

Trentoner Donauschwaben Nachrichten

Volume 9 Issue 1

January-March 2009



Points of Interest

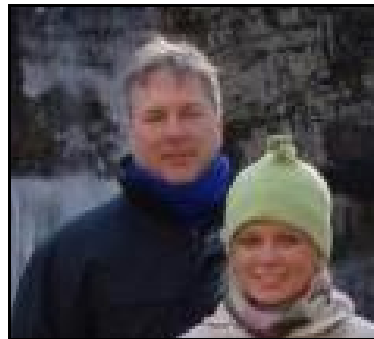


- We wish all our IRISH friends and Hibernians a Happy St. Patrick's Day on 17 March!
- Like the Germans, the Irish enjoy their cabbage, potatoes, beer, soccer, folk songs/dances and good cheer. "ERIN GO BRAGH"

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My Trip to Graz Austria

by Mike Lenyo

For many years I have attended club functions and spoken with the senior members about their experiences growing up in Europe, whether in Yugoslavia, Germany, or Austria. While they all certainly survived very traumatic experiences, and successfully immigrated to the US, I can never help but wonder what those places are really like. Well, finally after my four decades plus on this planet, I crossed the big pond and spent the better part of a week in Graz Austria.

Lyla Lenyo, my 19 year old daughter, member of our club, dance group, and occasional club waitress, has the good fortune of studying abroad at FH Joanneum University for Applied Sciences in Graz. She majors in international business at Montclair State University in northern New Jersey, to which Graz is actually a 'sister city'. In fact, the only fully affiliated program for international study at Montclair is at FH Joanneum in Graz. Considering our club membership and her 3 years of studying German language in High School and one year in college, she decided Graz would be the perfect place to study. She was right.

Lyla really picked up the 'international bug' after her and her sister, Nicole, took a 13-day student educational tour in the summer of 2007 to Paris, Provence, Barcelona, and Costa Brava. After that experience, good old Trenton just didn't have the quite same allure, not that it has much allure to begin with. So, Lyla was set on experiencing another cross-continental adventure. It is never easy to drop your child off half way around the world,

or in my wife Denese's case, drop them off at the airport (She could not even make the trip to the airport due to the emotional distress...!) so I decided to accompany Lyla on the trip.

We left Newark airport Thursday evening January 22 on Lufthansa airlines. US Airlines could learn a thing or two from Lufthansa, with its excellent meals, drinks, comfortable ride and good service, all at no 'extra charge'. After a long night without much sleep we landed in Munich. Unfortunately, all we saw of Munich was the airport, as our connection to Graz was just a few hours later. In this brief layover however I had my first taste of German food and drink. We ordered some Kaffe (yeah, I know some Deutsch...) and I was immediately struck by how much better it tasted compared to coffee here in the US. Plus, it wasn't dumped into a paper cup with a cardboard wrapper and thrown in front of me. It was served in a real coffee cup, with a separate creamer and glass of water. Okay, I know this doesn't sound particularly exciting to the reader but I hadn't slept in 30+ hours, I was six hours ahead of my biological clock, and my international senses were on full alert. If they brewed it with dishwater I probably would have liked it. Needless to say, it was delicious. I thought "Wow! Europe is Amazing!" Throughout the week I would repeat this phrase when I experienced anything new, or the variation "We're not in the USA anymore!"



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Club Matters & Members #1

(Graz Trip—Continued from page 1)

The connecting plane to Graz was small, it was cold and raining, but the excitement was palpable as we made our way to Lyla's new home for the next five months. The university has a 'Buddy system' in which a current student will meet new international students upon their arrival at the airport and escort them to their housing. Our buddy was Martin. He was a young, tall, handsome, and intelligent student. For these reasons I immediately resented him. He smiled at Lyla and said 'Hi, I'm Martin'. My fatherly suspicions were on 'Def Con 4' as I attempted to interpret what he really meant by such a lame pick-up line. Then I realized perhaps I overreacted since the entire reason he was there was to help us. So from the airport, Martin the stud led us to the train which glided right into the Haupt Bahnhof train station in Graz. A quick transfer to the bus and we were rolling through the town. After arriving at Lyla's dorm she was a little disappointed. We actually had to stand in her room single file as it was too small for us to all face each other in the room at once. Fortunately this was a one week temporary situation until her new flat became available, which is much larger. It is located downtown in a newly refurbished building and she is the first person to live in the room, which includes a balcony overlooking the Schlossberg, where the famous clock tower stands. She is very happy there.

So back to Martin the player. After the three of us dropped off Lyla's luggage, Martin guided us to the tram which stopped at my hotel, the 'Parkhotel'. Built in 1534, it was a beautiful place to stay. The bartender would later tell me a few facts about the hotel. Arnold Schwarzenegger grew up in Graz, but prefers the WeissHotel to the ParkHotel when he stays in town. However, back in the day the Führer always stayed at the Parkhotel when he was in Graz....! I asked if he happened to stay in room 123 (my room) but was told his former room had been converted to meeting room. Hopefully the meetings there now avoid discussion of world domination.

Finally, after a long day, night, and day, it was off to downtown Graz for dinner. We walked in amazement at the wonderful architecture (We're not in the USA anymore!) as we snaked our way to the shopping and restaurant area. The Krebbskeller was our first stop and we were starving. I ordered a Bier. (yeah, more Deutsch...). They served Gösser, which is brewed nearby. It arrived perfectly poured, in a Gösser glass, not an overflowing generic pint glass of watered down American beer you get here (Wow! Europe is amazing!). Perhaps it was the exhaustion or my new environment, but dare I say it was the single best glass of beer I have had in my life, much like the best cup of coffee I ever had earlier that day at the airport. That was followed by some pork & sauerkraut which was also fantastic. Throughout the next few days, ALL the beer was great and ALL the food was delicious. I bungled the bill-paying transaction by not tipping the waitress at the table (She did linger for a few awkward seconds) and by throwing a 20% tip on the table as we were leaving. Martin, ever helpful young ladies man, explained the 'round it up and

pay when she comes' rule, which I mastered by week end (We're not in the USA anymore!). Tired, with full bellies and a two-beer buzz, we said goodbye and thanks to Martin, who despite my reservations turned out to be a real nice young man, and headed back into the Graz evening.

