

Trentoner Donauschwaben

Volume 2 Issue 3



July-September 2002

Special points of interest:

- Yugoslavs plan to change the countries name to Serbia & Montenegro this year.
- The first German settlers arrived in Philadelphia, PA from Krefeld in the Rhineland in the year 1683 as noted in the Philly Cannstatter Spring/Summer 2002 newsletter.
- Levittown, PA celebrates it's 50th Anniversary this year. It consists for over 17,000 homes. Tradesman from around the area helped build this planned community, including Donauschwaben from Trenton.
- PA German Michael Hillegas was the 1st Continental Treasurer.

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CHILDREN'S SCHOOL A CLUB TRADITION

It is official now - another incarnation of our club's children's school is a reality. As we've reported in newsletters past, the very able Frau Brigitte Kleinmann has been teaching a group of our members' children the language and culture of our ancestors. We are as pleased as we can be that our club is able to have such a school. We are doubly pleased that Frau Kleinmann has been such a hit with the children. The club's committee sincerely hopes that even more children - yours! - will take advantage of this unique educational opportunity in the fall.

As many of our readers know, the children's school is a long-standing tradition at the Donauschwaben. The club pushed to have a school back in the very early days of our existence when a man by the name of Jakob Eppli got things going. Individuals like Frau Lindenmeier, Bischof and Tindall, among many, many others, kept things going over the years. Literally hundreds of students have passed through our club's classrooms.

This writer recalls - with just a hint of sentimentality - the many hours spent tormenting.... err, learning the German language in the cellar of St. Stephen's Hall in Trenton in the late '60's, early '70's. The old hall still stands today (on Genesee St.) which is quite amazing since it seemed pretty darn old back then! It was such a novel thing to do actually: learning foreign language. It made all of us feel just a little bit special and, in a positive way, just a little bit different.

When we bought our current clubhouse in 1973, it was not long before the upstairs would be renovated and classes would begin. We had up to 60 students at one time with five or six club members ably instructing them. Classes would run each Saturday from 9 to 12 with a short break at 10:15. Classes would end officially with a "Schulschlussfeier" at the June picnic where students would recite poems or sing songs in German.

Okay, okay, one little story about "German School" during the '70's (you've twisted my arm!). One of this writer's teachers for a number of years was a woman named Ingeborg Wolf. She was, by all accounts, a sincere and capable individual whose talent with the German language was undeniable. Yet, as teacher to a bunch of us teenagers she undoubtedly suffered just a bit of stress at times trying to encourage us to learn. During one particularly arduous school day, Frau Wolf decided to step outside for a bit of fresh air and probably a needed break from her students. Unfortunately, however, she had forgotten that the door she chose to step through led to a sizable hole that was to become the front of our clubhouse. The poor woman fell straight into the hole... and just as quickly scrambled right back out hoping no one had seen her with the only injury being a bruised ego! Thankfully, Frau Wolf was to remain an important part of our school for years, showing the same type of enthusiasm and dedication all of our wonderful teachers have demonstrated time and time again.

Frau Kleinmann continues an important tradition at our club. In this day and age of radical individualism and moral relativism, it is more important than ever that we give our children the added sense of stability that comes with knowing where their ancestors came from and how they communicated. Our *Kinder* will undoubtedly benefit from the knowledge that they share a very special ethnic heritage, one of which they can be proud and from which they can take strength. We encourage all of our members and friends to consider sending their children to our school next September.

Hans Martini



Club Matters

Katharina Marx - Trenton Member Profile

by Christie L. Chicoine

Source: The Catholic Standard & Times WebExtra, 28 February 2002 (www.archdiocese-phl.org/cs&t/22802/profile.htm)
Reprint permission given.

When the German banner is carried in the processional of the Archdiocese's National Migration Week Mass March 10 at the Cathedral Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul, it will bear the handiwork of Katharina R. Marx of Presentation B.V.M. Parish in Cheltenham.

Decorations on the banner, including a picture of St. John Neumann and logos of eight German clubs in Philadelphia, were sewn on it by the 73-year-old Marx (born Karl), a native of Palanka, Batschka, Yugoslavia. She arrived in the United States as a refugee in 1956 at age 28 and became a U.S. citizen in 1961.

"The Migrants' Mass is very moving," said Marx, who will also read an intercessory prayer in German at the 2 p.m. Mass celebrated by Cardinal Bevilacqua. "All these (individuals comprised of many) nationalities took refuge here and are happy to be there" at the Mass. "This is a great joy for me, that we can express our faith, say we belong and we are Catholics."

