

Trentoner Donauschwaben Nachrichten

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Points of Interest

- The Donauschwaben coat of arms was created in 1950 by Hans Diplich.
- The eagle is a symbol of the Holy Roman Empire.
- The blue wavy line represents the Danube River.
- The sun— Christendom.
- The moon-Turkish occupation during the 17-18 centuries.
- The six towers—Central Hungarian Highlands, Swabian Turkey, Slavonia-Syrmia, Batschka, Banat & Sathmar. All areas settled by the Donauschwaben.
- Source: www.genealogienetz.de

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Cleveland Treffen 2008

By now, loyal readers of this newsletter know just how much our members love to attend the annual Donauschwabentreffen. It's true, we do. We've been attending them in large numbers for years. In fact taken as a percentage of our total membership, we probably have more of our folks going to these things than any other club.

For 11 of the 36 folks going this year, the odyssey began by being herded into what will soon be called a "classic" van. The word "classic" isn't always a good thing when applied to a vehicle as you Ford Pinto drivers well know. It implies that there's a major component failure just around the corner. ("Hear that noise? It wasn't there a few minutes ago..." yeah, that type of thing) To be ready for any such unpleasantness, the prepared Donauschwaben driver takes along a few tools to help him get by. There's wire to hold the muffler, bumper or headlight on, a hammer for the engine computer, a pen knife to cut up the dried Bratwurst and to use as both a Philips and flat head screwdriver, duct tape for the children when the driver needs a little quiet time and a small book of prayers for any other repairs that might be needed.

Having somehow arrived in Cleveland with sanity and good humor still intact, the occupants tumbled out, kissed the parking lot pavement, and hurried to their hotel rooms. In contrast to the driving accommodations, the room accommodations were first class. Another plus was that hundreds of other Donauschwaben were there too so there was always someone to say "Grüss Gott" to in the elevator.

Saturday found most of the cast and crew from "Trenton Donauschwaben" heading toward the city center of Cleveland right along the shores of Lake Erie. As luck would have it, we arrived just in time for an air show put on

by a nearby military installation. The shoreline view we all enjoyed was right in the flight path of some of America's most formidable war birds! We found out quickly that two F-16 fighter jets screaming low overhead always gets one's attention. Soon however it was time to head over to the Cleveland Donauschwaben club and join the several thousand others who had gathered there.

Cleveland has some of the best facilities of any Donauschwaben club. Lots of everything it seems: soccer fields, a "Heimat" museum, meeting rooms, a pavilion, a grand ballroom, multiple refreshment areas, and, oh yes, an indoor soccer field. They even have their own lake with a replica "Ulmer Schachtel" Donauschwaben migration boat for heaven's sake. Okay so it's a bit bigger than our Trenton club's sumptuous surroundings but, hey, do they have their own mushroom growing tunnel?? We think not.

Hundreds of young people and hundreds of children attended the event with the girls dressed in wonderfully colorful Tracht and the fellas in traditional black. A grand parade of these Tracht-clad Schwobs snaked its way around the club grounds on the way to the soccer field. There an admittedly long speech-making session eventually gave way to the much anticipated community dance. Hundreds of young folks whirling and twirling together - what a sight!

Dance performances were given both indoors and out throughout the day by groups from across the country and Canada. The Trenton-Philadelphia Donauschwaben dance group represented the two clubs extremely well. It's worth noting that our dance ensemble had a full complement because Kathleen Martini from Texas joined in. That's right, she never danced with the group before but there she was in Cleveland doing just that! By watching a DVD Kathleen prepared for the performance 1800 miles away from the dance group itself. Amazing. Thanks to her brother Adam for helping out too!

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Club Matters & Members



Our Trip to Germany By Bob Walter

Kim and I had the great opportunity of traveling to Germany with the German Hungarian Schuhplattler dance Group. They had won 1st Place in the North American competition in 2007 and were invited to perform in Munich.

The first day we arrived in Munich and had lunch at the famous Hofbrauhaus, where we enjoyed our first Mas of good German beer and did some shopping. That same evening, we boarded another plane and flew to Vienna for a couple of days.

We took a bus tour and then did some major walking, we enjoyed the Audio tour of the palace Schon Brun and had dinner in Grunzing (The wine region) where we had a family-style feast and fresh local wine. On Friday we visited St. Stephen's Cathedral and took a small elevator up to the bell tower and took some nice photos of the city.

Friday night, we flew back to Munich and checked into hotel Monaco. The hotel had nice rooms, but the elevator only held three people. We went to dinner at the Augustiner Brauhaus a few blocks from our hotel, and of course had some more beer. On the way back to the hotel I had a barber cut UGH in the back of my HAIR my way of showing support for the dancers competing the next day. Our hotel did not have a bar and although I knew it would be an early night because of the competition. We still had a lot of ironing to do. I purchased the case of 16 ounce loose cans and brought it back to the hotel for everyone. Saturday we went in taxis to Heide Volm for the Schuhplattler competition at 9 AM. The hall was full when we arrived. I think we might have even been last to arrive. Our dance group did not perform in till around two o'clock, but the rest of us started drinking at around 9:30 AM.

