

Trentoner Donauschwaben

Volume 3 Issue 2



April-June 2003

Points of Interest

- Ben Franklin published the first German language newspaper in the Western world in Philadelphia on 10 June 1732. It was named the *Philadelphische Zeitung*.
- The *Jefferson Democrat* of Pottsville, PA was the last German-only newspaper in the U.S. It stopped publication in the early 1900s.
- Most of Salt Lake City's landmarks were designed by Richard Karl August Kletting (1858-1943) from Württemberg, Germany.
- Otterbein College in Westerville, OH was named after German Reformed minister, Philip William Otterbein (1726-1813).
- One million Germans emigrated to the U.S. from 1846-1857.

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DONAUSCHWABEN TRACHTENFEST

The annual National Trachtenfest will be held over the 2003 Labor Day weekend in Mansfield, OH. Like last year, several Club members plan to attend this cultural event in Ohio. Last year all those that attend the event in Milwaukee had a great fun filled experience. Mark your calendars and plan to join us on this "road trip".

DONAUSCHWABEN HISTORY TALK

Philadelphia Donauschwaben President Fred Gauss asked members Hans Martini and Dennis Bauer to give a brief talk on Donauschwaben history at the Sunday, 4 May 2003 communion breakfast meeting of the Kolping Society of Philadelphia. The event will held at the Philly clubhouse.

ICH HATT EINEN KAMMARADEN

by Steve Brandecker

On 28 December 2002, the *Die Langen Kerls* ceased to exist. The decision to bring this much loved group to an end was not an easy one.

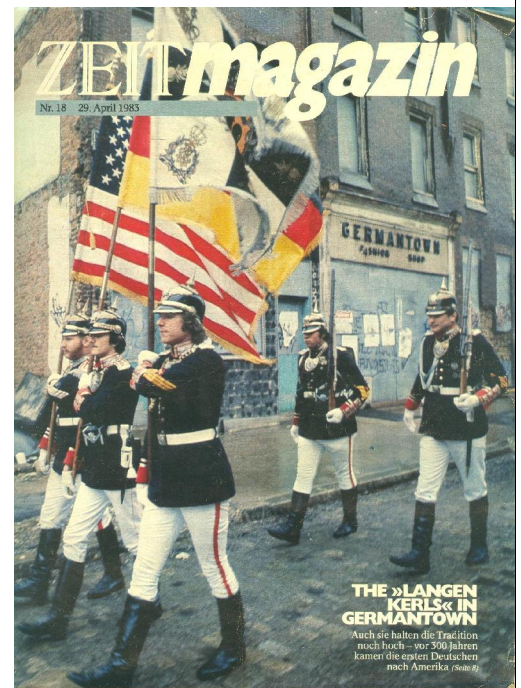
The group got its start right here at the Trenton Donauschwaben club some 25 years ago by a few young men with a shared love of their German heritage. As time passed and these men moved on, others soon followed. At one point there were 20 of us involved.

The group would perform at the Deutscher Tag and the Steuben parade in Philadelphia. In the early days we were the official color guard for the parade. Soon thereafter, word spread of this fine group of men marching with military precision. We were soon invited to march in parades from Baltimore to New York City. We met new people and made many new friends.

Over time we all realized that the friendships we had made would last a lifetime.

We have seen girl friends come and go. We then added wives to the lot which strengthened our already close "family". Next came the children and hopes that some day they would march along side us in future parades. But that was not meant to be.

As with everything in society today, everyone was torn in too many directions all at once, either personal or professional. The commitment this unit demanded could no longer be met. So, with a fond "Auf Wiederseh'n", we had a final Christmas party to toast old comrades. The friends I have made I will cherish a life time. I am truly honored to have known each and everyone of our group. The memories will bring joy and sadness of good times past, but we can always proudly say we were the *Die Langen Kerle*. Thanks to all who have made this a truly rewarding 25 years worth of memories. ... **einen besseren findest du nie**. (See other picture on page 9).



Langen Kerls members 1983 (left-right): Chuck Bauer, Joe Brandecker, Gary Bartmann, Chuck Pinkerton & Walter Bauer.

Club Matters

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS PAST AT THE CLUB

By Liz Tindall

For those of you who have participated in German School in years' past, I'm sure you'd like to join me in a trip down memory lane, especially as it relates to Christmas and our annual Christmas Pageant.

