

BUNGSDORF.....

Left hotel early for one of the most interesting and exciting days, headed for Bungsdorf, 130 Kilos away, where my grandad Hintz was born in 1833. August 18, 1971. Arrived there at 9:30 A.M. Took picture of the village sign with name of HOLBUNGE. A farmer turned onto the highway with tractor and hay rack. He could not understand my perfect German sign language. A fourteen year old could and did understand. I asked where the Burgermeister lived, Never dreaming that the Hintz Clan would still exist. The young fellow said he did not live in town. With that the old gentleman said: "If they are looking for Heintz, it is the second farm on the left where the barn burned down." I think that is when Grandpa turned Americano. He got just a little high brow and changed the spelling to "Hintz".

REUNION OF THE HINTZ CLAN....

We drove to the farm, turned into the yard. We told him, a fourteen year old lad, of our mission. Just then his dad walked out of the house. We told him what we wanted. He said "I am Peter Hintz; you must come into the house". "My grandad's name was Peter Hintz also!" After showing us pictures and without a doubt, noticed the look of starvation on our faces, told us that his stepmother, 88 years old, was having a birthday party, and would we join them? The stampede was on! We met a room full of the Hintz Clan! The most outstanding one was 93 years old. He had more "bounce to the ounce" than a teenager. Did not need any glasses and drove his car wherever he wanted to go.

DON AND THE FAMILY TREE.....

Don has been working on our Family Tree for years. He was in his glory! For the 93 year old showed him the Family Tree dating back to the 16th century--dates not names. To be sure we wined and dined at noon and early afternoon tea as they are all farm folk and had chores to do and were combining with a large 11' combine. The combine was the latest. Their milking procedure--one step ahead of the stone age. Their barn had burned down. Their cows were a two good miles from home. A tractor and wagon hauled the milk machine and milk cans. The tractor was hooked up to the pump. The cows corraled in an electric fence. Four cows at a time were placed in stanchions under a tin roof. Frau Hintz and son did the milking, no water for washing udders and nothing with which to cool the milk, which was hauled up to the side of the road. A milk hauler picked it up. I don't know when.

We stopped off to see another farm in town. They had big unloading wagons with aprons, unloading straw. It was pushed off onto the ground at the back end. Two fellows with pitch forks pushed it into a large suction pipe, and it was blown up into the barn. I'm taking the exclusive agency for John Deere and International and will show them how the Americano makes hay. It is very beautiful farm land country on the edge of two very large salt water seas--Mitten See and Kleine Mitten See.