With the six hour time change, we still had some energy to stay up awhile so Lyla and I enjoyed some father-daughter time and walked some more through the city on this Friday night. We found our way to the ultra-modern "Island on the Mur" restaurant. This is a steel structure 'island' in the middle of the Mur river that looks like, well, you just have to see it. Graz consistently amazes with its mix of ancient and modern architecture. The island and also the Kunzthaus Art Museum are modern classics with strange angles and curves that make them transform shape from every viewpoint. We talked with great excitement about the next few days and months ahead.

A quick tram ride found us back in the Parkhotel where we settled in the lounge and met some locals. They were all polite and held back any outward manifestations of American hatred, which was much appreciated. A gentleman we met at the hotel bar that night recommended his friend's restaurant on Hofgasse for lunch the next day. We were open to all things Austrian (especially the local brew Reininghaus, which is located along the Mur River) and eager to learn as we conversed with the group. I even attempted to speak deutsch. I got as far as "Hallo". I did use the term "Mein Deutsch ist nicht sehr gut, sprechen English?" a few times, which lets them know I at least tried to speak their language, just not very hard since I gave up before the end of my very first sentence. It was still better than asking "Do you speak English?"

We met at my hotel Saturday morning for a big breakfast as we prepared to explore the city during our mission to explore downtown, visit her new apartment ('flat') site, and walk her new campus. We walked downtown past ancient cathedrals and roman-empire era buildings, simply amazed at the look and feel of this place. Driving is not allowed in the downtown area so there were many bikes and pedestrians, all seamlessly moving in concert with the tram cars. Yes it's true – the trains ALWAYS run on time (Wow Europe is Amazing!). The weather was in the upper 30's, but we were warm as we walked for many kilometers. We also mastered traveling by tram car. I admit we skipped out on paying for some tram tickets, but only because we could not understand where to buy them. We hopped on & off all day hoping not to get caught and formulated a plan if we were spotted: Act dumb and jump off at the next stop (I didn't say it was a good plan). It wasn't until my last day there that I realized you buy the ticket from the driver. Everyone else was simply hopping on & off, however apparently, they all have monthly or annual passes. After our morning wondering the downtown area we did make it to the recommended restaurant for a delicious lunch.

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Club Matters & Members #2

(Graz Trip—Continued from page 2)

In the afternoon, as we walked toward Lyla's new flat, we discovered the open air food market at Lendiplatz. I was relieved that Lyla would have access to garden fresh food literally a few feet from her front door. We then snuck our way on the tram west to FH Joanneum. There was not much going on there but we walked the halls and picked up some information. Most importantly, we learned which tram lines to use for school the following week. FH Joanneum consists of 6 or 7 buildings about 2 kilometers west of downtown, and is not your typical American college campus since it is in more of a city setting. Lyla got the 'feel' of her new university and surrounding area. She was obviously anxious but this day would help put her slightly at ease.

The next priority for this 19 year old was of course a quest for internet access. If you want to see a young person in a state of extreme frustration, give them a cell phone that doesn't work and no internet access. In about 30 minutes they will start to twitch. Seriously though, Lyla did need to check her e-mail for some important correspondence from the school and to check in with her future classmates who were already conversing on Facebook and MySpace, or 'MyFace' as my wife refers to it. We found an internet café, and I ordered my cappuccino (Served on a tray with cream and glass of water in a real cup. Again, delicious!). With the important internet communication complete, we met all our objectives for the day and it was back to the dorm & hotel. We decided to go our separate ways in the late afternoon and meet later for dinner and some more exploring.

With renewed energy Saturday evening we decided to head to the Schlossberg clock tower, or Uhrturm, that night. We took the lift all 472m to the top. The clock was under construction and wrapped in a protective covering, but it was still quite a sight overlooking the city lights. As we began to embark down the hill we both looked up and saw "Donauschwaben". A placard (See picture) had been placed next to the clock tower acknowledging the schwob's significant contribution to the community post WWII. It was a nice reminder of home and the people of German descent who played a part in our family becoming involved and interested in this great culture and history.

We descended the hill in the pitch black, over icy pathways and somehow emerged unscathed at the bottom. Unfortunately we were on the other side of the hill. After looping back we realized Lyla's new flat was just across the way. Thus began a long and arduous walk circumnavigating the entire downtown area while simultaneously looking for more great Austrian grub. We popped our heads in a few pubs and were greeted with a cloud of cigarette smoke and quickly exited. We finally found a small Italian café we agreed on for dinner, promptly devouring some delicious antipasto and bruschetta. This time it was 'Puntigamer' bier – tremendous! (Wow! Europe is Amazing!). After this night we felt we had covered the entire city sufficiently and that Sunday would be a good time for a change. I was thinking "Road Trip"!

The train to Vienna (Wien, yeah, that's Deutsch...) left at 9:30 and we arrived around noon. After a quick shuttle to downtown we were dropped in front of the beautiful and quite enormous Vienna Opera House. We decided to walk a little then grab some lunch. I was very surprised that the shopping district was so commercialized. When I saw a "Burger King" sign I was frankly disappointed. I know we were in the tourist area but it seems such a shame to put such eyesores along this row of beautiful historic buildings. We found a restaurant tucked away on a side street (most are closed on Sunday) and had more delicious Austrian fare, this time some Wiener Schnitzel. Bier of the day at this establishment was Trumar - fantastic! Now ready for our 'Trail of the tourists', we hit the main drag once again. Suddenly a parade erupted on the street. We think it was because of Mozart's birthday that weekend. About 20 different groups came by dressed in full Austrian-German garb, playing German folk music. It was like the Treffen walk-in on steroids. After the parade we went to the famous St. Stefan's cathedral. This is the iconic cathedral that adorns every book on the sights of Vienna. It is quite stunning. At this point we could have visited the former home of the emperor, the Hofburg, or any of the amazing castles and gardens in the city, but yours truly the genius decided we should instead walk to the Danube River. It seemed to be a short trip on the map but an hour later, with aching feet as we overlooked the river, it became quite clear that the better choice would have been the sightseeing bus tour. Lyla was beginning to get a little anxious about getting back to Graz considering we were hundreds of kilometers away and her first class started the next morning, so we made for the train station and jumped on the 16:04 train (yeah, that's how they tell time in Austria... military) to get home by around 18:30. So during my only trip to Vienna, one on the most beautiful and historic cities in the world, we missed seeing about 90% of the sights. In retrospect I think this was a good thing as it will force me to go back again and see what we missed. Finally back in Graz Sunday night, Lyla was pleased to meet all of her new classmates who were arriving at her dorm throughout the day.