One of the fondest memories I have is of Christmas in the early 60's when we were all busy rehearsing and preparing for our famous "Krippenspiel" under the direction of Frau Helen Lindenmayer. Surely, you remember the excitement we felt in anticipation of receiving our parts in the play and the anxiety as we wondered who would get the lead roles of "Maria und Josef". Who would be the Angel Gabriel or one of the Three Wise Men? Many of us wondered if we were going to be an "Engel", a "Stern" or a "Hirte". Rehearsals were on a regular basis beginning in the Fall and working its way up to the "General Probe" which really gave one the full effect of the Christmas spirit! Practicing the "Weihnachtslieder" made it all the more special. That day was spent selecting the perfect Christmas attire to wear for the festivities, making sure all the costumes were in order, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of Santa. Our moms were busy putting the final touches on the costumes...angels, shepherds, wise men, etc. as well as baking their traditional Christmas cookies. The dads were busy with the props and stage sets. What a great job (as always) our parents and grandparents did! I remember all too well the silver garland that adjourned our angel costumes and the large angel wings made of cardboard covered with aluminum foil.

The day of the "Krippenspiel" has finally arrived! Our cast consisted of Martha and Robert Wildmann, Brigitte and Roland Heidenhoffer, Markus Novosel, Olga and Ditmar Michel, Hans and Monica Martini, and later on brother Raymond (who was a little too young at this time), Klara and Josef Brandecker (brother Steve was also a little young and made his debut a little later), Rick and Ron Jakober, Mary Anna, Kathy, Frankie and Linda Herdt. Barbie and Susie Herdt also made their debuts a few years later, Rick Schintzler, Monica Pfann, Monica Kusenko, among others. (If I missed anyone, my apologies)! The lights were dimmed and it was time for the start of the Play as all the angels and stars paraded toward the stage. The angels all held a candle (which was a flashlight, covered with crepe paper, made to look like a candle). The Play went off without a hitch and concluded with the entire audience joining in the singing of "'Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht". We were overwhelmed with the applause that we received! The feeling of Christmas was everywhere!

These wonderful memories are now being passed on to our children and our children's children. It was truly a special time...a time that we will never forget! (See pictures on page 9).

MEMBER PASSING

by Fred Gauss, President Philly Donauschwaben

I regret to notify the membership on the passing of former president, **Adam Dickmann** on February 26, 2003. The Association extends its condolences to Katherina, his mother; Maria, his wife; his four children: Rosemarie, Adam Jr., Anton and Joseph and all the in-laws and grandchildren.

Adam is best remembered for his people and communication skills. He always had time to talk to you whether it was one-on-one or if it was with a microphone in his hand. He is one of those rare people whom you meet during your life who you enjoy talking and listening to. He was always ready with a story of the old country or with a joke. I thank him for his rendition of the story of how the residents of his hometown in Yugoslavia (Filipowa) received its nickname of "Gehlfüßle" (yellowfeet).

My mother also came from Filipowa so the families spent many hours together. During my youth, I can still remember the Sunday evenings after the men's soccer games when families and friends often gathered at Adam's Lawncrest home. The men surrounded the dining room table to play the German card game "Rufmariasch". I was relegated to the second row of seats and observed the special nuances of the game, which seemed to come down to the banging of knuckles on tables and the drinking of schnapps and beer. I also recall Adam gathering the young boys to play soccer in the club's unofficial first youth team. We weren't very good but it started the foundation of soccer in our lives. The annual Dickmann picnics (pig roast) at the FARM were legendary for the food, desserts and drink. Adam's last donation was his life story, which he wrote while he was spending his last months in and out of the hospital. He sent me a 25-page story that only briefly documents an extraordinary life.

Besides these personal memories, Adam regularly showed the German community and the club's members that he was a true Donauschwabe. He was a founding member of the Association and its German school. He was President of the Association for 17 years as well as a coach and director in the Danubia soccer program. He was also an active member and officer of the National Danube Swabian Association. The list of positions can continue on and on because Adam was always willing to volunteer. He shall be missed.

In closing it was a privilege and a pleasure to have known Adam Dickmann Sr. Because of his commitment to the Danube Swabian Culture, the Association is taking up a collection in his honor. Please make checks payable to the Danube Swabian Foundation, which sponsors Danube Swabian cultural efforts throughout the country. Contributions can be sent directly to the Foundation listed on the front page of the newsletter or donations can also be sent to Käthe Marx, Association Secretary who will forward the donations. I hope you will be able to participate in this effort.

Editors note: Herr Dickmann was also a valued member of our Trenton Club. He often was a quest speaker and had a great sense of humor. Adam & Eva Martini of the Club attended his funeral in Pennsburg, PA.

