

Trentoner Donauschwaben Nachrichten

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Points of Interest

- Ellis Island operated from 1892 to 1954.
- Over 100 million Americans trace their ancestors through Ellis Island.
- Fire destroyed the wooden buildings of Ellis Island in 1897.
- 11,747 immigrants pass through Ellis Island in a single day in 1907.
- Ellis Island was used as an enemy alien detention center in 1943.
- The doors closed to immigrants using Ellis Island in 1954 after processing over 12 million.
- It opened as a public museum and national monument in 1989.
- Many of these immigrants were Donauschwaben.



“Rain, rain, go away come back another day!”

By Steve Brandecker

That *could* have been this year’s theme of the club’s annual canoe trip. However, this year’s trip (July 1-4, 2005) brought some challenges of a different sort. As you may recall, our area flooded this past spring when the Delaware River overflowed its banks. Well, the same happened up north at the Red Barn Campground. Red Barn is located on the upper Delaware River in New York. Our usual camp sites near the river had been washed away along with several camping trailers. So Scott, the owner, said that we are more than welcome to continue our 4th of July tradition of camping and canoeing and that he would have a new spot for us.

So with that in mind, we ventured up to a small area Scott had set aside for us. The only two problems were a slight shortage of elbow room and bathrooms that needed a bit of a “hike” to get to. Despite it all, we managed to fit all our club campers in - about 46 in all - with just a little pushing and prodding.

Bob, Kim and the Walter crew arrived the day before and had to setup between the raindrops. For many of us though, the weather appeared to cooperate on Friday when we arrived and setup. Later that day, the rain did return but only after most of us had gone to bed.

The canoeing days, Saturday and Sunday, were dry and filled with sunshine, allowing all of us to get a nice tan. The first day was about as perfect as we’ve ever had. Plenty of water in the river and a good tail wind (not

as much paddling needed). Our gang of “river rats” was very happy.

The group paid for it the following day! The tail wind we so gleefully rejoiced about a few short hours earlier had become a head wind now. We now had to actually paddle and paddle hard! This was real work. Any pause in your paddling stroke meant an immediate unwanted turn about and a push up the river from where we came.

After an exhausting but nonetheless thoroughly enjoyable day on the river and with the campground in sight, the final set of rapids had to be navigated. The first crews made it through without any apparent problems.

Then came the next set. Trouble, trouble! The first of three of our canoes went over! The captain, co-captain and two first mates all were in the water (fortunately they did have their life jackets in place). Try as the captain may, he could not keep his mates dry. (Ed Note: See related story on page 13 of our newsletter).

Soon after that came two more of our canoes rising from the mythical mist. They made their attempts at the legendary falls (rapids). The first captain (with a crew of four) zigged. The second captain (with a crew of two) zagged. They both met somewhere in the middle of the rapids and kids (with life jackets firmly in place) “squirted” from their boats into the river. All the now-swimmers made it to shore safely. This gave them a story to tell at the roaring campfire that evening. The fellowship, food and of course beer were great. We packed up and headed home on the 4th of July after another memorable camping/canoeing weekend. Long live this club tradition!

Time to start planning next year’s trip and hope to see you there in 2006. Till then, many happy paddles!



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Club Matters & Members

2005 LANDESVERBAND MEETING HIGHLIGHTS



Club representatives, Joe Brandecker, Steve Brandecker and Dennis Bauer attended this year's *Donauschwaben in den U. S.A., Inc.* meeting. It was held in Detroit, MI from 30 April-1 May at the Detroit Carpathia Club-house.

Their facility is an amazing place. Relatively new and located outside the city, it is huge. It includes a large banquet hall, large commercial kitchen, many meeting rooms, and a large bar/dining area overlooking the multiple soccer fields.

In addition to hearing the local and Verband (Leo Mayer) presidents' messages, electing new Verband officers (many retaining their previous posts, sound familiar?), we broke out into various group/committee meetings. Steve attended the youth dance group meeting, Joe, the presidents' meeting and Dennis, the Landersverband & Stiftung web site/internet committee meeting. Our club received many positive compliments on our newsletter and web site during the two days. A lot was accomplished over the weekend as the Verband moves into the 21st century. One main theme was to "spread the word" about the Donauschwaben and encourage programs and activities in order to increase our membership as many of our older members pass on.

Also present were some representatives from the Canadian Donauschwaben clubs, representatives from Germany and Dr. Zoran Janjetovic from Belgrade who wrote the book "Between Hitler to Tito". This unbiased work documents the mistreatment of the Donauschwaben by the partisans. It is based upon original document research including hard to access Serbian records. Zoran made himself available for discussion and book signing.

It was great seeing our fellow Verband members again this year including Adam and Marie Mattes and daughter and club president, Rose Matico, from the Philly Donauschwaben (see picture). We will also see many of them at the Treffen in August in LA.



GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER IN PA and NJ

Not only is our own Kim Walter a great volunteer here at our club (photographer, Kinderschule, dinners and V.P. of Human Resources) but she also received a recent "Danke Schön" from our friends at the United German-Hungarian club for her photographic duties there. Kim and husband, Bob Walter are

members there also. Good going Kim!

Sarma (Stuffed Cabbage) Cook-off

In order to help celebrate the town of Roebling's 100th anniversary (founded in 1905), a Stuffed Cabbage Cook-off will be held on Saturday 21 May 2005. After all, stuffed cabbage is to Roebling, as cheese steak is to Philadelphia according to Dinah Lee a lifelong resident.

The dish was enjoyed here for over 100 years by the immigrant residents from Hungary, Romania and Poland who took jobs at the nearby Roebling steel mill. Over 30 cooks have entered the competition, making over 300 servings each. Judging will be done by local chefs and the paying visitors. Source: *Bucks County Courier Times* 15 May 2005.

Note: I am sure our club ladies could have given all a "run for their money" with our home-made Sarma if we would have known in advance to enter, Ja?

