

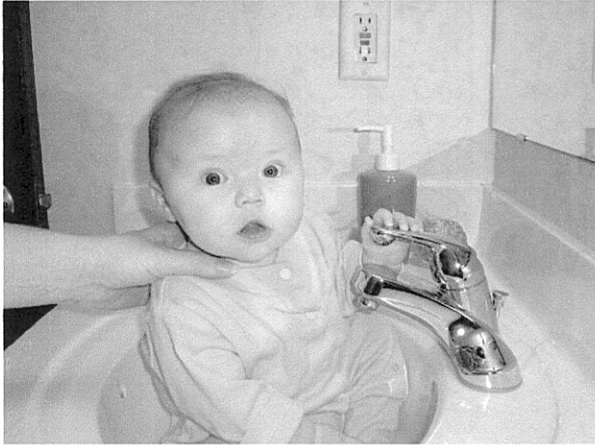
Our Family News Letter

Issue 43

Greendale, Wisconsin

December, 2003

Hey Mom, I found a new way to wet my diaper.



Lauren Emily Heck discovers a new gadget in October 2003.

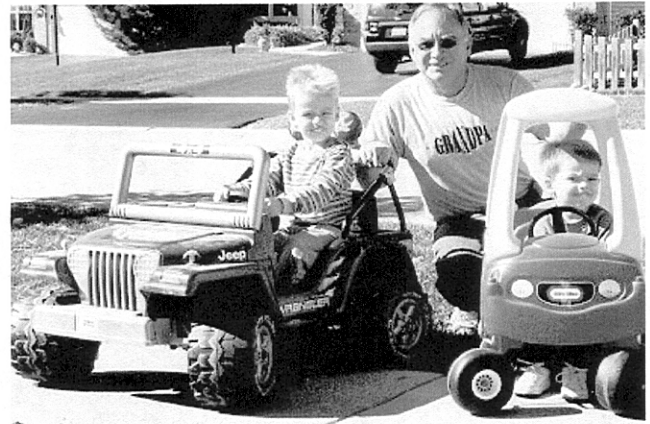
Is your car insurance paid up?

It looks like we have two new drivers out on the road. Well, not exactly on the road. We have two new drivers on the sidewalks of Lake In The Hills, Illinois.

Don Heck is shown at right teaching his two grandsons the rules of the sidewalk. Nathan and Nicholas Tappen, sons of Adam and Amy Tappen, seem to be taking it all in but those worn tires on the vehicles tell us a different story. We suspect that the boys have had a lot of practice drag racing on the sidewalks in front of their home.

Since Nicholas is a little younger than Nathan, he is restricted to pedal power while the older and much more experienced Nathan has graduated to battery power. Gas power is just around the corner. Watch out mom & dad, Nathan will be asking for the car keys in just a

few years. The year 2015 is just around the corner.



This newsletter is written and published by **Robert J. Heck, 4910 Steeple Drive, Greendale, WI 53129.** My e-mail address is **bheck@execpc.com**

This newsletter is written and published quarterly and is distributed without charge. Contributions to help cover the costs are greatly appreciated.

Guest editorials and articles are always welcome. So are your family pictures.

Our home page address is:
<http://www.execpc.com/~bheck/heck.htm>

Lolita D. Manske

25 Mar 1930 – 15 Sep 2003

We were saddened to learn of the death of one of our most loyal readers and supporters, Lolita D. Manske of Racine, Wisconsin. Lolita had been a frequent article contributor to this newsletter over the many years that I've known her. Sometimes she would just send a postcard telling me about one of her grandchildren. Other times she would send a long letter. Always she was as proud of her family as they must have been of her. She was a remarkable lady.

Lolita was an articulate writer with a very strong concept of what is important to family members near and far, closely related or distantly related. I spent time with her while she was still living on North Main Street in Racine. Her recollection of past events was remarkable. Sharp as a tack, as the expression goes.

She told me many stories about her years as a child, teenager and young adult. She recalled the good and the bad times.

In 1943, she wrote the following poem, which was found in her papers by her daughter, Janet Manske Madsen.



Bernard and Lolita Manske on their 50th wedding anniversary in 1980.

I Thank Thee God

I thank Thee God for the sun and the flowers too. I know the very air I breath can only come from you.

