

CONVERSATIONS



An Easy-Going Fellow

By L.E. Buchholz

Thomas Burkle and Bertha Buchholz were married in 1919. They then lived in with her mother, and later with Emanuel. They became the parents of five children—one girl and four boys. But at the present, only two of these are still alive. One of the boys died on the old home farm as a school age boy, Arthur.

This family moved to Kulm, North Dakota, as of 1930, where Thomas became employed as a Soo Line railroad worker, and then continued there into retirement, when this family moved to Jamestown, North Dakota. After the death of Thomas, Bertha moved to Park Rapids, Minnesota, and died there in April 1984.

Tom himself was an easy-going, likeable fellow with a friendly disposition. But he liked and wanted his coffee. He drank at home and away, night or day. To him it made little difference if the coffee was hot or cold, or if it had sugar or cream. As long as it was coffee, he enjoyed drinking it.

He was dark complected, and it was said he got that way as a result of drinking too much coffee, but I never did believe this and do not think it's true.

He had four tough Buchholz brothers-in-law. He made a statement once they never allowed him to live down. He said he hated every day that the sun shone and preferred overcast skies and damp weather. He felt better, he said, during the night than during the day.

The reason was because he suffered from asthma. Whenever there was inclement weather, the brothers-in-law muttered, "Today Tom is happy again."

But if a warm, sunny day arrived, they said, "Today Tom feels badly. But we sure like this weather."

My mother often told me the following account: As they turned the calendar page to March in 1920, it began to appear she and Bertha could be running neck and neck and become mothers on the same day. But Edna was then born three days ahead of myself, and was at once declared the reigning beauty of the whole relation, and this title was to hold true.

So when I came along three days later, as looks went, I must not have given them any cause of alarm. I was said to have been slow (later, backwards) and

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I was generally unnoticed.

It perhaps would have been best if they had never told me this: Mother said after I was a few weeks' old, they bundled me up and it was over to Grandmother's house. Then I was taken to the other room and put on a bed, while the rest of the household gathered around Edna, who was on the kitchen table, because she was the image of all loveliness.

Time came to go home. So it was once more bundle up and out on the buggy and some five miles down the road. At times my folks said they were not even noticed leaving! But at times, either Grandmother or Bertha would say, "Well, it happened again. Eds also have a child, but since Edna is such a dear heart, they never even think of him."

That became the story of my life. But I made the best of it (this may be one of the reasons I waited 65 years to tell you about my relation!).

The oldest of the two sons of this family still living served a term in the U.S. Navy during World War II. After his discharge, he became an ardent admirer of Arabian horses, and became well known for his knowledge and skill as a trainer, fitter and showman.

Edna lost her life in a car accident. She died in the bloom and prime of her life. At the time she was married and had two small boys. Her husband's name was Bob Hutchins. They managed a grocery store in Minnesota.

I never again saw Bob or the two boys. Those boys would now be about 45 years old. I am not sure of their whereabouts, but am certain they would have to be good-looking men. How else could they be? Their mother lies buried in a Kulm cemetery. □