

Dietrich C. H. R. von Senger's

Diary

1928



Translated from Dieter's Diary by Justus Widekind from German to English.

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Dietrich von Senger

Diary.

received from my mother on occasion of my confirmation in the year 1928

My remembrances.

Connected events I can only recall, actually, from my sixth year. It was just the time when I first had to go to school. At that time I lived with my mother, my older sister and my little brother in Zollikon near Zurich. I do no longer know the details of the cottage we inhabited. Of my playground companions, too, I remember only two boys and one girl who lived near us, and with whom I attended school for the first time. But we did not stay for too long in Switzerland.

Just when I had been in the school for a quarter of a year, we all moved to Lindau on Lake Constance. But in the great holidays we visited the small Bavarian town of Kempten, where we had distant relatives. Since this time of my life fell right in the time of the great financial devaluation, we did not exactly have an abundance of food, which didn't harm us children notably, though. But of this stay, all the details of my memory are blurred, so I want to start with a new four-year section of my experiences and memories.

Lindau

The beautiful little town in the middle of Lake Constance has become a second home to me. When I had been three years away from my Lindau, I dreamed only of my little town on the beautiful big lake.

We had made an apartment there, which was not on the actual island, but in Reutin, right next to the little brook called "the Ach". The house was called Seeheim and stood in a beautiful garden bordered on one side by the lake and on the other by the brook. From there we had the wide open view over the lake to my "Heimat" (JYW: i.e. Switzerland).

After the time of the move I had to go back to the first class of the German primary school there. In my short Swiss school days I had only learned the printed letters and therefore had a little difficulty with the German letters. But in a first class, things are not yet too strict. So we built a kite and a birdcage with the teacher, caught frogs and other water animals on one of the many excursions, and then during the school hours went on to hunting flies to feed them to our animals.

Every summer there was a big event, the children's festival. There all the schools congregated on a great square, where we spent the whole afternoon playing games and stunts. We were allowed to climb on a long pole, from which hung beautiful sausages and pretzels, which were

then raised or pulled down according to the abilities of the individual boys. Then we got the free tickets for the merry-go-round and other amusements, which we then diligently exploited. Meanwhile, our parents were sitting in the patio, where they also had a pleasant afternoon. Once I returned home from this feast with a table lamp, which I gained from shooting.

When I entered third grade, my mother had to go to Latvia for a compensation case, while my brothers and I were being lodged with a teacher near the school. There we had not exactly the most beautiful treatment and care, but to me that didn't matter pretty much. For in the class above me there was a girl I liked very much, but of course I did not dare write her a letter, let alone talk to her.

But then chance came to help me: my sister was in the same institute as my Margrittli (JvW: little Margrit) and so my little brother and I were invited there. There we talked together and became good friends. When my mother returned from her trip, Margrittli was also invited to our place; I can still remember quite clearly how we walked hand in hand through the garden and told nice stories to each other. In the evening, we both read and I wondered about my companion that she had finished reading a page so quickly and opened the new one.

But even such beautiful days passed, and we saw each other only at school, and there we could not possibly speak before all the pupils. Thus the exchange was transmitted by small letters, which we secretly sent during the intermission. On the free afternoons in my own little, self-built cottage, I spoke to my friend, Fritz Schlumberger (?, JvW: name still present in Lindau in 2017), about my lovely friend, for beautiful she was, and I would prefer her to every girl even now, if only I knew where she is. My friend (JvW: Fritz) then became quite envious of my friendship (JvW: with Margrittli), and I, of course, was not a little proud about that.

Once, however, Margrittli had put a letter in my coat when I was in the classroom, and this coat pocket had a hole in it. When I went down the stairs with all my comrades, the letter fell out of my pocket unnoticed and a few cheeky girls picked it up and read it even though they knew it belonged to me. The next morning they told all the content to my teacher with great indignation. But he took the matter quite calmly and didn't say anything to me.

At Christmas my girlfriend gave me a little poem of her own poetry, which is very good for her age.