FROM THE PAST (Trenton Sunday Advertiser, 22 May 1904)

IN GERMAN CIRCLES.

The Liedertafel Singing Society will meet this afternoon to make further arrangements for their excursion down the river, June 20. There will be music aboard the boat and several vocal selections will be given by the singing societies of this city who are to go along. At Philadelphia the excursionists will be joined by the Harmonie Singing Society of that city.

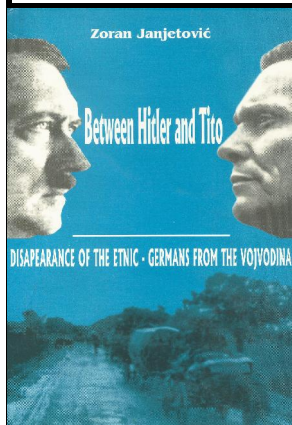
The Liederkränz Singing Society and their friends had a gala time last Monday night at the re-opening of their hall on South Clinton avenue. The hall was crowded until 3 o'clock next morning. Conrad Schaffer, the new lessee of the building, saw to it that all the guests were well entertained. The dancing committee deserve credit. They were Nicholas Jachetti, Ernest Boeren and August Dettmar.

The following German societies will hold their meetings this afternoon: The Wurttenberger Beneficial Society will meet in Otto Breyer's Hall, corner of Cass and Hancock street; The Badenia Singing Society will meet in Bickel's Hall on Home avenue and the East Trenton Maennerchor in Weinmann's Hall on North Clinton avenue.

Delegations of the German-American Central Alliance of this city will visit Newark to-day and to-morrow to take part in the celebration of the "Deutsche Tag." Similar celebrations will take place in Hoboken and Egg Harbor City. The "Deutsche Tag" festivities are held to commemorate the German pioneer immigration into this country and to bring Germans together in a social way. The local branch of the organization, which extends now over many states, is contemplating an observance of the Deutsche Tag on October 6th next.

Pfingsten (Whitsun-tide) will be celebrated in the German churches to-day. Pastor Heissler of the German Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Advent will have special service and give communion to his congregation.

Genealogy & History Section



Book About the Donauschwaben by a Serbian Researcher

Dr. Zoran Janjetovic from Belgrade wrote the book "Between Hitler to Tito—Disappearance of the Ethnic Germans from the Vojvodina" in 2002. It discusses how the Volksdeutsche (Donauschwabern) were caught up in the trying times during and after World War II when Hitler and then Tito were in control of the Vojvodina region of Yugoslavia. This work documents the mistreatment of the Donauschwaben by the partisans and is based upon original document research including hard to access Serbian records. Zoran visited the U.S., A. in April and May of this year and was present at the 2005 Landersverband meeting in Detroit, MI. He made himself available for discussion and book signing.

This is the second printing of Dr. Janjetovic's book and it is now available from the University of Mary in Bismarck for \$25 per copy postpaid. Send orders to: Public Affairs Office, University of Mary, 7500 University Drive, Bismarck, ND 58504 (701-255-7500).

The books will be mailed individually from Belgrade. Please allow about 4-6 weeks for delivery. The book is 240 pp, soft cover, 5" x 8", ISBN 86-906811-0-8, printed in Belgrade, \$25 per copy, postpaid.

Correction: the short article about the "New Hungarian Research Book" in the last issue of the newsletter was by: Darlene De Luco <tichi@pacbell.net> to the DONAUSCHWABEN-VILLAGES-L@rootsweb.com on 1 March 2005. This credit was inadvertently omitted.

JOHANN AUGUST ROEBLING (1806-1869) - WIRE BRIDGE BUILDER

Most everyone from the Trenton area knows of the name "John A. Roebling". But do you know about his personal history? Johann August and brother, Carl Friedrich Röbling arrived in Philadelphia, PA from Mühlheim in Thuringia in 1831. They settled near Pittsburg, PA.

John was employed as an engineer for the State of Pa in 1837 and developed his wire rope to replace hemp rope used by the railroad. In 1841 he adapted it for use in suspension bridges and moved his wire rope mill to Trenton, NJ.

He won a bid to build the Brooklyn Bridge in 1867 using his wire rope but died in 1869 before seeing it finished in 1883. The company under his sons grew and they built a steel mill complex south of Trenton in 1904. The town surrounding the mill would be named "Roebling". The rest is history. Many local Donauschwaben worked in the factory.

AUSWANDERER (German Emigrants)

If you are interested in researching your German emigrant ancestors, there are a number of web sites you want to check out. The most recent addition to the list is the Deutsches Auswandererhaus (German Emigration Center) in Bremerhaven, Germany. It can be found at: www.dah-bremerhaven.de/.

Additional sites are: the Hamburg at www.linkto.yourroots.hamburg.de, Ellis Island at www.ellislandrecords.org and Ancestry. Com at www.ancestry.com (fee required)

CENTRAL EUROPE FORUM STARTED

The National Genealogical Society (NGS) will create a new research forum this summer for NGS members to communicate with each other about their Central European roots (Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, Croatia, Küstenland, Südtirol, Yugoslavia and others).

Forum members can share information about their Central European ancestors (old Austro-Hungarian Empire) and offer tips on research for this area of Europe. A quarterly newsletter and book listings dealing with this area will be forth coming. It will be headed up by Richard Camaur. Our own Dennis Bauer, a longtime NGS member, has agreed to help out, especially with Donauschwaben research. The NGS already has a German forum in place.

