

Trentoner Donauschwaben Nachrichten

Volume 17 Issue 4

Oct-Dec 2017



Points of Interest

- We Germans love our pork and pork products, including bacon.
- The 1st pigs were brought to the New World by Columbus in 1493.
- In 1770, John Harris of England introduced the first mass-produced wet-cured bacon.
- By 1870, the mid-west, especially Cincinnati, was considered "Porkopolis". Chicago, home of German immigrants Oscar & Gottfried Mayer, launched their meat processing firm, named "Edelweiss" in 1883. Their first meat product was bacon.
- In 1924 they changed the company name to Oscar Mayer Approved Meat Products.
- Family Tree Magazine, June 2017. Our newsletter is copyrighted ©. All rights reserved.



LandesTreffen 2017 in Cincinnati, Ohio

Great Time in Cincinnati

This year's gathering of Donauschwaben and friends from across the continent found us just outside the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. The annual Donauschwabentreffen is well known to readers of this newsletter as a festive time of dancing, music and merry making. This year's edition proved to be no different as our Landsleute in that southwestern Buckeye town were wonderful hosts who put

on a wonderful Treffen and proved you don't need great weather to have a great time.

For some of us the start of this memorable weekend was a bit less than memorable to be honest. Indeed, for one particular family the 10 hour drive began at 3:00 AM and stalled just an hour and half later somewhere on a desolate, narrow section of the PA Turnpike. This was no ordinary delay, mind you, rather it was a three hour "dead stop" in total darkness, with no bathroom, no information, "no nothing" as they say. Then, just before claustrophobia, panic and intestinal distress set in, vehicle lights started switching on in the distance and wheels began rolling. Whew! Next stop, the rest stop, and then on to Ohio!

Trenton has a decades' long tradition of showing up in serious numbers wherever there's a good time to be had. Truth be told, we're one of the smallest clubs in the Verband with one of the biggest appetites for camaraderie and celebration. This year was no different as 35 members and friends showed up in "Cincy" for a weekend few will soon forget. There were members Dan Penrith and wife Terry from South Jersey who had family there (daughter and son-in-law, Kathy and Bob Gilland from Indiana); Glenn Scheidler and his mom and dad from North Jersey by way of Cleveland; the Ray Martini family from Boston, Chicago, and Southern California (it's complicated); all of whom joined the main group originating from our local area which included the Bauers, Brandeckers, Walters, Kernasts and others. Trenton was in the house!

Friday! Every Treffen starts on Friday night with what's called a Gemeinschaftsabend, which translates roughly as an evening of socializing. This is shorthand for getting together and trying to stay upright when the forces of insobriety are arrayed against you. Most set out to catch up with Treffen-friends from cities around the Verband whom they see but once or twice a year. This particular part of the weekend has been gaining in popularity so it's no surprise that this year there was a band hired for the occasion.

Saturday! Okay, it hasn't rained on a Schwob parade for as long as many of us can remember but it sure did this year. Happily it didn't rain hard enough to stop the proceedings and almost everyone stood by stoically as the brief speeches were made and anthems sung. The official opening ceremonies also included a colorful, if somewhat soggy, parade of clubs. Finally the meat and potatoes of the weekend kicked off with performances by the many dance groups in attendance. Some danced inside and some out, but all danced with the joy and enthusiasm only a Treffen can bring forth. German bands broke up the dancing sessions as did frequent trips to the food and beverage tents (which were outstanding by the way). There were vendors as well as a fabulously detailed diorama (think model railroad) depicting Donauschwaben villages that took up a big section of the clubhouse basement.

Sunday! Okay, so making the morning church service wasn't going to be easy, not with the social demands put upon our poor members the night before after all. Sometimes it isn't easy being a Schwob. (Just sayin') The few who did make it to the traditional morning Mass were treated to some fine music including an Alpen horne group with those crazy-long wind instruments making that wonderfully melancholy sound. What a treat. (Continued on page 12)

Inside this issue:

Club Matters	2
DS Culture	3
Membership News	4
Deutsche Ecke	5
Newsletter Sponsors	8
Club Pictures	9
Schlachtfest	11
Club Events	12

Club Matters, Members & Stuff



HAPPY 61st ANNIVERSARY TO THE CLUB

We packed the house with members and friends in attendance, who enjoyed an afternoon of great food and drink, friends and "Gemuetlichkeit!" We're sure you will all agree that the Schnitzel (pork or chicken) was outstanding, along with all the trimmings/sides, plus dessert! A sincere thank you to our wonderful kitchen volunteers, under the direction of Frau Eva Martini, and everyone behind the scenes! Your continued hard work does not go unrecognized! Thank you to all our young folks who always help in many ways, whether serving, hosting, participating in programs, prizes, etc. and doing it with a smile! We are thankful for our younger generation and their enthusiastic participation! With their positive energy and spirit, our culture and heritage will continue for years to come! And a special "Thank you" to everyone who attended and supported this event and our Club! You make it happen! ***



Happy Veterans Day on November 11 to All those that Served.



