

September 10, 2014

Lorraine Gentz  
344 Robinhood Lane Apt 2  
Gillett, WI. 54124

Lorraine,

I hope all is well. I am just starting to get caught up after several weeks of travel in August and a computer conversion that didn't go well. Here are my responses to your inquiries:

1. The Hein house, located at W2264 Grove St, Zachow, was moved from the Krueger cheese factor on County F, I believe in 1953. The children born to Vernon and Gertrude Hein: Mark 7/4/50, Dale 5/3/53 (deceased 1971) and Carol 1/23/57.
2. Vernon and Gertrude Hein purchase 3 lots next to Maynard and Bernice Hoefs, with the house being located on the center lot. The outer lots were used for garden plots, where cucumbers, potatoes, corn, strawberries, raspberries and other vegetables were grown.
3. Our back yard was very small, as 40% of the center lot was also part of the garden. The backyard was fenced in, probably to keep me from getting into the garden. My first memory is playing with some of the neighbor girls (assume Marilyn Hoefs was part of the group). I remember a ball going over the fence and into the garden. While one of the girls was running around the house to retrieve the ball, several others picked me up and dropped me on the other side to retrieve the ball before the other girl got there.
4. When my younger brother was old enough we had our own pickle / cucumber garden. Several times a week we would pick pickles and fill burlap bags, sometimes as many as three, and load them onto our "little red wagon". While one of us would pull, the other would hold on to the top bag to make sure it would stay on. We took the pickles to the sorting station, an old wood building located the Pauly Cheese station and the Dirk's elevator. We would unload the bags onto the conveyor belt and watch the pickles go over a shaking tray where they would fall through the shaker and into a wooden box. Grade 1 the smallest, Grade 5, the largest size. We would receive a receipt showing the pounds of each grade. At the end of the season mom and dad would take us to Krakow to redeem our weigh slips for school supplies and spending money.
5. The Pauly Cheese building was the school bus stop. On cold winter days Maynard Hoefs, the manager, would go to work early so we could wait inside. The ride to and from school took about an hour each way, because we were the first ones on and the last ones off. This gave us plenty of time to play "sheep head" and other card games. Annual hi-light for bus riders was Christmas when we would get a "big" candy bar from the bus driver.
6. With dad being a farmer, there was no such thing as a vacation. Sunday afternoons, when there were no crops to harvest, were spent driving around Shawano County or visiting relatives. I do remember a trip to the Milwaukee Zoo and a school trip to watch the Pittsburgh Pirates play the Milwaukee Braves. I can still see the green grass of the infield as I went to my seat. In the late 1980's I remember taking my parents, Uncle Leonard and Harry Radtke to a Brewers game. I got box seat tickets from Walker Mfg. We sat on folding

chairs and had a wood counter for our food and drinks (Old Milwaukee County Stadium). Nothing like the luxury boxes at stadiums today (Miller Park or Lambeau). On hot summer nights my brother and I would listen to Milwaukee Braves game on the radio as we lay in bed.

7. Zachow had a ball diamond, and still does. Softball games were the main activity. I was too young to play with the high schoolers: Glenn & Roy Dirks and their friends, so I ended up playing with Neil Dirks, Jim Bleick, Ron Bohm, my brother, Bruce & Bobby Haws, Steve Mayefske and anyone else who wanted to play with us. Occasionally we would have games against friends from school who lived around Zachow: Randy & Dennis Klosterman, Jim & Warren Kamke, Joel Kroening and John Boettcher. In the fall the ball diamond would turn into a football field. Rueben and Mini Schmidt had one of the two taverns on "Main Street", and I still remember an evening when a movie was shown outdoors in "downtown Zachow".