INSTITUTE FOR RECENT HISTORY OF SERBIA

Zoran Janjetović, MA Dr.
ASSISTANT

Office:
Trg Nikole Pašića 11
11000 Belgrade 33 916 15
Phone/Fax: 381 11/ 494-2299
Mob.: 381 64/ 201-8576 Home:
E-mail: INIS@PTT.YU Phone: 381 11/ 394-7088
E-mail: VANILICA@PTT.YU

Membership News

2005 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' Auxilliary

Terry Huff-AutoKlub Leader

Harold Parr— President of German Language School

Melanie Bauer— Newsletter Copy Editor, AutoKlub Officer

Dana Miles/Edward Soden— Web Masters

Adam Martini, Andy Franz & Mike Lenyo— Newsletter Writers

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



Erntedankfest-Autoausstellung

Like last year, our AutoKlub members will bring out their cars & cycles for the rest of the club and dinner guests to see. Please attend the dinner, view the cars and cycles and cast your vote for "People's Choice". The date is Sunday, 1 p.m., 25 September 2005 our clubhouse. See you then.

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

Congratulations: Club member **Lyla Lenyo** received a certificate and congratulations from Hamilton High West Principal McWilliams during her induction into the German National Honor Society. Lyla was recognized for excellence in the German language. She will be entering her junior year at the high school as well as her third year of German instruction this September. Fräulein Lenyo is an active Donauschwaben dance group member and a regular volunteer worker at the club's dinner events. Wir gratulieren!



Job Well Done: To members **Terry Huff** and **Gary McGhee** for the great job they did in making our first Euro-American Auto Show a great success. They helped organize the event and made it happen with the aid our team of volunteers (missing from the photo are Eva Martini, Andy Franz, Dave Wood, Todd Search, Rick Search and Sophie Brandecker).



Our Sympathy: To member **Harold Huff** on the passing of his brother, Eugene Huff, 90, on 25 June 2005 in Bristol, PA. He was also the uncle of member **Terry Huff**.

To the **Bauer** family on the passing of their cousins, Norma McCabe Bock of Levittown on 18 June 2005 and her sister, Faye McCabe of Levittown on 3 July 2005.

Our condolences go out to the Huff and Bauer families and friends.

Get Well: to member **Fred Gauss** on a recent medical problem. We wish a speedy recovery to all of our members and friends who may not be feeling well or are recovering from illness, surgery or injury.

Wilkommen: To new members; **David Goodwin** from Panama City, FL, **Margaret and Tiffany Chiang** of Yardville, NJ and **Gary, Mary Ann, Joey and Bobbie Jo McGhee** of Fairless Hills, PA.

Danke: Many thanks to **Terry Huff** for supplying staff T-shirts to our work staff at the auto show.

Did You Know? The Club's web site averages over 6,000 visitors a month. Last year one month had 11,000 hits!! (www.trentondonauschwaben.com). Amazing.



Deutsche Ecke, Seite 1

Wie ich lesen und schreiben lernte.

By Andreas Franz

(Translation on next page)

Ich wurde an einem Sonntagmorgen am dritten März in Palanka, Jugoslawien geboren. Andreas wurde ich getauft. Meine Mutter versicherte mir immer, Sonntagskinder sind Glückskinder. Langsam aber, für mich viel zu schnell, kam die Schulzeit heran. Zuerst musste ich in den Kindergarten (die Owoda) gehen. Also das gefiel mir ganz und gar nicht. Am ersten Tag war ich für eine Stunde anwesend und dann riss ich aus. Am zweiten Tag war es dasselbe. Ich hatte die Owoda nicht gerne.

Also wartet ich auf die erste Klasse im Kloster. Eine Nonne die unsere Lehrerin wurde, war ziemlich rund und sehr kräftig und sie benützte das „Spanische Rohr“ sehr häufig. Auch holte sie mit ihrer Hand aus, um ihren Unterricht zu bekräftigen. Also zuerst lernten wir schreiben. Es war in der alten gotischen Schrift und später die lateinische Buchstaben. Auch mit Mathematik ging es flink vorwärts. Nach einer Weile mussten wir das „Ein-mal-eins“ vorwärts, rückwärts und querdurch können. Die Schwester spazierte durch die Klasse und man wusste nie wen sie aufrufen wird. Wir saßen zu dritt in einer Bank und ich in der Mitte. Der Franzl auf meiner rechten Seite passte nicht auf, gab die falsche Antwort und patsch, bekam er eine Ohrfeige. Er flog gegen mich und ich fiel gegen den Seppel und der flog aus der Bank. Ohne Zweifel war das ein Mahnmal für uns alle. Langsam lernte ich lesen und schreiben.

Dann kam die zweite Klasse. Wir hatten einen langen dünnen Lehrer, wir nannten ihn Goga (Storch). Wir mussten ungarisch lernen. Das gab uns Probleme. Zuerst war es deutsch, dann ungarisch und manchmal noch etwas deutsch. Mit dem Lesen ging es so so, aber meine Schreibung war miserabel. In der zweiten Klasse kam für mich die Schule in Palanka zu Ende.

Dann kam das Lager Jarek und für die nächsten drei Jahren gab es keine Schule. In den ersten Monaten in Jarek gaben die Partisaner manche von uns Kinder die Aufgabe alle Bücher in Jarek zu sammeln. Wir machten es gerne, weil wir mit ein paar Stückchen Brot belohnt wurden. Die Bücher aber wurden verbrannt!

Auf einem Dachboden fand ich eine alte Familien Bibel, mit wunderbaren handgemalten Bildern. Die versteckte ich auf einen sicheren Platz.

In Jarek herrschte Typhus und ich war einer der Ersten denn es erwischte. Meine Genesung nahm ein paar Monate und mir war es sehr langweilig, dazuliegen und nichts zu tun. Da kam mir die Bibel in den Sinn. Also fing ich an zu lesen. Es ging sehr langsam, unterbrochen mit vielen Fragen, aber es war ja die Bibel und so gaben mir die Alten gerne Antwort. Also mit dem Lesen ging es gut aber mit dem Schreiben war nichts.