There were 16 groups competing and United German Hungarian's placed sixth, The only group from North America. We went back to the hotel around 7 PM and I passed out for a couple of hours, maybe it was the beer. When I woke up at 10 I found a note from Kim that said everyone was at the bar around the corner. I ventured out to meet up with the group and to find some more beer and food. There was a table full of older gentleman sitting near us and we sang some old German songs together with them. The bar maid had to keep turning down the music that was playing in the bar. Sunday, we hopped on a train to go to Ulm to visit the Donauschwaben museum. We arrived in Ulm at 12 o'clock and walked to the old section and had lunch and more beer in a restaurant right next to the Donau River.

After lunch we walked along the Donau to the Donauschwaben memorial and found some commemorative plaques on the wall, one from each area of the Donau. Then we had a guided tour of the Donauschwaben Museum, which had many photos and artifacts dating back a couple hundred years

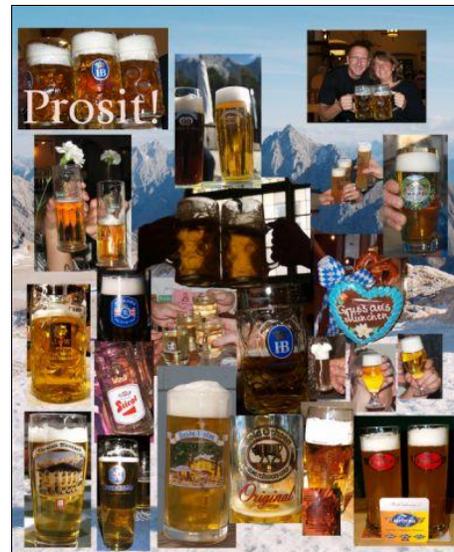
later, we walked to a church, which is said to have the tallest steeple in the world. This church took over 500 years to build and was built entirely out of stone. I'm sure one of you knows the name of this church. We had another hearty meal and lots of Ein Prosit at a small restaurant along a creek.

We made our way back to Munich by train, and a few of us had some beers in a bar car of the train. Kim's side note, these few had so many beers that they almost missed the stop and came running through the train trying to get back to us shouting in Entschuldigung, Entschuldigung, Bitte Entschuldigung it was actually hysterical to see. Back to Bob's story Sunday morning, we ventured out to do some dirdle shopping at a store that a local man told us about a few of the ladies in the group bought a dirndl and Kim bought two NO Bob bought Kim 2 on top of the one Bob bought in Munich for Kim. Thank you Bob!!!!!! I found a vest and two shirts at another store and a really cool pair of boots.

At one o'clock we were on a train headed to Garmisch in the south. We arrived at our Gasthaus on St Ludwigsstrasse at around four o'clock to check in and had a beer at tables right out on the street. Later we had reservations at another Gasthaus down the street because ours was closed on Mondays.

Tuesday we chose to go to the top of the Zugspitze (the tallest mountain in Germany), and we got lucky with the great clear day and took some wonderful pictures. Tuesday night we had dinner in our own Gasthaus and the food was great. On Wednesday some of us traveled to Mittenwald and went to the violin museum there and did some more shopping. We had lunch at a street café because it was so nice out no jackets were even needed, that's how warm it was. We headed back to Garmisch for our last dinner in Germany of course we had some more beer and shots at another Gasthaus after dinner.

Thursday started our long trip home. One train to Munich and another to the airport then the wonderful security checkpoints. It was a great trip, with wonderful planners, Great accommodations lots of Trains and totally great food, and more beer than Kim could have imagined drinking.



Genealogy, Culture & History Section



Backa Palanka Genealogy Book for Sale

Club member and genealogist, Dennis J. Bauer, is now taking orders for his new Backa Palanka genealogical book entitled: *A Collection of Genealogical Information of Palankaer-Americans and Related Families –1895 to 2008* (includes a history of the Donauschwaben in Palanka, Batschka, Austria-Hungary and the Trenton, NJ Area).

This publication contains: a history of the Donauschwaben in Backa Palanka and Trenton, maps, photos, Palankaer-American obituaries, immigration list, military list, passport list, residents in the U.S. and other Palanka related genealogical information. A spiral soft-bound book, with over 250 pages and includes over 750 names with dates and supporting genealogical information. He has spent over 25 years collecting this information. Several members of the club contributed to this project including: Hans/Eva/Adam Martini, Marlene Novosel, Käthe Marx, John Muller and Andy Franz.

The cost of the book is \$30 (includes S/H in USA). It is also available on CD in "pdf" format at \$10. Return your order to: Dennis J. Bauer, 49 Conifer Road, Levittown PA 19057-1718, Donauschwaben@mail.com. Order forms are also available at the clubhouse. It will make a great gift and keep sake.



Message of Greetings from German Ambassador Klaus Scharioth on German-American Day

October 6, 2008

This year marks the 21st anniversary of German-American Day. We are both pleased and proud to celebrate the long history of German immigrants and the many contributions Americans of German ancestry have made to the life, culture, and economy of this country since October 6, 1683, when 13 families from Krefeld, near the Rhine River, arrived in Philadelphia. They later were to found Germantown, Pennsylvania, the first German settlement in the 13 American colonies. Today, German-Americans are the largest ethnic group in the United States: Some 43 million Americans, almost 15 percent of the population claim German ancestry.