On Monday morning, while she was in class, I had a leisurely breakfast and wandered the beautiful downtown section of Graz, picking up some gifts for the family and taking any last pictures before my departure the next morning. I also found time to take the tram to the Mariatrost basilica, a stunning cathedral northeast of the city on a hill overlooking some amazing countryside. This was a recommendation from our club expert on Graz, Liz Tindall, who also studied abroad there and even met her husband Al in Graz. I understand they go back annually. Thanks Liz for your advice and help!

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Look New Section to Come in Newsletter

In order for us all to get to know something about our members, we will begin doing a "Member Profile" in future issues.

Club Matters & Members #3

Join Us for Family Friendly Club Dinners

The Donauschwaben is all too aware of the tremendous financial pressures facing our families today. Prices of everything have gone out of sight while real wages have been dropping. The club realizes this poses a direct challenge to those families with children and young people who would like to attend our monthly dinners.

To address the situation, the club recently resolved to cut the price of dinners in half for anyone 18 and under. That's right, just \$7 is all we request. In addition, anyone under 8 years of age is free of charge when accompanied by an adult. So if you are a parent or grandparent bring those kids or grandkids with you next time! If you have friends with kids, let them know the club is not only a great place to dine it's also an excellent value.

We really do want to encourage all of our members and friends, both young and old alike, to consider supporting our monthly dinners. Nothing makes the hardworking volunteers happier than when a large appreciative crowd shows up for dinner. It's a validation of their work and a vital source of income for the club.

We've heard it said far too often: "I feel guilty about not volunteering so therefore I won't attend the dinners." Please don't feel that way! The club needs your support no matter what form that may take.

The new "family friendly" pricing policies are a very real effort to make it possible for everyone to attend. Please pass the word around to your friend and relatives. We look forward to seeing *you* at the Donauschwaben. Thank you.

Changes on Tap for the Board of Directors

Last newsletter we reported that the bylaws governing the board of directors were revised. In fact, the changes will make the group a far more active and valuable part of the club. As we continue to grow and our activities expand, the directors' oversight and collective wisdom will help keep the club on course and heading in the right direction. Recently, there were a few changes in the composition of the board of directors that we would like to report on below.

We do indeed appreciate the time and effort put in by all of our directors, both past and present. Franz Herdt was one such director. The club wishes to thank Frank for his many contributions over the years and for the many years he served on the board of directors. He was a member of our German School in the 1960s and 70s, debuted his German-American band "Tradewinds" in the 1970s at the clubhouse, was a member/leader of the club's youth/dance group in the 1970s and 1980s, and topped it all off by serving as club president in the 1990s! He remains a highly valued member of our organization and is an all around good guy to have around. Look for him at one of our club's upcoming picnics as he performs with his fine family of talented musicians.

Frank is European Sales Director for the Allentown Caging Company, a research instrument manufacturer. His wife, Arlene, and daughters Lexie, Torie and son Christian reside in nearby Crosswicks, NJ. Vergelt's Gott, Franz!

Like his friend Frank above, Mark Gruzlovic has been active in the club for decades, including as a Youth/Dance Group member/leader in the 1970s and 80s. He has also served the club as a member of the board of directors for a number of years. We are pleased to announce that Mark will continue on as a club director for a six-year term. We are most grateful for his continued service!

In "real life" Mark serves you and me (John and Jane Q Public) as a Department of Environmental Protection manager for the State of New Jersey. His wife Donna and son, Stephen, who's living on campus at Edinboro University in Erie, PA, make their home in Hamilton, NJ.

"Herzlich Willkommen" to Liz Tindall as she joins the Board of Directors this year. Liz will serve a six-year term. A contemporary of both Frank and Mark above, Liz too has an impressive history with our club. German School student and dance group member, she became one of the teachers in our busy German school in the 1970s. She was also our German school teacher/director in the 1990s and is currently the German Language Scholarship Chairwoman. The club is most fortunate to have her "on board!"

Liz is associate director for the Mercer County Chamber of Commerce and sits on numerous committees and boards throughout the area. Her husband, Al, and their daughters, Christa, a German teacher in Pennsbury, and Katie, a freshman at Drexel University in Philly, make their home in Hamilton, NJ.



(The Martini's KICK - see story on page 6)

Genealogy, Culture & History Section

German-American Heritage

Did you know that it was a German who gave America its name? The cartographer ,Martin Waldseemüller (1470-1520), was the first to draw the New World as a continent on his map Universalis cosmographia, part of which you see on your right, calling it "America" after Amerigo Vespucci, whom Waldseemüller thought to be the real discoverer of America.

But that was by far not the only footprint that Germans left in America. Since the arrival of a German botanist in Jamestown in 1608, German immigrants and their descendants have made an indelible imprint on this country. Today, some 43 million Americans claim German heritage. Source: The Week in Germany, February 13, 2009

Germany Tops International Opinion Poll

Germany is the most popular country in the world, according to a BBC survey. Conducted by international pollster Globescan, it questioned over 13,000 people in 21 countries on their attitudes towards other countries. For the second year in a row, the same poll found that Germany has an excellent image beyond its own borders: A total of 61 percent of respondents perceived Germany's influence in the world as positive. That's up five percent from the previous year, when 56 percent of respondents gave Germany equally high marks. By contrast, only 15 percent of respondents in the 2009 survey viewed Germany's influence in a more negative light.

Canada ranked closely behind Germany in second place with a 57 percent approval rating with Great Britain hot on its heels in third place with an impressive 56 percent approval rating. Germany had particularly high positive ratings from several other European countries, with France, Italy and Spain providing approval statistics of over 80 percent.

At the same time, the US was rated negatively by 43 percent of those polled, although this was an improvement from 47 percent in 2008. However, the US, for the first time since 2005, surpassed Russia in positive ratings, with an average of 40 percent compared with 35 percent last year.

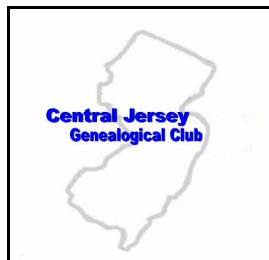
As was the case last year, Iran, Israel, Pakistan and North Korea were rated most negatively overall. German respondents, meanwhile, also viewed Russia and China particularly critically. The survey, in which GlobeScan cooperated with the Program on International Policy Attitudes (Pipa) at the University of Maryland, was carried out in the 10 weeks leading up to February 1. Source: The Week in Germany, February 13, 2009. ***

Palanka Genealogy Book Author Thanks Supporters

As author of the book "A Collection of Genealogical Information of Palankaer-Americans and Related Family Members 1895-2008", I would personally like to thank all those of you who recently purchased my book. Book orders continue to come in from around the world. These include orders, not only from the USA, but also from Germany, Switzerland, Hungary and Canada.