More than 40 national and ethnic groups will be represented at the annual Migration Week Mass sponsored by the archdiocesan Office for Pastoral Care for Migrants and Refugees.

"As a Catholic, I'm very proud we are allowed to express our faith," said Marx who was unable to do so while in a concentration camp from 1944 to 1947.

"My faith helped me survive the hard times," she said. Among those hard times was Nov. 29, 1944 when political strife separated Marx from her parents.

"When Tito took over (Yugoslavia), he had a census taken. Everybody had to report in the census what nationality they were. We were Germans. About two to three weeks later, the Tito troops came with guns, read our names and said, 'In five minutes, leave the house.'

"Money and everything else was taken. We were practically beggars. The new regime took everything away from us except the faith."

Adults and children were sent to separate camps. After a day's work in fields, markets or homes, Marx and up to 20 others slept in one room on a floor covered with straw.

In October 1947, she escaped from Gakovo, in the northern sector of Yugoslavia, to Hungary with four strangers. After arriving in Hungary, the four sold their belongings to buy train tickets to Austria for them and Marx, who had no belongings or money. "In Austria, I found my parents" in a transit camp, she said.

In 1956, Marx and her parents left Austria for the United States.

"I always prayed to the Mother of God, my patron saints and guardian angels and asked for help," she said.

Marx, who prays the rosary daily, said she also relied on silent prayer and advice from a priest who once told her to be strong, live the faith "and not even go one step away from the main road."

In May 1957 at St. Henry Church, she married Nikolaus Marx, now 73, a grade school classmate. "We are very close," she said of her family that also includes their daughter Christine, 37, a son-in-law and two granddaughters.

A retired bookkeeper, she is secretary of the Danube Swabian Association of Philadelphia and Vicinity, a German club, and coordinates the group's annual pilgrimage to the National Shrine of St. John Neumann the first Sunday in June.

This year marks the 24th pilgrimage "in honor of our deceased in the death camps," Marx said. "We carry white crosses to remember those camps. We meet in the schoolyard of St. Peter's (the Apostle School at Fifth Street and Girard Avenue) where we have a procession with a brass band into (the church) where we have a Mass."



(Photo by Dennis Photography)

Note: Käthe is a Trenton Club member also and secretary for the Philly Donauschwaben.

Genealogy & History Section

“HOW TO DETERMINE YOUR STATUS IN LIFE BY HOW YOU EAT” by Jim Lieblang

In a previous article, I wrote about the rivalries between the “Batschka” and “Banater” Donauschwaben. Instead of writing about differences between Germans in those two provinces, I would like to write about similarities between the larger ethnic groups. Germans, Hungarians, Ukrainians, Italians and Poles.

There is one thing that unites us with others all over the world.... Food. Each ethnic group has its own favorites. All too often we find out that the foods are the same, they just have different names! “Palatschinken” is a “crepe” to a Frenchman. On and on.

Back to our grandparent’s heritage and homeland. One must remember that Austria-Hungary was a “Dual” monarchy and while there were often many German settlements in the above areas, as well as Baranja, Syrem and Slavonia, there were also many Hungarian settlements and settlers of other nationalities on a smaller scale. And there were always the Serbs just south of the river...Each group brought with them some of their ethnic cooking favorites. The expression “You are what you eat” should really be “You ate what grew where you lived”.

But often, as mentioned above, the same foods were enjoyed by all ethnic groups and nationalities. Today’s topic is “Babka”. Now, I know from Oma that it is not really the Hungarian name for it. Opa called it by the German name, “Zopfuchen”. The Poles call it “Babka”, the Italians call it “Easter Bread” and the Ukrainians call it “Baska”. It is all the same thing. And thank God it can be bought at many places in the Trenton area. Everyone in my family looks forward to New Years and Easter, the principle times for Babka. (Sorry Opa but I still use Oma’s name for it!)

At a young age, I began to eat Babka. Probably age four or five. About the same time Oma got me started on her coffee! You can NOT have Babka without coffee! That would be a sin. And that same coffee was on the stove all day long!

Anyway, much later in life, Oma told me the following story about how to eat your Babka, and this pertains to all, whether you are Hungarian, German, Polish, Ukrainian or Italian. Her story was essentially this: There are three ways to eat Babka. You can tell your status in life or “wealth” by the way you eat your Babka.

