

Trentoner Donauschwaben Nachrichten

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Points of Interest

- The average German wakes up at 6:18am
- Drinks 2,409 gallons of beer in a lifetime
- Eats an egg every third day
- Goes on vacation for seven days/yr.
- Weighs 165 lbs. & is 5'6" tall
- Drinks 77,000 gallons of coffee in a lifetime
- Uses 0.3 million gallons of water in a lifetime
- Source: Welcome to Germany.info

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Verband Meeting Shows the Way Forward

After attending the annual meeting for Donauschwaben clubs across North America this past April in Milwaukee, it seems clear that the “nattering nabobs of negativism” will have to give it a rest for the foreseeable future. Overall the clubs are doing very well. This assessment, dear readers, isn’t based on talk, talk, and more talk. Rather, it’s the only conclusion one can draw after hearing what is going on in clubs across the land. Club buildings are being refurbished, remodeled or newly constructed. Thirty, forty and fifty something’s are stepping up to do their part. The youngest generation is engaging more and more and making a huge difference. More activities are being developed that make use of internet connectivity and the latest innovations in cyberspace. There are just so many good things going on it is simply not possible to go over each in the space we have here!

Here’s one of the most impressive projects underway right now: The host club Milwaukee is in phase II of a multi-million dollar construction project that will make its clubhouse one of the largest ever constructed. Never mind that the main hall will seat 800, how about a two story tall chandelier in the entrance area donated by the well-known Swarovski crystal company? Add a TV studio

and goodness knows what else and you have a place even “the Donald” wouldn’t mind naming after himself.

Hey, we know what you’re thinking: Trenton is such a small player in the big scheme of things, can we really be relevant? Fear not, fellow Trentoners, we stand in good stead with everyone we meet and greet. The size of our reputation far exceeds the modest dimensions of our clubhouse and we are well respected for the many activities we undertake each and every year. We can all be proud that we are a contributing part of the greater Donauschwaben community here in the US and Canada.

Before we go any further with the goings-on at the meeting, let’s shift over and see what else our meeting-going club representatives did while in Milwaukee.

Six intrepid club members made the trip this time around. President Joe Brandecker & wife Caroline (thanks to Joe for organizing the trip!), VP Dennis J. Bauer (who has rightly achieved something of a celebrity status at the Verband meetings with his online genealogical/historical work), Steve Brandecker, as well as JoAnn Martini & husband what’s his name (err... Hans) joined the 250 other Schwobs-like-us for what turned out to be a wonderful weekend full of activities. Like most meeting attendees, our Trenton group took in the sights in and around the fair city of Milwaukee. Indeed there was much to see. Like motorcycles? America’s iconic brand, Harley Davidson, is represented all over the place in this town. One Harley factory tour we stumbled across showed how the famous V-twin motors are made (admittedly this fascinated our woman folk not). Of interest to all however was a sizable German district in the middle of Milwaukee where German themed restaurants, butcher shops and other landmarks were everywhere present. It’s a great reminder of the fact that fully 53% of the state’s population is German. Milwaukee’s airport even serves real Bratwurst side by side with pizza and cheeseburgers for crying out loud. Clearly it’s cool to be German in Wisconsin.

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Club Matters & Members



A Day Off at the Slopes!

Skis = \$300, Ski Boots = \$200, Hat = \$15, Gloves = \$10, A Day Off at the Slopes = Priceless.

Anyone in the greater Philly area that hits the Poconos for skiing or boarding knows about the famous "Day Off at the Slopes", sponsored by the rock radio station WMMR in Philadelphia. This local tradition has been the cause of more 'Sick Days' than the common cold. With the cost of ski lift tickets in 'the Pokes' exceeding \$50 during the week and over \$60 on Fridays and weekends, the \$10 lift tickets for the event are the main draw. They also have the radio 'personalities' (we used to call them disc jockeys) that broadcast from the main lodge. On this day there was an added attraction. The new "Cardboard Classic" was scheduled for 12 noon. This strange, but wonderful event, encourages people to build any sort of contraption out of cardboard and tape (No wood, nails, screws, or metal allowed) with the one caveat that they can get it to Jack Frost Mountain, drag it to the top of the snow tube hill, and ride it down. Sounds silly, but there were over 300 entrants!

The driving force within the club for participation in this day is Robert Walter and Steve Brandecker. With these two leading the charge, you know a good time will follow. I rode up with Bob, who did the driving, brought the beer and even some pork sandwiches to ensure a good time for all. Thanks Bob! In Bob's van were his buddies from work. I learned more about working double-shifts, overtime, time-and-a-half, double time, and clever ways to maximize comp time than I ever knew. There was also a lesson in how to effectively breakup and cuff them safely, without resorting to pepper spray. Next time one of those wild power point presentations at my office gets out of hand, I'll know how to handle it.

Steve drove up separately. He was reprising his role of "Coolest Uncle on the Planet" by bringing little niece Greta Brandecker and big niece college girl Brittaney Brandecker. Little Greta seemed to be happy after recovering from an early morning face plant and bloody nose (those little ones are so resilient!). Even Mr Ludwig Jakober joined us, he of many nicknames including Mr J., Papa J., Herr J., and 'the old mean dude with the money' (just kidding on that one).

After our early start we arrived about 8:30 am. The place was already getting crowded. As we suited up and took care of our priorities (gloves, hat, scarf, and pockets full of Coors cans), we hit the hill. One nice thing about Jack Frost is you start at the top. A quick run is a nice way to warm up without sitting on a slow cold lift first. Those first runs from 9 am to 10 am were wonderful with the hills wide open. It is quite a quick ride down since the mountain is not that big, but with no lift lines we knocked out about 15 runs in the first 90 minutes. For the rest of the morning, the hills stayed fairly open since this crowd came to party. I think many of them never left the parking lot. I asked Herr J. for some advice on my ski 'technique' which currently consists of repeating to myself 'Don't Fall!' in my head each trip down the moun-

tain. He tried to get me to shift my weight, lean forward, keep my knees bent, and hold the skis parallel and tight together. After each bit of encouraging advice on the lift, I would hop off, turn and accelerate down the mountain, promptly forgetting everything he said. At the bottom while getting back on the lift, I would remember his great advice. I wish I had half the skills of Herr J who glides effortlessly down the hill like an alpine stud. Herr J, the Herr-minator! Not bad for a senior citizen!

As for the main lodge, it was so crowded as to cause us to just avoid it. Back at the car for lunch and some more cold ones the weather had warmed up considerably. The sun was out and the temperature rose to the 40's.

At this point the "Cardboard Classic" was gearing up. To give you an idea of how outrageous it was, there was life-sized cardboard Godzilla that was breathing real fire. I think the local fire safety inspectors took the day off since there was also a huge water pipe that had smoke rising from the top, and several other things that for some reason burned or smoked.