The Christ Child is coming

What rustles in the woods, so quiet, so gentle?

Litt'l Christ Child is coming tonight.

Supposedly picking the prettiest tree?

Flying home with it in no time at all

There the sweet little angels dress

The little tree in the most beautiful way

Now it flies down to earth so swiftly

And brings it to the quiet, pious child

Then it flies home, very quiet, very gentle

Through the silent winter night.

(Margrit Müller)

Shortly afterwards she had to leave, and unfortunately forever. I once owned a picture of her, but it's been a long time since I could find it. On her farewell she told me that she never wanted to love another boy than just me, but that's impossible to do. A few weeks after the departure she wrote me a card, but without an address. The next day our dog had torn it apart. I saw that as a bad omen and I never heard nor saw anything of my Margrittli again.

We stayed in Lindau for another six months and then went to Riga to sort out the compensation claims. On the first night of the train journey between Lindau and Berlin I slept in the luggage net just as quietly as I did in my bed. On the short car tour through the giant city I could not collect any fixed impressions, only the fast driving and the buzzing traffic remained in my memory.

The next day we arrived in Szczecin and boarded the steamer Regina. I had imagined a steamer much bigger and was therefore a bit disappointed, but the evening on the Oder river compensated me. As we entered the open (Baltic) sea in Swinemünde, the sun was sinking at the edge of the huge expanse of water. We children were sent to bed early and slept well with the smooth sea in our minds.

But the morning was different. The cabin seemed to dance up and down, the white caps on top of the waves sped away in endless columns in front of the portholes. My brother staggered pale and weakly out the door, and I also looked hard at winning the exit as soon as possible, as a strange feeling crept in my stomach. But on the crisp upper deck I recovered soon, whereas my brother had to pay the customary tribute to the sea; I had breakfast with high spirits again, and found it quite smart to do such a sea voyage without seasickness. The steamer was quite heavily loaded, and huge cargos were still lying on the front deck. There I balanced with my sister toward the bow. Huge waves threw themselves onto the ship from the front and drove large splashes up to our airy viewpoints. That, of course, was nothing for me and so I went down into my cabin, quite nauseated and staggering, where I followed my brother's example. In the afternoon I was back on top again and mediated the interchange between the individual members of our family.

The ensuing night was quiet again as we were already in the Gulf of Riga. The next morning the wide, bright strip of the sandy coastline came into view, toward which we were headed. After an ample breakfast I climbed up on deck to see the pilot being taken from a tiny tugboat, swinging over to our monster. Right at the mouth of the river there are huge docks and warehouses, in front of which there were small and large steamships and sailing boats, on which busy people ran like ants. Further upstream we passed the big grain elevator, which had been built by my grandfather.

Slowly our ship made her way through the kilometer-wide river, along which the city's houses crowded ever more densely. Above the sea of roofs and chimneys, the mighty peak of the 130m high St. Peter's Tower rose. Gradually we turned towards the high quay wall to moor there, because further upstream two huge iron bridges and a wooden emergency bridge built by the Germans during the war spanned the river.

When we had happily escaped the confusion of customs operations, our relatives welcomed us outside on the street. Endless rows of hackneyed horses were waiting to take the travellers to their destination for cheap money. However, we went to the next tram stop to get into one of the old jalopies.

The city of Riga doesn't look bad at all. For a city so far removed from the world, which was also badly afflicted by war, it is quite decent and European. After one single change to a bus we had to walk a good distance to get to Neuhof, the property of my uncle. There we soon recovered from the exertions of the long journeys, and soon became good friends with my (male) cousins and my (female) cousin.

But even there one has to go to school. I belonged in 4th grade, and since my older cousin also belonged there, I simply went with him to his classroom and sat down next to him. But soon a teacher appeared who took me to another classroom, where he immediately handed me over to a student who should introduce me to everything. During the German lessons, the teacher told a fairy tale, which I was to retell. But I didn't understand the Kurlandish dialect at all, so I stood there like a dying duck in a thunderstorm ("wie der Ochs am Berg) and didn't speak a word as if I were an idiot. But within a few weeks I understood my class professor Mr. Savary very well and was able to strike up conversations with the other learned gentlemen.