But German presence on American soil can be traced back still farther. Last year, America celebrated the 400th anniversary of the Jamestown settlement dating back to 1607. At that time, a German physician and botanist by the name of Dr. Johannes Fleischer was among the first group of English pioneers to arrive in Jamestown. More German expertise was to arrive in 1608 with a group of German glassmakers, wainscot sawyers, and metallurgists thus planting the seeds for America to become the World's industrial powerhouse, one could say. In April, I had the pleasure to attend the official commemoration of the 400th anniversary of Jamestown. It marked not only 400 years of America but also 400 years of shared history as well as 400 years of German-American friendship.

The year 2008 also marks the 60th anniversary of the implementation of the Marshall Plan and the Berlin Airlift. The Marshall Plan raised a devastated Germany up out of the ashes and reintegrated it into the community of nations following years of Nazi brutality. During the Soviet blockade in 1948, the citizens of Berlin were faced with a particular hardship. But, once again, the United States stood by its friends. In more than 270,000 flights between 1948 and 1949, the "candy bombers" brought everything from potatoes to an entire power plant into the besieged city in order to help more than 2 million Berliners to survive the cold and hunger. The brave airmen also made children smile as they dropped a total of 23 tons of candy over Berlin during the blockade. The Berlin Airlift brought freedom and friendship. Thus, "Friends Always" is the very fitting motto of our commemoration this year.

In 1987, the same year German-American Day was officially proclaimed in the U.S., Ronald Reagan delivered his historic speech in front of the Berlin Wall. Pointing to the wall, he urged "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall." The speech proved prescient in that only two years later the Berlin Wall fell and people from East and West embraced again for the first time in 28 years. Next year, we will celebrate the 20th anniversary of this joyous moment. Germany will be forever grateful for America's role in helping bring about German reunification. We truly have reason to celebrate our lasting friendship on this German-American Day!

Klaus Scharioth, German Ambassador

I was fortunate to have attended the wreath laying ceremony in Germantown, Philadelphia commemorating 325 years of Germans in America. Of course, there were Germans here before October 6, 1683 but this was when 13 families from Krefeld, Germany, led by Daniel Pastorius, arrived in Philadelphia and started a small community in what is now still called Germantown.

The park in Germantown is called Vernon Park and they are our two statues dedicated to the Germans. One is for the 13 families and mentions Daniel Pastorius as their leader. It also mentions that the Germans were against slavery. I found a monument that acknowledges the German communities involvement in our Civil War. The wreath laying ceremony was arranged by Marlene and Bob Stocks. The ceremony was well attended and there was also a direct descendent of Daniel Pastorius, his great great granddaughter, who now resides in Canada. The Burgermeister (Mayor) from Krefeld was also there as was an individual involved in trying to make this an annual event here in the U.S. Following the wreath ceremony there was a luncheon in Center City at the Union League. At the lunch the Mayor of Krefeld spoke about exchange students and Mr. Haas of the Rohm and Haas Corporation was honored. *Bob Walter*

Membership News

2008-09 Newsletter Staff



Joseph Brandecker, Jr. President
Melanie Brandecker, Newsletter Copy Editor
Ludwig Jakober, Treasurer

Dennis J. Bauer, Vice President/Newsletter Editor
Kim Walter, Vice President/Club Photographer
Hans Martini, Secretary

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

We Love Our Wonderful Kitchen Crew!

Sure the newsletter is full of all the fun and important things we do as a club. However, it's really the behind-the-scenes members working our monthly dinners (bar & kitchen) that allows the Donauschwaben to survive. This fantastic group of volunteers is second to none! The crew includes folks like Josefa, Sepp, Maria, Eva, Helga, Käthe, Kim, Caroline, Denese, Joe V, Joe B, Uli, Lydia, Steve, Dennis, Mike, Bob, Ludwig, Marion, the Harold's and many, many others, all doing a variety of tasks ably and without complaint. Let's not forget the large contingent of servers whose smiling faces and youthful energy gets the food where it needs to go quickly and efficiently.

This past year we had a bunch of new folks join in the food preparation activities of the club. Some of these include Ricky J, Mark G, Andrew, the Schmidt sisters, Eva and Käthe, and the Tindall sisters, Christa and Kati. A big "welcome aboard" to these fine club members, your help is very much appreciated.

Let's not forget those who stop in for dinner throughout the year. Without paying guests, none of the tremendous effort mentioned above would mean a thing. We ask all of our readers to consider attending at least one or two dinners/picnics a year. Better yet, offer to help in the kitchen or bar. Your support makes a huge difference. Thanks in advance.

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



Martini's Celebrate their 50th: Adam and Eva Martini celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary this month. Born in Bukin and Palanka respectively, these two Schwob love birds were destined to be together it seems. Their hometowns were but 10 miles apart; they both survived Tito's camps; they both ended up in the Salzburg area after the war; they both attended schools there; and, they both immigrated to the Trenton, NJ, area in the mid 1950s – where they finally met! Adam is a former club president (1976 to 1980) and is currently "retired," working each day with his son in the family's woodworking business. Eva is very active in the club in a variety of capacities and still works part time as a book keeper. They celebrated their anniversary with a trip to Mexico where they were joined by members of their family. Congratulations to Adam and Eve from the entire club!



Welcome New Members: We welcome new members; **Gerry Thompson** of Mt. Holly, NJ, **Roy & Karen Lerbock Somulis** of Roebling, NJ, **Joe Pecili** and **Dawn Theroux** of Central New Jersey. Karen, Joe and Dawn are also new students in our Adult German Language class.