So... I ask each of you readers to take the following test and decide for yourself.....Are you from a “rich family”, a “middle class family” or a “poor family”. Take the test. Just remember, having a “blind horse” does not count in this test!

THE BABKA TEST:

No Babka is needed for this test, only an honest memory.

1: You slice a piece of Babka, place it on a plate and then pour yourself a cup of coffee. The Babka sits on its own plate. You pick up the Babka, eat a small piece, savoring the taste and place the Babka back down on the plate. THEN, once the Babka slice is back on your plate, you sip your coffee to wash it down..... stop here and go no further if you eat this way.....YOU ARE FROM A RICH FAMILY!

2: You slice a piece of Babka as above, place it on the plate and pour yourself a cup of coffee. The Babka again sits on its own plate. Same as before up to here. Instead of eating the Babka, you dunk it in your coffee and then remove the Babka piece with its wet end and eat it....just like “Dunkin Doughnuts”!If you do this, stop here and go no further.....YOU ARE FROM A MIDDLE CLASS FAMILY!

3: Finally the last part of the test. Unlike the other two above you do not need a plate for the Babka or a cup for your coffee. You simply need a wide and deep soup type bowl! First, you POUR a good amount of coffee into your soup bowl..... Yes pour it in. Add your sugar and milk. Then, you get a large tablespoon at the ready for the next part. No knife is needed to cut your Babka. Simply rip of a large chunk off and then rip that chunk into smaller chunks....throwing them into the “bowl of coffee”. Then, grasp your soup spoon firmly in your hand and slurp up/eat/drink the soggy Babka and coffee in the bowl. If you have gotten this far..... YOU ARE FROM A POOR FAMILY.

To this day, I still love the ritual of pouring that bowl of coffee and dropping the chunks of fresh Babka into that steaming coffee.

This story was told to be by Oma, who did NOT own a blind horse like OPA did (see previous issue for this article).

Needless to say, Opa claimed he “dunked” his Babka unlike Oma who poured a bowl of coffee!

PALANKAER HEIMATBRIEF NOW AVAILABLE

I just received my copy of the *Palankaer Heimatbrief* in the mail. It is written in German and contains news and updates about Palanka and Palankaers. It is the newsletter of the Palanka Heimatsortauschuss in Germany. Since a large number of the Club members are Palankaers or have Palanka connections, you can be put on their mailing list and receive your own subscription, free of charge. Contact the North American representative; Richard Slama at 1728Drouillard Road, Windsor, Ontario, Canada, N8Y 2S5 (ricslama@mnsi.net). Donations are requested and appreciated however. Look for their future web site at www.palanka.de. Dennis J. Bauer

Genealogy & History Section (Continued)

A TYPICAL DONAUSCHWABEN WEDDING

My mother, Eva WASCHEK geb. GIESSWEIN was born in Gajdobra on Dec 10, 1927 and lived there until October 12, 1944. She is the daughter of Theresia Drobnik and Andreas Gieswein). Eva remembered the following about weddings in Gajdobra, Batschka.

Weddings were usually on Tuesday at 10.00 A.M. This gave you 3 days till Friday to eat all the food that was prepared, since on Friday we never ate meat. All of the guests and the band would meet in the yard of the Bride's parents.

It was customary for all attending the wedding to meet at the bride's home and walk to the church in procession. The young girls went first followed by the bridal couple, close family, then friends. The celebration often lasted 3 days!

The band would play "Schön ist die Jugend, sie kommt nicht mehr" before leaving for church. Everyone walked together to the church as the band played a happy marching tune. (There was a certain order that the people walked to church in but she is not quite sure she remembers it right) After mass, everyone went straight to the Wirtzhaus (pub, tavern, inn) or to the home of one of the parents if it was a smaller wedding. Everyone took turns dancing with the bride.

Afterwards a luncheon was served. The food was prepared by 2 woman who always cooked for weddings. Even if the wedding was at a home these woman usually catered the meal. They also had girls that helped serve and clear dishes. Cooking started days before the wedding. Beef or chicken soup was usually followed by goulash or something like that, then roast pork and beef and chicken with all the trimmings and then lots of cake and cookies and other desserts. Beer and wine were usually drunk but not much hard liquor (schnapps). After lunch, the tables were pushed to the side to make room for dancing. The dancing continued until it was time for dinner. Usually at 6:00 pm. Another huge meal was served. After dinner there was more dancing and drinking. At midnight the bride and groom would leave and go to their new home or wherever they were to live. They would return again as "true" husband and wife sometime during the course of the night. The bride would no longer be wearing her wedding gown, but her normal dress. Of course there would be much cheering when they returned to the party.