In retrospect, perhaps some of them were not intended to burn and were set ablaze by drunk people, many of whom just enjoy lighting things on fire. There was also a replica of the "Dukes of Hazzard" General Lee Dodge Charger, a cruise ship, Frankenstein, school buses, rocket ships, and...you get the idea. The most over the top creation was a working party deck and bar with palm trees. It was about 60 x 40 feet wide and had 30 people on it having a full blown party. They actually pushed it all the way up the hill then watched it disintegrate into pieces on the way down! Excellent! The forward thinking Jack Frost maintenance crew had huge trucks for shredding the cardboard on sight, so at the end of the day clean up was a snap. You get one chance at the cardboard classic, then it's into the shredder!

So what did these people get for all their hard work? A face full of snowballs! Yes leave it to the Philly crowd to abuse the contestants. On either side of the hill were a thousand people pelting anything that moved. Literally hundreds of flying snowballs hit every single person on the hill. It reminded me of Santa Claus at the Vet! They also didn't care who it was - man, woman, radio jock, or innocent bystander. I saw many happy faces look up in triumph after their trip down the hill only to fall to the ground in agonizing pain from a 40 mph ice ball to the face. While I hate to admit, it was pretty darn funny! We did see a few ambulances ramble onto the site, but hopefully there were no serious injuries.

We wrapped up the day around 3pm and could not believe the number of cars at the mountain, parked down the road, and even a couple miles out to the main road. What a crowd, what a time, and what a day off at the slopes! I really encourage all the snow boarding and skiing members of our club to experience the fun. This day is held the first Friday in January and again on the first Friday in March when they also run the cardboard classic. I know Steve already has it marked on his calendar and Bob has booked some comp time. So until then, be safe, and Don't Fall!

Mike Lenyo

Club Matters & Members—Continued



Munich, Martinis, Castles and Pigs—PART ONE: By Mike Lenyo

Recently back on the road again to Europe, I feel like the Vereinigung der Donauschwaben's roving reporter. However, if this is my role, I gladly accept it and will thoroughly enjoy the experience, as I did in my recent trip to Munich and Innsbruck. My daughter Lyla remains in Graz Austria for her school 'study abroad' program at FH Joanneum University. As of this writing, she has been in Graz for 12 weeks. After completing her first few weeks of German language study she has completed a grand total of ONE week of actual business class, which leaves much time for her to spend her Dad's money. This is fine since she assured me all the spending has been for additional school supplies and study aids.

With the value of the euro rising again versus the dollar as our new President does his best to ruin our US economy (yeah, I said it...), I needed to do the trip 'on the cheap' to make up for the poor exchange rate. Lyla made some inexpensive Gasthaus lodging arrangements for our trip to Innsbruck, where she visited in February. I handled the Munich lodging, grabbed a cheap airfare and the trip was on! The university's scheduled Easter break (they actually refer to it as 'Easter break' in Austria, not the US politically correct 'Spring break') allowed Lyla two weeks off. She spent the first week in Italy visiting her former roommate who is studying abroad in Florence, and also visited Naples, the Isle of Capri and Rome, then met up with me during the 2nd week of Easter break in Munich.

Fortunately my good friends the Martini's have several immediate family members in Munich who were eager to help. It started with a 9:00 pickup at Flughafen München Franz Josef Strauß by Detlef Wothge, who is married to Martini cousin Karin. He whisked me off to the Martini compound where he, Karin, and 10 year old daughter Linda share a nice house with Frau Spiegl (Herr Adam Martini's sister) and her husband Sepp. First order of business was a real German breakfast. We all enjoyed white sausage, pretzels, potato salad and some local Weissbier. I really appreciated that the family was so accommodating, even to the point of intuitively understanding my desire for consuming great German beer at every opportunity, including breakfast. The overnight flight, lack of sleep and time change once again threw off my mojo, but the tall cold weiss beer put me back

in the game. With some espresso to finish off breakfast I regained my energy and was excited to see Munich.

We had 6 hours to kill before Lyla's arrival from Italy so we headed downtown to Karlsplatz, entering the Karlstraße through the Karlplatz gate. This guy Karl must have been something! ! On the way Detlef and Karin showed me the Oktoberfest area and other sites of interest. When you walk the Karlstraße there is an inevitable magnetic pull that lands you in the Hofbräuhaus. Since I was powerless to fight it, we made our way toward the famous beer hall. There was some friendly commotion in Marienplatz from FC Barcelona fussball fans in town for the Champions League quarter finals match with Bayern Munich. Bayern had just been smoked at FC Barcelona's home stadium 4-nil and had returned for the second game where they had to match the 4 goals at home during this second contest, but the match ended later that day in a 1-1 draw. The Spanish fans were singing and having much fun at their host's expense but fortunately no brawling broke out and it was an energetic and fun atmosphere in the square. Originally known as Schranken it was renamed Marienplatz (St. Mary's Square) as a way to ask Virgin Mary to protect the town from a cholera epidemic, and is dominated by the New Town Hall, a monumental town hall was built at the turn of the 20th century that houses the famous Glockenspiel. The old town hall, Altes Rathaus, rebuilt after a 13th century fire and again after World War II, still stands on the Marienplatz. We snaked through the square to the Hofbräuhaus where crowds of happy tourists and some locals enjoyed live music in the Biergarten and we 'prosted' a cold one. I had finally arrived at the beer drinker's mecca!

After journeying throughout the plaza area and back to the car we picked up Lyla at the airport. It is a great feeling to see your child after several months looking happy and healthy. We were invited to the other Martini cousin's house, Anita and her husband Thomas, for a cookout. On the way Detlef remembered that Jurgen and Renate Martini (yep, more cousins) were located on the way so we stopped there for a surprise visit and another weiss beer. My plan for maintaining a consistent two-beer buzz was so far intact during these first few hours of our trip, and it was still early afternoon.

We were hosted to a wonderful cookout on this warm evening. Anita mentioned that some wild pigs tend to roam behind the house in the evening and low and behold, one walked right up to the backyard fence. We were quite surprised that this was no little piggy but a large wild boar, tusks akimbo! Das Wildschwein 'Willie' (daughter Selena named him) was none too impressed with us and just stood there for awhile, mildly amused by the giggling American morons before him. After a delicious meal (which included some distant relatives of Willie I am sure) from our gracious hosts, we said goodbye to Anita & family as chauffer Detlef took us back to our hotel. With a 6 hour time gain Lyla and I decided to take a late stroll back to Karlsplatz. Once again the pull to the Hofbräuhaus was in effect and there we were at 23:00 with a liter in hand. It is true that those liters seem endless! So ended a great day one of our trip.