Each tiny seed that I may sew, along each path that I may go, please bless them all that they might be, good and pleasing deeds to Thee.

Make me smile when ere I'd frown. Help me to help when friends are down. Teach me to know Thee as I ought. Give me the grace your blood has bought. May my humble help, my worth, justify my living on this earth.

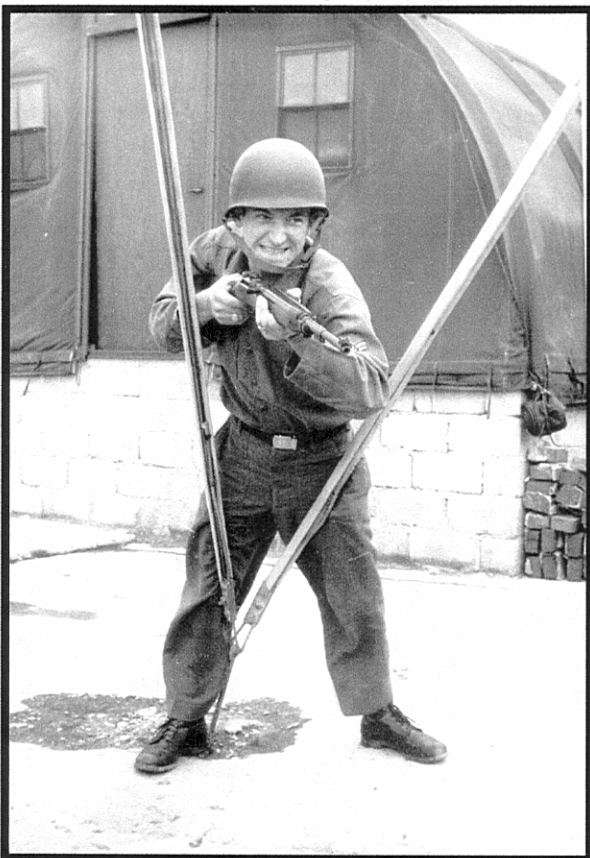
Without Thee God my soul would be lost, condemned in agony. Make all people to understand, to grasp and cling to Your saving hand.

Lolita Henningfield Manske — 1943

Lolita D. ManskeRACINE - Lolita D. Manske, 91, passed away peacefully at All Saints Medical Center on Monday, September 15, 2003. She was born to Frederick and Adele (nee: Wald) Henningfield on November 20, 1911, in Burlington. On March 25, 1930, she was united in marriage to Bernard H. Manske. She is survived by her children, Janet Madsen of Racine, John 'Jack' (Carole) Manske of Campbellsport, Frederick Manske of Racine, and Thomas (Shirley) Manske of Greenville, S.C.; grandchildren, Steven and Christian Madsen, Melissa (Lance) Kingery, Loren Manske, Christopher (Shannon) Manske, Owen (Lisa) Manske, Nicole (Tony) Tempesta, Dr. Eric (Jennifer) Manske, Jennifer (Jonathan) Fenske, and Heather (Evan) Mann; great-grandchildren, Kristin and James Madsen, Brennen and Braeydyn Manske, Norine and Lydia Kingery, Cole Manske, and Vincent Tempesta; and loving nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her husband, Bernard on May 3, 1985; two sisters, Loraine Wuttke and Dorothy Swantz;

two brothers, Robert 'Bob' Henningfield and Roland 'Babe' Henningfield; and her beloved granddaughter, Norine Manske Ollerman. Funeral services will be held at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 3011 Erie Street, on Friday, September 19, 2003, at 10 a.m. The service will be conducted by Rev. Susan Smith. Burial will be at Graceland Cemetery. There will be a visitation at the Hanson Funeral Home on Thursday evening from 6 until 8 p.m. There will also be a visitation at the church on Friday morning from 9 a.m. until time of services at 10 a.m. In lieu of flowers, memorials have been suggested to St. Paul's Lutheran Church or one's favorite charity. Lolita left this note: "To my family, friends, my church - St. Paul's Lutheran, the choir, and senior center, you have all been a great joy in my life. To all whose paths have crossed with mine, God Bless You Always." HANSON FUNERAL HOME 3014 Northwestern Avenue 632-4479