Genealogy & History Section



LANGUAGE of our ANCESTORS

Pictured to the left is a copy of the money used by our Donauschwaben ancestors in 1916. The value of the bill was one (Eine) Krone in German and one (Egy) Korona in Hungarian. This was prior to the end of World War I and the breakup of Austria-Hungary

As you can see, the language on the left side of the bill is in German and Hungarian on the right side of the bill. Although our ancestors spoke German at home, Hungarian was the official State language in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

The official State language was changed to Serbo-Croatian for those living in the newly formed Yugoslavia after World War I or Romanian for those Donauschwaben living in the eastern Banat which, was now in the newly formed Romania after World War I.

Some of our ancestors could speak Hungarian, Serbo-Croatian and naturally German. Upon arriving in America, they quickly learned the English language also. Most Americans today can only speak one language, let alone four!

CLUB FOUNDER DIED

One of the three remaining founding members of our Club passed away 26 January 2003. Franz Klespies, 95, was a wonderful person; warm, intelligent and easy going. He could be seen during the summer months enjoying our picnics with his wife. During the winter he enjoyed his residence in Miami and the warm Florida weather.

Franz was a native of Palanka, Batschka and a staunch supporter of this Club since its founding in 1956! We lament the fact that time passes on so quickly and that the fine group of original members, *unsere Gründer*, has dwindled to just two; Herr Josef Bohn of Robbinsville, NJ and Herr Stefan Reger of Germany.

WILKOMMEN

A heartfelt welcome to new members: **Manfred Grotzke**. Manfred hails from northeastern Germany and, like the Donauschwaben, was forced to flee ahead of the communists in the closing days of the Second World War. He ended up in Germany where he became an expert woodworker. He is leading an active retirement and has supported many of our club's activities over the years. Manfred lives in Pipersville, PA.

Kevin Nakashima. Kevin has been supporting club dinners for many years also. He is part owner of the world famous furniture company bearing his family name. Kevin resides just outside New Hope, PA.

Ronald, Lisa and Sean Jakober. Ron is son of our Ludwig "PaPa J" Jakober. Ron is a former German school student from the 60's and 70's, as well as a former dance group member. The Club is delighted to be able to count him (and his family) among our members again.

Also welcome new members; **Tatjana, John, Ryan and Stefanie Kent**. The Kent's have a special interest in the Club's German school for children. We are pleased to have them as members of our Club.

MERCER COUNTY, NJ, GENEALOGY (<http://members.cox.net/mercergen/mercer.html>)

This web site is a place where those doing research on families that lived in the present boundaries of Mercer County, NJ can visit. You can find out who is doing research on what families from this area. You can also find lists of useful references for additional research, many additional genealogical web site links and so much, much more. Stop by!

For your information: Mercer County was created in 1838 from portions of Burlington, Hunterdon, Middlesex and Somerset Counties. It is situated along the Delaware River and serves as the States western border. It contains 228 square miles and has a population of 353,529. Trenton serves both as its county seat and the State capital. (Source: Mercer County, NJ, Genealogy web site).

Genealogy & History Section (Continued)

The German-Hungarian Family Calendar Magazine

Subscriber List for Mercer County, NJ 1951-54 (*Deutsch-Ungarischer Familien Kalender*, National Weeklies, Inc., Winona, MN, 1951, 1953 & 1954 Issues) . This is a list of G-J surnames from the Trenton area only. Additional surnames will follow in future issues.

Transcribed by Dennis J. Bauer, 17 December 2002. Surnames appear exactly as spelled in the original text and may not be the actual spelling. The list shows the individual's place of origin and their address in the Trenton area at the time of subscription to the magazine. Some translations of town, county and country names were done. As with any secondary source, you may wish to consult the original magazine.

The magazines, written in German, were published in the U.S. from 1932-1954. They contained stories from the German-Hungarian regions of Hungary, Yugoslavia and Romania, pictures of "home", jokes, poems and best of all a list of American and Canadian subscribers, their spouses, their place of origin and their present addresses in the U.S. and Canada. During its publication, the magazines listed between 10-15 thousand Donauschwaben.

Trenton, NJ

GARATWA, Paul, from Paripas, Batschka, Yugoslavia and Theresia HORVATH, from Bukin, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 216 Ashmore Ave.

GARTNER, Mathias, from Obrowatz, Batschka, Yugoslavia and Maria GISCHLAR, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 56 West St.

GAUG, Wilhelm, from Segenthau and Maria TRITSCHLER, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 401 LaFayette Ave.

GAUGES, Friedrich, from Obrowatz, Batschka, Yugoslavia and Barbara STAUB, from Csajkove, Slavonia, 530 Emmet Ave.

GAUSS, Sebastian, and Katharina LEPOLD, from Filipowa, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 61 LaFayette, Ave.

GUTH, Josef, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, and Anna SCHERER, from Dunacseb, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 360 Morris Ave.