There were my mathematics teacher Herr Adolphi and as a gymnastics teacher Fräulein Harmsen. I soon made it so far in her subject that I was one of the best in the first rank. The school I attended was called XI German Municipal Primary School and had seven primary school classes. The 4th class was divided into three parts: the A-Class - these were the girls - and the two C- and B-Classes, in which we boys were accommodated. I was in C-Class myself.

The schoolhouse was located in Mühlenstraße No. 27, as far as I remember. From Neuhof we drove every morning by horse to the tram station and from there to the school. There one had to wait until the outer door was opened and we were let in. Then we spread out into our classrooms and then stood on a given bell sign in a column to march into the assembly hall. Class by class stood there, the tiniest in front and the tallest in the back. In the front, a teacher climbed onto the cathedra and gave a short reflection, after which we went back to our classrooms to start the lessons. During the breaks we used to walk in circles in the assembly hall for two or three. On the cathedra stood a teacher, and summoned those who did not do right up there to stand against the wall. Meanwhile we had moved from the country to the city, where we lived at I Weidendamm 6 Apartment 7. We had rented two rooms there, where we lived with four of us.

I had soon found a friend in the big city, named Klaus Boehm. He always spoke of a girl named Svea, whom he seemed to adore. At first I couldn't take a liking for her, because she had very short pigtails of braids, which I didn't like at all. But once when I was with my friend at her place and talked to her, I changed my mind and tried to meet her as much as possible. Since almost every one of my ten-year-old comrades had a little sweetheart, I soon figured it out. She liked me and I loved her, so my Klaus was pushed to the side. We went to the Schützengarten (<https://www.liveriga.com/en/1637-kronvalda-park>) and swung and played together, which was of course quite nice. In the afternoons, when I had finished my

homework, and sometimes even earlier, I went to her courtyard and whistled, and soon she was downstairs. We complained about our childish sorrows and comforted each other.

When summer came, the long separation period of three months came around, but we both wore it with composure, as everyone could go to the countryside to spend their holidays there.

The first and second summer I partly spent in Kurtenhof (later:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Salaspils_concentration_camp, video:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=faqz_HXJ3dQ, modern traveler:

<https://andreasmoser.blog/2014/01/19/salaspils>). There my friend's father (Paul Böhm:

<http://www.bbl-digital.de/eintrag/Boehm-Paul-Johann-Friedrich-1850-1926>) had a quarry of gypsum together with a plaster and tile factory. The fighting between Russians and Germans, which had destroyed some of the factories, also took place there. Deeply dug trenches and grenade funnels in the wide heathland gave a nice playground for us boys.

An hour away was a river where we could swim and fish. But we also had to work in the garden, and quite a lot. The high point of the summer holidays was always the solstice festival. There one collected wood and combustible material all day long and lit a huge fire in the evening, which burned until morning. We were then allowed to stay up until four o'clock in the morning to attend the festivity. In the morning, we slept until noon.

So verliefen die drei Jahre, da ich in Riga war, mit ziemlicher Gleichheit. Einen Sommer waren wir drei Wochen am Strand, wo uns Onkel Karl und Tante Ellen mit den Kindern besuchten. Im nächsten Sommer ging Ellen nach Lindau, und brachte im Herbst ihre Freundin Dorotea ??? mit.

In the second and third winter we stayed with Mrs. Martinsen in the city, close to the school. So I went also busily to the skating rink, and of course I always went with Svea. At an ice party I was even suggested for a prize, but I didn't get it in the end. The following summer I won an II. Prize in breaststroke and was of course very proud of it. In the spring of 1927 we finally made preparations for our departure to Lindau. I said goodbye to Svea and we promised each other a lively correspondence.