**How I qualified as a Sharpshooter in
Air Force Boot Camp. by Bob Heck**



I had always considered myself an above average shooter with a rifle. As a kid in the late 1940's we used to practice shooting a B-B gun in our neighbor's garage. Johnny and Bill Sieger were our neighbors on Jones Avenue in Racine. Both of them were great shots with their Daisy Red Rider lever action B-B gun. My brother Gary and I would spend a lot of time picking up spent B-B's off of the dirt floor in the Sieger garage. None of us could afford to buy new B-B's so we just recycled them as best we could. Sometimes we would even pick them out of the wood in the garage using a pocketknife. If they weren't flattened too much we would reuse them.

In August 1958, shortly after graduating from High School, I joined the United States Air Force. I was sent to Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas for Basic Training or "Boot Camp" as we called it. Part of the 11 week Boot Camp included one week on bivouac where the "Old Timers" told us that there would be a bunch of hard physical obstacle courses and long night marches. The "Old Timers" were any recruits who had at least two weeks more service time than I had.

Some of the stories that we heard scared the daylights out of us. One story said that we had to run into a burning airplane and do a simulated rescue of passengers. We were told that if you didn't run fast enough the flames shooting at you from all directions would burn you. If you ran too fast the flames would follow you and you would get burned anyway. While this story was true, the danger was greatly exaggerated. Other stories of the tear gas obstacle had us just as concerned. The greatest concern had to be over the obstacle course. Stories of swinging over mud filled ponds and crawling under barbed wire with machine gun bursts flying inches above our heads had us really thinking.

While we were packing our gear back at the barracks for the start of bivouac, I remember

thinking that I should leave my glasses behind. It seemed like the smart thing to do so that they don't melt when I run through the flaming airplane or they don't get smashed when I crawl on my belly under the barbed wire. With my glasses safely stored in my footlocker in the barracks, I was off for a week of bivouac.

Bivouac was going fairly well and my confidence was high. On the third day we were in formation and our Drill Instructor informed us that we were going to march to the firing range for qualification on the carbine rifle. We were told that all Airman must qualify or they would be "set back" to repeat basic training. Then it hit me. I didn't have my glasses and there was no way to get them in time for the march to the firing range. I would have to try to qualify without my glasses.

As part of the training at the firing range we had to practice for an hour without ammunition. This was called "Dry Fire." We would have to fire in five positions: prone, sitting, standing, kneeling, and rapid fire. I thought that my only chance of qualifying would be if I did it left-handed. My left eye was a little stronger than my right eye and that was worth a try. I must have looked like an idiot during the dry run since I had never shot a weapon left handed in my life. There I was practicing loading the carbine, aiming, and clicking off a simulated round left-handed. It was as awkward as you can imagine. After an hour of left-handed dry run practice, I was as ready as I was ever going to be. All of my buddies knew the predicament that I was in and they were pulling for me. They kept saying, "You can do it, Bob. You can do it."

It was time for live ammunition. Over the loud speaker I could hear the commands being barked off. "Ready on the left? Ready on the right? Ready on the firing line? Lock and load ammunition. Safety's off. Commence firing." Soon it was all over. I had fired in all of the

positions required and now it was time to see the actual scores.

All of my buddies were gathered around me while we waited. Soon the score sheets came in and much to my surprise I had qualified as a Sharpshooter. We all let out with a big cheer and kept patting each other on the back. All of us had qualified, and I did it left-handed.

The last few days of bivouac were a breeze. Bring on the burning airplane and the machine gun fire. I was ready for anything.

Final Update on Robert Steven Heck's Appeal to the Circuit Court in 1914.

Did my grandfather, Robert Steven Heck 1879-1923, serve 60 days at hard labor for serving drinks to a minor? This is a follow-up article on the incident that I reported on in the last two issues of **Our Family News Letter**.

Well, after a lot of searching I finally found the answer.

His arrest for serving drinks to a minor was front-page news in May 1914. Articles about the arrest dominated the newspapers in Racine, Wisconsin for three days in a row. A Judge found him guilty and sentenced him to 60 days in the County Jail. Robert immediately appealed his conviction to the Circuit Court.