I am still taking orders and can print copies on demand. Order forms are available at the club or you can contact me via email or post. Again, I would like to thank all that ordered copies. This 25 year project has been a "labor of love" and dedicated to the memory of our deceased Donauschwaben ancestors and our late club member Peter Kiss. *Dennis (donauschwaben@mail.com).*

Central Jersey Genealogical Club Lecturer's Family Line from Hungary



The Central Jersey Genealogy Club hosted a lecture entitled "Immigration & Passenger Lists" on 10 March 2009, 7pm. The speaker on this topic was Lester Kish. He has given seminars throughout Eastern Pennsylvania and has spent over 25 years researching ship passenger lists and census records. He specializes in research in Eastern Europe and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. His KISH and HORWATH family lines come from middle Hungary.



Our own Dennis Bauer and club supporter John McGovern attended the lecture at the Hamilton Township Public Library. Dennis exchanged research "notes" with Les on the subjects of immigration and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Les was also given our club email address to checkout. He is familiar with who the Donauschwaben are. Dennis also met a librarian from the NJ State Library whose wife's DITTRICH and MUSCHAL lines are from Palanka. A small world in deed.

Membership News

2009 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

Eva Martini—President Ladies' Auxiliary

Terry Huff—AutoKlub Leader

Harold Parr—President of German Language School

Melanie Brandecker—Newsletter Copy Editor

Dennis J. Bauer & Terry Penrith—Website Committee

Adam Martini/Andy Franz/Mike Lenyo—Staff Writers

Dennis J. Bauer—V.P. for Cultural Affairs, Club Genealogist, Newsletter Editor



SERVER DONAUSCHWABEN APRONS

If you recently attended our Schlachtfest dinner, I'm sure you noticed our servers wearing those great looking Donauschwaben aprons. A special thanks goes out to Kim Walter for having them made up. Thanks also to the group from the German-Hungarians for attending the dinner. Danke Kim, job well done.

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



parents are Valerie Myers (Tina's aunt) and club member Chuck Pinkerton.

Celebration: **Tina Lynn Brandecker**, one of our youngest members, was baptized 15 February 2009 at St. Raphael Roman Catholic Church in Hamilton, NJ. Tina is the daughter of club members Melanie and Stefan Brandecker, and the granddaughter of Mr. & Mrs. Josef Brandecker and Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Bauer. The God par-

Those Martinis Compete Again

“Special Kudos” go out to **Kathleen and Adam Martini** of the Texas Martini's, who participated in the annual US open for Tae Kwon Do in Las Vegas, Nevada. They proudly represented their country against some of the biggest and baddist national teams in their chosen sport. Including Korea, China, Taiwan Australia, Sweden, Norway, German, Canada, Mexico, just to name a few. Kathleen and Adam did their country and their fellow Schwowe proud, but alas came up short just prior to the medal rounds. Kathleen being defeated by Chinese Taipei and Adam losing to our neighbors to the north, Canada. We salute their efforts and look forward to their continued success. Well done Kathleen and Adam

In photo on page 4, Kathleen and Adam (4th & 5th from left) are with their teammates and fellow participants from Korean American Tae Kwon Do Academy, coach Grand Master Rosalio Martinez Jr.

Gute Besserung: Get well to **Sepp Brandecker** on his recent surgery and *Dennis Bauer* on recent medical procedures on his back.

Also, to Club members **Ernestine Majer, Maria and Adam Mattes, Viola Dienes, Manfred Grotzke, Michael Galati, Harold Huff, Helga Kusenko, Ted Hierl and Helmut Bartlog.**

Condolences: **Josef Schoen**, 101, of Trenton passed away Monday in the Lawrenceville Nursing Home. Born in Batschka, Palanka, Austria-Hungary, Mr. Schoen immigrated to the United States in 1955 from Germany; he had resided in Trenton for the past 54 years. Mr. Schoen had been a parishioner of Our Lady of the Angels Parish/Immaculate Conception Church since 1955. He retired from Circle F Manufacturing Company. He was an active member of the Card and Bingo Club on Morris Avenue, and organized many trips to Atlantic City. Father of the late Guenther Jakob Schoen, he is survived by his wife of 74 years, Theresia Schoen (nee Spildener); two nephews, Joseph Schoen and Peter Spildener, one niece in Canada, and many nieces and nephews in Germany and locally. The Funeral Mass will be celebrated at 11 a.m. Saturday at Our Lady of the Angels Parish-Immaculate Conception Church, 540 Chestnut Ave., Trenton. Interment will be in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. Relatives and friends may call 9-10:15 a. m. Saturday at Knott's Colonial Funeral Home, 2946 S. Broad St., Hamilton. Source: *The Times*, 4 March 2009. Note: Josef was believed to be the oldest living Palankaer in the States.

Willkommen: New family members; **Madelene (Drobnek), Thomas, Michael & Mary Ann Woodrow** of Hamilton, NJ.

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 1



Mein Vater – „Der Fleischhacker“

By Andy Franz

Im Frühjahr 1947, nach einer langen Flucht von Jugoslawien

erreichten wir, mein Vater, meine Mutter und ich, Graz, die zweit grösste Stadt in Österreich. Meine Mutter, Grossmutter und ich waren mit den vielen Palankaer von den Ersten die in dem Lager Jarek eingesperrt wurden. Für 16 Monate war ich dort, in diesem für uns ein grausamer Ort. Ich überlebte als neunjähriger Junge, Typhus und den Hungertot. Meine beiden Grossmütter liegen noch immer dort.

Mein Vater, der Franz Fleischhacker kam 1944 in's deutsche Militär, dann russische Gefangenschaft und kam schliesslich wieder zurück nach Jugoslawien und wurde in einem Lager in Sombor als Kriegsgefangener gehalten. Irgendwie fand er meine Mutter und mich. Wir versuchten nach Ungarn zu flüchten, wurden gefangen und verbrachten als Strafgefangene noch etliche Monate in Sombor. Wir wagten es nochmals zu flüchten und schafften es Graz zu erreichen. Dort suchten wir nach meinem Bruder „Bowi“, der ein Schüler in einer Schule für Taubstumme war. Ich sollte in eine Schule und wurde geprüft. Es gab viele Fragen. Eine davon war: „Was ist der Beruf von deinem Vater?“ Meine Antwort: „Er is a Fleischhacker“. Ein erstaunter Blick von der Verhörerin. „Du meinst er ist ein Metzger“. Meine Antwort wieder: (in palankarisch) „No, er is a Fleischhacker“.