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Genealogy, Culture & History Section

POSTED ON THE INTERNET

Hello Danube Swabian Members,

Most likely you are aware that the Parliament in Croatia was in the process of implementing a compensation law for restitution of the Danube Swabian confiscated property, but no motion was done since 1996. More about the law you can read below in German and in Croatian. <http://www.bmeia.gv.at/aussenministerium/buergerservice/vermoegensfragen/kroatien/kroatien.html>.

The Landsmannschaften der Donauschwaben in Germany and Austria needs urgently our help by putting pressure onto the Croatian Parliament to put that law into effect. They intend to go to the EU Parliament to ask that Croatia will be prevented of joining EU until they implement this compensation law. We are honour bound to help our fellow Danube Swabians with sending petitions individually or through our Danube Swabian organizations to the Croatian Embassy in Washington. Collectively we will succeed!

Best regards, Rosina T. Schmidt (www.hrastovac.net)

WALLFAHRT 2009 - Sunday, June 7th, 2009 10:15AM

As it has done for the last two decades and more, our sister club in Philadelphia has organized Donauschwaben from across the region and of every religious denomination to gather at St. Peter's Church in the City of Brotherly Love. There, the faithful commemorate the tragic events of 1944 – 49 through song, ritual and prayer. Our own club plays an active role in the proceedings, providing the trademark white crosses, a considerable number of participants and even the young ladies dressed in the white ethnic costume who carry the statue of Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

As the resting place for St. Johannes Neumann, a German-American saint, the church is a pilgrimage destination for countless thousands. The location serves as a most appropriate venue for our memorial service. Indeed the incredibly beautiful church and presence of the shrine to the saint seems to enhance the solemnity and importance of our



undertaking each year without fail.

Many thanks to the driving force behind this year's and every year's Wallfahrt, Frau Käthe Marx, as well as to our sister club, the Philadelphia Donauschwaben. *****

A LAND IN A SUITCASE

by: Nenad Novak Stefanovic

This book is a unique journey through the life stories of the Germans who used to live in Vojvodina and today live in America. The author spoke in Cleveland, Akron and New York with the witnesses of the history from the end of the first half of the 20th Century. The moving confessions of the ex-patriots are colored with the nostalgia of the idyllic Pannonian plain in contrast to the bitter memories of the people being moved during the war and their sufferings in the camps. Stefanovic made a story which exceeds the limits of the documentary prose.

The author's previous work, *A People on the Danube*, which has become a key book regarding the fate of the Germans having lived on the Danube in Vojvodina, was translated into German and English. The author's E-mail: leta@yubc.net Source: Philadelphia Donauschwaben web site. *****

DVHH Honor the Memory of Our North American Donauschwaben

The Donauschwaben Villages Helping Hands staff (www.dvhh.org) have now added another new listing page to the DVHH website. It is a page for listing North American Donauschwaben obituaries in order to honor those brave individuals who came to North America.

The listing will also help fellow researchers in their quest. Please send your obituaries/death notices to me at donauschwaben@mail.com and include the actual date of death, hometown in the DS region, submitter's name and the newspaper name/issue date. Dennis Bauer will abstract them (to save space, see format on the page) and have them posted. We at the DVHH hope you enjoy this new web

page addition. You can check out the present postings at: <http://www.dvhh.org/community/obits.htm>

Dennis J. Bauer, DVHH Batschka Coordinator & Obituary Coordinator



Membership News

2008-09 Newsletter Staff



Joseph Brandecker, Jr. President. Dennis J. Bauer, Vice President/Newsletter Editor.
Melanie Brandecker, Newsletter Copy Editor. Kim Walter, Vice President/Club Photographer.
Ludwig Jakober, Treasurer . Hans Martini, Secretary.

Staff Writers: Adam Martini, Andy Franz, Brittaney Brandecker, Ray Martini and Michael Lenyo
AutoKlub Leader & Contributing Writer: Terry Huff
Website Committee: Dennis J. Bauer & Terry Penrith
Genealogical & Historical Researcher: Dennis J. Bauer
Mail Room Coordinator: Eva Martini



Landestreffen der Donauschwaben 2009—USA & Kanada
Friday September 4, Saturday September 5, and Sunday September 6, 2009
Hosted by the Carpathia Club, 38000 Utica Road, Sterling Heights, Michigan 48312
Home Page: <http://www.carpathiaclub.com/>

This year's Donauschwaben Labor Day festivities will be celebrated in the lovely city of Detroit Michigan on September 4, 5, & 6. We have made commitments to stay at the Best Western Sterling Inn for the weekend. Please let us know if you wish to have a room. The rates are \$100 for a double and \$110 for a king size. This also includes 4 water park tickets per room as they have a water park in the hotel. We will need to know ASAP! We are trying to make arrangements with the New York Donauschwaben to hire a bus to take those that can not drive to Detroit. Look for further details to come or see President Joe Brandecker.

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

Willkommen to new members **Herman & Erika Volltrauer** and family of Monroe Township, NJ.



Dienes Passing: The Donauschwaben sadly notes the passing of **Mrs. Viola Dienes** (nee Gies) on 15 May 2009, a long time and generous supporter.

We will all miss her ready smile and positive nature. Viola always told us how much she loved coming to the club. True to her words, she even pre-arranged to have her own after-funeral dinner in our hall.

It's an honor to know that the Donauschwaben meant so much to someone. It is indeed an affirmation of the work we do for an organization important to all of us. May she rest in peace.

It will also interest our readers to know that Mrs. Dienes was an avid VW car buff. In fact, she would often send our resident car expert and AutoKlub leader, Terry Huff, articles related to Volkswagens. Whether it was talking about cars or talking to folks at the club, Viola's enthusiasm and generous spirit made her special.

Get Well to members **Harold Million, Terry Huff, Luisa Martini, Alex Bauer** and **Sharon Lanning**.

Congratulations & Good luck Congratulations & best wishes to Erich T. Jakober, son of members Susan and Rick Jakober with siblings Alex and Kirsten; grandson of proud members Ludwig ("Opa") and Sue Jakober, as well as nephew to members Ron and Lisa Jakober.



Erich and girlfriend Gina Landini pictured at right, both recently graduated from Loyola College in Maryland. They earned Bachelor of Science degrees in Mechanical Engineering. Wunderbar!



Congratulations to members **Jake and Carol Bauer** (and Mollie) who celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary this past February.

To junior member, **Tina Lynn Brandecker**, on her first birthday in June (the great-granddaughter of Jake & Carol, granddaughter of Sepp & Sophie Brandecker and Dennis & Donna Bauer). From parents, Steve & Melanie.

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 1

SCHWOB BOY AT THE RIVER'S EDGE

By Katherine Flotz (author of a "Pebble in my Shoe" & Dear friend of our Club)

The Danube River flows through nine European countries from Germany south-east to the mouth of the Black Sea. Many ships travel along this route delivering goods of all kinds. Their flags fly proudly from their country of origin.