The festivities would continue until morning. Many times the party was "crashed" by people who were not invited to the wedding. They usually arrived after midnight and wore funny costumes and provided some sort of humorous entertainment to earn their

stay. They were usually classmates or vague acquaintance or just someone from town that wanted to join in the festivities! In return for amusing the guests they could eat and drink and dance as long as they liked.

The biggest wedding she remembers the most was the wedding of Peter SCHUMACHER and Elisabetha PIFFATH. At their wedding, some young uninvited men arrived dressed as woman. They attached seltzer water bottles to themselves under their skirts and somehow triggered them as part of their comedy routine. (Making it appear that they were woman laughing so hard they wet their pants!) The festivities would continue until dawn when the guests and the band would walk to the bride and groom's house and sing a song outside their bedroom window.

The party would continue as long as the guests were able. Just like here, there were always a few guests that didn't know when to go home. Sometimes the celebration lasted for days but was always over by Friday.

This article was posted on the internet *Banat List* by Lilly Murphy, 23 April 2002. Lilly is a fellow Donauschwaben researcher and friend of our Editor, Dennis J. Bauer. Lilly and her mother, Eva, have given the Club permission to publish this historical & cultural article about our ancestors customs.

The Club wishes to thanks Lilly and Eva for this look at the past.



All males, 18 years of age, had to serve in the Austro-Hungarian armed forces. Pictured here is Georg Neuburger of Neudorf (left), Srem in his World War I military uniform. He was Ludwig Jakober's grandfather.

Trachtenfest (right) in Neudorf, Srem, Yugoslavia circa 1940. (Photos courtesy of Ludwig Jakober)



Membership News

2002 Club Officers & Staff

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



The Beer Facts

BEER HERE—submitted by Kurt Müller

"Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with pizza."

Dave Barry, U.S. humour columnist

Chosen by the UK newsroom of the Buongiorno Group, 20 April 2002

GERMAN HERITAGE FEST SHIRTS FOR SALE

The Club has a limited number of the new 29th Annual German Heritage Festival shirts for sale. These golf style shirts are being sold for a price is \$20 each. Contact Steve Brandecker while the supply lasts. See you at the Festival Sunday September 8, 2002.

ADULT LANGUAGE CLASS ENDS SPRING SESSION WITH DINNER OUT

Members of the Adult German Language Class celebrated the end of the Spring 2002 session with dinner at the Blue Danube Restaurant in Trenton on 29 May. Great fellowship, dialog, food and drink were enjoyed by both students & teacher. Danke, Herr Müller. See you in September!

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

Jahrestag: Members **Harold & Marie Parr** celebrated their 30th Wedding Anniversary on April 15, 2002. Congratulations!!

Members **Dennis & Donna Bauer** will celebrate their 30th Wedding Anniversary on 8 July 2002. Congratulations!!

Members **Peter & Rosa Kernast** will celebrate their 50th Wedding Anniversary in July, 2002. Super Congratulations!!!!

Graduations: **Nicole Lenyo**, daughter of members **Mike & Denise Lenyo**, graduated from Hamilton High West. Good luck Nicole!

Member **Mike Lenyo**, graduated from Rider College, with highest honors. Great work Mike!

Eric Parr, son of members, **Harold & Marie Parr**, graduated from Rutgers University with a B.A. in Psychology. Great going!

Gute Besserung: A get well soon to Herr **Josef Brandecker** from his recent surgery.

Representation: Member **John Feldenzer** of Montana plans to attend an Donauschwaben get together in September in Mt. Angel, Oregon, a 10 hour drive for John. He plans on wearing our Club shirt and representing us at the meeting. Thanks goes out to our distant member, John! He also passes on his thanks to the Club members for their support of his PALANKA website (www.feldenzer.com).

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 1

Volkshymne der Donauschwaben



1. Seid ge-grüßt ihr deut - schen Brü - der, wa - chet auf, es ruft die



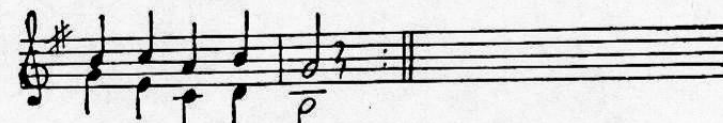
Zeit! Laßt uns rüh - men, laßt uns frei - sen uns - res Vol - kes Ei - nig -



keit Wir sind ei - nes Vol - kes Söh - ne, deut - sche Spra - che



deut - sche Art, die die - Väter hoch - ge - hal - ten, ha - ben



treu wir uns be - wahrt.

