

Splawchnucha (*Splauncha*), the 3rd of February, 1924:

To Jacob Volz, York, Nebraska:

Valued Friend:

I was pleased to receive your postcard. As far as I can see, I am still in good standing with you. Also we have not forgotten you and still speak often of you daily. As long as we live, we shall not forget you. Your humanity and your affection and friendly behavior towards us will never leave our thoughts. My wife said this evening once again: "never in the world have I met such a man who was so solicitous of the troubles and problems of my heart that had bothered me for so long. He opened his heart, this Mr. Volz, Yes, the tears rolled down his cheeks as I opened the shutters of my heart and vented my grief, crying over the loss of my unforgettable, loving, son who departed this life. I felt the pain in my heart ease, and my wounded heart was most agreeably affected." For everything that you have done for us, we say to you again our heartfelt thanks, and send you herewith a heartfelt "God will repay you."

Do not forget us now in our sorrow and also not in the future, and think of us with love. It is certainly very comforting and calming in the storms of life and the anger of the present time to have a friend to think about who in the suffering that came over us showed his compassion, even though he is now widely remote from us, living in another land.

The time of our last get together is running through my mind. Many troubled clouds have passed; It is the thanks I received for my 38 years of service to the community and for my reward. I myself was doing (*community*) service time for my occupation in which exalted position I have been awarded 2 commendations and a gold medal to wear on my chest. You wonder about such hard-heartedness that man so dismisses an old servant.

About the Hirschen (*unknown word*) that you at the time of distribution handed over to me. I still have the list with me; you forgot that you handed it to me. Should I send it to you?--You ask in your little letter: "to whom in our community you could send money for the public, but for the poorest? If you want to put your trust in me, I am prepared to undertake the distribution of your shipment of money to the poorest and give you my true word that I will handle it correctly and conscientiously. Should you want to give me part as a reward, you yourself must regulate it. If I have to do it free of charge, then I am also prepared to make that sacrifice for the poor. Poverty is very widespread, there is a particular need for clothing; and any help would be very desirable.

--My wife has been sick all winter, I, on the other hand feel very healthy, so the long term change in family jobs, has not bothered me. My son Heinrich has returned back to the south and has the school master's position in Hussenbach.

(*ed. note: remainder of the letter is missing – this letter is believed to be from JacobRusch , the schoolmaster*)