Condolences: to **Dennis & Donna Bauer and family** on the passing of her father, **Gordon M. Myers** on 29 November 2008. He was a U.S. Army veteran of WWII and was recently honored for his aid and compassion to the German refugees after the war.

We also sadly note the passing of former German School teacher **Frau Lore Hanks** following a long illness. Born in Heidelberg, Germany, Frau Hanks played an important role in both our German School in the 1970's and then lead the newly established adult German School in the 1980's for many years. Her contributions to our club were tremendous and we are most grateful for them. Her caring and friendly demeanor, as well as her enormous talent and dedication will long be remembered by all. To her family and friends we extend our sincerest condolences.

In addition, we extend our condolences to member Hannelore Leibold on the recent passing of her husband, **Alfred Leibold**, to the Novosel family on the passing of brother and uncle, **Josef Bohn** on 25 September 2008 and also to friends and family of **Wilma Schmidt** on her passing on 15 September 2008.



MY TRIP TO BUKIN

By Donald May (A
Martini cousin)

I never knew the nationality of my father's family, the May family. My dad, Leonard May, vaguely knew we were "Austro-Hungarian." He said his father rarely talked about the "Old Country" he had left when he was nine in 1903. When my dad, Leonard, (born in 1916) asked his dad, Joseph May, he said, "We're Americans. That's all you need to know." My father knew that his dad spoke "Plutt Deutsch" or "Low German" and signed his name with an X. From time to time he talked about the Carpathian Mountains. Those few details were all I knew until 1980.

At age 64, my dad became fascinated with genealogy. He learned that the Mormons had old Catholic Church records from Europe. At a family gathering, Leonard asked his oldest living relative, his 90 year old Aunt Rose if she knew the name of the town where his father and my grandfather, Joseph, was born. She knew it was a village called "Bukin."

Dad's research began. He found Bukin on an old map of Hungary. He saw on later maps it was named Dunobokeny. He found the Catholic church records of Bukin, Hungary, preserved on microfilm by the archives of the Church of Latter Day Saints. They sent those archives from Salt Lake City to Michigan so he could pore over them in the church library.

The "Old Country" opened up to him. He learned the marriage dates, the birth dates, the baptismal records of the MAJ family and the dates aligned with the known dates of his relatives. He learned the names of great and great-great and great-great-great grandparents. We were related to Martinis and Pfuhs, and Schweitzers and Gyurisits and Wittners and Hermans and Kunters. We were able to trace eight generations, back to the eighteenth century. And for over one hundred years, the MAJ family lived in Bukin, now Mladenovo, Serbia. We were Donauschwaben, German settlers who colonized towns along the Danube to help protect the frontiers of the Hapsburg Empire.

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 1

Unfortunately my father died in 2005 at age 89. Thus, he would never know that in 2008, his son had a golden opportunity to visit friends who were on a Fulbright scholarship in Hungary. I asked that friend, Andy Paulen, if it might be possible to drive to Mladenovo, Serbia to see my family's ancestral home. On Friday, April 11, 2008, I was able to visit the town of Bukin. We drove from Budapest and crossed the border into Serbia. The border guards spoke no English and carried automatic weapons. However, a cell phone call to Andy's Hungarian neighbor explained to the locals the purpose of our little pilgrimage. We were waved through. We drove on to Novi Sad. The Serbian version of an expressway would be a well maintained two lane highway in America. At one point, we had to stop so a shepherd could cross the expressway with his flock. The Cyrillic alphabet on billboards was unintelligible.

South to Novi Sad, then west through Backa Palanka. The land was flat rich farmland. Onions, potatoes, and carrots were sold at roadside stands. Although it was mid-April, it was seventy degrees, the kind of weather Michigan enjoys at the end of May. We saw some cars, not many, and they mostly appeared to be compact Russian design or similar to Yugos. No SUVs, just compacts and old trucks. The population looked slim and healthy, not overweight like most Americans. I speculated they walked or bicycled more than we did. At a rare stoplight, gypsy boys begged for change at our car windows. They ran away when I pointed a camera at them. Finally we stopped at the village sign welcoming us to Mladenovo. Two women who looked to be about sixty rode their bikes past us as I snapped photos.

I had seen the streets on Google Earth on my home computer before my trip so I had a general idea of the size of the town. Then I suddenly saw two headless statues that I recognized from the Catholic Church Jubilee book published in 1913 which had served as my best source of the town's

history. There before me were the ruins of the old German Catholic Church. Not in its original location, this building was in essence where my great-great grandparents were married. Here were the remnants of the building where my grandfather was baptized as an infant. The front wall of the building still stood. Inscribed in German was a plaque celebrating the church's one hundredth anniversary. It had been vandalized, but it was still readable. A smiling Serbian man walked off his nearby porch and I knew he was curious about me. I knew enough German to say "grandmother and grandfather" and pointed to my wedding ring and pointed to the church. He told me in broken German that his grandmother was from Stuttgart. It appeared that half of the church that still stood had been converted into a community hall. What appeared to be the old rectory or priest's house was now a Serbian government building. I pointed to the headless statues and drew my finger across my neck. He pointed to the same statues and said, "Tito." The old Yugoslavian dictator was responsible for removing their heads.

