;
Olga Behrman;	Mary Nunn;
Carol, Carry, Corbin Cain;	Kim Obermueller;
Clara Claycamp;	Kenton Reinert;
Kelley, Dale & Tammy Eckelman;	Jerrell Thetford;
Lisa Ellwein;	Alvin, Dennis & Gregorie Troeger;
Karen Fay;	Dana, Kevin Vogt;
Evelyn Fellwood;	Alvin, Carl,
Esther Fleetwood;	Catherine, Gary,
Jeff Herbert;	Paul Von Fange;
Royce King;	Beth Wever.

# Growing Up During the Great Depression in



by Erich A. von Fange

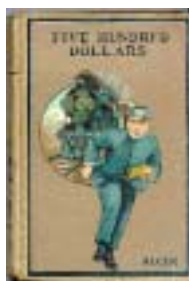
Being a child in Deshler in the 1930s meant lots of chores and nonsense study for school, but there was time for play too. Dress wear of the boys for school was the blue overall and we carried lunch to school in a gallon syrup pail. We lived for recess when we could play football on the gravelly playground and we would rush home, boggle up lunch, and run back to school to get a half hour of play before the one o'clock bell. Once in a while we would scrape up enough players to play baseball or football at the city park on Saturday morning. Anytime you walked past Doc's barbershop you knew everybody inside was talking baseball, about the giants in those days like Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. Workers at the local broom factory could spout off any player's batting average and any other statistic better than a computer could today.

For one celebration, factory workers built a giant broom using the town flagpole as the handle. Imagine how proud the citizens were when this was pictured in Ripley's Believe It or Not! Every Saturday night the Deshler band gave a concert and this pulled in the shoppers. The active town shopping area was only a block long. Brave girls walked in clusters clockwise on this street and the boys walked counter-clockwise. Thus they could stare, wink, giggle, and float remarks to the same

cluster every few minutes.

In the bluffs just east of town we let our imaginations run wild with cowboy and Indian adventures. I can still feel my heart pounding from all the excitement of the sneak attack, chaotic defense, and flight to another fort.

When we had big heavy rains we couldn't wait to run to the pond just north of Deshler to wade among all the frogs croaking away. As a child I can still remember a band of gypsies camping there by the big willow tree just across the road from our property. They were making wil-



low baskets, and getting ready to do the town before moving on in their horse-drawn wagon to the next town. In the hot summers we remember laughing about

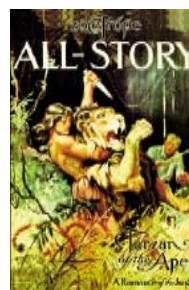
the town character who told how he beat the heat by sprinkling water on his bed and then enjoying the coolness of it for a while. Almost 60 years later I used the same technique in Syria during a hot summer dig where the temperature at night seldom got below 100°F. I soaked a T-shirt in water before getting into bed. This induced some shivering before sinking into sleep.

Our whole family would enjoy together the latest idiotic adventures of Maggie and Jiggs or Mutt and Jeff or the Katzenjammer Kids in the comics of the Lincoln Star. And radio was just becoming a part of daily life and we learned to enjoy Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, and Eddie Cantor. The Hit Parade caught on and some of my brothers had no trouble winning cartons of Luck Strikes now and then by guessing correctly the top three tunes of the week.

This was the day of good candy at 12 cents a pound, and penny candy was a big deal for a child. The big splurge in those days was to feast on a huge 10 cent hamburger and ice cold pop for another nickel at Rodenburg's cafe.



Sometimes the merchants would have a special day with races, catching a greased pig, free movie, and many other features. My 15 seconds of fame came in a boys' race where I won a box of 24 candy bars. Not even I could down 24 candy bars so I sold some back to the Rucklos Grocery store. I was shocked when the owner gave me 3 cents for each bar. I thought anything plainly



marked 5 cents had to be bought and sold at that price.

In the warm summer evenings the neighborhood kids would gather for wild and wonderful games of hide and go seek, crack the whip—a very dangerous adventure, dare base, pump pump pullaway, handi-over, and others. We kept going until it got too dark to see, and then we would go home, all flushed with excitement and full of mosquito bites. Those like me who loved to read would tackle everything readable in the tiny Deshler library and read old favorites like Horatio Alger, the Pony Rider Boys, the Tarzan books, and Zane Grey novels over and over.