GERBER, Michael, from Segenthau and Katharina SCHWARZ, from Krezstätten, Banat Romania, 121 Dayton St.

GESSNER, Martin, from St. Martin, Banat, Romania, and Veronika KFRERER, from Novosello, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 268 Cummings Ave.

GULD, Adam, from Kusmin, Srem, and Wilhelmina KAVE, from Virivitza, Slavonia, 954 Franklin St.

GUSZ, Nikolaus F., from Wisenhaid, Banat, and Magdalena TIFFERT, from Krezstätten, Banat Romania, 72 Kearney Ave.

GUSZ, widow, Anna, nee FEIL, from Kreuzstätten, 60 West St.

GUTH, Josef, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, and Anna SCHERER, from Dunacseb, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 360 Morris Ave.

HAHN, Paul and Franziska MERGER, from Paripas, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 1489 Cedar Ln.

HAMMANN, Nikolaus and Barbara GERBER, from Segenthau, Banat Romania, 507 Deklyn Ave.

HÄSILI, Georg, and Maria BEINSTINGEL, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 1046 Chambers St.

HÄSILI, widow, Agnes, nee SCHMIDT, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 181 Brown St.

HAUMANN, widow, Rosa, nee BAUMGARTNER, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 419 Ashmore Ave.

HEIM, Georg, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, and Anna HASLER, from Hodschag, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 107 Annabelle Ave.

HEINEMANN, Rosa, nee HARTMANN, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 89 Elizabeth Ave.

HELFRICH, John, from Segenthau, Banat Romania, and Gertrud SPUHLER, from Hatzfeld, Banat, 320 Rusling St.

HENGERT, widow, Magdalena, nee MÜLLER, from Gajdobra, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 712 Anderson St.

HERDT, Franz, from Futok, Batschka, Yugoslavia, and Magdalena KIST, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 69 West St.

HERMANN, Sebastian and Theresia ZIMMERMANN, from Paripas, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 1847 S. Clinton St.

HIEL, Johann, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 701 Whittacker Ave.

HIEL, Peter, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 136 McClellan Ave.

HILSDORF, William, from Wolfsheim, Rhein-Hessen, Germany, and Anna SCHERER, from Dunatscheb, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 360 Morris Ave.

HOFFMANN, Franz, from Tscheb, Batschka, Yugoslavia, and Theresa KEMPF, from Berak, Srem, 350 Morris Ave.

HÖNISCH, Anton, from Filipowa, Batschka, Yugoslavia, and Eva WOLF, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 61 LaFayette Ave.

HORNUNG, Sebastian, and Elisabeth STRITZKY, from Paraput/Parabutsch, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 112 Andrew St.

HORWAT, Franz, and Katharina MUTSCH, from Bukin, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 142 Andrew St.

HUTZEL, Lorenz, from Indija, Srem, and Anna SPIEGEL, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 555 Woodland St.

IHAS, Karl, from Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia, and Elisabeth KNÖBL, from Gajdobra, Batschka, Yugoslavia, 405 Franklin St.

JÄGER, John, from Wisenhaid, Banat, and Sussanna GROSS, from Segenthau, Banat, 1610 Chestnut Ave.

Membership News

2003 Club Officers & Staff

Joseph Brandecker— President *Robert Walter*— V.P. for Facilities
Kim Walter— V.P. for Human Resources *Hans Martini*— Corresponding Secretary
Eva Martini— Recording Secretary *Ludwig Jakober*— Treasurer
Josefa Brandecker— President Ladies' Auxiliary
Harold Parr— President of German Language School
Dennis J. Bauer— V.P. for Cultural Affairs, Genealogist, Newspaper Editor
Dana Miles— Web Master *Adam Martini*— Newspaper Staff Writer



HELPING POLICE OFFICER

Member **Charles Pinkerton** of the Northampton Police Department in Richboro, PA was featured in 25 March 2003 Bucks County Courier Times newspaper article titled "Officer doesn't tire of lending a hand". According to the article he came upon a Holland, PA mother with a flat tire on her car. She proceeded to take her kids to school in a neighbor's car. She returned to find Chuck had completed the good deed of changing her tire on the bitter cold day this past winter.

Mrs. Erickson, the mother, stated he "provided a wonderful role model for my children to see & a real-life lesson on humanity & compassion". Chuck's boss, Police Chief Barry Pilla agreed!

Great job, Chuck!

Membership Happenings (births, engagements, weddings, deaths, anniversaries, vacation trips, graduations, etc.)

Geburtstag: **Hans Martini** celebrated his 40th birthday at his home on 22 March 2003 with some family and friends. Happy Birthday Hans!!