Across the street from the old church was a public school in session. My friend Andy suggested we might find someone who spoke English there. We walked in and met the principal and assistant principal. They knew tiny bits and pieces of English, but soon fetched a young Bosnian teacher who spoke nearly perfect English. She told us she was self-taught and I told her how remarkably well she spoke English. Our hosts offered us apple juice. I explained why I was in Mladenovo. She translated for the group of four women school administrators. They asked me through her if I knew some of the history of the town. They explained that the town had been moved further north away from the Danube River twice. I knew of the flood of, I believe, 1889 when the Danube overran its banks and destroyed much of the first town. In fact a member of the May family had donated part of his vineyard for the second site of the town. Apparently a subsequent flood caused the town to be moved to yet a third site.

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Deutsche Ecke, Seite 2



Trip to Bukin (Continued)

We thanked the ladies for their hospitality and I asked our translator to write a short note I could hand to the Hungarian border guards on the way home to explain the purpose of our trip. I would have liked to have driven down to the Danube River to investigate the old town site but the lowlands were too muddy and we certainly did not want to get the car stuck in the muck. So we drove around town and took pictures. Many of the old houses still had the family names carved on the top of the front wall of the homes. Some had crosses under the names, one even had a Star of David. It appeared that many of the old walls still stood and were simply covered with a kind of stucco. Some of the homes even had satellite dishes. One old house had been converted into a tavern judging from the beer signs out front. I did not see many cars, but we did have to steer around a horse-drawn cart on one street.

I wish I could have stayed longer, but Andy and I wanted to cross the border back to Hungary in daylight. For the most part, much of what I saw in Serbia reminded me of America in the sixties. Modest homes, not a great deal of creature comfort, and clearly, here and there, poverty. The infrastructure, the undersides of bridges, the street lamps, had a lot of rust. Many farms, huge farms in fact, but I learned that many of the farmers lived in the villages and not close to their fields. And each village had as its centerpiece, a church. Across the street from the church ruins in Mladenovo, next to the public school, a large new Serbian church was being built.

I knew as I looked around Mladenovo that the families who built those houses were no longer living in them. But that's another story altogether. I saw what I had come to see. I had over one hundred pictures in my digital camera. It was time to get back to Hungary where I felt a little more comfortable.



Introducing . . . Hans Martini— An Interview by the DVHH

Many of you may not know Hans Martini who is on our Donauschwaben Villages Helping Hands (DVHH) Board of Directors since he is quietly in the background but doing good things for the Donauschwaben. He is very important to us as well as to the Trenton, New Jersey Donauschwaben Organization known as Vereinigung der Donauschwaben, Ortsgruppe Trenton. He serves as the secretary of this very active group. You can see more about the organization at www.dvhh.org/membership/affiliate/trenton/index.htm. Hans was a new element to me and I looked forward to making his acquaintance since I had heard so many good things about him. I was not disappointed . . . he is another fine example of the good qualities those of Donauschwaben descent possess. Here then is your new friend . . . Hans Martini

Hans, please tell us a little about yourself such as where you live, your education, and your family. My wife, JoAnn, and I are the parents of three wonderful young ladies, Anna, Luisa and Christina. We have what is known in German as a Dreimädelhaus! We live in Hamilton, a suburb of historic Trenton, New Jersey. My formal education culminated in a baccalaureate degree from Rutgers University where I majored in European history and I obtained a teacher's certification in secondary education. Despite this, I decided to follow my true passion. Like my father and grandfathers before me, I became a cabinet and furniture maker. Hans, wife JoAnn, mother Eve, Hans, I just went to your site at Martiniswoodwork.com/ and am so impressed with the quality and beauty of your work!

Along with this amazing talent, do you have any hobbies? History remains an interest of mine. It is part of the reason why I am involved in the Trenton Donauschwaben. In fact my

entire family is active in every aspect of the organization. I am pleased to serve the club as its secretary. Beyond the usual secretarial duties, I'm involved in prayer services at the Donauschwaben Genocide Memorial, contributing to our newsletter, and on special events' coordination. It's been a most rewarding and fulfilling experience. I love it!

What got you started in doing genealogical research? My Donauschwaben roots are about five miles from my house. They are my parents, both native-born Donauschwaben who arrived in this country in the 1950s. Theirs is a life story worth telling and that's exactly what my father is doing these days. Please check out the DVHH website for some of his more interesting experiences (one can be found at

www.dvhh.org/history/ds_camps/haigermoos.htm). Adam was born in Bukin (in the Batschka), survived Tito's death camps and eventually ended up in Austria. My mom (Eva, yes that makes it "Adam and Eve" J) has a story that is very similar. She was born in Palanka (also in the Batschka), survived the camps and ended up in Austria, too. Both immigrated to the US before meeting each other here in Trenton.

My mother's parents lived here in Trenton until their passing in the 1990s. Eva (nee Wagner from Palanka) and Markus Mayer (from nearby Obrowatz) gave me a great view of the lives of the Donauschwaben. They lived here in Trenton very much the same way they did "back home" it seems. They interacted with no one but other Donauschwaben and spoke very little English.

Indeed, I benefited from the fact that they never spoke English. If I wasn't speaking German, we weren't speaking! We would make sausages, wine and even slivovitz, in the same manner as they did in their native land. They would talk about the old days, what they did, who they lived next to, what they liked and didn't. Looking back, our great relationship was very much a history lesson too!