A young boy of ten sits at the banks of the Danube River in his hometown, dreaming of adventures to be had on these ships. He sees the sailors working on deck and hears them singing accompanied by an accordion player. He dreams about working on one of these ships when he grows up. He hopes to leave his hometown and see the world.

His tattered clothes have patches and his shoes are scuffed and a little too big. He depends on the kindness and friendship of others to supply him with clothing. He also gets pieces of buttered bread, a glass of milk and some kind words from his friends' families.

He is the middle child in a family of three boys. The three girls born to the family died at birth. His father's mother also lives with the family. The small home is shared with the blacksmith shop that his father owns.

His father works hard pumping the airbag that keeps the fire going in order to shoe the horses. He pounds the hot iron to be fashioned into gates and fences. Unfortunately, the curse of alcoholism rules his life. This not only takes time away from his family, while he spends his weekends at the local tavern – playing cards and drinking, but it deprives them of money for food and clothing.

The result of his weekends of drinking and carousing often leads to a violent temper when he returns home. It is not unusual that he beats his wife and children, sometimes even threatening them with knives.

The boys are often left to themselves while their mother seeks safety at a friend's house. Their grandmother sides with her son and gives little love and attention to the children. She usually favors the other grandchildren who live elsewhere in town.

This boy, who dreams on the banks of the Danube, is unusually intelligent in light of the circumstances. His teacher recommends that he accept a scholarship in a school of higher learning in another city. He is not allowed to go as his father forbids it.

The boy, who dreams on the banks of the Danube, is not particularly athletic and is never asked to play soccer on a team, but he knows his limits and is happy to stand on the sidelines, fetching water and running after the ball when it goes out of bounds.

During the summer months, he joins some of the local farmers on their wagons when they go out into their fields. He helps with chores for his meal and is quite proud when they give him work to do leading a horse in front of a plow. He is familiar with horses because of his father's business, but they do not own any horses themselves. He becomes quite familiar with the routine of farming, which he feels will be his future occupation. He sleeps among the animals in the barn until the work is done and the farmer goes back into town.

His dreams of traveling the world are still far away as he spends these times around people in the town of his birth. His teacher often talks about far away places and shows maps and pictures, but there are no other books in his home. He listens carefully to the teacher's words and finds the lessons to be fascinating.

The winds of war in Europe blow towards his hometown. He listens as the neighbors speak of the coming of Russian soldiers near his town. The cannons' roar is heard throughout the area, while the army of German and Russian soldiers fight across the Danube River. His father is drafted into the German army of his ancestry, leaving his mother and the boys at home.

Soon the townspeople of German descent leave their homes and possessions and travel on their horse-drawn wagons into Hungary and further on to Austria and Germany. The boy gets his wish to see the world. Leaving their town in the covered wagon of a relative, they soon stop when the rela-

tive refuses to keep them on her wagon. Three boys are too much for her.

The adventure begins on October 11, 1944 while the war is still raging all over Europe.

Many other refugees are traveling along the roads, while airplanes strafe the area with bullets. The boy has to dive into the ditches along the road for cover. As they travel from one town to the next, he feels the hunger pangs and worries about his five-year-old brother. When the convoy stops, he runs out into the fields, combing the area for potatoes or corn and often fruit that has fallen off the trees. If there is a farm, he begs for food and water. If his attempt fails, he is resigned to stealing what he can find.

His dreams of traveling the world continue, but not as he expected. The weather has turned cold and rainy. The nights are often spent in barns, warehouses or empty cattle cars. It is a hard and strenuous journey, but the family hopes that the war will end soon and that they will find their father.

It is around Christmas time 1944. A farmer, who has given shelter to the family, also gives them a chicken to cook. During the evening meal, they hear noises outside and see a truck with some soldiers. They are informed to get out right away because the Russian front is close by. Leaving the meal behind, they pack their things and go to the train station, where hundreds of refugees are waiting for trains leaving the area.

The adventure continues taking the family to various locations governed by the German army.

It is February 13, 1945. The family is in the city of Dresden, Germany. They are among many others that have been taken there. It is considered a safe place because no bombs had fallen there previously. It is a city of beautiful parks, museums, churches and buildings of great history. There are no factories or anything of any great military significance. This changed on the night of February 13, 1945.

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Deutsche Ecke, Seite 2

SCHWOB BOY AT THE RIVER'S EDGE

(continued from page 6)

The fire bombing of Dresden is an event that will be part of the greatest destruction in one area during World War II. The family has unbelievable luck and can reach the Elbe River for protection from the flames. Their escape is a small miracle because over 200,000 people perish that night. The adventure continues for the family by leaving the now destroyed city and venturing into safer territory.

It is May 10, 1945 – the war ends. The boy and his family are in the Russian zone of Germany. The family wants to travel to the American zone, but the Russians insist that all refugees return to their country of birth. The boy and his family are put on an open cattle train with many other displaced persons and directed south towards Yugoslavia.

This journey takes ten weeks. There is neither any food supplies nor shelter from the elements. Because this is taking place during the summer months, it is bearable. The boy and his older brother often leave the train, when it is standing in a railroad station, and try to beg for food and water. If there are fruit trees, or open fields of vegetables, they help themselves.

When they cross over the border into Yugoslavia, armed partisans surround the train. One of the young partisans, a former acquaintance from their hometown, tells the family that they must leave and go back to Hungary otherwise they will be incarcerated in the concentration camp in Gakowa. He puts them on a train going north into Hungary. While the train is stopped at a station while letting another train pass by, they miraculously see their father looking out the window. The family is re-united and stays in the immediate area hoping the situation might change and they can return to their hometown.

This is not to be. Two years go by and Communism has finally won in Hungary. The family leaves the country by night and crosses over the border into Austria. The journey is hard and long, yet the beauty of the mountains and valleys in the Austrian countryside strikes the boy. He longs to climb those mountains one day.

The family settles in Vienna, Austria.

The only jobs are in construction and since the boy is sixteen years old, he must go to work to support the family. He is not allowed in school as a refugee. Hard work keeps him in shape and on weekends he does what he longed for—he goes mountain climbing. The family has to share an old barrack, which is owned by the construction company, with three other families. There is no privacy. Soon the men in the families divide up the room and construct make-shift stoves. He escapes the tight quarters on weekends and enjoys the great outdoors.

The young man, who is now nineteen, wants to find new adventures in America. His dream is to find a country where he can be a citizen. He gladly signs documents that he is obligated to serve in the armed forces when he arrives in America. A few days before Christmas in 1951, the family lands in New York, after a two week crossing in the troop ship "Heinzelman".