In meiner Erinnerung ist er noch immer der Franz Sepp, der Fleischhacker, dort unten an der razischen (serbischen) Grenze, neben der Gajdober Strasse.

In Palanka, wir, mein Vater, meine Mutter, mein tauber Bruder, Grossmutter und ich wohnten in einem damals, normalen Haus mit einem Nebengebäude wo die „Fleischbank“ war mit einem grossen Kühlraum und ein Zimmer. Verbunden waren die zwei Gebäude mit einem zweiflügeligen Tor, das noch ein kleines „Gänsetür“ hatte. Der Hof war gepflastert mit Ziegelsteine. Die Werkstatt war hinter der Küche im Wohnhaus.

Mein Vater war ein kurzer wohlgerundeter Mann, sehr energisch, er wog 100 Kilo, aber war ungemein flink mit seiner Arbeit. Er war bekannt für die gute Qualität seiner Ware, besonders seine Würste waren sehr beliebt.

Also zum Schlachten.

Ein Fleischhacker, (es gab ungefähr 13 von ihnen in Palanka) hatte grosse „Konkurrenz“ mit seinen Kollegen. So galt es immer, der Erste zu sein mit seinen Waren. Es war nur erlaubt: „Kleinvieh“ in der Werkstatt zu „schlachten“. Also, Schweine, Schafe, Kälber und Ziegen. „Grossvieh“, Stiere, Kühe und Ochsen wurden im „Schlachthaus“ an der kleinen Donau geschlagen.

Schweine schlachten war eine fast tägliche Routine für meinen Vater. Ich musste helfen aber ich war eine unsichere Hilfe für ihn. Zuerst die wiederstrebende Sau aus dem Stall zu kriegen war sehr schwierig. Wir hatten einen sehr, sehr grossen Hund, der „Nero“, dem es möglicih war das Schwein aus dem Stall herauszubringen. Mein Vater ergriff ein Hinteres und ein Vorderbein und mit einem „Ruck“ warf er das Schwein auf ihre Seite. Das „Stechmesser“ in seiner rechten Hand, die linke hielt das vordere Bein und sein Blick war auf mich gerichtet. Ich hielt eine Schüssel um das Blut aufzufangen; es war die wichtigste Zutat für den Blutwurst. Ein Stoss, ein Schnitt, ich kniete neben dem Schwein mit der Schüssel und betet innigst das ich nichts „verkehrtes“ mache. Manchmal wurde mein Gebet nicht erhört. Das Schwein mit ihrem unteren Vorderbein schlug aus und die Schüssel mit dem Blut flog über den geplasterten Hof. Ich, damals sechs Jahre alt, war flugs hinter der Schüssel her, aber es war oft zu spät wenn ich zum Tatort wiederkehrte. Die Worte, die ich von Vater hörte waren meistens in ungarisch oder serbisch. Später fand ich aus was sie beschrieben und merkte sie mir.

Als das Schwein ausgeblutete war, wurde es in ein „Trog“ (Holzwanne) gelegt. Unter ihrem Leib waren zwei Ketten bereit gelegt. Über das Schwein

wurde heisses Wasser gegossen. Vater mit einem Lehrbub drehten es vorsichtig auf alle Seiten damit das heisse Wasser von der Haut die Borsten löst ohne die Haut zu verbrühen. Dann wurde das Schwein mit „Glocken geschabt“ (rasiert). Es war nicht erlaubt ein Haar auf der Haut zu übersehen. Danach wurde das Tier auf einen „Rechen“ aufgehängt und ausgenommen und „transchirt“ (in Teile geschnitten). Gehirn, Nieren und Leber wurden in einem Kühlschranks aufbewahrt für den Tierarzt zur Untersuchung (wegen Krankheit). Die guten Teile des Schweines wurden gleich fachmännisch zerteilt für den täglichen Verkauf. Minderes Fleisch und andere Teile wurden für Bratwürste, Blut und Leberwürste und natürlich ein oder zwei „Schwartelmaße“ verwendet.

Den Speck darf ich nicht vergessen der war sehr wichtig für unsere Leute und das Schmalz auch. Im Kessel kochten die Zutaten für die Würste und ich drehte den „Wolf“ (Fleischmühle) um das Fleisch für die Bratwürste zu mahlen. Es wurde gemischt mit Salz, Pfeffer, Paprika, reichlich scharfen Paprika und Koblauch. Wenn die Mischung fertig war, gab mir Vater ein Befehl. „Schmeck's mal!“ Mit einem Finger im Gemisch und dann in's „Maul“, hatte ich die Pflicht ein Urteil zu geben. Wehe mir, wenn ich ihm sagte es nötige mehr Salz oder Paprika. „Raus mit dir“ kam es von ihm und ich war fort. Die Bratwürste wurden mit einer Wurstspritze gefüllt und die anderen auch, oder Hand gefüllt. Einiges vom Speck wurde zerschnitten und „ausgelassen“ (geschmolzen). Dann gab es später frische „Krameln“, die jeder gerne ass.

Die Zutaten für Leber und Blutwürste brodelten langsam im grossen Kessel auch die für den Schwartelmagen. Ich musste aufpassen dass das Feuer nicht zu hoch brannte und sich das Fleisch im Kessel nicht „anlegte“ (angebrannt). Es gab Kesselsuppe für uns und gutes Kesselfleisch mit frischem Kren. Das war ein Genuss. Ich habe diesen Geschmack noch immer in meinem Mund, wenn ich daran denke.

(Continued on page 8)

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 2



Mein Vater – „Der Fleischhacker“
By Andy Franz (continued from page 5)

Habe ich vergessen zu erwähnen, das alles fing an so um drei oder halb vier im Morgen und um sieben öffnete die „Fleischbank“ mit frischen Waren. Die Würste waren vorher auf einem Gerüst im Hof zum kühlen aufgehängt, wo Nero unser Hund sie sorgfältig bewachte. Die Katzen in der Nachbarschaft konnten oft dem guten Geruch von den Würsten nicht widerstehen, aber Nero war ein unerbitterlicher Wächter und machte Katze....! Na ja, er war ein Totfeind für die Katzen.