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Deutsche Ecke, Seite 3



Hans Martini
(continued from page 6)

Have you had an opportunity to visit the village of your ancestors? I did get to visit my ancestral home(s) as a ten-year-old back in 1973 with my parents, siblings, & Martini grandmother. Palanka was already being transformed into a more modern town at that point, but Bukin was very much unchanged. We approached my father's house in Bukin with disappointment, peering into the windows, but seeing nothing. The place was a mess, not having been maintained since the Martini's left in haste back in 1944 it seemed. The experience was made all the more difficult because a few youths had gathered nearby, swearing and laughing while pointing our way. They knew who we were and just didn't like it. Undaunted, my father pressed on. We walked the streets of that village saying Dobra Don (good day I think) to everyone we met and many folks responded in kind. It seemed he wanted to make some kind of connection with his hometown beyond the run-down house of his birth and the jeering youths. Finally, such an encounter came to pass in the form of a Serbian watermelon merchant. This grizzled and toothless soul rode around in a horse-drawn cart full of the tasty fruit, calling out to the townsfolk as he went. Curious about us, he asked who we were. It turned out, he knew my father's father very well! Out came the schlivovitz and a reunion celebration of sorts commenced right there in the middle of the unpaved streets of Bukin! He even ignored repeated attempts by townspeople to buy his product, telling them to "go away, I'm busy." He cut up a number of his precious fruit for our little group and would not accept a single dinar in return. Although just

ten years old at time, it was an experience I still remember quite well.

Who or what has been most helpful in your research? I have had two wonderfully talented friends help me with genealogical research. The first was a native of Palanka named Peter Kiss. Peter died back in the 1990s but not before doing an enormous amount of family research using a variety of non-computer-based methods. Indeed, he became well known at the local Mormon Family History Center, viewing microfilm upon microfilm for this tid-bit or that. In fact, when his ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease) really took hold, the Mormon's brought the microfilm reading machine to his house so he could continue his research. I have to think he would have loved the Internet in general and the DVHH in particular.

The other gentleman is well known to the DVHH world. Dennis Bauer ran into Peter Kiss while doing his own family research, which is how I met him. Dennis has been an immense help, plotting the various branches of my family like nobody's business. He is a gifted and generous Donauschwab! I confess that while I'm very interested in my family tree, the fact that I've had Peter and Dennis to lean on has made me quite lazy when it comes to genealogical research! I've kept my focus on the "living history" side of things as my involvement in the Trenton Donauschwaben shows. I really couldn't be happier with the DVHH. It really is a Godsend for the promotion and perpetuation of our cultural heritage. With so much talent and passion out there in the cyber world, it really does appear the Donauschwaben will continue to live on long after the last native Schwob is gone.

As long as people such as you are around, Hans, we're sure the "living history" will continue and the Donauschwaben will continue to be known and remembered. I think you will all agree that we are lucky to have Hans not only serving on our Board but also serving as a fine example of our ancestry. I am pleased to have met him via this interview . . . I hope it has been the same experience for the rest of you.

For those of you who live in New Jersey or close to Yardville, here is information that might be helpful:

Hans Martini, Club Secretary,
Vereinigung der Donauschwaben,
Ortsgruppe
Trenton, 127 Route 156
Yardville, NJ 08620, <http://www.trentondonauschwaben.com/>

Note: Hans & the DVHH ... Hans joined the DVHH Board of Directors for 2008. He has been among us for some time, providing translations for his father's memoirs. See Hans's contributions. Thank you Hans for your contributions to the DS community and the DVHH Project!

Published on the DVHH.org web site,
05 May 2008 - *Movers & Shakers* - Written by Rose Mary Keller Hughes.

Bukin's Town Square—2008



MARK your CALENDARS

Please mark your calendars for:

11 July 2009—The 5th Annual Euro-American Auto Show sponsored by the Trenton Donauschwaben & the German-American Society. At the German-American Picnic Grove, Yardville, NJ.

24—27 September 2009, Boardwalk Classic Car Show Weekend, Wildwood, NJ.



Our Autoklub Travels



Notes from a NASCAR Novice – Dover International Speedway Sep 21, 2008

by Mike Lenyo

The smell of burning fuel, the roaring engines, the heat, long lines of people, cash exchanging hands, ...I am of course referring to my first summer job pumping gas at the Getty station. This scenario, however, also applies in part to the experience of attending a live NASCAR race.

On September 21st of this year I coordinated a trip to the NASCAR Sprint Cup Race at Dover Downs with our like-minded Irish brethren at the Monsignor Crean Division of the Ancient Order of the Hibernians. By like-minded I mean their love of fast cars and ability to consume large quantities of refreshments. The 'Hibos' run the Dover bus trips every June and September. Club President Joe & Caroline, Hans & Joann, little Joe (all 6'4" of him) and myself ventured down to Dover Delaware, home state of Joe Biden, the University of Delaware Fighting Blue Hens, land of low sales tax, and overall crummy little state (no offense Delawareans...) with one heck of a race track. It was the first NASCAR race for all of us so expectations were high. The event did not disappoint.

After viewing "Smokey and the Bandit" on the way down to get in the mood, the first thing you notice as you approach the Dover site are the expansive tents and huge temporary structures built all around the track. It looked like a small city. It became apparent that this was no ordinary event. The sponsors go all out to push their wares and add to the fun.