Gute Besserung: We wish a speedy recovery to those who are/were sick this Winter; **Adam Martini, Joe Brandecker, Frank Schoellkopf & Lou Romollo**. A get well soon to all those members that we were also unaware of.

Award Won: Congratulations to **Alexander Jakober**, son of members **Susan & Rick Jakober**, on his winning a science fair award in a district wide competition. Representing St. Gregory the Great School in Hamilton Square, Alex can be justly proud of winning against many other fine science project entries.

Congratulations: Mr. **Heinrich Sawadski** was recently elected President of the German American Society. We wish him and all of our good friends over there all the best for the years ahead. We encourage all of our members to visit all of our area's German clubs. ☺

We are pleased to see our German School for Children continuing to grow. Teacher Frau **Brigitte Kleinmann** as done a great job. The class had to be moved downstairs to accommodate the additional students. Consider enrolling your child.

Membership dues: Thanks to everyone who paid memberships dues this year. If you have not, please do so.

Passing: **Wilma Müller** passed away 8 March 2003 in Lawrenceville, NJ. She was member & Adult German language teacher Kurt Müller's mother.

Member **Adam Dickmann**, died in Pennsburg, PA on 26 February 2003. He was also a member of our fellow Philadelphia Donauschwaben Club (see related article).

Bruno Spych, Club supporter, died 15 February 2003 at home in Hamilton Township.

Rosemary R. Stettner, cousin of late member, Peter Kiss, died 12 February 2003 in Langhorne, PA. Mrs. Stettner was the mother of members **Mary Bocchino** and **Joanne Shull**.

Member **Franz Klespies** of Washington Crossing, PA died 26 January 2003 (see related article).

The Club's condolences go out to all family & friends of these departed souls. Moege alle Verstorbene ruben in Frieden, Amen.

Danke: Wow! Members **Mr. & Mrs. Alex Hepp** recently donated a Pentium 3 computer, modem & printer to the Club. What a nice gesture. The computer will be used in various ways by the Club for educational and organizational functions. Various additional software will be installed, including German Language software, genealogy software and Donauschwaben research software. Look for further details.

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 1



“Es ist nicht genug zu wissen, man muss es auch anwenden; es ist nicht genug zu wollen, man muss es auch tun” Goethe

A DONAUSCHWABEN REFUGEE'S STORY....

[The following account is not uncommon among our Donauschwaben. Having survived and fled the horrors of the post-war era in the former Yugoslavia, Romania and Hungary many ended up in Austria where they sought to build a new life. The technical education many would receive was thorough and intensive. Several of our club members have had similar experiences in their own professions. Here is the story of one such Donauschwabe, Adam Martini. See next page for the English version]

Bau und Möbeltischler

Ich war 15 Jahre alt und fertig mit der Hauptschule. Ein junger Halbstarker, der sich jetzt für einen Beruf oder für das weitere studieren entscheiden musste. Nach langem Nachdenken wählte ich ein Schreiner zu werden. Das passte so richtig in unsere Familie. Mein Vater war Tischlermeister und hatte seine eigene Werkstatt und so auch mein Grossvater.

Um in Österreich einen Beruf zu erlernen, braucht man eine Lehrstelle in einer Tischlerei, die von einem Tischlermeister geleitet wurde. Das war für mich kein Problem und nach kurzer Zeit fand ich eine Lehrstelle bei der Firma Eduard Schrott in Ostermiething, Oberösterreich.

Die Lehrzeit dauerte drei Jahre. In diesen drei Jahren musste man 48 Stunden in der Woche arbeiten, sowie jährlich für sieben Wochen in die Berufsschule in Mattighofen, Oberösterreich, gehen. Vielerorts konnte man einmal in der Woche die Berufsschule besuchen, meistens war es so in den Städten und deren Umgebungen.

Der Anfang, denke ich, ist für die meisten Lehrlinge sehr schwer. Es kam mir vor wie eine militärische Ausbildung. In der Werkstatt in der ich aufgenommen wurde waren neun Gesellen, zwei Lehrlinge, ein Meister und Chef, sowie ein Mahler und ein Hilfsarbeiter, beschäftigt. Die Gesellen benahmen sich wie Feldwebel (Unteroffiziere) und der Meister war der General. So kann man sich vorstellen was man da mitmachen musste. Im ersten Lehrjahr hatte man oft den Besen in der Hand, wurde viel von den Gesellen in's Blaue geschickt und dann herzhafte ausgelacht. Wehe wenn man sich mit dem Werkzeug nicht zurecht finden konnte, dann waren diese Kerle herzlos. So war es im eigenen Interesse so viel wie möglich und auf die schnellste Art alles über Holzarten, Werkzeuge und Beschläge zu lernen. Das erste Lehrjahr war für viele Lehrlinge das schwerste und oft auch verhängnisvoll für einige. So mancher gab auf und versuchte etwas anderes zu lernen.