Glückliche Erntedankfest



Have a Merry Christmas

Rochester (New York) Donauschwaben Society Disbands

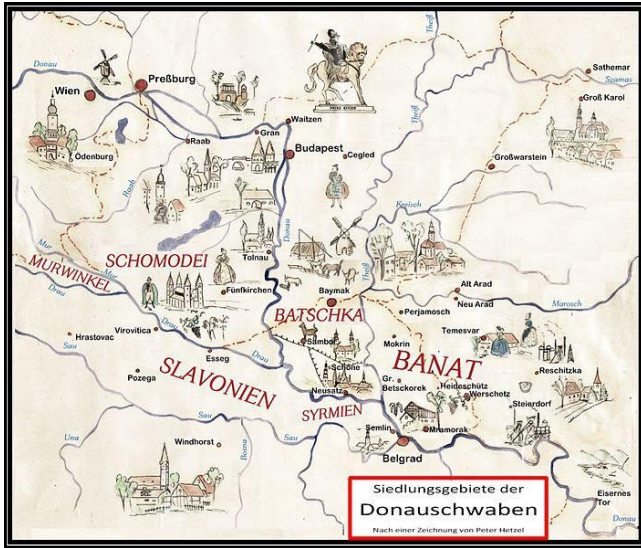


A sad note. Formed in 1957, and faced with declining membership, our friends at the Rochester Donauschwaben Society decided to disband. Our Verband President Robert Fillipi and Eastern Regional President Hans Martini and wife Joanne, attended their final dinner. Keep in touch our friends in NY. ****

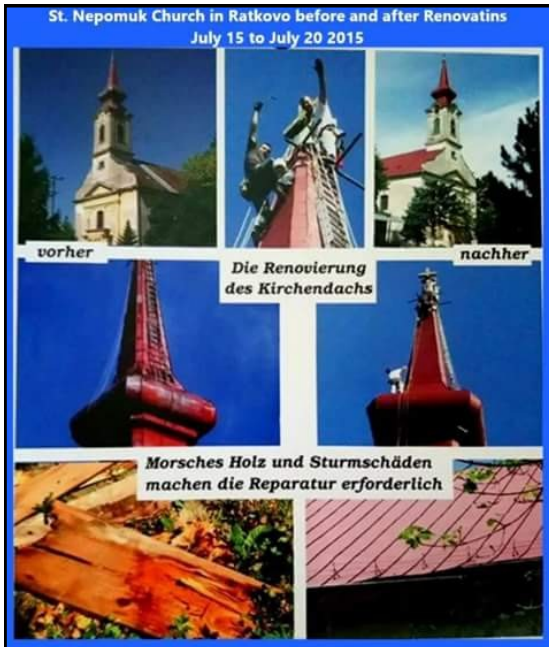
Club Members attend 2017 Oktoberfest in Philly



Donauschwaben History & Culture



Our
Heimat
(Homeland)



Membership News



Club Officers & Newsletter Staff

Joseph Brandecker, Jr. President. Dennis J. Bauer, Vice President/Newsletter Editor

Bob Walter, Vice President. Kim Walter, Club Photographer

Alfred Tindall, Treasurer & Mike Lenyo, Vice-Treasurer

Hans Martini, Secretary. Eva Martini, Recording Secretary

Staff Writers: Hans & Adam Martini, Andy Franz, Christa Tindall Pullion & Michael Lenyo & others

Melanie Brandecker, Newsletter Copy Editor

AutoKlub Leader and staff: Terry Huff, Pat & Colin Huff

Website Committee: Tom Rubino—Web Master, Dennis J. Bauer & Hans Martini

Genealogical & Historical Researcher: Dennis J. Bauer

Mail Room Coordinator: Eva Martini



Get Well to members, **Helga Kusenko, Jacob Bauer, Sepp & Sophie Brandecker, Hilde Schintzler, Richard West** and **Erika Volltrauer**, and those members that we were not aware of.



Membership Happenings (births, engagements, weddings, deaths, anniversaries, graduations)



Happy 90th Birthday to member **Jacob A. Bauer**. He now resides at Arden Court in Yardley, PA. The family threw a birthday party for Jake at the facility. Jake was 90 years young this November. He was born in Morrisville, PA of Batscher parents Jacob Bauer (Palanka) & Theresa Helleis Bauer (Batsch) and was the husband of the late Carol McCabe Bauer who passed away in

June 2016. Kudos to Jake.

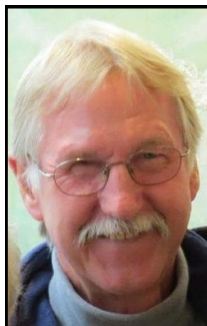


Condolences to the Carson family and friends on the passing of club member **Keith E. Carson** of Barnegat, NJ. He died on Oct. 21, 2017. Mr. Carson was born in Trenton, NJ, was raised in Hamilton Square, NJ, and summered on Long Beach Island, NJ. Predeceased by his grandparents, Joseph and Elizabeth Hamann, and Clarence "Kit" and Charlotte Carson, all of Hamilton Square, NJ, and his beloved soul mate, Dean J. Dahl of Churchville, PA, he is survived by his parents, **Joyce and Elmer Carson** of Beach Haven Gardens, NJ; a brother, **Christopher and his wife, Karen**, of Spray Beach, NJ and several nieces/great-nieces. He earned a bachelor of arts degree in philosophy from Gettysburg College, a certificate in Legal Assistant Technology from Ocean County College, a bachelor of arts degree in liberal studies with a certificate in African American studies from the Richard Stockton College, and a master of arts degree in liberal studies from Rutgers University - Camden. He taught history at Atlantic Cape Community College from 1997 to 2014, eventually serving as senior adjunct faculty member in the History Department. Mr. Carson was an accomplished author whose credits include numerous articles for the Great Events in History, Great Lives in History, and The Decades Series for Salem Press, publisher of high school, college, and university reference books. Mr. Carson was a member of the Trenton Donauschwaben Association, a parishioner at the First United Methodist Church of Beach Haven Terrace, and a lifetime member of the World History Association. Mr. Carson was also a passionate advocate of HIV/AIDS services. A lover of history, ideas, culture, art, and society, Mr. Carson believed in active citizenship, civic education, and was a patron of public history parks and programs.