2. *Ob wir in der Batschka wohnen, in der Schwaebischen Tuerkei,
Buchenwald und Schildgebirge unsre teure Heimat sei,
Das Banat, Slawonien, Syrmien, Ofner Bergland sei der Ort,
wollen niemals wir vergessen, jenes schoene Dichterwort:*
3. *“Deiner Sprache, deiner Sitte, deinen Toten bleibe treu!
Steh in deines Volkes Mitte, was sein Schicksal immer sei!
Wie die Not auch droh und zwingt, hier ist Kraft, sie zu bestehn.
Trittst du aus dem heil’gen Ringe, wirst du ehrlos untergehn.”*
4. *Das ist deutschen Mannes Glaube, das ist deutschen Frauen Ehr.
Das ist deutschen Kindes Zierde, das ist deutschen Volkes Wehr.
Deutscher Treue Lied erklinge rings im schoenen Donauland!
Schwabenvolk, im Glueck umschlinge ewig dich der Eintracht Band!*

(Text: Ernst Imrich (1918), Melodie: Ludwig Hackl)

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 2

Poem by Luise Baumgartner, Hörsching, Austria

(Sister of Member, Ludwig Jakober, permission granted)

Zum Abschied

Vater, guter Vater mein,
Zu Ende ist Dein Erdenleben.
Ewigen Frieden und ewige Ruh',
Möge Gott Dir geben!

Viel Lied hast Du ertragen,
Besonders in den letzten Jahren.
Mill house—im Pflegeheim
So oft hast Du gebettelt,
Nimm mich doch mit heim!

All Dein Lied ist nun zu Ende,
Zum Gebet falte ich meine Hände.
In stiller Trauer ein letzter Grüß,
Mama, die Arme, noch leiden muß.
Vergiß sie nicht, mein Gott o Herr,
Ihr Schicksal ist besonders schwer!

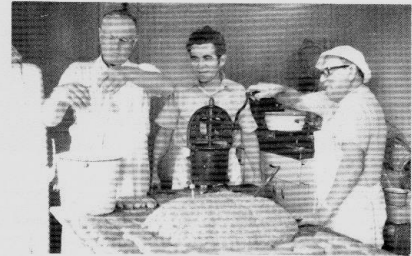
Dein letzter Weg führt zum Friedhof
hin,
in Gedanken ich jetzt bei Dir bin!
Still und stumm steh ich neben Deinem
Grab,
Langsam sinkt dein Sarg hinab.
Ein letzter Blick hinab zu Dir,
Zum Abschied nimm die Rose hier.
Hab Dank für alles hier im Leben,
Für die Liebe, die Du mir gegeben!
Meine Gedanken begleiten Dich zur
ewigen Ruh,
Mein Vater, guter Vater Du!

4 Jänner 1993

Blast from the Past Photos from the 1976 Club anniversary booklet

PRAESIDENTEN DER VERGANGENEN 20 JAHRE

Jakob Fleith 1956-59
Jakob Eppli 1959-64, 1966-68
Lester Lindenmayer 1964-66
Willi Michel 1969-76



Drei fleissige Herren beim Wurstmachen: l.n.r. Herr Jakob Eppli, Herr Josef Brandecker und Herr Heinrich Neuburger.



Vordere Reihe von links nach rechts: Stefan Mattes, Franz Kleespiess, Sebastian Gauss, Jakob Fleith, Josef Schmidt, Josef Bohn.

Hintere Reihe von links nach rechts: Johann Brettraeger, Josef Wolf, Stefan Reger, Wilhelm Schmidt, Josef Spildener, Franz Herdt sen., Karl Paul.
Nicht im Bild, aber anwesend bei der Gruendung: Josef Stiller und Josef Relinger.

From the Philly Donauschwaben 1992 Jahresfeier booklet

Der vertriebene Bauer

Von Haus und Hof vertrieben
ist nichts ihm mehr geblieben,
entschwand ihm wie ein Hauch.
Es hungern seine Pferde,
gar fremd ist rings die Erde—
und Menschen hungern auch.

In eisig-kalter Kammer
liegt er, voll Gram und Jammer,
und nur im Fiebertraum
treibt er die müden Pferde
auf seiner Heimat Erde,
und pflügt so durch den Raum.