Nach unserer Flucht nach Österreich, musste ich für zwei Monate in eine „Anfangs-Schule“ gehen. Da waren Flüchtlings-Kinder von sieben bis vierzehn Jahre alt anwesend. Die Frage war was wussten wir? Ich wurde gerufen und verhört: „Können sie lesen, Andreas?“ „Ja, ziemlich gut.“ „Und wie ist es mit dem Schreiben?“ „Na, so so“. Und dann kam der Schock! Meine Verhörerin gab mir mit bewussten Ton den Befund: „Lesen sehr gut, schreiben minimal und Andreas, sie sprechen kein Deutsch.“ Ich war verblüfft und fragte sie: „Fräulein, wieso versteht ihr mich wenn ich ka deitsch rede?“ Sie versuchte es mir zu erklären was Hochdeutsch war, aber ohne Erfolg. Nach meinem Verhör und es war ein Verhör, wurde ich in die dritte Klasse versetzt und das gefiel mir überhaupt nicht.

In den Sommerferien lernte ich eine pensionierte Lehrerin kennen, der ich im Hof half, Lebensmittel für sie kaufte und im allgemeinen ihr behilflich war. Irgendwie kam die Rede auf das Schreiben. Sie fragte und gab mir keine Ruhe bis ich ihr meine Situation gestand. Mein Schreiben war leider immer noch so so. „Aber ich werde dich unterrichten, in sechs Wochen wirst du gut deutsch schreiben können“. Das war ein Befehl von ihr.

Ich schwitzte in den folgenden sechs Wochen und bewältigte die vierte Klasse mit „sehr gut“.

In dem nächsten Sommer ging es wieder heran mit ihr. Sie lehrte mich auch in Englisch und es war mir möglich zwei Klassen zu überspringen und in die zweite Klasse Hauptschule einzutreten. Da ich ziemlich gut lernte, war das ein Dorn in der Seite von vielen von meinen Klassenkameraden. Ich war der „hergelaufene Ausländer“.

Viele von meinen Lehrer halfen mir mehr als ich es verdiente und ich habe diese Hilfe nicht vergessen. Vielleicht ist es auch deswegen, dass auch ich ein Lehrer wurde. Die Bibel im Lager wurde als Fundament für mich im Lesen. Die alte Lehrerin lernte mich schreiben und ich wurde ein guter Schüler. Diese beide Wegweiser wirken heute noch in mir und mit mir.

Und wie ist es mit dem Schreiben? Na ja, so so. Deutsch wie in meinen jungen Jahren ist wieder schwieriger geworden.

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 2

“How I learned to read and write”

By Andy Franz

(translation by newsletter staff)

I was born on the third of March, a Sunday morning, in the Yugoslav town of Palanka. Sunday children were lucky children my mother would reassure me over and over again. Upon my baptism, I received the name Andreas. Though it seemed to me as occurring far too quickly, the time eventually came for me to attend school. First came Kindergarten or “Owada” which I honestly did not like much. The very first day I stayed but an hour and then ran off. The second day was the same. I really didn’t like “Owada”!

I attended first grade at a convent. Our teacher, a nun, was a feisty woman of considerable girth who did not “spare the rod” when it came to discipline. To add emphasis to her lessons, she would also bang the rod into her hand for effect. So, the first thing we learned was writing, initially in the old gothic style and later in modern Latin form. Fast on the heels of writing came mathematics. It was not long before we knew the times tables backwards, forwards and sideways!

The nun would stroll slowly through the class and we never knew whom she would call on next. We sat three on a bench, with me in the middle. Frankie on my right side never paid much attention, gave incorrect answers and got one on his ear for his efforts. The impact sent him flying toward me, I fell against Joey on my left who then flopped off the bench! Without a doubt, this would serve as an excellent lesson for us all. And so it was that I would slowly learn reading and reading.

For second grade we had a long and skinny teacher whom we nick-named the “stork”. We had to learn Hungarian which gave us all problems. So, first came German, then Hungarian, then back to a bit of German. My reading went so-so, but writing was just miserable. This, then, was second grade and it would be my last grade in Palanka.

The concentration camp at Jarek was my “home” for the next three years and there would be no school. During the first months at Jarek, the partisan camp

guards gave a few of us kids the task of collecting books throughout the town. This we did gladly as there were a few pieces of bread given as a reward. The (German) books, however, were burned.

In one of the attics, I found a beautiful family bible complete with hand-painted pictures. This I would stash in a well-hidden spot.

Jarek then experienced an outbreak of typhus and I was one of the first to catch it. My recovery took a couple of months and I was bored just laying there with nothing to do. It was then that I remembered the bible hidden away. The reading went slowly, with many interruptions for questions, but it was the bible after all and the elders gladly helped-out. Again, reading went well but writing: forget about it!

After our escape to Austria I was enrolled in a “beginner’s” school for a few months. There were kids from 7 to 14 years of age present. The big question was, “what did we know?” I was called upon and asked, “can you read, Andreas?” “Yes”, I replied, “pretty well.” “How about writing?” “Well, so-so”, I said. Then came a shock! The questioner gave her “considered” evaluation: “reading, very good; writing minimal; and you, Andreas, don’t speak German!”

I was baffled. “Miss,” I asked, “you understand me yet say I’m not speaking German?” She tried to explain what “high” (standard) German was, but to no avail. After my interrogation – and it was an interrogation! – I was placed in the third grade, which did not sit well with me at all.

During summer recess, I met a retired teacher for whom I would do yard-work, buy groceries and assist in a variety of ways. Somehow, writing came up in conversation and she persisted until I explained my dilemma. “My writing is just so-so, “ I lamented. “Okay, I will help you and in six weeks you will how to write German well,” she stated... no, commanded. I would then sweat my way through the next six weeks and pass the forth grade with an “A”!

The next summer she again helped me with my studies, this time adding English to the mix. This allowed me to jump a couple of classes right into middle school. In fact, since I did so well, some of my fellow classmates became a bit annoyed. I was called the “walk-in foreigner”. Many of my teachers, however, went out of their way to be helpful, a fact I will never forget. Perhaps that is why I myself became a teacher.