Wenn dann das erste Jahr vorbei war und ein neuer Lehrling auftauchte, besserten sich die Zeiten für die älteren Lehrlinge. Die Gesellen hatten jetzt wieder einen neuen grünen Anfänger, dem sie ihre ganze Aufmerksamkeit schenkten.

Für den Lehrling im zweiten Jahr änderte sich jetzt einiges wie zum Beispiel, ich bekam meine eigene Hobelbank und Handwerkzeuge. Ich arbeitete jetzt unter der Obhut eines älteren Gesellen und war direkt neben seiner Arbeitsstelle tätig. Auch durfte ich jetzt Bretter zusammenleimen, viel schleifen, dem Gesellen bei seiner Arbeit mithelfen und so manche einfache Holzarbeiten verrichten. Es wurde etwas interessanter, aber war trotzdem unter Druck von den Gesellen die das Ichgefühl der Lehrlinge bei jeder Gelegenheit durchlöchernten. Ich kann mir solche Situationen hierzulande in der heutigen Zeit gar nicht vorstellen.

Im dritten Lehrjahr da bekam ich schon eigene kleine Aufträge und durfte auch alle Maschinen in der Tischlerei gebrauchen. Obwohl ich auch als Lehrling im dritten Jahr mehr oder weniger genau so produktiv war wie ein Geselle, so musste ich sie, die Gesellen, doch noch immer Begrüssen, ganz gleich wo es war, ihre Wünsche erfüllen, sei es Zigaretten kaufen gehen oder Bretter holen vom Lager und vieles mehr. Sie mussten aber dem Oberlehrling doch schön langsam Platz machen, denn nach der Gesellenprüfung würde sich das Verhältnis zwischen Lehrling und Geselle radikal verändern, oft auch eine schwierige Angelegenheit für die alten Gesellen. Natürlich in jedem Lehrjahr musste ich für sieben Wochen nach Mattighofen in die Berufsschule gehen. Dort kamen viele Lehrlinge auch von anderen Berufen zusammen. Da gab es Gruppen wie die Mechaniker, Zimmerleute, Mauerer, u.s.w..

Es war eine Internatsschule und für sieben Wochen war es unser Heim. Da die meisten von uns im halbstarken Alter waren wollte man den vielen Problemen vorbeugen und zwar mit strengen Regeln die sich über die ganzen Schultage und die Wochenende streckten. Vom Aufstehen bis zum Schlafengehen alles war geregelt. Unsere Schlafräume, die sechs Personen hausten, hatten drei Etagebetten. Zum Essen trafen wir uns alle in einem grossen Speisesaal, jeder Beruf hatte seine eigenen Klassenzimmer sowie eine eigene Werkstatt. Zweimal in der Woche, meist Nachmittags wurden wir in der Werkstatt unterrichtet und lernten die Holzverbindungen, wie zinken, graten, stemmen, hobeln, sägen, u.s.w.. Auch zweimal in der Woche mussten wir uns tuschen. Für das gab es zwei grosse Brauseanlagen über die einer der Lehrkräfte waltete. Meist waren wir im Winter in der Schule in Mattighofen und die Winter waren damals kalt. Ja das Tuschen war so eine Sache. Alle mussten sich nackt ausziehen, dann einreihen und warten bis man zur Tusche kommt. Oft dauerte es eine Ewigkeit bis man endlich dran war. Es waren immer fünf Personen die auf einmal im Kreis unter der Tusche standen und den strengen Anweisungen des Lehrers folge leisten mussten. Das Wasser kam am Anfang kühl aus der Brause, wurde allmählich wärmer und dann plötzlich stoppte es. Der Lehrer schrie „einseifen“ und nach einigen Minuten kam wieder Wasser aus der Brause, zuerst warm und dann immer kühler bis kalt am Ende. Man konnte dem kalten Wasser nicht ausweichen und die Lehrer liessen es immer etwas länger laufen. Wir waren oft rot wie die Krebse.

Fortsetzung folgt.....

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 2



On becoming a Woodworker...

Story by Adam Martini, translation by Hans Martini

I was 15 years old and had just completed the mandatory part of my schooling. I was a young teenager and had to decide on a profession or if I wanted to pursue further academic studies. After some thought, I decided on a career as a craftsman. This dovetailed quite nicely with our family's background: my father and grandfather were both craftsmen and once had their own woodworking business back in Bukin, Yugoslavia.