He is too old to go to school and has only had four years of formal schooling in his hometown. He goes to night school with other immigrants to learn the English language. His endeavor ends suddenly when he is drafted and reports to Ft. Dix in New Jersey. Basic training is an eye-opener for him because the sergeant screams orders constantly, and he does not understand everything. Many push-ups and peeling potatoes later, he does comprehend the army language.

The place for his service is to be in Korea. After having gone through WWII in Europe, he now must fight Communism in the Far East. The train ride from New Jersey to Washington State is again another adventure for him. He finally sees many States of America that may not have crossed his path. He makes friends with other soldiers that are immigrants and not yet citizens.

The ship carries him and other soldiers through Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, and the Bering Sea to Japan and on to Korea. In normal circumstances, this would have been the trip of a lifetime. Although he enjoys the scenery of Alaska and the continuing anticipation of new vistas, he is not anxious to see the war zones.

He sees another side of the world. The devastation and the poor living conditions of the civilians bring back his experiences in Europe. He cannot forget that part of war, which always carries over to the civilian population. His service in Korea is performed as a cook. He always makes sure that the leftovers go to the begging children standing at the fence.

When he is allowed to go on R&R (rest and relaxation), he visits the demolished cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This he compares to the fire bombing of Dresden in Germany in 1945.

His time is up in spring of 1955. He returns with hundreds of other soldiers in a troop ship coming home through the doors of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. He enters his new home from the other side of the country. He has seen America from both oceans.

The family decides to leave New York and move to Chicago, where some of their friends live. It is hard to get a job without an education. He applies to the Jewel Tea Company in the meat department and goes to school in the evenings to become a journeyman butcher. He accomplishes that but cannot advance in the ranks because he has no high school diploma.

While he works at Jewel Tea, he meets and marries a girl who also experienced the ordeals of WWII. Together they work and save their money. He decides to change jobs and move to a different part of Chicago and enter the janitorial field. He has help in learning the various duties from his new relatives. Through the years they have three children. They travel to various parts of the United States on their vacation – from the East Coast to the West Coast. But, in 1988 they fly to Vienna, Austria and try to find the barrack that he lived in during the 1940's. The building is no longer there.

Then, in 2003, he travels back to the river's edge of the Danube in his former hometown. He also takes his wife to her place of birth, not far from his. The circle is complete; the journey, which took him through Europe, North America and Asia, is the answer to his wish to see the world. *****

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 3



Erinnerung an Österreich - 3. Fortsetzung By Adam Martini

Der kalte, lange Winter, wo auch auf dem Bauernhof die Arbeit etwas gemütlicher war, war jetzt vorbei. Ich war jetzt elf Jahre alt, besuchte die Volksschule in Haigermoos, war aber etwas zu alt für die zweite Klasse. Da meine Grossmutter während der Zeit die wir in Jugoslawiens Konzentrationslagern verbrachten, täglich mit mir das Lesen übte, so konnte ich schon ganz gut lesen und unser Lehrer Herr Egon Kreuzbauer mit seinem Kollegen halfen mir in einem Jahr die zweite, dritte und vierte Klasse zu meistern. Das Lernen in der Schule war immer leicht für mich. Jedenfalls an dem ersten Winter in unserer Hütte, war das Lesen für mich lebenswichtig. Auch hatte Haigermoos einige Karl May Bücher die man zuhause lesen konnte und diese Bücher die in allen deutschsprachenden Länder sehr berühmt sind, besonders für die jungen Leute, ja sie können einen süchtig machen und man kann nicht aufhören zu lesen. Ich bekam süchtig für Karl May Bücher und der lange Winter war ideal für Bücherlesen. Grossmutter duldete es am Anfang, aber dann im Frühjahr als ihr Programm mit dem Schweinestall und dem Gemüsegarten Wirklichkeit wurden begann für mich ein Kurswechsel. Grossmutter sprach jetzt oft von einem Hühnerstall der auch noch unter dem Hüttendach Platz hätte. Sie wollte zehn Hühner und einen Hahn haben. Bei dieser neuen Idee runzelte Herr Neissl die Stirne und erklärte, dass Füchse sowie Habichte oft erfolgreich dem Hühnern das Leben kürzten. Natürlich, Grossmutter hatte auch für diese Situation einen überzeugenden Plan, sie erklärte, dass da nichts passieren kann, da ja immer jemand bei der Hütte ist und so diese Hühnerjäger, sollten sie aus der Luft oder aus dem Walt kommen, eine unangenehme Überraschung erwarten würde. Es wurde mir schön langsam klar, dass der gutgesinnte Herr Neissl, unser Bauer, unsere Grossmutter nicht überzeugen konnte, dass dieser Hühnerplan eine schlechte Idee ist und wir

unseren Eierbedarf bei ihm vom Hof erwerben könnten. So an einem Morgen, ganz früh, hörte ich laute Stimmen, es war Grossmutter und Herr Neissl. Sie wurde abgeholt um beim Grasfuttoreinbringen für die Kühe mitzuhelfen. Es war die Stimme des Bauern der gerade sagte: „Susi“, meine Grossmutter heisst Susanna, „dast amoi a ruha gibst, mach was mechst, aber net mehr wie zehn Hendl und oan Gockerl.“ Ich dachte sofort an den Arbeitsplan der wieder auf mich zukommen wird und meine Freizeit wiederum kürzer macht. Es dauerte gar nicht lange da wurde eine Ecke in einen Hühnerstall umgeändert mit Nester fürs Eierlegen. Der Plan war, über Nacht die kleinen Hühner in dem Käfig ähnlichen Hühnerstall zu sperren und am Tag sie rauslassen und in einem kleinen, auf schnelle Art, eingezeunten Wiesenstück zu treiben.

Natürlich Grossmutter hatte mehr als zehn Stück, sie begründete dies, ja wahrscheinlich sterben einige, oder da sind vielleicht mehr Hahne dabei, so sie muss auf Nummer sicher gehen, um die erlaubte Zahl füllen zu können. Der Bauer schaute nur trüb drein und sagte nichts. Aber da gab es noch einen Platz unter dem Hüttendach und zwischen den aussen Mauern und zwar gleich neben der Tür zu unserem Raum, wo noch etwas hinpassen würde.