Mr. Carson was an accomplished author whose credits include numerous articles for the Great Events in History, Great Lives in History, and The Decades Series for Salem Press, publisher of high school, college, and university reference books. Mr. Carson was a member of the Trenton Donauschwaben Association, a parishioner at the First United Methodist Church of Beach Haven Terrace, and a lifetime member of the World History Association. Mr. Carson was also a passionate advocate of HIV/AIDS services. A lover of history, ideas, culture, art, and society, Mr. Carson believed in active citizenship, civic education, and was a patron of public history parks and programs.



Condolences to the Peter Michael Elz family and friends on the passing of club member **Peter Michael Elz** on 27 August 2017 in Brick Township, NJ. He was 76 and was born in Eilsleben, Germany. Peter came to the USA in 1964. He was a member also of The Deutsche Club Clark, Lakewood Menchoir, and Member and Officer of the German Heritage Council. He was predeceased by his beloved wife of 53 years, Magdalena (Mischke) Elz in 2016. He is survived by his loving children, Gabriele A. Garner and her husband, Walter of Abingdon, MD, Susanne M. Faro and her husband, William of Ridgefield Park, NJ and Peter W. Elz of Point Pleasant; his cherished grandchildren, Walter Peter Garner, Zachary Peter Elz and Rhiannon Margaret Faro; and several nieces & nephews.



Deutsche Ecke, Seite I



Memories of Neusatz By Rose (Zentner) Vetter

I was born in Neusatz (Novi Sad) in the Batschka, once a beautiful, vibrant city. Life was nothing like the close-knit, pastoral life in the nearby villages of my ancestors. The city bustled with a diverse mosaic of Serbs, Croats, Magyars, Slovaks, Jews, Gypsies, Germans, and many others.

During the calm before the storm, there were happy memories. We lived in an apartment building very close to the Danube and spent many hot summer days on the sandy beach, directly across the ancient Peterwardein fortress, where the legendary hero, Prince Eugene of Savoy, had led his troops in a decisive battle leading to the defeat of the Turks. We attended Mass in the beautiful Holy Name of Mary cathedral, the prominent landmark of the city. Across the cathedral stood the famous *Dornstädter Konditorei*, once the pastry supplier to the Serbian king, where we would occasionally treat ourselves to a piece of delectable *Torte*. On balmy Sunday evenings, we would join the throngs of people in the Mediterranean ritual of walking arm in arm on the *Corso*, on the broad boulevard in the centre of the city, past the massive white marble-clad Banovina, the government building of the province of Vojvodina. This was a happy, care-free place to meet friends and munch on popcorn and *Kikiriki* (roasted peanuts) bought from sidewalk vendors. Among my friends were Serbian and Hungarian children and we spent blissful times playing on the sidewalk while our parents socialized with the neighbours. It was second nature for us children to grow up speaking three languages--Serbian and Hungarian, in addition to our German mother tongue.

I started school in 1942, a time of war and political upheaval. In 1941, Hungary, as a member of the Axis powers, had reclaimed the larger part of the Batschka which they had lost to Yugoslavia after World War I. We were once again in Hungary without having moved! The official language, the currency, the bureaucracy, the street signs, the place names reverted to Hungarian, and Novi Sad was again called Újvidék.

I'll never forget my first days at school. Outfitted with a new schoolbag, a wood-framed slate, slate pencils and an abacus, I was quite excited about my new adventure. My mother walked me to school, and again on the second day. When the third day came around, I was expected to go alone, but I refused; I cried and insisted that Mom come with me. When I couldn't be persuaded, my father gave me a spanking. That worked. From that day on, I promised myself I would behave, rather than risk getting a spanking again--and I was never spanked again!

My parents worked hard to provide for us. I recall watching my father, a shoemaker, with fascination as he sat at his workbench and fashioned the most beautiful stylish shoes; I particularly remember the ladies' shoes with real cork wedge heels which were very fashionable at that time. Often, he would sing while he worked and these occasions were special for me because I knew he was in a good mood--I still fondly remember some of the old songs--melancholy songs of gypsies and about Prince Eugene, the noble knight. Father sometimes let me deliver some of the shoes to his customers, who would reward me with tips which I diligently saved for going to the movies -- I loved Charlie Chaplin and Shirley Temple films. At that time, a very popular romantic movie filmed in Prague, "*Die Goldene Stadt*" (The Golden City), was being shown, and it was my fervent wish to go and see it, but I needed someone older to go with me. My sister Christina promised she would accompany me, provided I paid for her ticket as well. I agreed and off we went with her friend. However, once we arrived at the theatre, I was not allowed to see the film because I was too young. I tearfully spent the duration of the movie in the lobby, being consoled with candy by the usher, while my sister was enjoying the movie at my expense! As long as I live, my most unforgettable movie will be the one I never saw!