The bible in the camp laid the foundation for my reading. The old teacher taught me how to write and so I became a good student. These experiences have been my inspiration over the years and still inspire me today.

So, how is my writing? Well... so-so. As in my early years, German is becoming difficult again!



DONAUSCHWABENTREFFEN '05



About 30 club members plan to attend the annual Treffen in Anaheim, CA on 5-7 August 2005. Look for an article about the event in the next newsletter.

Next year, the Treffen is in Chicago, IL. So keep that in mind and let’s have a really big club representation like we had last year in Windsor, Canada.

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 3

Zurück in die Heimat By Adam Martini (English Translation in next issue)

Es war im schönen Monat Mai und im Jahr 1945. Wir wohnten damals auf einem Bauernhof in einem Dorf in der Nähe von Wels, Oberösterreich. Hier wollten wir das Kriegsende abwarten. Viele aufregende Monate lagen hinter uns.

Die Flucht hatte ihren Anfang im Spätsommer 1944. Damals verliessen wir unser Dorf Bukin, Batschka mit einem Pferd und Wagen und mit einigen Habseligkeiten verpackt auf dem Wagen. Wir schlossen uns an die Wagen-Kolonnie die aus Bukin kam an und fuhren bis nach Pommern, das heute zum grössten Teil zu Polen gehört. Wir haben unser Ziel erreicht, Pferde und Wagen waren daher nicht mehr notwendig. Diese Sorge wollten wir uns abnehmen und dem deutschen Militär übergeben. Es dauerte nicht lange bis die deutsche Verwaltung unsere Pferde sowie Wagen für den Krieg benützten.

Doch der II. Weltkrieg war noch nicht gewonnen. Die Russen marschierten unaufhaltsam westlich. Man flüsterte Mahnungen, schnell alles zusammen packen und in Richtung Westen zu steuern, denn die Russen kommen immer näher. Ohne viel Vorwarnung kam plötzlich ein Befehl, dass alle die westlich fliehen wollen, müssen bevor 9 Uhr morgens über der Brücke sein, die zwischen unserem Dorf und der Stadt war. Sie wird nämlich um Punkt 9 Uhr gesprengt um den russischen Anmarsch zu verlangsamen. So war es, dass wir zirka fünf km von der Stadt waren, ohne Pferd und Wagen mit meiner Schwester die acht Monate alt war, eine Grossmutter, Mutter und natürlich ich, ich war damals sieben Jahre alt. Schön langsam machte sich eine Panik bemerkbar. Leute liefen zu Fuss auf der Landstrasse zur Stadt. Es gab nicht viele Autos, aber eine Anzahl von Fahrrädern, der Rest ging zu Fuss. Die paar Habseligkeiten, die wir mit dem Pferd

und Wagen von daheim hierher brachten, konnten wir jetzt leider nicht mehr mitnehmen. So wurde schnell etwas eingepackt, was Grossmutter und ich tragen konnten, da Mutter meine Schwester Maria zu tragen hatte. Und so ging es los. Der Gang zur Stadt entwickelte sich zu einem Wettlauf, da die Brücke in der Nähe der Stadt war. Auch die schwere Geschütze wurden immer lauter, ein Zeichen dass die Front immer näher kam. Unsere Mutter, die sich nie aus der Ruhe bringen liess, gab uns Anweisungen unser Tempo zu beschleunigen. Grossmutter aber war oft anderer Meinung, was dann zu einem kurzen Ultimatum führte, wobei Grossmutter meistens den Kurzen zog und dann schnaufend und brummend mit mir weiterlief. Jedenfalls überquerten wir die Brücke noch an der Zeit. Es dauerte aber nicht lange und wir hörten die Explosion und die Brücke war weg. Da gab es noch viele die auf der anderen Seite standen. Wir aber gingen immer schneller in Richtung Bahnhof. Dort kamen wir mit hunderten von anderen Leuten an, der Platz sah aus wie ein Menschenmeer. Es war gut, dass nicht alle weg wollten und so erreichten wir endlich einen Waggon, wo sich meine Mutter mit meiner kleinen Schwester gleich reindrückte und auch für uns Platz machte. Der Zug war voll. So mancher konnte nicht mitfahren. Wir aber waren froh das alles geklappt hat und wir auf dem Weg zum Westen waren.

Meine nächste Erinnerung ist vom Riesengebirge in 1944, um Weihnachten. Wir kamen in Hirschberg an mit dem Zug und wurden dort in der Turnhalle einquartiert. Da es heiliger Abend war bemühte sich die einheimische Bevölkerung auch uns in die weihnachtliche Stimmung zu bringen. Da gab es Weihnachtsbäume sowie einen Weihnachtsmann der uns Kinder beschenkte. Diese liebenswürdige Geste bleibt mir noch immer in Erinnerung. Diese selbstlose und

freundliche Art der einheimischen Bevölkerung bestätigt meine Theorie, dass wir Deutsche oder deutscher Herkunft in der heutigen Welt viel Notwendiges und Gutes zustande bringen können, den der Deutsche denkt klar und hat ein gütiges Herz. Es war wirklich schön in Hirschberg, der Schnee machte alles weiss und die grossen Tannenbäume waren wie Christbäume. Jedenfalls mussten wir weg von dort und Mutter musste entscheiden wohin wir fahren werden. Viele unserer Verwandten gingen nach Bayern und Würthemberg, wir aber fuhren nach Oberösterreich in die Welser Gegend. Wir landeten auf einem Bauerndorf und wurden einem Bauernhof zugewiesen. Die Leute kamen mir nicht freundlich vor, dass kann ich aber auch verstehen, denn die Bauern wurden auch nicht gefragt ob sie uns wollen. Dort verbrachten wir einige Monate bis zum Kriegsende.