Diese Tatsache beunruhigte Grossmutter, sie wusste nur nicht wie man diesen Platz gebrauchen könnte. So vergingen einige Monate. Die Hühner wurden immer grösser, manche übernachteten auf den Ästen der Bäume aber die meisten endeten im Stall am Abend. Unsere Hütte wurde immer lebendiger. Die Ferkel und die Hühner sowie einige Hahne gaben unserem kleinen Fleck Erde und der Hütte einen eigenartigen, interessanten und freundlichen Eindruck. Da war was los. Niemand von unseren Verwandten hatte so eine Gelegenheit wie wir. Sie wohnten zu nahe am Hof, oder direkt am Hof und dort war kein Platz für solche Sachen. Das sicherte das Ansehen dass meine Grossmutter immer hatte. Sie hatte wieder eine kleine Wirtschaft aufgebaut, wir bekamen jetzt

unsere eigene Hühnereier, die damals sehr teuer waren. Wir hatten zwei Schweine, eins für uns und eins wurde an einen Verwandten in Salzburg verkauft. Mein Onkel Toni Mack, sowie viele andere Verwandte halfen im Spätjahr beim Schlachten und Wurstemachen, es war drei hundert Meter weg vom Hof und erinnerte mich an zuhause, es war wie ein Ritual, Tonivetter wusste wie man schlachtet und all die vielen Tricks die so dazu gehörten. Er setzte den Ton und jeder musste seinen Anweisungen folgen, sogar ich und meine junge Schwester Maria, mussten mitmachen. Es war so wirklich ein donauschwäbisches Fest, da wurde getrunken, meist Most, was im Innviertel meist getrunken wird, geflucht, meist in kroatisch und ungarisch, und später wenn die Männer angeheitert waren sangen sie die so schönen, melodischen kroatischen Lieder. Es war wie daheim, aber neu für die Bauern, die alles viel schneller machen beim Schlachten. Wenn Herr Neissl schlachtete, da kam Herr Pfaffinger von Haigermoos, der zugleich der Friseur vom Dorf war, sowie der Messner, auch der Assistent zum Pfarrer, sowie der Messdiener und zugleich ein Kleinbauer war. Seine Frau und Tochter hatten einen Kreislerladen, was zugleich der Treffplatz der ganzen Gegend war. Jedenfalls der Messner, so war er bekannt, man nannte ihn Messner und nicht Pfaffinger, war der Schlachter für Schweine, und hatte sein System. Wie gesagt da gab es keine Würste oder Schwartenmagen. Auch das Töten der Schweine war anders. Die Österreicher betäubten das Schwein zuerst mit einem schweren Hammer den sie mit einem kräftigen Schlag auf die Stirn zwischen den Augen setzten, um dann das Schwein mit einem Messer zu töten und verbluten liessen.

(Continued on page 9)

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 4

Erinnerung an Österreich - 3. Fortsetzung

By Adam Martini
(Continued from page 7)

Tonivetter im Gegenteil gebrauchte nur ein grosses Messer, dass er meisterhaft mit einem Stich dem Schwein das Leben nahm. Dieser Unterschied beim Schlachten, sowie so manche andere Methoden der Aufarbeitung des Schweinefleisches wurde kritisch beurteilt von Grossmutter und Onkel Toni, wobei unsere Art die Bessere sein sollte. Natürlich diesem Urteil stimmten nicht alle bei, aber Grossmutter nahm kein Blatt vor den Mund und verursachte so manchen Ärger mit ihren Ansichten. So nach dem Schlachten wurde es wieder schön langsam Winter und wieder gab es viel Schnee und die Bauern konnte sich jetzt wieder etwas ausruhen. Da wurde oft Kartengespielt und wir hörten den Radiosendungen zu, meist in der grossen „Stubn“ im Bauernhaus. - Fortsetzung folgt.



Verband Meeting Shows the Way Forward (Continued from page 1)

Then there was the Miller Brewing Company tour. Like moths drawn to light, our group found

itself knee deep in a production facility that pumps out thousands of bottles and cans of frothy fermented beverage each and every hour, adding up to 10 million barrels of brew each year. Indeed, the storage area for all these bottles and cans is three football fields large by 18 feet high. It really does boggle the mind to know that the entire warehouse is emptied and re-filled every 24 to 36 hours. Whew!

Somewhere in the midst of all this beer, a personal drama unfolded. Steve B realized his cell phone was missing. A frantic search up nine flights of steps yielded only hard breathing. Coming out

of the building, he suddenly spotted something in the distance. There, in the hard driving rain and the middle of a very busy road was his still-working cell phone. Not satisfied with such good luck, Steve would later drop that very same cell phone and his video camera onto a hard tiled floor just to see if they would still work. The crashing sound they made was considerable and we all began looking around for parts and pieces. Fortunately no damage was done and they worked just fine. With such good fortune, Steve could have won big had he been in Atlantic City!

Okay, enough of the great sights and the good luck... back to the meeting. This was an election year and Leo Mayer's last meeting as national president. The Trenton Donauschwaben thanks the California Schwob for his excellent service over the past ten years. Leo is a genuinely good guy and we look forward to seeing him remain active in some important capacity in the years ahead. Vergelt's Gott, Leo! Leo's successor is a man named Robert Filippi. Like some other Donauschwaben we know, Robert sports a very Italian sounding last name! He ably served for many years as Leo's first vice president and will hit the ground running as he tackles the often tricky business of keeping all of the member clubs on the same page and happy. Best wishes to Robert and to all the officers of the national Donauschwaben organization.

We would also like to recognize outgoing Donauschwaben Verband Region East president Herr Adam Mattes of the Philly DS. Herr Mattes served with distinction for many years, often appearing at our own club's anniversary dinner to say some kind words as representative of the national organization. He is a true friend of our club and we wish him well in the years ahead. Fred Gauss takes over as president for the eastern region to which our club belongs. Readers may recall that Fred is a past president of the Philly DS and the current Trenton-Philly dance group leader. Fred is the right man for the job! Congratulations to Fred and best of luck with the new position.

Finally, we would like to thank President Toni Siladi and his fellow Mil-

waukee club members for their generosity and "Gastfreundschaft" at this year's annual meeting. This is definitely not a small thing, dear readers, as the hosts provide great food and drink, drink, drink the entire weekend for over 250 guests - free of charge! Thanks again Milwaukee Donauschwaben.

All in all, the meeting was a huge success and showed the continued strength of our national organization. We look forward to Detroit's Landestreffen this coming Labor Day and the good times and great folks we'll encounter there.

Long live the Donauschwaben!

PS: After Detroit, the Landestreffen will be coming our way as it now has been confirmed that next year the United German Hungarians will host the event on August 6, 7, and 8, 2010. That's less than a half hour from our clubhouse so make your plans now to attend. For many this will be a chance of a lifetime to see what the excitement is all about. Don't miss it!





Our AutoKlub Travels



5th ANNUAL EURO-AMERICAN AUTO SHOW

(Junior club member, Evan Bauer, helps Dennis "Opa" Bauer give out our flyers on 19 May at the Shady Brook Farms Car Show in Yardley, PA)

Mark your calendars for 11 July 2009 when we will hold our 5th annual car show. This is a joint event put on by our club and our friends at the German-American Society.