Some of my most memorable experiences were our visits with my paternal grandparents in Deutsch-Palanka. We traveled the 40-km distance by train, and upon arriving at the train station we would have to walk along two very long streets, first the *Friedhofsgasse*; then, as we turned the corner onto the *Kalvariengasse*, we would see in the distance the slight figure of my Omama dashing in and out of the house, anxiously looking out for us.

On Sunday mornings, dressed in our best clothes, we would join Omama and Otata on their walk to church, where the men sat on the *Herz-Jesu* side and the women and young children on the *Mutter Gottes* side. Children were not allowed to talk, fidget or turn their heads, but look straight at the altar. I remember taking furtive sideways glances at my grandmother and the other women; I still see them with their heads slightly inclined to one side, their hands folded piously, fingertips pointed skyward, their lips incessantly moving in silent prayer.

I enjoyed sharing a bowl of *Einbrennsuppe* with my Otata, which he made himself for breakfast. It was a soup simply cooked with lard, flour and water, flavoured with caraway seeds and salt. We ate it with bread toasted on top of the wood stove, rubbed with a garlic clove and spread with lard. In the evenings, before climbing into the high beds with the thick, fluffy feather *Duchets*, we would sit in the darkened room while *Otata* told stories and sang songs. After all these years, I have not forgotten one song he sang to me, and I have sung it to my children and grandchildren:

Eins, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs, sieben, Wo ist denn mein Schatz geblieben? Ist nicht hier, ist nicht da, Ist wohl in Amerika.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, Where has my darling gone? Is not here, is not there, Must be in America.

(Continued on page 7)

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 2



BESUCH AUS UNGARN

Es war am Freitag, dem 25. August, 2017, im Verein der Deutsch Ungarn in Oakford, PA, wo sich eine kleine Gruppe von Mitgliedern und Freunden die Ankunft von Volkstänzern und einer Musikkapelle erwarteten, um sie zu empfangen und willkommen zu heissen.



Um zirka 18 Uhr kam der langerwartete Bus, der diese Gruppe von Cincinnati, Ohio, hier nach Philadelphia, PA, gebracht hatte. Die Tanzpaare kamen von einer kleinen Stadt mit dem Namen "Prisvorosvar", aber auch bekannt mit dem deutschen Namen Wehrischwar. Ein Städtchen mit ungefähr 20,000 Einwohnern, 20 Kilometer von Budapest, Ungarn.

Was mich überraschte war, dass fast alle deutsch sprechen konnten und so manche auch kein Problem mit der englischen Sprache hatten. Diese Tanzgruppe und Musikanten waren meist jüngere, hatten aber auch ältere Mitglieder dabei. Erwartungsvoll und auch neugierig standen wir bei dem Bus um diese Gäste aus Ungarn begrüßen und willkommen zu heissen. Es ist ja nicht oft, dass wir Menschen aus Ungarn zu sehen, mit ihnen zu sprechen und auch mit nach Hause bringen konnten. Eigentlich war und ist es auch heute noch die alte Heimat vor vielen von uns. Nach einer kurzen Begrüßung, wurden die Gäste mit einem, von der UGH Küche zubereitetem gutem Essen versorgt um dann nachher, uns, die Gastgeber kennen zu lernen.

Drei Familien von unserem Verein, die Donauschwaben, Ortsgruppe Trenton, NJ, waren auch beteiligt bei der Unterbringung der Gäste. Es waren Andy Franz, der zwei junge Männer von Freitag bis Sonntagmorgen versorgte und wo sie schlafen konnten. Hans und JoAnn Martini versorgten ein Paar, namens Hermine und Zshaba, sowie Eva mit Ehemann Adam versorgten zwei hübsche Tänzerinnen, Uschi (Ursula) 26 Jahre alt und Sofi 21 Jahre alt. Beide sprechen deutsch und auch englisch.

Samstag, den 26. August, war der grosse Tag für die Gäste und auch für uns. Der Tag begann mit einer Bustour um die Gäste mit dem historischen Philadelphia bekannt zu machen. Am Abend, auf den wir uns alle schon seit einiger Zeit in Vorfreude warteten, war endlich da. Der sehr schöne und festlich vorbereitete Saal füllte sich schnell mit den Mitglieder der UGH, sowie Gäste der Nachbarvereine. Die Kapelle "Heimat Töne", die auch ein Teil der ungarischen Volkstanzgruppe ist, spielte schon bekannte Weisen und Lieder von der guten alten Zeit, das gab dem Anfang des Abends eine wunderbare Einleitung für die Volkstanzvorführungen. Es dauerte nicht lange bis die ungarischen Tänzer, Männer und Mädchen aufmarschierten und vier Tänze vorführten, einen nach dem anderen, ohne Pause. Die schönen Trachten, ja die Männer hatten sogar Stiefel an die bis unter die Knie reichten, eine alte ungarische Tradition. Es war ein Fest das gut war zu meinen Ohren, Augen und Seele.

Bei der Bühne standen sechs Mädchen auch in Tracht gekleidet und sangen zwischen den Tänzen, meist deutsche Lieder, so harmonisch und innig wie es nur junge Mädchen können, das brachte in mir und vielleicht auch in so manchen Anderen den "Weltschmerz" hoch, den wir Donauschwaben lebenslang mit uns und in uns tragen. Die Tanzgruppe unserer Freunde des Deutsch-Ungarn Vereines, Philadelphia, einer der besten Gruppen der USA und auch Kanada, begannen ihr Program mit einem neuen Tanz, den sie sehr gut vorführten und dafür viel Applaus ernteten.