Da wurde geflüstert, dass unser Führer lieber Gas von den Flugzeugen werfen wird als zu kapitulieren und somit das deutsche Volk dem Feind zu überlassen. Das gab mir Angst, denn ich wollte noch nicht sterben. Jedesmal wenn ich Flugzeuge hörte blieb mir fast der Atem stehen.

Aber eines Tages kamen amerikanische Soldaten in das Dorf und ich sah zum ersten mal ein pechschwarzen Menschen. Die Soldaten waren freundlich, gingen aber von Haus zu Haus und sammelten alle Gewehre und Waffen um sie dann im Zentrum des Dorfes zu verbrennen. Nach einiger Zeit kam mein Vater zu uns, er war deutscher Soldat seit 1943. Das machte unseren Bauer noch unfreundlicher.

(Continued on next page)



Deutsche Ecke, Seite 4

(Continued from previous page)

In der zwischen Zeit haben Leute einen Zug versprochen bekommen, um uns alle wieder zurück nach Jugoslawien zu bringen. Das löste einen grossen Streit in unserer Familie aus. Grossmutter wollte nicht mehr zurück, aber mein Vater sowie Mutter wollten wieder zurück. Mein Vater träumte von seiner Werkstatt und Mutter von unserem Trettplatz, Weingarten und Felder, von der schönen Donau, der Mostung und unseren Hund „Piri“, den wir gnadenlos zurückgelassen haben. Ich höre heute noch sein langes weinen, so wehmütig und allwissent. Grossmutter hatte aber Recht in ihrem Argument. Sie fragte meine Eltern ob sie denken, dass der Krieg ein Märchen war, sie sollen froh sein dass wir alle weg sind von Jugoslawien. Meine Eltern wollten aber heim. Niemand konnte sie aufhalten. Und so kam es, dass wir mit dem ersten Transport nach Hause fuhren. Der Zug war dekoriert mit Blumen und Zeichnungen. Die Leute tranken Wein und Bier und waren froh von den österreichischen Bauernhöfe wegzukommen. Alles lief bei Plan bis Zagreb (Agram).

Der Zug kam zum Halt im Agramer Bahnhof. Die Haltezeit wurde immer länger. Dann kamen Befehle, alle sollen da bleiben bis zur nächsten Anweisungen. Dann etwas später kam wieder die laute Stimme über das System, man soll alles im Zug lassen und aussteigen und für kurze Zeit in die grosse Bahnhofshalle gehen. Meine Grossmutter gab meinen Eltern nochmals ihre Ansicht und sagte das ist der Anfang vom Ende.



Da waren jetzt alle die in diesem Zug waren in der Bahnhofshalle.

Alle Ein und Ausgänge waren gesperrt nur der eine wo wir alle reinkamen war offen und bewacht. So began eine lange Nacht, die man nur schwer vergessen kann. Der freundliche Ton der lauten Stimme wurde jetzt drohend und gehässig. Ein Befehl kam nach dem anderen. Allen Schmuck, wie Ohringe, Fingerringe, Uhren, Armbanduhren, Geld, u.s.w., muss jetzt abgegeben werden. So mussten wir durch den Ausgang in Einzelreihe gehen und alle Sachen abgeben. Der Lautsprecher war überall zu hören. Eine Durchgabe war, dass jemand Schmuck versteckt hatte und muss jetzt erschossen werden. Dann kam ein Schuss den wir alle hörten, was natürlich ein jammern und lautes weinen auslöste. Es war wie im Zirkus. Draussen angekommen mussten wir alle auf dem Platz vor dem Bahnhof stehen und bewaffnete Soldaten umringten uns. Hin und wieder hörte man einen Schuss, mit der selben Erklärung, jemand versteckte einen Ring oder eine Armbanduhr und musste erschossen werden. Also die Panik ist unbeschreiblich die diese Taktik auslöste. Auch suchten sie Männer die beim deutschen Militär waren und nahmen sie aus der Menge. Dann hörte man wieder Schüsse. Das hat mein Vater's Nerven fast zum Ende gebracht, er suchte alle seine Photos vom Militär und verbrannte sie. Wir mussten um das kleine Feuer stehen bis alles verbrannt war. Ihn haben sie nicht erwischt aber dann später im ersten Lager wurde er weggenommen. So verging der Abend oder vielmehr die Nacht am Zagreber Bahnhof, der erste Stop in unserer lieben Heimat.

Am nächsten Tag ging es dann weiter nach Krndia. Es war das erste Vernichtungslager für uns. Von dort ging es dann nach Jarek, Mitrowitz und Kruschivle. In Kruschivle sind wir dann durchgegangen und über die Grenze nach Ungarn, nach Gara.

Mein Vater starb nach dem sie ihn von Krndia wegnahmen. Wir kamen nie in die Nähe von Bukin, meinem

Geburtsort und mein Vater sah nie wieder seine geliebte Werkstatt.

Der zweite Zug „Zurück zur Heimat“ wurde von österreichischer Verwaltung aufgehalten und durfte nicht über die Grenze nach Jugoslawien.



Fall Road Trip?

We are going to try again this Fall to organize a Saturday bus trip to Ernst Licht in Oley, PA , the Yuengling Brewery in Pottsville, PA and the Poiner Train & Coal Mine in Ashland, PA.

If you are interested let one of our officers know.

Autos in the German Parade

Let Dennis Bauer know if you are interested in putting your car in the Steuben Day Parade on Saturday morning, the 24th of September.

ROCKTOBERFEST

Join our club members under the big tent at the United German-Hungarian Clubhouse in Oakford, PA for some good old 'rock n roll' music on Friday night (6:30pm), the 23rd of September.
ROCK ON!



Deutsche Sprach Schule Seite

Learning Some German Along the Way!

Starting in this issue, we will feature a few German sayings and short sentences with the English translation as a learning tool for our readers who want to learn some German along the way.