Er liegt den langen Winter,
doch keine Ruhe find't er,
es treibt ihn, daß er sä'.
Er sieht nur Ackerbreiten
und selbst sich drüberschreiten—
denn Hunger tut gar weh!

Doch, als die Frühlingssonne
ans Fenster lacht mit Wonne,
treibt es ihn jäh herous,
er schirrt die müden Pferde
mit friedlicher Gebärde
und zieht ins Feld hinaus.

An einem Ackerraine
stand mutterseel'n alleine
ein fast vergessener Pflug.
Da sind die alten Pferde,
da ist der Pflug, die Erde—
und das ist ihm genug.

Jetzt schnalzt er mit der Zunge,
so wie einst als Junge
er in der Heimat tat;
er treibt die müden Pferde
und ockert fremde Erde,
zieht Furchen tief und grad.

Er ackert all sein Sehnen
und alle seine Tränen
mit in das Erdreich ein.
Vielleicht trägt es mal Früchte,
vielleicht wird auch zunichte,
was einmal sollte sein— — —

und als er wollte säen,
mußt' er sich selbst gestehen:
er hat ja keine Saat.—
Ein Bauer ohne Saaten,
der ist verkauft, verraten,
dem reift auch keine Mahd.

An einem Frühlingsmorgen
hat irgendwer geborgen,
zwei Pferde, herrenlos;
an einem Frühlingsabend
stand irgendwer begrabend,
den Bauern — heimatlos.

Jakob Wolf

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Please visit member John Feldenzer's new PALANKA WEBSITE at: www.feldenzer.com

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Some of our Childrens Language School members to the right (see related article on page one).

CAR SHOW AT THE CANNSTATTER V.V.

If you like cars stop by or enter your car at the Cruisin' Classics Car Club Car Show on 17 August 2002, 8am-3pm. at the Cannstatter V.V. 9130 Academy Road, Philadelphia, PA. Classes include; pro stock, mustang, truck, sports car, street modified, street rod, firebird/ camaro, kit car, antique, import/compact & special interest.

There will be hot foods, dinners & beverages. Entrance fee for cars is \$12 pre-register, \$15 at the gate. Spectator fee is \$3, children under 12 free. For information call George Haller 215-968-6622. Come on Hans, Enter that Porche !!!

Club Events for the Summer 2002

EVENTS— DATES & TIMES

- *Donauschwaben Walfahrt— Sunday, 8am, 2 June 2002*
- *Vatertagspiessbratenessen— Sunday, 1pm, 9 June 2002*
- *Donauschwaben Kanufahrt/Zelteln 4th July Weekend*
- *Sommerspiessbratenessen— Sunday, 1pm, 14 July 2002*
- *Donauschwabenentreffen— Friday to Sunday, 30 August-1 September 2002, Milwaukee, WI*
- *German Heritage Festival— Sunday, 8 September 2002, Holmdel, NJ*
- *Steuben Parade— Saturday, 21 September 2002*
- *Erntedankfestessen— Sunday, 1pm, 22 September 2002*
- *German Language School Registration, 25 September Wednesday 7pm*

Please call Frau Josefa Brandecker at (609) 585-8460 for meal reservations.

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Vielen Dank !

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



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

From the Club's Officers and Staff

Attendance at our monthly dinners has gone down a bit recently. For what reason we really don't know. What we do know, however, is that our dinners remain the focal point of our club's social and cultural life. Just as importantly, they continue to be our primary source of operating revenue. Our dinners are in many ways the lifeblood of our treasured Donauschwaben.

For those of you who haven't been to the club in a while: **WE MISS YOU!** We invite you most sincerely to come and support your club - to enjoy the great food, drink and camaraderie that remain the hallmark of our wonderful organization.

The committee knows all too well that some of you worry that just showing up to eat every now and then is somehow frowned upon. We would like to assure everyone that is not the case. Each and every club officer and staff member recognizes that anyone who attends a club dinner is in fact contributing to our club's continued good health. We value your presence and thank you for helping us keep our wonderful club going.

We've also heard far too often that "I'm not coming because I feel guilty about not being able to be an active member". The result, unfortunately, is that not only do these folks miss out on our club's fabulous offerings, but they also miss out on helping the club in a positive and substantial way without having to be "active". Please look at the schedule elsewhere on this page to find out what's happening next. All of us here at the Donauschwaben look forward to being able to say "Servus! Grüss Gott! Hallo! or just Hi!" to you soon. Thanks!