The night we were supposed to leave, all our relatives were in our apartment. The farewell was not very painful and we children happily climbed into the taxi, which finally brought us to the station after a lot of driving around. There it was teeming with pupils and friends, who bid us farewell with chocolate and presents. Slowly the train started to move and drove on a high embankment through the illuminated city across the railway bridge and toward Lindau. I pressed my forehead against the windows and I was overcome by a kind of nostalgia for thinking that I left this city in which had I lived for three years and so many people behind. (???)

But the train didn't leave me much time. Soon, in the afternoon we rode into the Königsberg railway station, in order to race towards the south after half an hour's stay. The wagons were locked and manned with Poles across the Polish Corridor. When a window was opened in a train station, a number of guns were immediately pointed at the traveler and signaled to him under threatening signs to close the window.

But what does the good part of Germany look like that we were riding across? The villages and train stations were desolate, and everywhere you could see felled forest. The Polish wolf

probably notices that there isn't much about this stolen piece of Germany, and removes from this part what is not nailed down. On the neglected fields, shaggy, badly groomed horses graze, the men stroll around in the taverns and train stations.

How to breathe again when you come back to German territory! There, the train gradually fills up with passengers, and when we were near the giant city of Berlin, no matter how thin a tailor could get a little spot in our compartment. Around the track, houses and factories slowly appeared which, the closer we got, the dirtier and neglected they looked. Already for one hour we are passing this misery, but then it suddenly changes. Above the dark evening sky the light of the city of millions floats like a huge crown. Trains rush past us, underneath, next to and above us the city's nightly traffic is roaring. Bright light advertising outdo each other with colors and displays, some of them seem to hang in the air, others run constantly and draw the tired eye to their courses. Suddenly, dull, threatening noise, the light advertisements have disappeared and with a barking whistle the train stops in the giant halls of the north station.

We are pushed onto the platform and driven to the underpass. Above and next to us, countless trains rush past us in all possible directions. In front of the entrance we are greeted by the brightly lit Berlin, with its never-weakened noise on the street. We board a taxi which takes us through the busiest streets to Anhalter station. Huge colossuses with glare-blinding eyes and an eerily threatening red arm roam the streets (like this? <http://www.mz-web.de/image/28119180/max/1920/1080/5667f82eb3af989a3b3f5ef6cf73c523/bg/71-120420949--null--04-08-2017-17-44-40-065-.jpg>). You feel like you're being crushed by all the supernatural. That's when the train station with its bustle seems to be lost from the outside world.

We board the train ten minutes before departure of the same. We couldn't stay together in the overcrowded compartments. I fell asleep while sitting and only woke up when my mother put me in a recently released coupé at midnight. There I kept on sleeping, stretched out on the hard bench. In the early morning we crossed the wide, reed-lined Danube and arrived in Munich at ten o' clock. Arrived at the hotel, we all rested from our strains. The next morning I visited the New German Museum on the Isar with my brother.

The following night there was a little disaster in our hotel room. My brother had eaten too much chocolate and therefore vomited into his bed during the night, which naturally spread a stunning stench. And because he was too hot in his sleep, he lay down in the cooled liquid and appeared in the morning as a complete kaffir on the scene. The chambermaid had to be paid a considerable sum of money to clean up this mess.

In the afternoon of the following day we completed the last part of our journey. All of the old villages recalled vivid memories in me. When we saw Lake Constance in front of us, and the lovely old town of Lindau, I didn't know which way to turn with my joy. However, the train did not accelerate at all, but rather slowed down towards the sought-after destination. Arriving at the train station, I jumped out of the wagon and was soon flooded with familiar voices and faces. From all sides it was so noisy(?) about me that I couldn't even make any sense of it.

At first I crisscrossed the port facilities and it took me like a dream to set one foot in front of the other on old, well-known soil. The old lighthouse was adorned with a new light grey coat, out of the curves of which, like a friendly eye, a gigantic, new clock looked out. To its right,

the landmark of Lindau, the lion, turned his butt towards me and did not seem to be exactly excited by my visit. The old square elementary school building still looked yellow and boring, and didn't want to fit into the venerable proximity of the old houses at all.