Die Vorführungen zeigten das beide Gruppen, die Ungarische sowie die UGH, dass sie in ihrer Disziplinen, Inhalt und Können sehr ähnlich sind. Das konnte man auch feststellen, da beide Vereine den beliebten "Tschardas" tanzten und jede ihre eigene Version vorführten. Da gab es ein Unterschied im Tempo, aber das künstlerische Können sowie Disziplin grenzte an das Professionelle, eine wahre Augenweite und passend für Ungarn und der Batschka.

So ein Wochenende sollte uns alle zum Denken bringen, was heutzutage alles möglich ist und wir es unterstützen sollten, sei es aktive als Tänzer oder im Vorstand der Vereine, oder mit finanziellem Beitrag, da ja ohne Geld nichts zustande kommt. Jedenfalls jeder kann auf seine eigene Art mitmachen, sie werden es nicht bereuen.

Nach diesem schönen und interessanten Abend kam der Sonntagmorgen und der Abschied von unseren Gäste, die früh morgens wieder mit dem Bus abreisten. Sie wollten noch schnell vor dem Rückflug Atlantic City besuchen, um dort im Meer zu schwimmen, einkaufen und die Kasinos zu durchwandern, denn bevor Mitternacht müssten sie am Kennedy Flughafen sein für den Rückflug in Richtung Türkei und von dort zurück nach Budapest. Im Rückblick auf diese schönen paar Tage kann man nur sagen, Begegnungen dieser Art sollte man fördern und unterstützen, die sind so interessant, lehrreich und total positiv.

In dieser heutigen Zeit mit einer Naturkatastrophe nach der anderen, mit Flüchtlingen in den Millionen die eine neue und friedliche Heimat suchen, haben wir aber doch noch immer die Möglichkeit Unternehmungen möglich zu machen, Begegnungen zu fördern, die Dorfkultur unserer Ahnen verstehen zu lernen und somit unseren Kindern und Enkelkindern Sinn und Richtung für ihren Alltag möglich zu machen.

Einen herzlichen Dank an den Vorstand der UGH, Präsidentin Frau Janet Malofiy, sowie Frau Marlene Fricker und Allen die diese Begegnung mit dem ungarischen Verein möglich machten.

"Wer die Heimat kannte, die ich Heimat nannte, kann sie nie vergessen". *Adam Martini*

Deutsche Ecke, Seite 2

(Continued from page 5)

It occurred to me years later that this little ditty must have reminded Otata in a bitter-sweet way of his three children who had gone to North America. In 1920, his daughter Anna and her little son Johann (John) had come across the ocean from Trenton, New Jersey to visit the family in Palanka, but Otata and Omama never again saw the two sons who had gone to Canada.

In the distance, the inevitable storm was gathering. The war was raging on as the German army marched toward Russia, but as yet we were not feeling the full impact. In 1941, the Yugoslav army surrendered and the Batschka was occupied by the German military. Ominous signs that serious changes were taking place began manifesting themselves. Marshall Josip Broz Tito and his Communist Partisans, hiding out in the forests and cornfields, were waging their own guerilla war. There were disturbing reports of cruel murders of Danube Swabians, as well as arson and vandalism to their properties.

The winter was bitterly cold in January 1942 and the Danube was covered with thick ice. I was almost six years old, and a horrific event was about to be forever etched in my memory. The Hungarian regime perpetrated the brutal *Razzia*, or raid, in Neusatz. Their battle cry was, "Mindent vissza! – everything back!" In other words, all the territory lost subject to the Treaty of Trianon after World War I was demanded back by Hungary. Gendarmes knocked on every door with drawn guns, rounding up Jews and Serbs in retribution for their alleged underground involvement. They were taken to the Danube, shot and thrown into holes chopped into the ice. One of my sister's Danube Swabian teachers at the *Bürgerschule*, who interceded for her Serbian husband, was also dragged away and killed. A three-day curfew was imposed on the city; no one was allowed on the street, doors and windows had to be locked and blinds drawn. Newspapers and radio stations were forbidden to report about the raid. Only some time later, rumours started circulating about what had happened. According to various reports, about 1,500 Partisans and 800 Jews had been brutally murdered, among them members of the Serbian intelligentsia. It was a time when the waters of the Danube flowed red...

Then came the daily bombing raids. I can never forget the sound of sirens

wailing at all hours of the day or night...running down the street to an air raid shelter...hearing the whistling sound of the bombs as they flew through the air, and holding my breath and praying while we waited for the thud and tremor as they exploded on the ground. There was hardly a night when our sleep was not interrupted with this routine. Christina and I were fortunate to get a month's reprieve from this trauma when we were evacuated out of the city to stay with families in nearby villages--Christina went to Páripas (Parabutsch) and I stayed with a kind family in Bácsordas (Karawukowa). This evacuation of children out of the cities was called the *Kinderlandverschickung*. But then it was back to Neusatz again and more bombing. Our apartment building was located just a block from the Danube between two bridges which were constant targets of Allied bombers. In September 1944, the railway bridge was hit. The force of the air pressure created by the exploding bombs was so intense that a rail car wheel was hurled to the third floor of a nearby building. When we returned from the air raid shelter, we found our building destroyed. As we climbed over the rubble of our ground floor suite to salvage some of our possessions, we found the picture of the guardian angel which had hung over my parents' bed. It had dropped and was leaning against the wall, undamaged--our little miracle. On the streets around us, there was devastation, piles of rubble, burned-out vehicles. For days, we had to make our way, holding our breath and covering our noses, past the reeking cadaver of a horse, which lay decomposing on the sidewalk. We were fortunate to have friends who offered us a roof over our heads. But our days in Neusatz were numbered.