Meine Pflicht war es, die Schüssel zu halten, die Fleischmühle und den Schleifstein zu drehen und meiner Mutter und dem Lehrling beim Säubern zu helfen. Das war nur ein kleiner Teil von unserem Leben.

Wir hatten einen Eiskeller im Hof, der mit Stroh insuliert war. Im Winter wurde Eis geschnitten, mit Fuhrwerken das Eis in den Hof gebracht und es im Keller für den Sommer gelagert. Mein Vater kaufte „Vieh“ von örtlichen Bauern und Gutsbesitzer, von Märkten und oft wurde es von Srem, Croatien und Bosnien von Hirten zu uns gebracht. Er musste mit den Leuten handeln, lachen und trinken. Oft wurde im Wirtshaus gehandelt und wenn er erfolgreich war, spendete er einen „Aldamarsch“ beim Bernerwirt. Ja nachher wenn die Laune gut war, engagierte er eine Musikkapelle und marschierte vorhinaus die zwei Strassen nach hause. Unser Haus war fast immer voll von Leuten, da war immer etwas los. Besonders die Zigeuner kamen gerne. Sie kamen für die Abfälle vom Schlachten und verbrauchten sie. Sie konnten in den Hof kommen aber ihn nicht verlassen. Nero war trainiert niemand, ausser unserer Familie aus dem Hof

zulassen.

Vater war auch ein Musikliebhaber. Für die Musikanten, besonders für die Zigeuner „Banda“ war unser der erste und letzte Stop zu Weihnachten, Neujahr, Ostern und alle Feier und Namenstage. Da waren noch die Kirchenchöre, serbisch, jüdisch und katholisch. Natürlich musste ich mitgehen. Ich kann die Musik noch heute hören und wenn ich jetzt manchmal echte Zigeunermusik höre, kommen mir die Tränen.

Als ich so acht Jahre alt war, fragte mich Vater ob ich ein Fleischhacker werden wollte? „Nein“, war meine zögernde Antwort. In der vergangenen Zeit, wenn ich ein Reh erlegte und es abhäuten und zerlegen musste, bete ich, dass mir mein Vater nicht zuschaut, von dort oben. Er würde sich wahrscheinlich in serbisch oder noch besser in ungarisch ausdrücken.

Mein Vater war ein Meister in seinem Beruf und ich hatte und habe keine Begabung es ihm gleich zu tun.

(Graz Trip- contined from page 3—
photo by Mike Lenyo in Graz



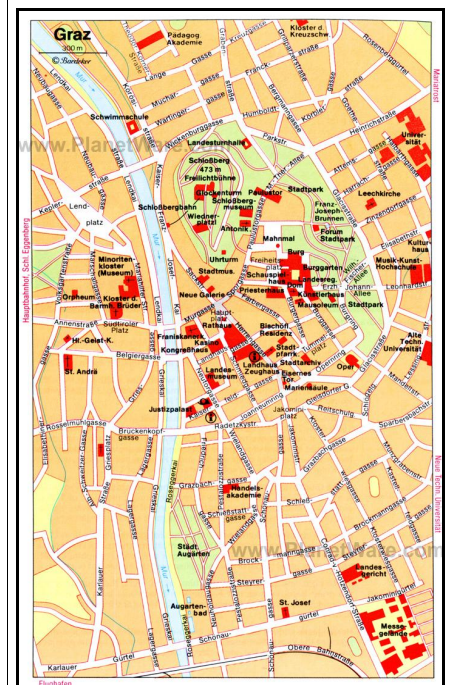
Lyla attended her first class in German language study on Monday. We met that afternoon and had our last dinner in town at an Italian restaurant. As my time in Graz approached its end, I was getting more concerned about leaving Lyla behind. However, with all of her new friends and classmates, and our thorough pedestrian coverage of the town over the last few days, I knew she would be confident in her surroundings and

ready for the challenge. Later that night I knew she needed to do some bonding with the group, so I decided to meet them later as they were all going to a local restaurant for dinner. I did meet up with them and they seem like a great bunch of young, intelligent and energetic adults. With her new friends hailing from Mexico, Finland, Netherlands, Australia, Japan, and several other countries, this international business course of study will surely provide Lyla with much more cultural learning than just Austrian culture.

We said goodbye Monday evening as I escorted Lyla to the tram back to her dorm. I told her I was worried about her, but she assured me she would be fine. Hopefully, the few days we spent together helped her prepare for this amazing journey ahead.

Since then we have ‘skyped’ over the internet (videoconference) many times. Lyla is happier than even she thought she would be and has already had many great experiences in a little over a month. As I write this she is leaving the next week (Feb 23) for a week of snowboarding in Innsbruck. I am sure it will be a wonderful trip and look forward to many more months of Lyla sharing her great Austrian experiences with us.

As for me, all I can say is “Wow, Austria WAS Amazing!” and I hope to go back soon.



Deutsche Ecke, Seite 3



Settling down in Austria

by Adam Martini
(Translation from the German in July-Sept. 2008 issue)

Fixing our small living quarters, a hut really, was the subject of my last essay. So now the story continues with our having settled down to what one might call a "normal life." You must understand that my life up until that point was anything but calm. As we unpacked our meager possessions one last time, I experienced a serenity I had really not known for many years. The flight from our home, our abortive return home, our time in the death camps, and finally our escape to freedom, were all times of great anxiety and fear, of never belonging anywhere and always looking to be somewhere else.

So now we finally had a place of our own! We also had privacy for the first time in our tucked away location near the forest and the pathway to the fields. Of course it wasn't long before folks would ask me "just where do you live?" You know, I loved our little place but I didn't want to tell anyone for fear they would make fun of me. I was embarrassed and ashamed.

Okay, it wasn't just our little hut that I was concerned about but my grandmother too. She could be somewhat undiplomatic at times and had strong religious views. She showed little sympathy it seemed and often had controversial opinions she didn't hesitate to share. She had very little patience for the good but simple farm folk who, truth be told, were the very ones who took us in and treated us like human beings. At any rate, it's not hard to see why I said very little about where I lived to those who might ask.

As payment for our rent, a farmer named Franz Neissl asked my grandmother and me to help in the fields during the summer and the harvest. This was how I ended up spending my summer vacations, helping make hay for the farm. My grandmother would also have to rise very early in order to gather feed for the cows. I would often accompany her and always found it to be something of an adventure. It had to be done every day without fail. It

was still somewhat dark when farm hands would stop by to take us along. We boarded a wagon filled with seven or eight people and pulled by a tractor that was accompanied by another wagon pulled by horses. The caravan, such as it was, would head off to a nearby meadow where the work would begin.