We hope you enjoy this new section of the newsletter.

"Ein frohes und gesundes neues Jahr!" - A happy and healthy New Year!

"Frohes Ostern!" - Happy Easter!

"Möchten Sie mit mir zu Mittag essen?" - Would you like to have lunch with me?

"Alle Wege führen nach Rom." - All roads lead to Rome.

"So ein gutes Abendessen" - What a good dinner.

"Der Mann ist nett" - The man is nice.

"Womit kann ich Ihnen behilflich sein?" - How can I help you?

U.S. Military Foreign Language Speakers

According to Parade Magazine (26 June 2005), the Defense Science Board indicates that approximately 7,000 of our troops also speak German. Those that speak French number 6,723, Russian about 4,000 and 2,864 can speak Arabic.

OUR YOUTH GERMAN SCHOOL PERFORMS

Those that attended the June Pig Roast were entertained by our young German language school students.



Under the direction of Frau Eva Martini, they recited German poems and sang several German songs. **What a great job** Kinder und Jugend!!!



Source: Heimatbote, September 2003



Our Jugend at the June Wallfahrt in Philadelphia, PA



The Philly-Trenton Jugend Tanzgruppe performing at German-American Day at the Philly Cannstatter in June.



Our Youth at the Auto Show



Our Autoklub Travels



restored with several modifications. A real car show winner! Anyone interested in this relic of the past should call Pat or Terry at 215-736-1915.

NEW AUTOKLUB MEMBER

We welcome Club President, Joe Brandecker, to the group. Joe purchased a 1972 Buick Skylark. The restoration will be a joint project with son, Joe.

HERBIE RIDES AGAIN!

Disney Studios released the movie "Herbie, Fully Loaded" on June 24th. As most know, the movie is about a classic VW Beetle and his racing adventures including road rally, track and NASCAR racing. The movie stars, Lindsay Lohan, Matt Dillon and Michael Keaton.

Some things never die.... It is over 40 years since the first VW movie "Love Bug" was released.

MILESTONES

The Audi A6 was recognized in February in Toronto as the best car in the world by 48 international car agencies. *MotorWeek* magazine selected the A6 as the „Best Luxury Sedan“ for 2005.

The one millionth VW Golf was produced at the Mosel factory on February 28, 2005. It was a Golf GTI with a 200PS turbo engine. The plant started production of VWs in February 15, 1991.

The VW Club of the U.S. Was formed in 1955, 50 years ago. Source: *Autoist VWCA* newsletter, May/June 2005.

Photos from our Euro-American Auto Show

TERRY'S AUTO TERMS in GERMAN



“Volltanken, bitte!“ - Fill it up, please!
 “Normal oder super? Bleifrei?“ - Regular or super? Lead free?

Das Benzin—gasoline
 Die Benzinpumpe—gas pump
 Der Schlüssel—key
 Der Führerschein—drivers license
 Der Verkehr ist schlimm.—The traffic is bad.
 Die Verkehrsampel—traffic light

“Gibt es eine Garage in der Nähe?“ - Is there a garage in the neighborhood?

“Ich nehme den Volkswagen.“ - I'll take the Volkswagen.
 “Das Auto hat Gangschaltung.“—The car has manual shift.
 “Das Auto hat automatische Schaltung, nicht wahr?“ - The car has automatic transmission, right?

Die Windschutzscheibe—the windshield
 Der Motor—motor
 Die Batterie—battery
 Der Kühler—radiator

“Die Klimaanlage geht nicht.“ - The air-conditioning does not work.

“Die Batterie ist kaputt.“ - The battery is dead.

HAPPY SUMMER MOTORING - from TERRY HUFF

HAT TRICK—3 TROPHIES



Auto Klub members, Steve Brandecker (Corvette), Melanie Bauer (Olds Alero) and Dennis Bauer (VW New Beetle) all won trophies in the stock division at the Bucks County Tech School Car Show in Levittown, PA held on 10 April 2005.

The Brandeckers, Bauers, Martinis and the Suttmanns showed up to support our trio. Also entered was Pat Huff's Classic VW.

The weekend before, AutoKlub member Mike Colacello won a trophy in the antique class with his 1951 Plymouth at the Oxford Valley Elementary School Car Show in Fairless Hills, PA. Congratulations to all.



VINTAGE 1966 VW BEETLE FOR SALE

AutoKlub member Pat Huff is selling his vintage 1966 VW Beetle. It has already been



The Trenton Donauschwaben & German-American Society Auto Show Report

AUTO SHOW A GREAT SUCCESS

Well, the show was a GREAT SUCCESS! Not a bad job for our first time out. What a great collection of automobiles. ALL were WINNERS! We also want to thank our friends at the German-American Society who helped share in the event!

Although it rained all day on Friday, 8 July 2005 it stopped that night in time for our staff to layout car show class staging areas. The grass show grounds were great, with only a few low wet areas.

Early Saturday morning the sun came out and the site dried out in time for the show at 10 a.m. We were ready for the early birds at 9a.m. as 85 cars showed up for judging. We also had 12 additional cars present from our AutoKlub that were not part of the judging. This made the total number of cars for viewing as 97!

In addition, we had a Silent Action booth and a Club display booth for both car owners and the public to visit. Our youth volunteers kept track as to the number of public that visited the show. Close to 500 people stopped by to view the cars and have some great food and drink supplied by our friends at the German-American Society. We thank members of both clubs that also stopped by to support the event.

The judging was done by our AutoKlub members and the German-American Society. It was a very difficult job. The judging was close and in our minds all 85 car owners deserved a trophy. Over one hundred door prizes were given out to car owners and all those that entered received a gift bag. The gifts and door prizes were donated by individuals and companies (see the list on page 12).