The manager of the movie house would hire a carload of us boys to deliver movie calendars to every home



in nearby towns, and our reward for a long day's work was four 10 cent movie passes. How we enjoyed the wild and wonderful adventures of Tom Mix, Tim McCoy, and Buck Jones. I remember carving Tom Mix's brand on my pencils at school, and Teacher Rosenkoetter couldn't



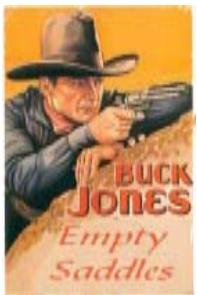
figure out how that pencil could be mine when someone turned it in to him.

Income in the 1930s for kids was very scarce but somehow I was able to come up with two dimes almost every month to buy the new Shadow

and Doc Savage magazines for years - the greatest imaginable escape literature for a young boy.



Somewhat I learned that Sonny Albrecht had almost complete sets of both and he kindly let me read back issues, which I treated like gold. If dear Grandma hadn't made me burn my fabulous collection of these dime novels when I went off to college (actually high school), I could make a fortune with them now. She feared that these trash novels would entice me into a life of crime.



Hanging around the drug store where I bought my literature, I can remember hearing some of Pres. Roosevelt's famous fireside chats on their radio

before we had a radio at home, and once in a while I remember helping the druggist make ice cream bars on a stick. Some of the sticks were marked "free" for the lucky buyer. An older town guy tried to get me to remember where the free ones were

in the freezer, but I was incorruptible.

My brothers got me into stamp collecting. When still in Grade 2, I wanted the new beautiful 1929 George Rogers Clark issue. I had to ask how much a 2 cent stamp cost. I still have that precious stamp.



As the world's shyest boy it took me many weeks to approach the formidable owner of the Deshler Broom Factory, H.J. Struve. I asked him if I could go through the discarded envelopes at the broom factory to find stamps for my collection. I was in heaven when he said I could, and I still have hundreds of these stamps (still practically worthless) in neatly labeled penny match boxes. I can still see myself raising



my hand as if I were in the schoolroom, when I asked him that crucial question. I think he was the first adult I ever spoke to outside of home and school.

Later I worked up the nerve to ask Mr. Behring for the same privilege, and I still remember all the great stamps I removed from the packages in the basement of The Toggery.

In spring, summer, and fall we wore Keds tennis shoes. Keds gave boys a little handbook that had lots of exciting information about sports and other things. But in summer we couldn't



wait to go barefooted even though the sidewalks got hot enough to fry eggs on. Lots of kids would roam around town pushing and guiding

an old metal wheel with a T-shaped stick. I don't remember any adult ever objecting to the racket, but in looking back I wonder why they tolerated it.

Every spring our giant cottonwood tree would produce millions of pea-shaped pellets and we had a great time for a few days in our war games using these as missiles in our slingshots. Several years later we were no longer dependent on cottonwood trees because we had graduated to wonderful rubber guns. The trigger was a spring clothespin at the back end of a long wooden barrel. The length of the barrel depended on the size of the old discarded auto inner tubes we cut into bands. We must have fought thousands of battles in the evenings zapping friends and being ambushed in return. When dark came we returned, covered with mosquito bites, to kerosene lights, and then we finished our homework, of which there was always plenty.

The big entrance into mature boyhood was being old enough to have a bike. New bikes were unthinkable, so big brothers would cannibalize parts from here and there until a fairly complete bike could be assembled and then travel around Deshler became revolutionized. The city dump was our parts store.