There the fresh grass was cut with a scythe, usually by three men working one behind the other. The women would rake together the grass and load it with pitchforks. I was allowed to hold the horses steady, guiding them forward slowly, or I had to inch the tractor along in first gear as the grass was thrown aboard. Of course I enjoyed driving the tractor the most. Especially those times when I wasn't paying as much attention and got smacked in the face with the horse's tail, not altogether enjoyable occurrence!

This daily ritual was remarkable in other ways as well. When the tractor was turned off for a while, work would proceed in hushed tones made loud by the stillness of the morning. The snorting horses, the rhythmic slicing of the scythes and occasionally the sharpening of those tools with grinding stones. These sounds were among the few things that broke the silence of those early hours of the day. This is practically impossible to imagine today with the round the clock noise of today's modern society.

This farm work was the price we paid to stay in our little home and for a few extras: fresh milk every day; potatoes throughout the year; and, a small patch of land for a vegetable garden. My mother searched out work and was not required to help on the farm. She eventually found work some 5 km from our home in a shoe heel factory. It was a start up company and so she was able to secure a good position there. The heels were made mostly of beech wood and then sent to a shoe factory in the town of Linz. Because our family was in the woodworking business back in our hometown of Bukin, mom was pretty well informed when it came to wood. This proved to be a valuable asset in her newfound job.

Our first winter in the hut was

nothing but ice and snow from November through April, until finally spring arrived. You really need to experience spring in this part of the world to fully appreciate it. It melted away memories of the endless trips to get water from the farmhouse, the non-stop clearing of the way to the outhouse and to the firewood stacks. A much more pleasant time was just ahead and I could barely wait! It got warmer, greener and even friendlier both in the forest and in the meadows.

My grandmother however couldn't sit still for very long and was now making new plans for us. She eyed the possibility of making a pig's stall in an adjacent unenclosed section of the hut. All that was needed was the farmer's permission, a quantity of planks and some help from a carpenter. Over and over she mentioned this to anyone who would listen. I was at first against this idea since it meant not only more work for me but our home would smell of pigs too. Actually the smell of pigs isn't all that bad once you get used to it. The oddly sweet aroma kind of grows on you eventually.

As it happened, they agreed to allow the construction of the stall in order to keep my grandmother quiet. It wasn't long before a carpenter, a relative named Hans, showed up with hammer and saw to start the work. The farmer donated the rough hewn planks that Hans then turned into a wall and a stout door. This was the beginning of our new careers as pig owners. My grandmother's life suddenly had new purpose and there was now more work for everyone. No longer were we alone at home. We had two little grunting neighbors in the next room over!

A bit less noisy was the garden that now awaited a hoe and seeds. We shared the garden patch with two other refugee families who lived directly on the farmhouse compound and so we had to divide the area into three. You know, I didn't always get along with our farmer/landlord, Herr Franz Neissl. Looking back however, he really was a good and honorable man who helped us all.

(Adam's adventures continue in our next newsletter)



Our
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YUENGLING BREWERY-CAR MUSEUM BUS TRIP

Folks, we are trying to pick one of three dates to go on this day trip. Let me know if you plan on going and which date is best so we can then each call to reserve our seat. One item I found out, all dates are either a Weds. or Thursday, sorry. Therefore, I plan on taking a vacation day. Those days are what Star Bus sets up, even if we scheduled our own bus/date (need 30, lower cost per person). Cost is \$79.95 all day, includes a tour of Yuengling Brewery/sampling of beers, lunch at Maroons Sports Bar & tour of Jerry's Classic Car Museum, all in Pottsville, PA. It should be a fun day!

The bus will leave from Hamilton & stop in Yardley for others. The dates are Thursday, June 25, or Thursday, August 20, and Weds., Sept. 23. If we can not get enough to go during the week, perhaps we can get a road trip going on a weekend this summer. Let me know ASAP.

Dennis Bauer

Congratulations 50th

A belated 50th birthday to hot rodder and club member Gary McGhee. Wife Mary Anne held a surprise birthday party for the Old F..... last fall.

Needless to say, there were many "motor heads" present at the party. We all know that without Gary's help our annual auto show would not be possible. Thanks Gary and Belated Happy Birthday!



AUTO SHOW PLANNING MEETING

Members of the Trenton Donauschwaben & German American Club car show committee met on 25 February 2009 to plan our **5TH Annual Euro-American Auto Show** on 11 July 2009. We want to welcome new members, George Brodbeck of

the GAK and Joe Vecchione of the DSA to the committee. We also want to welcome our youngest member, baby Tina Brandecker, to the committee. Although, she did not have much to "say", just her SMILE made the meeting a success. She was only weeks old when she attended last years show.

We all realize the economic situation may have an impact on getting trophy sponsors and door prize donators, so we are hoping members of both clubs can step up and fill the gap or help us with contacts who can contribute to this year's **5th Anniversary** show. Please feel free to contact committee members or club officers with contacts or your donations.

Terry Says...



After visiting the 2009 Philadelphia Auto Show in February, AutoKlub Leiter, Terry Huff, says check out the new Volkswagen CC.

According to Motor Trend magazine "Versus the regular or, as dubbed by VW, "classic" Passat, the CC is quite different." Though the 106.7-inch wheelbase is shared, the CC is longer by 0.6 inch at both ends, which helps make the roof look even lower than the two inches it already is. At its highest point, the CC is only 56 inches tall. With a stance 0.4 inch wider in front track and 0.6 inch wider at the rear, the CC looks ready to get down and party in comparison with the buttoned-up Passat"

The price range is from \$27,000 to \$37,000 depending upon your options. Watch out BMW & Mercedes!

VW recently over took Ford for the number three spot in global sales and displayed Toyota as the auto industries most valuable company. Also, the VW Eos was rated as the top convertible auto by *Consumer Reports* last year.

SMART CAR SELLING WELL

As the world economy continues on the down swing, look for sales of the Mercedes Smart Car to continue do well. With a price range of \$13,000-16,4000, no wonder.

BMW SALES GOOD ALSO



According to club member and BMW technician, Colin Huff, sales and service at DeSimone BMW are doing well. Colin is busy as ever. Look for an article from Colin in the future on being a BMW technician and German workmanship and car design.

Club member Jim Brunner agrees and certainly likes his BMW better than the Mercedes he used to own.

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NEWSLETTER VIA EMAIL?