---

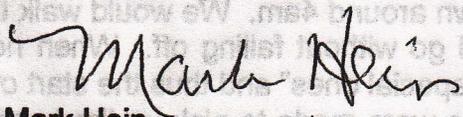
8. We lived on the south side of the Green Bay North Western railroad track, and almost every night you could hear the train horn as it went through town around 4am. We would walk the tracks and balance on the rail to see how far we could go without falling off. When new stone was placed on the rail bed, we would look for the "special ones" and thus the start of a "rock collection". One time lumber fell off and many trips were made to pick up the boards that turned into a fort. There was also a "side rail" in Zachow, used to store cars that we labeled as "hot boxes", those whose brakes failed and started on fire, and were left in Zachow to cool down. If the doors were open we would climb in to explore.
9. Lester Quant owned the fields across the road and the woods down the street. Lots of days were spent in the woods exploring the trails, building forts and playing "army games".
10. One of the annual traditions was visiting neighbors in the evening after Christmas. This meant candy, cards, and the showing of the gifts under the tree. Neighborhood birthday parties were similar: food and cards.
11. We had bikes (used) and spent free time biking around town and down to the dump past the Rueckert farm. During the summer we attended Bible School at Zion Lutheran on County F where my grandparents went to church. We rode our bikes. My first bike was a full pedal, no coast. Back then there was a steep hill by the tracks on F. I had to stand up and pedal as hard as I could to make it to the top, and then I would take my feet off the pedals and coast as far as I could.
12. Dad's farm was about a mile outside of Zachow. I didn't have to get up early to milk, as Grandpa and Grandma Hein lived in the farm house and Grandpa helped with the milking. When extra help was needed for bailing hay or oats, picking stones or corn, or chopping straw or corn, mom would take us to the farm. When I was in college dad convinced mom to buy a snow mobile.... so he could always make it to the farm. My brother and I just rode the sled for fun. Most Saturdays in winter meant sawing and hauling fireplace wood. It was a family job. My brother and I would carry the logs, of all sizes, to the cutting saw table. Grandpa would push the table in to engage the saw and dad would throw the pieces into the

back of the truck or trailer. When fully loaded, we would deliver the wood and return to the farm to cut and deliver the next order.

13. After breaking a hip in June of 2011 and the other hip in May of 2013, mom moved into Meadow View Assisted Living in Bonduel in July of 2013, in the room next to her brother Leonard Wasmund. Leonard passed away in March of 2014, 90 years old. In May of 2014 we spend countless hours cleaning out W2264 Grove St, after mom had lived there for 61 years. The home was sold on May 23, 2014 ending a live time of great memories.

I hope this helps in your documentation of the history of Zachow. Carol will send some pictures when she responds to your request.

God's Blessings,



Mark Hein  
1000 Thornberry Creek Drive  
Hobart, WI. 54155  
920-366-7884 (cell) mfhein50@gmail.com

8. Lester Quent owned the fields across the road and the woods down the street. Lots of days were spent in the woods exploring the trails, building forts and playing "army games".

10. One of the annual traditions was visiting neighbors in the evening after Christmas. This meant candy, cards, and the showing of the gifts under the tree. Neighborhood birthday parties were similar: food and cards.

11. We had bikes (used) and spent free time biking around town and down to the dump past the Rucker farm. During the summer we attended Bible School at Zion Lutheran on County F where my grandparents went to church. We rode our bikes. My first bike was a full pedal, no coast. Back then there was a steep hill by the tracks on F. I had to stand up and pedal as hard as I could to make it to the top, and then I would take my feet off the pedals and coast as far as I could.

12. Dad's farm was about a mile outside of Zachow. I didn't have to get up early to milk, as Grandpa and Grandma Hein lived in the farm house and Grandpa helped with the milking. When extra help was needed for baling hay or oats, picking stones or corn, or chopping straw or corn, mom would take us to the farm. When I was in college dad convinced mom to buy a snow mobile... so he could always make it to the farm. My brother and I just rode the sled for fun. Most Saturdays in winter meant sewing and hauling firewood. It was a family job. My brother and I would carry the logs, of all sizes, to the cutting saw table. Grandpa would push the table in to engage the saw and dad would throw the pieces into the