I had checked at the Racine County Court House for the final disposition of the case but they no longer had the records. The Circuit Court Clerk told me that the records were thrown out after 50 years. I kept on checking and finally found the records in the Regional Archives of Wisconsin located at Parkside University in Kenosha County, Wisconsin. This is what I found:

"Circuit Court Racine County, State of Wisconsin, Plaintiff verses Robert Heck, Defendant. Nature of Action: Selling liquor to a

minor. Appeal from Municipal Court. Docket number 104-1662. Attorney: William W. Storms and John H. Liegler.”

“June 5, 1914. Came George A. Kehl, Clerk of the Municipal Court in and for Racine, Wisconsin, and filed all the original papers herein, together with notice of appeal and undertaking thereon.”

“November 1914 term, to-wit:- Nov 17, 1914. This matter having been reached in its regular order on the calendar at issue, Robert Heck appearing in court in person and by John H. Liegler, his attorney, William W. Storms, District Attorney appearing in behalf of the State of Wisconsin. Defendant having entered a plea of guilty in open court, the court orders that he pay a fine of Twenty-Five Dollars and costs and that if he fails to pay said fine he stands committed to the County Jail not to exceed thirty days. Defendant pays into court \$34.29, being \$25.00 fine, \$7.29, Municipal Court costs and \$2.00 Circuit Court costs. Defendant is discharged.”

This clears up the mystery about Robert Steven Heck. He did not have to serve time in jail at hard labor but he did plead guilty of the charge against him. I imagine that his attorney fees were probably more than the fine that he ultimately paid.

Robert Steven Heck complained during the Municipal Court case that a pain in his side during the incident caused him to drink too much and that as a result he did not remember much. He had a second bar tender testify to that fact. This probably irritated Judge Smieding from the Municipal Court and thus resulted in a 60-day sentence.

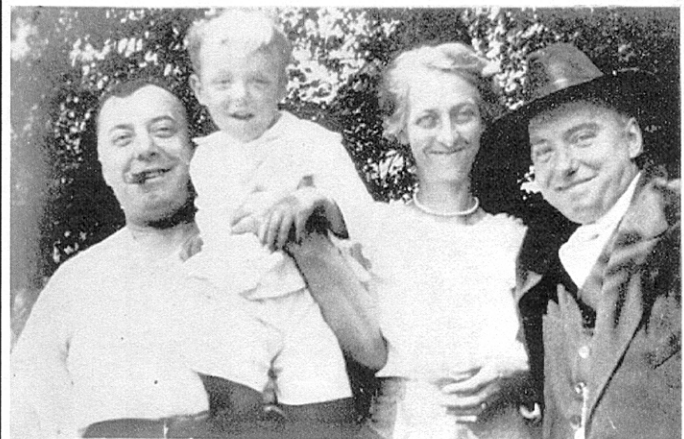
According to stories that my Dad and Uncle Al told me, Robert Steven Heck worked as a bartender up until the time that he died in 1923. He didn't own a tavern after the 1914 incident

but worked for others. It does not appear that he lost his license to serve liquor but he did lose his license to own and operate a saloon.

Robert Steven Heck refused to see a doctor about the pain in his side and complained about it as late as 1918. The pains were most likely caused by an aneurysm, which eventually burst and killed him in 1923.



Robert Steven Heck in about 1923



Brothers, Matt, at left, and Robert Steven Heck, at right, with Edward Heck and Margaret Henningfeld Heck in about 1920.