In order to help reduce mailing costs for our quarterly newsletter we are asking our members if they would prefer to receive the newsletter via email.

The newsletter will be emailed in "pdf" format. Those that may not have the Adobe Reader program to open this format can download it free from www.adobe.com or we can email you the program. By receiving the newsletter electronically, you can view it in a very "crisp" format and in color. You then can also print out this high quality newsletter and share it and also email it onto other family members and friends. This helps spread the word about our club and the Donauschwaben culture.

If you are interested, let one of our officers know or email us at "newsletter@trentondonauschwabern.com" and give them your email address. *****



Club To Offer Classified Section in Newsletter

The club will be offering a CLASSIFIED SECTION in future newsletters. More details to come. If you are interested please contact newsletter staffers, Hans Martini or Dennis J. Bauer

Club Pictures - Winter 2008-2009 Christmas Party '08, General Business Meeting '09 & Schlachtfest '09

Who is St. Nikolaus?

- He was a bishop from Asia Minor (present day Turkey)
- Died on December 6, 343



Deutsche Sprach Schule Seite (Adult & Youth)

GERMAN LANGUAGE SCHOLARSHIP

A sincere thank you goes out to all contributors to the Donauschwaben Scholarship Fund. We received several sizable donations at our February 2009 Schlachtfest and our March Donauschwabenessen.

Each year our Club awards scholarships to outstanding high school seniors studying German in the three local high schools....Hamilton West, Steinert and Nottingham. The selection process is based upon academic achievement, extracurricular activities and community involvement. We are pleased to be able to promote our culture, language and heritage throughout our community. Thank you for your support.—Liz Tindall, Scholarship Committee Chair. **Note: the Adult School will start again Wednesday, 1 April 2009 at 7:30pm.**



REQUEST FOR PHOTOGRAPHS!

Many great memories have been made over the past fifty-two years at the Donauschwaben Club. What better way to remember the events of the past than to compile pictures shared by our members? Last year, we began saving files of pictures taken by a few Donauschwaben families to create a slide show which was shown at the Nikolausfeier in December. This slide show idea seemed to be popular as we reminisced through old pictures. Some members expressed an interest in expanding our collection. We are looking for pictures of past Donauschwaben events and gatherings to show how our club evolved over the years. We plan to make more slide shows to share at club events and hope to eventually create a DVD of all of our Donauschwaben memories for members to enjoy. If you wish to include your pictures in our collection, please email scanned pictures to tindallc@gmail.com, or bring your pictures to the next Donauschwaben dinner (you can drop them off at the sign-in table or to Christa who will be sitting at the Hepp table on the right side.) **ALL PICTURES WILL BE RETURNED** as soon as possible! To ensure that they are properly returned, please label the album or picture envelope with your name and telephone number. Any picture contributions are greatly appreciated! We thank you ahead of time for your support in helping us to keep the wonderful memories of our club alive!

The Adventures of Brittany Brandecker—The College Years for a Schwob

In recent months I haven't done much traveling, but the most important adventure that I have taken on is College. On August 21, 2008, I jumped in my dad's suburban and headed off to a little place called La Salle University in Philadelphia. I was happy when I finally moved into my dorm and met my roommate. I was glad that we got along. Opening weekend was fun, but I was anxious for my first official college class. That Monday, I got up and headed to my first class which was Microbiology. After one week of college under my belt, the Donauschwaben headed to Cleveland, Ohio for the annual Treffen on Labor Day weekend. It was a lot of fun, but when the weekend ended I realized that I would have to go back to school. In the first couple of weeks, I did not know anyone so I hung out with my roommate and her friends. I did my fair share of partying, but then as it's called "Thirsty Thursday" became too much, I stopped going. After a couple months, I moved in with my friend Tara due to roommate issues she had. She had become one of my good friends and I was glad we were roommates, and before I knew it finals came and the semester came to an end.

Winter break started December 12 and I could not be any happier. Over the break I hung out with some of my friends, went to the movies with Anna, went to a warehouse sale, and then Christmas came. Christmas Day I woke up and wanted to go back to bed, but I had to stay awake because everyone else wanted to open presents. So we did and I loved every gift, but the day went by so fast and before I knew it, it was over. Two days later, I drove to my friend, Tara's house and we went to the ALL TIME LOW concert at the TLA on South Street in Philly. We both had so much fun. Later that week, I went to New York City with my family. We saw the tree in Rockefeller Center, NBC Studio's, Good Morning America, American Girl, Virgin Mega Store, and we ate at the Hard Rock Cafe. The next day, I went skiing with my brother and Uncle and the Walter family. That trip was fun since it was the first ski trip of the season. My last weekend at home, I went with family and friends to Crystal Brook Resort in Round Top, New York. We all went skiing and had a blast, but the weekend went by way too fast and before I knew it I was off to school for the start of my second semester as a freshman.

With the start of the new semester, I moved into a new dorm which has been so much better. Nothing really exciting has happened this semester yet, but for what is in the works, I am reapplying to work at Six Flags, seeing about openings at Hamilton Hospital this summer, going to the FALL OUT BOY world tour concert in May with my best friend Anna, thinking about either Australia or Ireland for study abroad, and taking classes at Mercer this summer. All in all, I've got a lot on my plate with so little time and the end of the semester approaching faster than I thought.

So far college has been a great experience and I wouldn't trade it for anything. The one thing I miss most is seeing my friends and family each and every day, but one would say "that's what college is for, to put yourself out there and trying new things, making new friends, and going after your dreams."

Club Events for the Winter 2009

EVENTS— DATES & TIMES

Come out and join us!

- ◆ Winteressen Dinner, 11 January, Sunday, 1pm
- ◆ Ski Trip to Crystal Brook Lodge, Catskill Mts. in NY
- ◆ Annual Club Meeting, 1 February, Sunday, 1pm
- ◆ Schlachtfest (Bratwurst, pork & sarma), 8 February, Sunday, 1 & 3pm
- ◆ Donauschwabenessen Dinner, 8 March, Sunday, 1pm
- ◆ Osteressen (Easter Dinner), 5 April, Sunday, 1pm

Please call Frau Kim Walter at 609-585-8752 or Frau Eva Martini 609-586-6109 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 Donauschwaben!



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However, the slowing economy has also affected Ted and his financial support for the show. Please consider supporting him for the continuation of his show. We, at the club, will continue to do the show and have placed an advertisement in our newsletter, in order to make our readers aware of his broadcast. We are sure that Ted will appreciate your personal support.