In Austria, the way one went about learning to become a woodworker – or any other profession – was to find an apprentice position at a master craftsman's workshop. Happily, I easily found such a place at the firm of "Eduard Schrott" in the town of Ostermiething.

The course of training would last for three years. In that time span, I would work for 48 hours a week with a seven week technical training course each year in the town of Mattighofen, Upper Austria. For other students in other areas, one would attend the technical school once a week. This was often the case in larger towns.

The first few months are by far the most difficult time for a "Lehrling", a student craftsman candidate. To me it seemed like some kind of military boot camp. In the workshop where I was placed there were nine journeymen (fully trained craftsmen), two apprentices, and the master craftsman/boss. There was also a painter and his assistant on staff. The journeymen behaved like sergeants and the master craftsman like a general! You can imagine what that must have been like for the lowly apprentice.

That first year found me often holding a broom in hand and being the butt of practical jokes, which caused great amusement in the shop. On the other hand, woe to the apprentice who did not find the right tool quickly enough, the journeymen could be most heartless. It behooved one to find all one could about every facet of the work, as quickly as possible! That first year was for most apprentices the most difficult time and, for a few, a psychologically overwhelming time. Consequently, some would drop out and find another line of work.

Following that terrible first year – a student's baptism of fire, so to speak – things did get better. One was thankful that the journeymen then had a new apprentice to pick on!

The life of a student craftsman changed dramatically in the second year. For instance, I received a workbench and my own set of tools. I would work under a senior craftsman (called an "Obhut") and was located right near his work area. I would glue boards together, sand them, and do various other jobs for the senior journeyman. It was far more interesting work though there was constant pressure from the other journeymen who

would find every opportunity to make the student "feel the pain". I cannot imagine anything remotely similar occurring in today's day and age.

During the third year, things would again change dramatically. I received my own small projects to complete and was allowed to use all of the machines in the workshop. Although I was often just as productive as a journeyman, there was no doubt I was still low man on the totem pole. I still had to greet them personally and, no matter where we were, I had to play "go-fer" whenever they asked. This meant not only for things like getting wood for their projects but also to run and buy them cigarettes!

Slowly the journeymen had to make room for the third year apprentice, however, as the relationship would dramatically change after the year-end examination was successfully completed. The former greenhorn and go-fer, would then become a work colleague. This would be especially difficult for the more senior of the journeymen to accept.

As already mentioned, the apprentice had to attend seven weeks' worth of technical training. There many students gathered from a variety of professions: mechanics, masons, carpenters, etc. The technical school was also a boarding school that would be just like a home away from home for all of us. Of course, we were young guys "feeling our oats", as it were, so strict rules were in place to maintain control and order. From the time one got up in the morning until "lights out", everything was strictly regulated. Our dorm rooms slept six, with three bunk beds per unit. Meals were taken *en masse* in a large cafeteria. However, each profession had its own lecture room and workshop where proper techniques would be demonstrated and practiced.

Boarding school life had its fair share of not-so-wonderful aspects. One of them, the twice-weekly shower, comes quickly to mind. Yes, the communal shower was one of those traumatic experiences of boarding school life: rows of fellows in their birthday suits waiting in line for what seemed like an eternity. Five then would gather in a circle under a single showerhead and await the stern instructions from the teacher. Cold water would suddenly burst forth... which slooowly began to turn warm. Of course, just about the time it became bearable, it would stop and the command "apply soap!" rang out. The nice, warm water would eventually be turned back on – but not for long. Quickly warm water became cold, until it was very cold at the end. The instructors knew they were in control and would let the cold water run for a long time. By the end of our shower, we were often as red as lobsters!

[Dear Readers, more will follow on this Donauschwabe's schooling experience as a refugee in Austria in our next newsletter...]

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Opinion: Germany, America and the Iraq Situation

by Hans Martini (author is solely responsible for the opinion expressed below. Blame him!)

As we now see, the long run of close and unquestioned cooperation between Germany and the US seems to have run its course. Since WWII, little could have been more certain than Germany's support for its cold war protector, the United States. America not only helped Germany pull itself up by the bootstraps with the Marshall Plan of the post WWII era, but for decades it also prevented the Federal Republic from becoming just another notch in the belt of the old Soviet Union. Germany was not ungrateful and a very close relationship developed, although it was never a relationship of equals.

Recent events in Iraq have presaged a change in our relationship with the land of our German ancestors. To be honest, it seems this was a long time in coming. One cannot imagine that one of the most powerful economies in the world with one of the most socially, culturally and technologically advanced societies would be forever in lockstep with the US. 14 years after the fall of the Berlin Wall, Germany is trying to stake out its own world position. The old order is giving way to the new.