We awarded 48 top trophies and each club picked a "Best of Show" trophy winner. The German-American Society picked, Harvey Myers (1938 Ford Woody Wagen) for Best of Show—American division and our club picked Jim Brunner (1955 Porsche Speedster) for Best of Show—European division. These trophies were presented by each club president, Henry Sawadski and our Joe Brandecker.

The two clubs received many comments on the facilities and the show. We aim to make it even better next year, with more car classes, sponsors, gifts and anticipate over 150 cars next year as the word spreads. See you then.



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Trophy Sponsors; A.W.E. Tuning, Absolute Graphics, Alternate Rods, Art's Auto Repair, Auto Zone-Bristol, Bauer Genealogy, Bergman Chiropractic, Bossler's Wheel Alignment, C & C Ford, Edward Larkin Dentistry, Enzo' Pizza, German-American Society, K & M Auto Body, Langhorne Speed Shop, Lenny Monk's Auto Repair, Jim Lieblang, Lions Mark Towing, Lobecker Racing, Majer Design, Martini's Woodworks, Mayer Flooring, McGovern & Sons Construction, Mercedes-Benz of Princeton, Mercer Machine (4 trophies), Newportville Inn, Picerno's Quality Fuels, Roma Bank, RPM Foreign Auto Parts, Schattenbaum Region-Porsche Club of America, Schmidt's Flowers, Show Time Productions, Switlik Parachute, Terry's VW Service Center, Tierney Suzuki, Trenton Donauschwaben, William Roth Tax Accounting and the Yardville Bank.

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Trenton Donauschwaben Volunteers; Dennis & Donna Bauer, Melanie Bauer, Jake Bauer, Jim Brunner, Hans & JoAnn Martini, Anna Martini, Luisa Martini, Christina Martini, Eva Martini, Terry Huff, Harold Huff, Steve Brandecker, Joe & Caroline Brandecker, Joe Brandecker, Jr., Brittany Brandecker, Andy Franz, Ludwig Jakober, and Rick Search, Todd Search and Dave Wood. Thanks also to Nick & Bob Walter for the photos.

German-American Society Volunteers; Joe Geraci, Betty Calasso, Betty Dinger, Annemarie Wiener, John, Jennifer & Victoria Spildener, Nelda Klooster, Norma & Holly Crochetiere, Rose Marie Nickle, Roy & Carol Holcomb, Sophie David, Terrie Arruzzo, Herb Combs, Herb's cousin, Henry Sawadski, Steve Wenzler, David Majofsky, Dennis Lawrence, Diana Grover, Erv Teichmann, Jack Becker & Helmet Kalas.

Many members of both clubs also showed up that day in support of the event and helped out too.

Club Summer Pictures (German-American Day at the Cannstatter & our June Pig Roast)



Club Events for the Summer 2005

EVENTS— DATES & TIMES

Come out and join us!

- **4th of July Weekend Canoe/Camping Trip.**
- **DSA-GAK Euro-American Auto Show, Saturday, 13 July, 10am-3pm at the German-American Society Picnic Grove in Yardville.**
- **Sommeressen (Pig Roast), Sunday, 17 July 2005, 1pm.**
- **Donauschwabentreffen, Anaheim, CA, 5-7 August 2005.**
- **German Heritage Fest, Holmdel, NJ, Sunday, 11 September 2005.**
- **Steuben Parade, Mayfair section of Philly, Saturday, 24 September, 2005.**
- **Erntedankfest/Autoausstellung, Sunday, 25 September 2005, 1pm.**

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

VEREINIGUNG DER DONAUSCHWABEN
127 ROUTE 156, YARDVILLE, NJ 08620

DSATRENTON@YAHOO.COM

PRESIDENT— JOSEPH BRANDECKER
609-585-9001

Dennis J. Bauer, V.P., Editor & Club Genealogist
49 Conifer Road
Levittown, PA 19057-1718
Email: donauschwaben@mail.com
215-945-9089

Hans Martini, Corresponding Secretary
1822 Orchard Ave.
Hamilton, NJ 08610
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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!**

The Accidental U-Boot Captain....

By Hans Martini

Having read Steve Brandecker's fine 4th of July club adventure article on the front page of the newsletter, this writer thought it best to "come clean", as it were, on one of the more embarrassing moments of the canoe trip. There weren't that many canoes that capsized, but as luck would have it, this writer happened to be the captain of one of the three. Okay, let's get the reason for the "incident" out of the way right up front: "it was someone else's fault." This, wonderful newsletter readers, is the very first rule of canoeing: it's never the captain's fault. Blame the kids for talking or the wife's navigating; blame the glare of the sun or a "rock" no else saw... whatever the case, you are the captain and so should know how one plays the "blame game".

As best it can be recalled, the incident began roughly 10 feet from the most dangerous section of rapids. The captain's thoughts were already back at the campsite where a tasty grilled hamburger, frothy adult beverage, and the promise of complete relaxation were calling like a song bird singing a most harmonious tune. Thus, even as the other shipmates began to see that the high waves meant danger was afoot, the captain would maintain, "we're good, we're good". By the time the excessive leaning toward the starboard side was deemed to be "not good", the battle was already lost.

Like the Bismarck, Titanic and Exxon Valdez before her, the U.S.S. Martini quickly began to fill with the better part of the Delaware River... and just as quickly her sailors were up to their ears in the swirling waters. Through all the excitement, however, the now aquatic Martini's managed to stay with the boat as it floated to a suitable recovery location. There the canoe would be righted to allow the journey to be completed. Many thanks to Shawn Jakober for retrieving our many waterborne possessions (and those of other canoeists as well).

Not surprisingly and except for a couple of bruises, our family and the others survived just fine. This writer has almost served out his sentence of sleeping on the couch and it's anticipated that normal family life should resume in the not too distant future.

All in all, it was still a great time and plans are being made to join the group for next year's event. Sure it can be sometimes embarrassing for a few unlucky people but truly this is what "living" is all about, good people! **Join us in 2006.**