Enter your car or just stop by (free) and enjoy looking at all the great cars while enjoying some fine food and beverages in the picnic grove under the trees. Proceeds help support our scholarship fund. ***

LANGHORNE CAR SHOW

Trenton Donauschwaben AutoKlub Folks - this year's Langhorne Car Show is 20 June 2009, 4pm—9pm. It is a great time, loads of cars, food & fun. They close down Maple Ave. (Rt. 213 - the main street) in the town for the show and the DJ is our own Gary McGhee.

Last year, Terry Huff, Jim Brunner & Dennis Bauer, from our AutoKlub, entered and all won trophies (Porsche, Porsche & VW Beetle). If you plan on entering your car this year let Dennis or Terry know so we can plan to stage all our club cars together. Otherwise, drop by and say hi! You can even help distributing our Auto Show flyers at this show. *****

CAR SHOW at the CANNSTATTER

Support our AutoKlub members at the Cruisin Classics Car Show, 9am-3pm, Saturday August 8th, Cannstatter V.V., 9130 Academy Road, Philadelphia, PA. Cars, Food & Adult beverages. ***

The Danube Swabian Assn. & The German-American Society Present the

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SATURDAY JULY 11th, 2009

(Downpour date - July 12th)

Proceeds help support the DSA & GAK Student Scholarship Funds.

Admission FREE to the General Public
 Car Registration - \$15
 Day of Show Only
 Must be registered by 12 noon to be judged
 All cars must be street driven.

For More Information or Applications Contact:
 Trenton Danube Swabian Association
 127 Route 158, Yardville NJ 08620
 609-695-1932
 www.trentondonauschwabien.com

Ceremony at VW Plant in Chattanooga Officially Marks Beginning of Construction Work

Tennessee Governor Phil Bredesen, Volkswagen AG Management Board Member Prof. Dr. Jochem Heizmann and German Ambassador Klaus Scharioth were joined last Thursday (5/21) by invited guests to celebrate the placement of the first wall at the new VW factory in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Production in Chattanooga will begin in 2011 with a maximum annual capacity of 150,000 vehicles. Ambassador Scharioth said. "In Chattanooga, Volkswagen will start building cars designed specifically for the North American market. But much of the underlying technology, including new and enhanced fuel-efficient engines with low emissions, has been developed on a global level, mostly in Germany. Technology that will eventually be applied in the cars produced here in the United States. What we are witnessing is the effort to combine the very best of Germany with the very best of America."

Volkswagen Group of America will invest \$1 billion in the plant and employ 2,000 people. As a result of this investment, an independent study estimated the overall impact of the plant will generate an additional \$12 billion in income growth and more than 9,500 indirect jobs over the life of the project.

The Chattanooga factory will build a new mid-size sedan specially designed for the North American market. Approximately 30 percent of these cars will be powered by Volkswagen's TDI Clean Diesel Technology.

Source: May 14, 2009 | Germany.info

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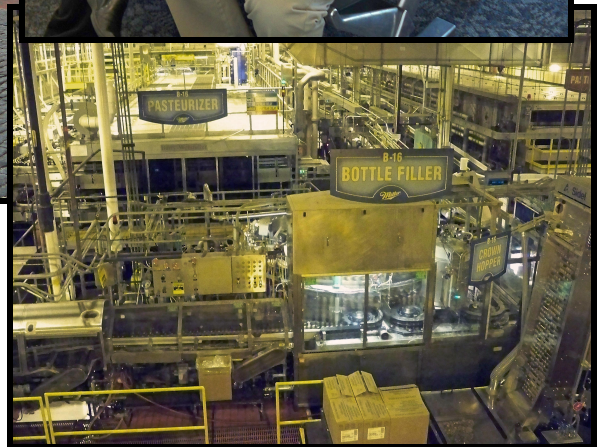
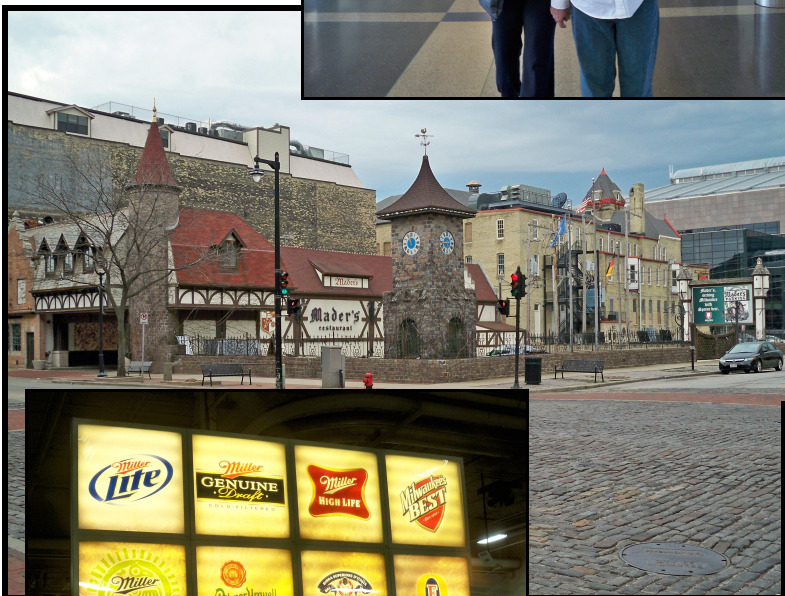
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(Continued from page 3—Munich

The plans for day two centered on a visit to Schloss Neuschwanstein, King Ludwig II's largest and most elaborate castle. With Detlef motoring down the autobahn we made good time. What an amazingly beautiful palace it is! The tour flew by and I picked up some souvenirs to remember the trip. I'm sure you all know the story of King Ludwig II, who was declared insane by a government doctor, forced to move immediately from castle, then found dead in a lake the next day. Our tour guide said "No one knows how he died. Was it suicide? This shall forever remain a mystery." Oh please! This has government conspiracy all over it! In my opinion the king was undoubtedly knocked off by parties fed up with his money-wasting castle-building ways, however I will leave the club's official position on the issue to Hans Martini, our resident European history expert (*ed note: Hans says it might have been an alien abduction situation but not to quote him on that.*). A stop on the way back in Oberammergau was an enjoyable break in another scenic village in the foothills of the Alps. This town is famous for its Passion plays which have been run once every ten years for centuries, and also for local wood working artisans who fill the shops with their carvings and creations. For dinner that night we met a final time with the Spiegls at their favorite local spot the Truderinger Wirtshaus. After a delicious meal of Schnitzel and some home brew, Detlef & Karin rolled us back into Munich and we parted ways. Thanks again to the Munich Martini's who made those first two days a truly wonderful and unforgettable experience!