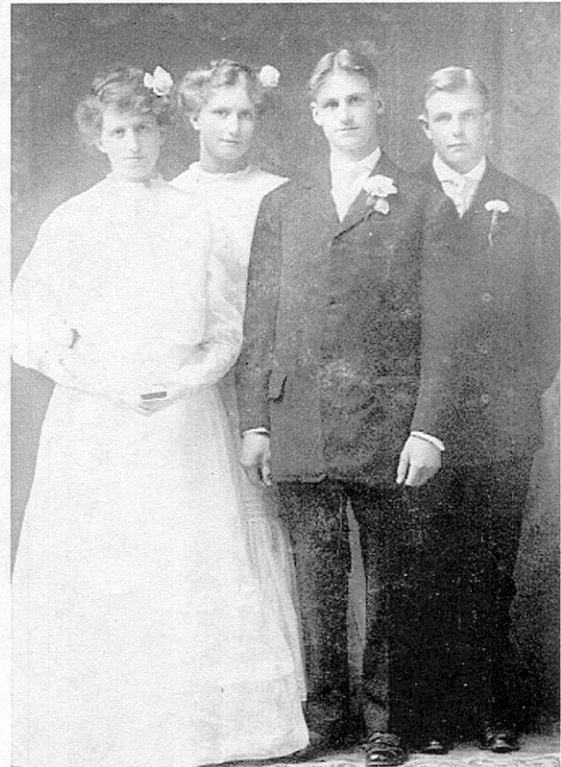
Meet the Stratman Family

The picture above was taken in the early 1900's at the Charles Stratman home in Waterford,



Racine County, Wisconsin. The photo was very badly faded and had to be computer enhanced. The right side of the photograph was especially washed out. Unfortunately, the two people on the right of the photo were the ones that I was interested in. They are Charles Stratman and his wife Elizabeth Larsman. Charles is the brother of my great grandmother, Clara Stratman Henningfeld. This is the only known picture of Charles and Elizabeth. The other people in the photo from left to right are Gus Baumgardt, Mary Stratman Baumgardt, Joseph Stratman, Elizabeth Stratman Kohlman, Ted Kohlman, Anthony Stratman, and Henry Stratman. The house sold in 1919 for \$2,400.

The picture at upper right shows Barbara Ruetz, Katherine Ruetz, Henry Stratman and Joseph Stratman. Barbara and Katherine were sisters and Henry and Joseph were brothers. Barbara married Henry, however Katherine married Anthony Stratman, another brother of Henry and Joseph. That had to be an interesting relationship. Hmm. That would make the sisters, sisters-in-law and brothers, brothers-in-



law at the same time. The children of the two families would be double first cousins.



Elizabeth and Charles Stratman

On the previous page the picture shown at lower right is a computer-enhanced image taken from the photo at upper left. The scratches were removed, the contrast was improved and the focus was made sharper.



Seated from left to right are Esther Stratman Fries 88, and her sister Norma Stratman Sorenson 91 from Racine. Standing is their niece Nancy Stratman Albright also from Racine.

Norma and Esther are the daughters of Anthony Stratman and Katherine Ruetz. Nancy Stratman Albright is the daughter of Charles Stratman who is the brother of Norma and Esther. Don't worry folks there won't be a test at the end of this newsletter.

The Stratman family has been having a family reunion on the Fourth of July for 60 consecutive years. They started in 1943, and have always included watching the parade before the reunion and fireworks after. Each year the reunion gets a little bigger as the family continues to expand and grow. In 2003, they had about 70 people attending the reunion.

I had the pleasure of meeting Norma and Esther in October when Nancy invited me over to her house to exchange data and pictures of the family.

New Information Found on the Henningfeld Family

While conducting some research I found some new information on the Henningfeld family. The information is from "**Passenger and Immigration Lists Index: 1982-85 Cumulation.**" The specific reference was 5861 Muller, Friedrich., "Westfalische Auswanderer im 19 Jahrhundert Auswanderung aus dem Regierungsbezirk Munster, Part 1. 1803-1850."

The index listed Franz Henningfeld arriving in America in 1847. It listed his wife: Elisabeth Richter, his children: Maria Catharine, Catherine Elisabeth, and Catherine Carolina. The new information is that it also listed his father: Wilhelm Henningfeld and his mother: Maria Catherine Bucker. Up to this point we did not know that his parents, my great great great grandparents, had immigrated to the United States.

Now we need to conduct a search to find out what happened to them. Did they remain in this country? When and where did they die and where are they buried?

Bruce Mikel 1937-2003

My first cousin, Bruce Jerome Mikel age 65, passed away unexpectedly of heart failure on August 29, 2003, in Milwaukee. Bruce was the son of Bohumil Mikel and Eloise Jensen. He was born in Detroit, Michigan on October 28, 1937. Bruce had studied the German language at Princeton University and at the University in Germany. He taught at several universities in the United States. In later life he became a fundraiser for various organizations.

On the following page are several pictures of Bruce that were displayed at a memorial service held for him on November 1, 2003. The picture at lower left is of Bruce and his brother, Dan Mikel.