After this short tour I entered the Bayerische Hof, where we were to spend the night. Its features had a strange feel to me, because as a little boy I never had any access to this noble palace. Already next night I slept in our new apartment in the Villa Lotzbeck. Our bedding had become quite humid due to its long laying in storage, so the stay my moist sleeping place was not the most pleasant. But every night has its end, and that's how it was then.

The next morning furniture transports still arrived and our apartment sounded from the busy hammering of the employed men. The next day it was already more comfortable, so that my mother and Ruppi could also set up their quarters.

So the short Easter holidays passed quickly, and even the merry feast was overlooked. Once again, my big brother Franz appeared from Geneva to pay us a little visit. He brought me a watch and to my brother a beautiful book with a camera while chess set was donated as a common possession. (All photos from this time on can be found in our photo albums)

After a short holiday period, the earnest of the school began again. I had a little mishap with a teacher. When he asked me which school I had been to, I said: "To the 11th German Municipal Primary School in Riga." This long sentence already enraged him, and when I even answered the question "What's your mother's profession?" with "housewife", he was done. I always ended up with a "barely sufficient" from him.

During my school year I committed a blunder. I was tempted by a friend to take part in a strike against the DNJ (Deutschnationaler Jugendbund - German National(ist) Youth Union). The result was a fine and a warning from the school.

I didn't like the tone in school at all, because the teachers always let themselves be called professors, and were extremely arrogant and preferred to hand out arrest. There, you had to sit in school on Sunday afternoon and do some exercises. Luckily, I only had to come in once.

During this school year I received an honorary diploma in the four disciplines gymnastics competition and became swimming champion of the lower four classes with 45.3 seconds on 50 meters. My mother and my sister intended to travel to England in autumn of the year '27 to learn the language thoroughly. So only my brother and I remained the ones who were at home. It was then that they thought of sending us to Schiers.

This is an institute in Prättigau, close to the (Jvw: gorge) [Klus](#), surrounded by mountains. The ??? (JvW: [mountain](#)) is so close and high that it allows us to enjoy the sun in winter only for a few minutes.

So we said goodbye to Lindau and Villa Lotzbeck, and for a last time we went over the railway embankment into town to board the Swiss ship. Together with us rode Bubi Gombart (?), a friend of Ruppi. His parents sent him to the remote Schiers for his betterment, which they hoped for. So the journey went along the Rhine on a terribly boring train. We stared at the mountain flanks and talked about the possibilities of climbing them. From the window of the wagon one could see the devastation the Rhine had wreaked on Liechtenstein territory. Vaduz and Gutenberg Castle came and passed by. Sargans and (JvW: today: Bad) Ragaz were

passed and we finally stopped in Landquart. There I saw a peculiarly small train on a side-track, with externally very elegant wagons. That was the [Rhätische Eisenbahn](#) (Rhaetian Railway). Soon enough we bumped along their track to the dark Klus. On one side the rock and on the other side the [wildly foaming torrent](#) (JvW: river [Landquart](#)), these were our impressions. But as quickly as it came it was over, the **dull gate** disappeared and we rolled up the green Prättigau. That it was green and beautiful I only noticed a few weeks later. The first impression was more one of the color grey.

A bit grumpy we left the train at the Swiss railway station and put our suitcases on a cart pulled by pupils. We followed leisurely behind and thus entered into the courtyard. After some searching around, we luckily found the dining room where we had our first meals.

Meanwhile, the parents negotiated our admission. The next day, there was an entrance exam that didn't go very well. The three of us got into our assigned classes on trial. In the ten o'clock break I saw our mother quickly one more time and then they were gone. Fortunately, we three of us from Lindau came to a dormitory in which I stayed the whole first quarter. In this quarter we students built a swimming pool under the instructions of the director. When the school trip was announced, the bricklayers could already come to complete it. On this school trip we visited Appenzell and were already back in Weesen on the third day. From there we went back to our beloved Schiers.