Day 3 in Munich started with a planned bike tour of the city with "Mike's Bikes", an outfit recommended by a friend as the best way to see Munich. We made sure we stopped first at the Marienplatz at 11:00 to see the famous Glockenspiel kick into action. Our plans changed when the bike tour was not available at the advertised time, so we hopped the S-Bahn to the English Garden. I equate this park to Munich's version of New York City's Central Park. We strolled to the Chinese Garden section and had some refreshments in the afternoon sun as I slid effortlessly back into European Vacation buzz-mode. It was a most enjoyable and relaxing way to spend our last few hours in Munich. From there we headed back to the Hauptbahnhof and were on our way to Innsbruck for some spring skiing and snowboarding in the Alps. In the next newsletter stay tuned for Part Two: Innsbruck & the Alps! **

Club Pictures Winter/Spring 2009 - Schlachtfest & Milwaukee



Deutsche Sprach Schule Seite (Adult & Youth)



2009 GERMAN LANGUAGE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

About the only negative thing one can say about our club's three year old scholarship program is that the name "Danube Swabian" almost always gets butchered during awards' night. We've heard "Danoobee Sapien" "Daneeb Swaaabian" and just about every other mutation/mutilation of our proud and historically significant name. Beyond this tiny little annoyance however, the scholarship program has been a hands-down success from every perspective.

This year, scholarship committee chair Liz Tindall, vice-chair Christa Tindall and German School teacher Eva Martini each attended one of three ceremonies to present awards totaling \$1,100 to some very worthy winners. They are: John Giordano of Steinert HS, Katrina Kleinmann of Hamilton HS and Kelli Jesson of Nottingham HS. That Kleinmann name may ring a bell with some readers as she is the granddaughter of the late Brigitte Kleinmann, a beloved former German School teacher of ours. All are simply fantastic students who will go on to do great things, of that we are certain.

The scholarship program is a very big deal for our organization. Certainly one can look at it as a way for our club to "give back" to the community. We are promoting, supporting and recognizing the value of a language that will help our fellow citizens succeed in life and help them to make a difference in the lives of others. No need to go into all the possible uses of a second language like German in this increasingly global world of ours. Suffice it to say however that whether it's the arts, sciences or because of any one of some 1400 registered German businesses right here in the USA, knowing "die deutsche Sprache" is of enormous importance.

Our club does not exist in a vacuum. Who we are matters and what we do does too. It is never enough to merely "survive" each year. Because of the hard work and selfless dedication of today's members and those who have gone before us, we have a responsibility to pursue an agenda that best serves our members, our community and our cultural heritage. So, whether it's through our German classes or the dance group; memorial services, ski trips, or St. Nikolaus programs; the wonderful newsletter you are now reading or the car show just around the corner, the outstanding food we continue to offer ...or the scholarship program we are all so proud of, Donauschwaben members are meeting the challenges and moving forward.

The club would like to thank the scholarship committee lead by club director Liz Tindall for its fine work over the past year. Success however was only possible because of the truly inspiring generosity of members like Maria Petty, Manfred Grotzke, the Schmidt sisters, Rosa Kernast, the late Viola Dienes and all the folks who supported the raffles or gave direct donations over the past year. You have made a difference and we as a club are better for it. Prosit! *****

A Letter from Frau Charlesworth—German instructor for both Hamilton High West and Nottingham High School

Liebe Donauschwaben!

I would like to thank your organization for the support it has given the German program in the Hamilton schools. My students enjoyed the Schlachtfest and even tried some of the food that they were unfamiliar with. Your scholarships are very generous, and I know that the recipients are proud of being recognized for persevering in a language that we all know can be difficult. The scholarship recipients of the past few years have kept in touch. You will be happy to know that they are all successful in their college endeavors and the money has been put to good use.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen, *Christine Charlesworth* *****

ADULT SCHOOL

Our adult language teacher, Andy Franz, resumed class this quarter. Classes are held each Wednesday night from 7:00pm to 8:30pm. We have a number of "adults" enrolled already. Do not be shy, drop by and try it out! Auf Wiedersehen.

STUDYING HARD

The club would also like to wish the following members **continued success** in their college studies:

Lyla Lenyo in Graz, Austria (via Montclair University in North Jersey)

Alex Jakober at Norwich University in Vermont

Stephen Gruzlovic at Edinboro University in Erie, Pennsylvania

Brittaney Brandecker at LaSalle University in Philadelphia

Katie Tindall at Drexel University in Philadelphia

Anna Martini at Rosemont College near Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Club Events for the Spring 2009

EVENTS— DATES & TIMES

Come out and join us!

- ◆ Easter Dinner—Sunday, 5 April, 1pm
- ◆ Mother's Day Dinner- Sunday, 3 May, 1pm
- ◆ Pine Barrens Canoe Trip—Sunday, 24 May, leave club at 8am
- ◆ Wallfahrt (Memeorial service)- Sunday, 7 June, leave club for Philly at 8am
- ◆ Father's Day Pig Roast—Sunday, 14 June, 1pm

Please call Frau Eva Martini (609) 586-6109 or Frau Kim Walter (609) 585-8752 for meal reservations. Chicken is always available as an alternative to the featured dish (except at the Schlachtfest). Please let us know your preference in advance.

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Vielen Dank !

To all of our members who do the work that always needs doing, THANKS!! Whether it's in the kitchen or out by the tables; serving refreshments or baking pastries; selling tickets or cleaning up; it takes many fine people a good many hours to make dinner events a success. We truly have some of the finest club members anywhere. Danke Schön!!



A great big THANKS!! also goes to all of our members and friends who attend the club's activities and purchase our Club jackets, shirts, hats, etc. We appreciate your support and look forward to seeing you again soon.

Auf Wiedersehen bei den Donauschwabern!

Mother Knows Best...



"A beer before bed means a better night's sleep for the whole family!"

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

1. My Mother taught me about ANTICIPATION. Just wait until we get home.
2. My Mother taught me about ENVY. "There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have parents like you do."
3. My Mother taught me about the WEATHER. This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it.
4. My Mother taught me. TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE. If you're going to kill each other, do it outside, I just finished cleaning.
5. My Mother taught me RELIGION. "You better pray that will come out of the carpet."
6. My Mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL. "If you don't straighten up, I going to knock you into the middle of next week!"
7. My Mother taught me LOGIC. "Because I said so, that's why."
8. My Mother taught me MORE LOGIC. "If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're going to the store with me."
9. My Mother taught me FORESIGHT. "Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident,"
10. My Mother taught me IRONY. "Keep crying, and I'll give something to cry about."
11. My Mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS. "Shut your mouth and eat your supper."
12. My Mother taught me about CONTOURSIONISM. "WILL YOU LOOK AT THE BACK OF YOUR NECK."
13. My Mother taught me about STAMINA. "You'll sit here until all that spinach is gone."

Ludwig "Papa J" Jakober