We pulled into the bus parking lot around 9:30am, which was after 5:00pm in some parts of the world, so obviously it was time to tap the keg. After standing in the dirt for a few minutes with a sandwich and a beer, inhaling bus fumes & cigarette smoke (NASCAR fans really like to smoke for some reason), it quickly became apparent that we should have brought some chairs. Our forward-thinking President brought official NASCAR under-the-chair sized coolers with some Bitburger inside (Thanks Joe!). The only drawback was they weighed about 30lbs each. Being too cheap to buy my own beer I quickly grabbed a cooler to carry as penance for drinking Joe's beer, which was a foregone conclusion.

Dover is known as the 'Monster Mile'. As we walked into the main lot and were greeted by 'the Monster', which is a huge concrete figure rising out of the ground about 60 feet with an actual-sized NASCAR vehicle in his right hand. It is quite a sight! As we began exploring the site, we realized we were in the area we saw from the road. All the sponsors had enormous tented sections set up with games, live music, even a test track where you could drive the new Dodge Challenger (albeit at 5 mph...).

Some of the NASCAR drivers come out to their sponsorship areas and sign autographs. Driver Clint Bowyer was discussing his latest race, the Nationwide race the day before, with fans at the Jack Daniels tent. There were giveaways, prize drawings, trivia games, and food & drink. We just wandered the lot and the time went quickly. Hans & Joann purchased some seat cushions and other gifts in their usual quantities of three, Joe & Caroline splurged on a few hundred bucks of NASCAR merchandise, and yours truly held tightly to his wallet in case we ran out of beer later. At this point we were ready to check out the track.

We were a little early so we took in the view of the empty stands and track. There was some infield activity but we still had a couple hours until the race started. What an awesome sight! There were extreme bikers putting on a show, some music playing and a host of pre-race activities. It was the last 'hot' day of the year as the temperature approached 90 degrees in the stands. So we went back outside to check out some more sponsors and soon enough the event was getting started.

Before each race the drivers each come by one at a time standing in the back of a pick up truck and wave to their fans. The best response was given to perennial fan favorite Dale Earnhardt Jr. As he came by the crowd roared in approval. Mark Martin also received a huge ovation. Tony Stewart is both loved and hated, as are Jimmie Johnson and Jeff Gordon, although Gordon is a little more hated than most.

Then came Kyle Busch. I realized that NO ONE in the group of 100,000+ likes this guy, despite him being the best driver of the season prior to the Chase for the Cup. The boo's were deafening. The great thing about NASCAR is that every fan can root for a different driver and all the fans respect each other. I must say NASCAR fans are a nice group of people, unless you are Kyle Busch or his brother Kurt Busch.

As the race began the pace car led the drivers around the track in preparation for the green flag. Being my first race, I was thinking "Doesn't look too fast, heck I could do this...". Then the green flag waved and these vehicles accelerated so quickly I was sure they would fly off the track. I stood corrected thinking "There is no way I could do this – way too fast for me". Just watching the pure speed was exhilarating. It is a truly American event!

Our seats were directly across from Pit Road, where the cars exit back onto the track. Each pit stop was an opportunity for big swings in position and I began to really understand 'Pit Strategy'. The day moved on as they flew around the track and for 400 miles it went pretty quickly. There were no accidents, a few spin outs, but all in all it was pure racing. One of the biggest cheers came when Kurt Busch skid off the wall on the second lap, and again when his brother Kyle blew his engine later in the race. After battling to keep the lead the last few laps, Craig Biffle held off the competition to take the checkered flag.

While I am no expert one thing is for sure; until you see a NASCAR race live, you haven't seen a NASCAR race. The day ended with a long ride home and a showing of "Talladega Nights". As Ricky Bobby would say "If you ain't first, you're last!" so I'll be sure to get the first word out for the next Dover NASCAR Bus Trip with the Hibernians in June 2009. The same crew has committed to go back next year. Perhaps next time the Schwobs can fill up some more seats on the bus!

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CLUB AUTOKLUB LEITER WINS AT WILDWOOD BOARDWALK CAR SHOW 2008

Our AutoKlub leader, Terry Huff, was one of only 50 trophy winners at the 2008 Wildwood NJ Classic Car Show in September with his restored 1968 Porsche 912. Over 500 cars were enter!

Club members, Dennis and Donna Bauer, Steve , Melanie and Tina Brandecker, Gary, Mary Ann and Joe McGhee and Bob, Kim, Nike, Sophie and Emma Walter, Pat Huff and friend Barrie, Colin and Ashley Huff and friend Mike DiBella were present to congratulate Terry and

Mary Beth on their win. Terry also won several years ago with his VW dune buggy. These two wins were the only wins ever by a foreign car (Sehr Gut!). It was quite an accomplishment.



Club Pictures at the Cleveland Treffen



Deutsche Sprach Schule Seite (Adult & Youth)



German Language Program Up and Running!

Andy Franz will resume holding regular classes for adult club members starting in March 2009 after his return from the Bahamas. The group will meet Wednesday evenings starting at 7:30. We hope anyone interested in German language and culture will consider attending.

Likewise, Eva Martini will restart the children's language program on Friday, January 9th at 6:30. The one hour long session features games, arts and crafts and a variety of other activities intended to teach our youngsters about the language and culture of our ancestors. All children, kindergarten age and older, are cordially invited to attend.