At the end of the quarter, there was a competition to mark the opening of the swimming pool, where I was the first of the institute to win with 45 seconds on 50m freestyle.

Part of the summer holidays we still spent all together in Lindau at Villa Lotzbeck, the other three weeks I stayed with Aunt Ellen in Zurich. I made my [way from Rorschach to Zurich](#) by bike. From Zurich I also travelled by bike to Schiers.

At the beginning of the new quarter, on Resurrection Day (JvW: Easter Sunday), it was that I went on a [tour to the Schweizertor](#) (Swiss Gate). Since the snow was still very deep, I could only go as far as the "? Alb" (JvW: some small mountain meadow I cannot find on the map). And so I was back at the institute by 3:00 pm. There I met Fuente (JvW: fraternity name "Krach"), who hadn't gone out at all.

In his place, he asked me if I wanted to join the [Amicitia](#). That's one of the three student fraternities. It had been my greatest wish until then, to enter ??? into this fraternity. So one day I was baptized after all the rules of such a ceremony, namely in the name of Flem, which means something like lazy or phlegmatic. For I had had private lessons with Fuente in the first year and never achieved anything with him. That's why I'm still suspected of being a particularly lazy and careless student. [The hours I could spend in the fraternity were always educational and pleasant.](#)

On Saturday evening we have a session, there is a work and a lecture with a poem. In the end, if there is still time, there is an unprepared work. You don't have to think that the work is just a simple rendition of something read or experienced. People were talking about abstract things of some depth, so I don't usually don't quite manage to follow, especially in the evaluation of the individual performances.

On Sunday afternoons, those members of the fraternity who are not absent will come meet at the cabin for a fun get-together and gameplay. There are spears thrown and bowling games

made, while the older and brighter members talk in groups about tricky topics. Then the top quaestor (JvW: a fraternity official) must prepare the tea and the meal begins. In between there is the sound of a suitable student song.

This year again there was a fun school trip. A selection from the fourth class went from Davos to the [Flüela pass](#). After a longer rest we went in quite deep snow over the Radüner pass to the [Grialetschhütte](#), where we stayed overnight. The following day we climbed the [Scalettahorn](#), 3100 m (JvW: 3068). Unfortunately, the view left much to be desired. Under heavy rain and hail we arrived at the [Keschhütte](#) in the evening (JvW: [without direct route, region](#)).

The following morning the sun was shining from the deep blue sky, so that we could start the ascent over the Kesch glacier immediately. Around ten o'clock we passed the Fuorcla ???, 3100 m, where we called the teachers by their first name and had an amusing rest. At a breakneck pace, our Charlie and Gottlieb skidded down the snow slope to the Rascherhütte, where we had lunch. In the afternoon we passed the Albula pass, and in Preda we had the long-awaited Café complet (JvW: Coffee with milk, rolls, butter, and comfiture). We then took the train through the tunnels of the Rätische Bahn, [past Bergün and via Chur and Landquart to our old Schiers](#).

After a few short weeks the summer holidays arrived, and I [went home in my bike to Zurich](#). We finally had our own home again. Small but nice, and everyone was waiting for us at home. Mama, Ellen, and even Franz arrived after some time, after a failed ??? (JvW: Rahoer?) with his glands.

One Monday morning I cycled with Ellen [down to Romanshorn](#), and [ferried deep in the night over to Friedrichshafen](#), where only after twelve o'clock (noon) we managed to check into a double room. The next day we arrived in [Weingarten](#), where Ellen had a friend. At the brewery and on the vast fields of the estate we helped wherever it was most needed.

When the Zeppelin ([Z 127 Graf Zeppelin](#)) started its world tour, we were both present. I was lucky enough to be let in with the constabulary. So I could follow the start of the gigantic air colossus from very close up. In the short days I still lived in Lindau, I saw the world's largest airship several times, which carried 170 people around Lake Constance as a peak performance. Do X was the name of the mightiest steel colossus built by Dornier - a mighty testimony to German technology and power.