The County Fair was held in Deshler each summer. It was the big event of the year and a few nickels could be scraped up somehow to enjoy these days. Things got even more exciting after the fair was over. Every pop bottle cap at the fair was feverishly collected by the boys to use as money for the homemade fairs set up here and there in town -

*Deshler... (continued on page 8)*



## 700 Years, Parish Ueffeln-Balkum II

*This continues a series of excerpts from the history of the Ueffeln/Balkum area in Germany where the von dem Fanges originated. This work commemorated the 700th year of the parish in Ueffeln and, until now, has been available only in German. Thanks to the excellent work of Rosalie Haines, Ph.D., of Elkton, Maryland, an English translation is being done at the request of Harold Tormoehlen of Brownstown, Indiana. Rosalie has graciously permitted us to publish her work and we will follow in future issues with information on specific ancestors and family history that are part of this book. This selection continues the topic of how German workers, including perhaps some of the von dem Fanges, traveled to and worked in Holland.*

### Traveling Conditions of the Holland-Goers (or Holland itinerants)

An important gathering point in our area for the Holland-goers was the so-called "Broad Stone" between Ankum and Ueffeln. From there the Holland goers moved in large groups to the Ems ferry and also to the Ems bridge at Lingen. At those points more than 10,000 yearly crossed over the river. This trip from their home localities to their places of work usually took a week. The return trip as a rule was laid out on the same route. The Holland itinerants, especially the ones who chose

the southern route (direction of Lingen) and ended their trip at Shanks pony, held themselves exactly to the old route, the old resting stops and places of lodging. Rest stops were normally taken under single, standing old oak trees or in the shade of old beech forests.

Because the so called wages as well as the prices in the area to where they moved was much higher than in their homeland, the Holland goers were pressed to take as much as possible from their earnings home with them as savings and to keep the amount that they had to pay out for room and board correspondingly low. That's why they brought with them from home as much food as possible. Correspondingly their travel packs were heavy. Other than food they had to carry with them numerous items of clothing including shoes and the appropriate working tools which had to be taken with them as well. The typical weight of an average Holland-goer's pack was about 30 kilograms. Since most of the Holland-goers made the trip on foot, most of them sent their packs on ahead through a special designated transport wagon. The packs were assembled in designated places and on certain days and then in large convoys brought to Lingen, where at some point it was said that up to 900 wagons were to have stood. At the Lingen ferry, the packs were unloaded and taken by other travel agents into the Netherlands. At the border, the convoy separated into smaller wagon trains, which brought the freight to the last large station just prior to their place of work which was among other cities of either Rotterdam or Amsterdam. During their period of work, the Holland-goers maintained their connection to their communities at home.

## The Various Activities of the Holland-Goers, their Work and Living Conditions



In Holland, West Friesland and the abutting marshes further east, dairying had been the dominant form of agriculture since the 17<sup>th</sup> century. The milk on the farms of the "grass farmers" was almost exclusively made into cheese and butter. The hay for the stall feeding in the six months of winter was cut in the summer on designated meadows, on which in the year before no cattle had grazed. Great importance was given to the first cut, to the results of the first hay harvest, which for the most part was taken in the month of June. In this month, the grass reached its maximum height. At the same time, this time period was very close to when the grass began to go to seed and therefore was no longer suitable for feeding the livestock. Therefore the grass workers had to make sure that the cutting of the hay harvest was brought in within the shortest possible time. Therefore the work intensity in June was much higher than during the second cut which took place in September and not as productive in volume.

The first course of the hay harvest involved the mowing of the grass. After it had lain for a certain period of time, and the upper layer of the grass had dried, the hay had to be turned. This second procedure was identical with "putting up hay" (*Heuen*) the worker performing the task designated as "*Heerman*" (the haymaker).

(Translator's comment: It seems likely here that the origin of the

*700 Years... (continued on page 7)*

German term “**Heuerling**” comes from this task of one “who puts up the hay.” It may well be that the English word “Hireling” comes from the same origin having to do with the intense need for extra labor during the haying season. So in the English language the meaning of “Hireling” became someone who was hired and in time the word “hire” gradually took on the meaning of any kind of work for hire, not just “haying.”)

Both procedures were partly done by the same workers and partly done also by specialized “hayes” and “mowers” where the “hayes” later took up and ended their work as a “mower”. The mowers as also the “hayes” worked in group synchronicity.

