

LINDA HORTON BIO

The first 22 years of my life was spent mostly within a four mile radius: My family lived in ‘Chilly’ Gentilly; I graduated from St. Joseph Academy in 1974 and received a BA in English Lit from UNO in 1978. My first job after college was at Stratton Baldwin, a Pro Hardware distributor. Later, I worked retail for Toys-R-Us and Zayre, and for over 25 years I was with the Times-Picayune. (Pay no attention to the fact that most of these entities ain’t dere no more!)

My maternal great-grandmother, Regina Dudenhöffer was born in Rülzheim, Germany and arrived in New Orleans in 1872 where she soon met Anselm Regel, originally from Alsace Lorraine. My grandmother Tillie Regel married Edward Schott and they had four children. Their youngest was ordained a priest in 1963: Over 90 years after his Oma arrived in the US, and despite the families being on opposing sides during WWI and II, my uncle Ed celebrated his first Mass with German relatives in Rülzheim, Germany.

My introduction to the Deutsches Haus on Galvez St happened in 2008. After my employment with the T-P ended in 2016, my participation at the Haus increased. I took German classes at the “halfway Haus” on Ridgewood, helped with DH Kinderchor, and attended Kulturabend and German movies. In 2018, I became a lifetime member, and at first opportunity, a stockholder.

For a few years I was a member of DH Damenchor. But though I enjoy singing, I have no talent. With Ria Hilken, we started Liederkranz—on the 3rd Thursday of the month, 7pm-ish, you’ll usually find us at the Haus singing old German folk and beer drinking songs—no musical talent or proper German pronunciation needed to join us, only a desire for gemütlichkeit.

When out and about, I sometimes run into people who seem familiar, in that way that is so New Orleans. So, we may have met while I was volunteering for “Coming to America” or “German Unity Day” or The Ladies Auxiliary Cake Booth. Or maybe we’ve walked together through City Park, taking a Wandergruppe stroll on a humid Thursday evening, or danced together around the Maypole, or shouted in unison “oy-oy-oy” at Oktoberfest...

The Deutsches Haus in New Orleans has a legacy that continues to grow. If our paths have ever crossed, and you believe I’d be a good board member, I’d be honored to get your vote.

Danke und auf Wiedersehen,