In September 1944, during the last-ditch efforts of the German war machine, my father, at the age of 40 years, was one of the last men conscripted into the *Wehrmacht*. As the Russian front was drawing dangerously near, the German military were preparing for their retreat out of the Batschka. At the beginning of October 1944, a directive was issued to the ethnic German population, urging them to

pack their bags and board the refugee train; the German authorities assured us we would be back in three weeks! The people in the villages were departing with horse-drawn wagons or vessels on the Danube. With everything destroyed and not knowing the whereabouts of my father, we had only one choice. We took the valuables we had salvaged to Palanka and buried them in my grandparents' garden, fully confident we would be back. We pleaded with them to join us on our flight, but to no avail. My grandparents were in poor health and could not bear to leave their home and their animals; they were fully confident that because they had always lived peacefully with the Serbs they would not be harmed. But Omama must have had a premonition, for she cried bitterly when we parted, "Children, we will never see each other again". We were to learn of their terrible fate a few years later.

Upon our arrival at the train station on October 10th, toting our two suitcases--I carried my schoolbag with my precious schoolbooks, for I could not bear to leave them behind--we were in for a big surprise. The train platform was a scene of pandemonium. Frantic people from the nearby villages were loading large supplies from their wagons onto the train--feather beds, drums filled with flour, smoked meats, lard, bread. And here we were with our two suitcases, wondering whether they knew something we did not.

As a child, I did not fully grasp the gravity of the events, in fact, I remember feeling a strange fascination with all that was taking place. Our train was moving in a northwesterly direction away from the approaching Russian front. Several times during this journey, the train had to be stopped because of Allied air raids. During one of those raids people were told to run to a nearby forest for cover. However, the trees provided a very sparse canopy and I recall seeing the low-flying dive-bombers over us as they aimed their machine gun fire at the train and the people below.

We were headed toward Germany, the land of our ancestors. Its cities reduced to rubble, its infrastructure demolished, with starving refugees everywhere, it was a land in utter chaos. We did not know what the future would hold in store for us...but there was hope and trust in God.

Note: Rose is a cousin of our Editor Dennis Bauer and lives in Canada. Thank you Rose for your article. Vielen Dank!



Our AutoKlub Travels



Club Members and Rides on the Boards

Club members Pat Huff, Terry Huff and Dennis Bauer entered their rides (two Bugs & Porsche 912) in the 2017 Fall Wildwood Classic Boardwalk Car Show in September. There were over 700 vehicles entered. All three of these classic cars were restored at Terry's Service Center in Fallsington, PA.



Piazza VW of Langhorne Toys for Tots Car Show and Toy Drive

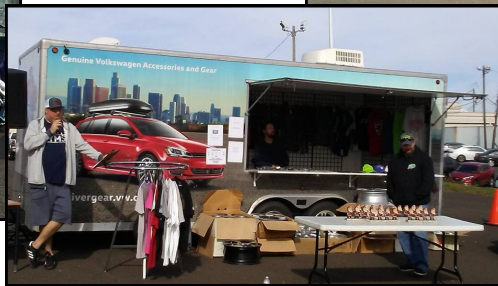
Our friends of the Old School Euros Car Club helped out at this U.S. Marine Corps Reserve fundraiser on November 4th. They collected a load of toys for the kids. Kudos to the club. Terry Huff, Pat Huff and Dennis Bauer from our club and members of the OSECC helped at this event for this worthy cause.



Piazza Volkswagen of Langhorne
Old School Euros
5th ANNUAL TOYS FOR TOTS Car Show & Toy Drive
 1862 Lincoln Hwy, Langhorne, PA 19047
 Saturday, November 4th - From 9am-2pm
All Cars Invited!! Admission: *2 Unwrapped Toys*
 Open to All Makes Models 5+ Years



Tom Piazza, his staff and two OSECC members load up a brand new VW Atlas with collected toys from the show/toy drive. The dealership has also sponsored our Euro-American Auto Show for 13 years now.



Newsletter Sponsors and Advertisers

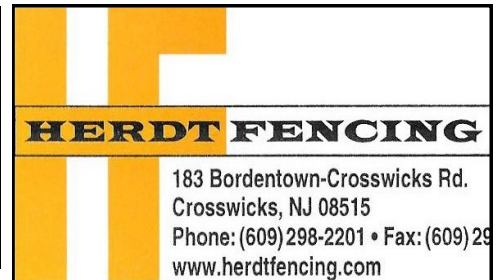
Newsletter Sponsors:

- * Familie Marie, Ray, Kathleen & Adam Martini *
- * Frau Marlene Novosel & Familie *
- * Frau Anna Hahn in memory of husband Anton *
- * Familie Bauer in memory of Jacob & Theresa Helleis Bauer and Frank & Katie Maas Helleis *
- * Frau Käthe Marx *
- * In memory of Otto & Edith Kraus *
- * Kathleen Lieblang in memory of James Lieblang *
- * Familie Szmuto in memory of Carl & Eva Frey *
- * Familie Rosa Kernast *
- * Herr Peter Kernast, Jr. *
- * Familie Hilda Szmuto *
- * Franz Knott in memory of Anna Knott*
- * Frau Martha A. Sawadski-Bartlog in memory of Albert Sawadski, Anton Geck & Helmut Bartlog *
- * Herr Edward J. Butrym *
- * Edward T. Woodrow, Jr in memory of Magdalene Drobnek Woodrow and Anton & Magdalena Rohrbacher Drobnek*
- * Frau Irmgard Thompson *
- * Frau Gerry Thompson *
- * Herr & Frau Herrmann Volltrauer *
- * Priscilla Perkins Bath *
- * Inge Kornfeld in memory of husband Hans Kornfeld & parents Franz & Anna Klespies *
- * Frank Groh *
- * John & Appolonia Herdt *
- * Katharine E. Purr Newlon *
- * Harold Huff in memory of wife Mary Patricia Huff and daughter-in-law Mary Beth Huff*
- * A Friend in memory of Harold Million *
- * Alexander and Elfriede Hepp*

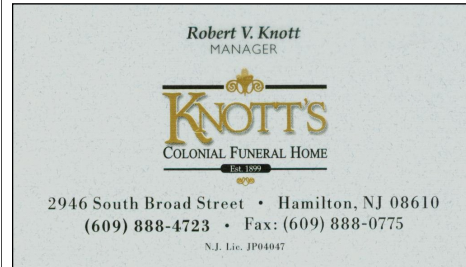
Thanks for your support



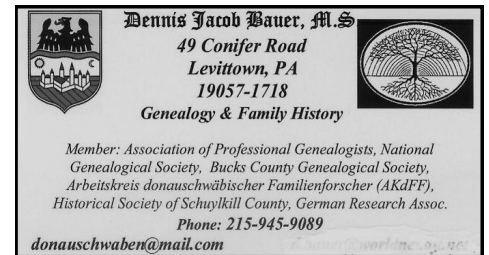
Terry's Service Center
 European Auto Service & Parts
 Vintage Air Cooled VW Specialist
 Est. 1978
 215-736-1915
 9198 New Falls Rd. Fallstown, Pa. 19054



HERDT FENCING
 183 Bordentown-Crosswicks Rd.
 Crosswicks, NJ 08515
 Phone: (609) 298-2201 • Fax: (609) 298-2201
 www.herdtfencing.com



Robert V. Knott
 MANAGER
KNOTT'S
 COLONIAL FUNERAL HOME
 EST. 1899
 2946 South Broad Street • Hamilton, NJ 08610
 (609) 888-4723 • Fax: (609) 888-0775
 N.J. Lic. JP04047



Dennis Jacob Bauer, M.S.
 49 Conifer Road
 Levittown, PA 19057-1718
 Genealogy & Family History
 Member: Association of Professional Genealogists, National Genealogical Society, Bucks County Genealogical Society, Arbeitskreis donauschwäbischer Familienforscher (AKdFF), Historical Society of Schuylkill County, German Research Assoc.
 Phone: 215-945-9089
 donauschwaben@mail.com



Fine Dining & Cocktail Lounge
Amarone's
 Windsor Inn
 29 Church Street Windsor, NJ 08561 Mike Mikkelsen (609) 448-7144



Martini's Woodwork
 Made to Order Furniture & Cabinetry
 HANS & ADAM MARTINI
 112 Smith Avenue Hamilton, NJ 08619-3424 (609) 586-6109 FAX (609) 586-8713

Your finances. Your future. Our focus.

THE BR GROUP
Daniel F. Rattigan, CFP®
 Vice President, Retirement Plan Consultant
 411 South State Street, 2nd Floor, Newtown, PA 18940
 215-579-6012 800-922-0199
 daniel.rattigan@ubs.com

ubs.com/team/thebrgroup



©UBS 2013. All rights reserved. UBS Financial Services Inc. is a subsidiary of UBS AG. Member FINRA/SIPC. D-UBS-E6C9661D

Happy German-American Day
 6 October 2017



GERMAN AMERICAN DAY

BSR Entertainment
 Philadelphia's Hottest DJ's
 "Oldies To Today"
 Bsrphiladelphia@aol.com

Also Contact Us At
 Brian McCue Jr. Owner/DJ (215) 510-9822
 Sean McCaffrey DJ Tech (267) 593-4651
 Rich McCaffrey DJ Tech (281) 866-7875



AUTO OUTLET OF EWING
 1555 NORTH OLDEN AVENUE, EWING NJ 08638
 GOOD CREDIT. BAD CREDIT. NO CREDIT
 NO ONE REFUSED
 609-396-2355 phone
 609-396-2558 fax

Club Pictures (2017 Treffen in Cincinnati, Ohio - Our Club In Attendance)