*(To be Continued . . .)*

**Patti Bell (G8)** of Tucson, AZ, certainly brightened my day recently. She wrote, “.. Thank goodness for the surviving generations and for the Von Fange Genealogical Newsletter. The newsletter is just wonderful to have, and I am proud to be included among the Von Fange kin. It's a very good feeling to belong to such a large extended family. The history is interesting and the people are the best. Thank you so much for being involved in producing the newsletter, and a big thank you to Erich von Fange as well! I love doing historical research, so one of these days I'd like to do more research on my family and the early days in Kansas. I did get a chance to get oral histories on tape from both my parents before they died... Best wishes for a great year 2002.” We'd love to run those histories in the Newsletter. Patti also

included a donation, two pictures and an obituary for her mother Luella Bell.

**Harvetta Von Fange (G14)** sent us Alan Von Fange's new email address: [avonfange@kscable.com](mailto:avonfange@kscable.com) and is undoubtedly enjoying the high speed internet access now available in Salina.

**Carolyn Meier Kuhlman (G6)** of Shawnee, KS, wrote, “Enclosed is a check ... to support the Von Fange Newsletter. My husband and I both enjoy reading it. Also enclosed is a copy of my family tree.... Thanks again for all your effort in putting out the Von Fange Newsletter.” And thank you Carolyn - it's comments like those that keep this going!

**Karen Berry (G6)** of West Hills, CA, wrote to find out exactly how she's related to the Von Fange family (Karen Henkel, Janis Troeger, Clarence Troeger, Wilhelmina Meier, Ida Von Fange) , sent information on her family and ordered a VF Newsletter - thanks Karen!

### Special Note

*In your correspondence with the newsletter, please include your "G" number if you have one and know it or give us the name of your parents or grandparents.*

## Family Pictures



*The Ernst Von Fange Family, c. 1928*

*Back, L to R: Ferd, Clara, Walt, Alvena, Karl, Lenora, Ernie*

*Middle: Lawrence, Luella*

*Front, L to R: Ernst Von Fange, Irene, Adelia holding Donald, Harold*

*(courtesy of Patti Bell)*



*Gerard van der Fange with Thomas van der Fange, son of Ed van der Fange  
(photo courtesy of Robert van der Fange)*

*Deshler* (...continued from p. 5)

fruit jar ring tosses, rubber guns for hitting a target, and a dozen other booths testing luck and skill. You paid your bottle caps to play and you might win a few back if you were lucky or skillful.

I can remember only three parties up through the end of Grade 8, each one at the home of a girl classmate. These were pretty stiff, quiet events—a few games as we sat uncomfortably in a circle in the parlor, then ice cream and cake, and the opening of presents. I dutifully recorded in my diary that I had invested 9 cents for pearl beads for the classmate at one of these parties. I keep wondering if the pearls were real.

For me the biggest excitement in summer was sleeping outside in a little tent which is a close to real camping as I got in childhood. For years I faithfully kept score of how many nights I slept outside as though the world was thirsting for important information like that. Once in a while there would be a sudden rainstorm and then it would be a mad scramble into the house dragging the wet bedding along. There were a couple of exciting daytime expeditions to the Little Blue River 5 miles north of town and to the creek 2

miles east of Deshler to hunt crawdads and otherwise commune with nature. Once in a great while Dad and my brothers would go for a little fishing northwest of town at the bayou. As a child I always thought they said it was the B I L E. I never saw the word in print. This was where an old river channel had shifted and was cut off from the main stream. About all we caught was carp. Once in a while we landed

a little catfish and usually got stabbed when we handled it.

Life was serious business in the thirties with the great depression, the sudden closing of the Deshler bank, and I can remember the children being sent home from school more than once when the dust storms were so severe we could not see well enough to read our books in school. The terrible dust got into everything and formed drifts.



*Cousins Lenora Schneider, Erich von Fange and Luella Bell, 1998*  
(photo courtesy of Patti Bell)

## Contributions Support the Newsletter...Thanks!

If you feel you can help support a future issue, please send your check of any amount **made out to Paul von Fange** (NOT to the VF Newsletter!!) to the address to the right.

The following family members contributed to this and future issues:

Patti Bell	Janet Thompson	Janice Mays
David Nichols	Carolyn Kuhlman	Karen Berry



The VON FANGE Genealogical Newsletter

***LOOK INSIDE! 8 FULL PAGES!***