Please note that our language program is free to all club members. Both Andy and Eva have graciously donated their time to make this possible. We thank them most sincerely and hope you will take full advantage of the wonderful educational opportunity our club is thus able to offer.

Club Member to Study in Graz



Lyla Lenyo, dance group member and active club member, is a sophomore currently studying international business at Montclair College in North Jersey. This upcoming semester she'll be heading to Graz, Austria, for study in German language and business. This promises to be an experience of a lifetime!

Graz is Austria's second largest city, it's the capital of the state of Steiermark (Styria), and enjoys a UN designation as a world heritage site for its renowned architecture among other things. It's an amazingly beautiful city with culture oozing from every corner it seems. We wish Lyla all the very best as she embarks on this adventure. Auf Wiedersehen bis Juli, Fraeulein Lenyo!



Changes to Club's Bylaws are Underway

Recently, changes were made to the bylaws regarding our club's board of directors. The intention is to make this a more dynamic and more involved group of club officers than has been the case in the past. While the directors will continue in their capacity as guardians of the club's best interests, their role in our club will be expanded to better utilize the talents and dedication of this wonderful group of members. At the same time, directors will now be subject to election every six years to insure that a wider variety of members will have the opportunity to serve the club. Copies of the bylaws' amendment can be obtained by e-mailing the club secretary at dsatrenton@AOL.com or contacting any club officer.

Totengedenkfeier, 2009

The club has been doing this event every single year since the late Peter Kiss began things in 1979. Back then we had a huge contingent of the oldest generation make up the bulk of the attendees. Alas that group of Donauschwaben has largely passed on and it's now in the hands of the children, grandchildren, great grandchildren of those folks to carry the tradition forward. So how is it going? Well, this past November 2nd we had one our biggest groups in years on hand to commemorate the tragedy that befell the Donauschwaben between 1944 and 1949. What a wonderful honor!

A word about the event: We gather at Our Lady of Lourdes cemetery near the Hamilton – Trenton border at a large memorial made possible through donations by local Donauschwaben. The monuments contain the names of family and friends who lost their lives in the aftermath of WWII. They number just a small fraction of the 10's of thousands who fell victim to Tito and his communist henchmen. Our job is commemorate what can only be described as a genocide through prayer, song and ritual. It is indeed a most satisfying and worthwhile experience.

The weather was excellent for the Sunday afternoon event. We had five different folks take part in the service, making it all the more meaningful. Thanks to everyone who attended, you made this year's Totengedenkfeier a big success. Thanks as well to the club for hosting a very well attended reception after the event. We look forward to seeing you there next year!



Club Events for the Fall 2008

EVENTS— DATES & TIMES

Come out and join us!

- ◆ 52nd anniversary Dinner, Sunday 19 October, 1pm.
- ◆ Totengedenkfeier, Sunday 2 Nov., 1pm at cemetery
- ◆ Schlachtfest, Sunday 23 Nov., 1 & 3pm
- ◆ St. Nikolausfeier, Sunday 7 Dec., 1pm
- ◆ Silvesterfeier, Wednesday, 8pm
- ◆ Children's German Language Class resumes—January 9, 6:30pm

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

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Vielen Dank !

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



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

Auf Wiedersehen bei den Donauschwabern!

Cleveland Treffen 2008 (Continued from page 1)

Lots of dancing, lots of eating, lots of music and lots of good cheer rounded out Saturday's activities. Our good friends at the DVHH (Donauschwabern Village Helping Hands) were on hand too, with valuable cultural information available at a booth they set up indoors. The DVHH organization has strong connections to our Trenton club for which we are all very glad. Despite the good time we were all having, however, by the end of the night all of us were ready for the sack. We were bushed!

Sunday morning and it was time for church. "Come on you guys, let's get going," was heard throughout the hotel. Surprisingly, many made their way over to the club despite the early hour. They were treated to an ecumenical service that was truly inspirational, with all the memorable elements we have come to expect at a Donauschwabern event like this. Afterwards, many gathered at the Cleveland DS memorial on the other side of the building where a few words were said to commemorate the tragic part of our history.

The big event of the day was the Dr. Awender dance competition held in the main hall. Eight of the bigger clubs entered the competition to see who could sing, dance and play-act the best. The event has very specific rules and guidelines and it was clear that every group spent an enormous amount of time rehearsing and rehearsing and rehearsing. It was a special treat to see such devotion and enthusiasm among what are mostly teenagers! Clearly all of the clubs – including ours - can be very, very proud of their young people. Congratulations to all.

As the dance competition ended and the activities started winding down, it was obvious to all of us that this was indeed another great Donauschwabertreffen weekend. Despite a niggle here and a naggle there, our Trenton club had a fantastic time. Thanks to our hosts, the Cleveland Donauschwabern, for making it happen. Thanks to all of those who attended from our club: Käthe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Caroline, Greta, Brittaney, Josefa, Mike, Denese, Nicole, Lyla, Mary, Dennis, Ray, Marie, Kathleen, Adam, Adam, Eva, Tony, Bob, Kim, Sophie, Emma, Nick, Rosa, Anna, Steve, Andy, JoAnn, Hans, Anna, Luisa, Christina, Ludwig, Susan, as well as our friends from the Philly Donauschwabern, the United German-Hungarians and the DVHH. We all had a great time! **See everyone next year in Detroit.**