To be sure, many of the current crop of war protesters are of the younger generations and not of the war generations. My 60-something year old relatives in central Germany say they are "ashamed" of their country's behavior and believe America should be supported. My younger relatives though think differently. They are of a generation that has only known their country's best of times and not the post war destruction and destitution of their parents and grandparents. They are unwilling to accept the old order and want to stake out their own position in the world.

As much as one might wish otherwise, it's clear that Germany will not always be there to support the US when we want her. For better or worse, Deutschland has decided that it needs to put some distance in our relationship. As with any such change, there will be those who are upset and those who are offended. There is almost never a good way to go about such a transition it seems.

It is clear though that the Germans are keen to keep up a good relationship despite this dramatic difference of opinion. When the nasty rhetoric of the Iraqi dispute finally subsides, the reality of the importance of our trans-Atlantic relationship will again become clear. (This, it might be said, will take a bit longer with the French!) Friendly relations are sure to continue. Whether we in America like it or not, Germany is charting its own course for the future.

Club Activity Pictures –Past & Present



Kim Walter, Ullie & Lydia Haller make the donuts at the Winter 2003 Schlachtfest.



2003 Ski Trip: Ludwig Jakober, Tony Walter, Bob Walter, Kurt Müller & Steve Brandecker

Langen Kerl- Standing left to right: Walter Bauer, Charles Pinkerton, Hans Martini, John Worthington & Gary Bartmann, front row left to right: Joseph Brandecker, Charles Bauer & Stefan Brandecker. (date unknown)



Note: The Langen Kerls used uniforms dating back to the 1860's, a time of excellent German-American relations. The actual unit dates back to 1729 Prussia.



Marion Dlubak & Josef Brandecker in the kitchen— Winter Schlachtfest



Christmas Pageant—1960s



Christmas Manger—1960s

Eva Martini & Sophie Brandecker in the kitchen—Winter Schlachtfest



Club Events for the Spring 2003

EVENTS— DATES & TIMES

Come out and join us!

- Osteressen, Sunday 13 April 2003, 1pm.
- Muttertagessen, Sunday 4 May 2003, 1pm.
- Donauschwaben Ausflug in the Pine Barrens of NJ, Sunday 18 May, 2003, 8am.
- Donauschwaben Wallfahrt, Sunday 1 June 2003, 8am, St. Peter's Church, Phila., PA
- Vatertagspiessbratenessen, Sunday 15 June 2003, 1pm.

Please call Frau Josefa Brandecker (609) 585-8460 or Eva Martini (609) 586-6109 for meal reservations.

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Vielen Dank !

A special thanks goes out to our wonderful food preparers, cooks, dishwashers, servers and bartenders. Without their hard work, our dinners would not be the success that they are. Danke schön !



Though certainly not necessary, feel free to tip our young servers. Young, hard workers are hard to come by. They appreciate it!

2003 SKI TRIP by Steve Brandecker

We thought we were prepared. People warned us. This past winter should have gotten us ready for the cold. Boy were we in for a surprise.

This year's ski trip with fellow club members (see picture on page 9) took us to our neighbor to the north, Canada. Our destination was a 10 hour drive to Mont Tremblant. Two brave souls left early to ski that first day on Monday. When they arrived they were met with a temperature of 20 degrees. That was 20 degrees **below zero!** There were no reported cases of frost bite however! Those of us who followed should have know something was different when our windshield washer fluid kept freezing the further north we drove. When temperatures reach that low, you have to really love to ski. Boy do we and did we ever. We were bundled from head to toe with no exposed skin and loving every minute of it. Skiing the superbly groomed long runs, we all enjoyed the white powder and the beautiful scenery. It was a worth while trip.

Our accommodations were top notch. Some of us had a condo all to our selves, while the rest had rooms in the main lodge. The first evening started with a get together over wine and cheese. We met and reminisced with an "old" acquaintance from the Stone Hut days, Walt Daub. He is in his 80s and skis better than yours truly. It was great to see him again. Each and every ski day was capped off with a wonderful filling meal served by our gracious hosts. Our compliments to the chef. We never pushed our chairs back wanting more!

The skiing was absolutely the best with perfect conditions. After the initial shock of the first day, the temperature rose to 10 below the next day. Some in the group had the problem of the goggles fogging up and freezing on the inside. The third day was nearly a heat wave when it went above zero. After four full days of great skiing the legs had a thorough work out . The only time we had any time to rest was on the chair lift back up to top of the mountain.

Sadly it was time to head back home to reality and more normal temperatures. It will be difficult to top this ski trip. We will surely try next year!!!!