***2017 CALENDAR OF EVENTS
DONAUSCHWABEN OF TRENTON***

January 22nd, Sunday, at 1:00 PM Winteressen

January 29th, Sunday, at 1:00 PM Club's Annual Meeting

February 12th, Sunday, at 12:30 and 3:00 PM SCHLACHTFEST

March 12th, Sunday, at 1:00 PM "Back Home Again" Dinner

April 9th, Sunday, at 1:00 PM Easter Dinner

May 7th, Sunday, at 1:00 PM Mother's Day Dinner

May 21st, Sunday, (all day) Canoeing in the Pine Barrens

June 11th, Sunday, at 1:00 PM PIG ROAST

4th of July (before, during and after) Canoe & Camping Trip

July 15th, Saturday DS/GAK Euro-American Auto & Cycle Show

July 23rd, Sunday, at 1:00 PM PIG ROAST

September 2nd, 3rd and 4th DS Treffen in Cincinnati, OH

September 17th, Sunday, at 1:00 PM Harvest Festival

October 15th, Sunday at 1 PM Club's 61st Anniversary

November 5th, Sunday, at 1:00 PM Memorial Service

November 19th, Sunday, at 12:30 and 3:00 PM SCHLACHTFEST

December 3rd, Sunday, at 1:00 PM St. Nikolausfeier

Scholarships, Culture & Congrats



Our Club Cultural Museum

STUDENT SCHOLARSHIPS CONTINUE

Our Club was delighted to once again host German students, their teachers and families, from our local high schools, at both the November and February Schlachtfest. It provided the students (their families and teachers) with a true cultural culinary experience, and they look forward to coming back every year! Also, our Club offers scholarships to deserving students studying German and we will, once again, be attending their annual awards nights, scheduled for May and June, to make the presentations. The recipients will also receive an invitation to our annual June Pig Roast. We look forward to welcoming them and introducing them to our members and friends! As always, we thank everyone who contributes to our Scholarship Fund, through donations and by participating in our raffles! Vielen Dank!

Left:: AutoKlub representative Dennis Bauer presents a checks from our annual club auto show to the fund Chair Liz Tindall. ***



ADAM MARTINI RECEIVES DEGREE

Congrats to Adam on earning a degree in Computer Engineering from Ohio State University. He is now enrolled at USC in a Masters program.
Kudos Adam. ***



Treffen (Continued from page 1)

Rain gave way to glorious sunshine on the final day of the Treffen. This was a competition year so a number of clubs fielded teams of their best and brightest to see who could win Treffen glory. The rules are quite strict, with points given for appearance, dance, singing, speaking and more. Participants practice for weeks and months beforehand and take it very seriously. The result is nothing short of amazing as group after group strove to do its very best to the delight of all in attendance. Bravo! Later the many dance groups would take to the stage to round off the day's program.

Farewell! Slowly but surely the sun began to set on the 2017 Cincinnati Treffen. Soon it was time for the traditional end of Treffen DJ party that brought all of our young folks to their feet and onto the dance floor. It was a great way to wrap up the weekend's activities. As the attendees departed for the long drive home they took with them memories and that marvelous Treffen afterglow that will help keep the spirit of our cherished cultural heritage alive and well.

In fact, the camaraderie and friendships forged or reinforced over the Treffen weekend in Ohio will live on in cyberspace until next year at this time when we all head north of the border to the friendly Canadian town of Kitchener, Ontario. There the dancing will begin anew, that familiar music will soon play, and the sights and sounds of yet another Treffen will work its magic to gladden the hearts and minds of Donauschwaben from across North America once again. Prosit! (See pictures on page 10)

Club Events for the 2017

2017 Winter

EVENTS— DATES & TIMES— Come out and join us!

- ◆ October 15— Club's 61st Anniversary Dinner, 1pm.
- ◆ November 5—Genocide Memorial Service, Our Lady of Lourdes Cemetery, Hamilton, NJ, 1pm.
- ◆ November 19—Fall Schlachtfest, 12:30 and 3:00 seating. Call for reservations please.
- ◆ December 3—Annual St. Nikolausfeier, 1:00pm. Please call to reserve your seat.

Please call Frau Eva Martini (609) 586-6109 for all meal reservations (advisable, especially for Schlachtfests) or email at dsatrenton@aol.com. Chicken is always available as an alternative dish (except at the Schlachtfest). Please let us know ahead.



Trenton Donauschwaben



GERMAN AMERICAN

VEREINIGUNG DER DONAUSCHWABEN
127 ROUTE 156, YARDVILLE, NJ 08620
DSATRENTON@YAHOO.COM
609-585-1932
PRESIDENT— JOSEPH BRANDECKER
PRESIDENT@TRENTONDONAUSCHWABEN.COM

Dennis J. Bauer, V.P., Editor & Club Genealogist
Email: donauschwaben@mail.com
215-945-9089

Hans Martini, Secretary
Email: Dsatrenton@aol.com
609-888-2762

www.trentondonauschwaben.com

Vielen Dank !

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

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



Auf Wiedersehen bei den
Donauschwaben!

TRENTON DONAUSCHWABEN CLUB COOKBOOK IS HERE

Attention All Cooks/bakers— The cook books have arrived! The book contains over 95 recipes (breakfast, main dishes, appetizers, sides, desserts, etc). A big thanks to all of the many members and friends who contributed their treasured recipes. Also a special thanks to Christa Tindall Pullion & Kim Walter and their helpers for all their hard work putting this book together. Vielen Dank! The cost for this keepsake is just \$12. We have two hundred copies, so get yours before they are sold out. ****

Club Members Support Club Members!

Introducing.....
Dave's Jewelers!

Long time members of our Club, we hope you'll visit Dave's Jewelers for all your jewelry and watch repair needs.

WE BUY GOLD AND DIAMONDS		CUSTOM JEWELRY	
DAVE BATH		DAVE'S JEWELERS	
	www.DavesJewelers.com	3684 Nottingham Way Hamilton Square, NJ 08690	
	steve@davesjewelers.com 609-587-1066	Tues-Fri	10:30 - 6:00
		Saturday	10:00 - 4:00
		Sun-Mon	CLOSED
STEVEN BATH	DREANA BATH	JENNIFER McDERMOTT	