After this trip I stayed in Zurich, Switzerland's largest city, for the rest of the seven weeks of the summer holidays. Again by bike I rode back to distant Schiers, and adapted there anew to the institutional imperatives. The general meeting of the Amicitia was a bit too merry. The small beer keg fully had its effect.

17 Sept. 30

A whole year has now passed since I penned the last lines in this book, a long year with many struggles and immense upheavals. Much has changed in this short period of time and many things have shown a new face.

The first thing that was terrible and instructive to me was a friend whom I can truly call that. It was on the resurrection day (31.3.1929) of the year '29, when I walked alone through the

snowy wilderness of the Schraubach valley (Schraubachtal) towards the Swiss Gate (Schweizertor). Thick fog wrapped around me in the silent forest and took all my sight. I got to sense clearly how an abandoned and excluded person must feel when he seeks refuge from his fear ghosts, strange and aimless in the wilderness. I also experienced such feelings, and many a misstep, some bad, long forgotten hour returned to me on that day, and made my journey a frightening one. For I knew that no human being had walked this path before me this year, and that weeks could also go by until the next one took this path. But I bravely fought my way over avalanches and landslides finally came out of the forest and after a four-hour strenuous march, I passed the Vorälpli, into the snow-covered Grüscher Alb.

Silently I would eat my provisions and listen to the eerie sounds of the winterly mountains. Before me I saw the summer ascent to the Swiss Gate, and I also recognised the difficulties that I might still encounter. Snow and ice would have made an ascent impossible. I made a quick decision and turned back. At three o'clock in the afternoon I stomped hard through the empty halls of the institution into my classroom, where I began to read. Half an hour later, someone sticks his head into the door and asks me to spend the afternoon in his dorm room.

It was José de la Fuente, my former private teacher of French. I followed his request in surprise and shortly afterwards sat down in his feudal dwelling. Very friendly. He begins a long, detailed speech, the course of which I follow attentively. He spoke of fraternities and their purposes, and had no idea that my greatest wish for a long time had been to enter into a fraternity, and particularly into the very Amicitia. Back then I was even more secretive than now, and never explained myself clearly, so it took him a long time to guess my wish. That evening we parted as friends, as one uses this word so often.

I declined an Alemannia request to join their fraternity, and so I could enter the Amicitia through him. Everything was new and unknown to me, and I had to be astounded at everything. I realized that Fuente ??? was actually the guiding soul of the fraternity, that the other members were toys of his will, and that was that what attracted me to oppose, with my passive resistance. I just didn't want to be his tool, I wanted to be his coworker. As I owed him thanks for admission into the club, I often came to him and a friendly relationship developed. I was just new and childlike, and he was strong and smart, and guided me for a year of my life.

I do not know what I have provided in return, but it must have been something, because we humans are simply egoists, and rarely do things without compensation. As much as I brought out of him, he, the loner, wanted to realize an ideal friendship that lived in his head. Only I was too unwise at that time to understand the idea properly and still lived too strongly under the influence of what had happened a year before.

And so it often happened that we had disputes with each other. Not that we would scold one another, no, on the contrary, we did not speak a word to one another and went far apart. Usually the reason was that I never expressed myself openly, and this led to great misunderstandings. Once it even became so bad that no one could approach Krach who sat brooding in his dorm room. He once insulted me in a rather rude way in one session when he took the floor during the discussion. It would not be very nice and unfair of me to shed a bad light on him, because, as I said, he was my friend, much more than I was his, and he helped me a lot, for some doubts through his open and free language. I began to worship him, even if

I didn't visibly do so. Then came the Matura (school-leaving examination for university entrance) and he had to leave Schiers. I had spent many joyful and free days with him, which I must certainly also mention briefly.

Sunday night, 12:30 am, someone shakes me. I get out of bed and stand in front of him who asks me to go on a tour. Departure is at one o'clock. Alone in the dark night we march via Küblis to Sernois (????, Saarvis?)

The moon was full in the sky and made it unnecessary to use the lantern in the forest when we then marched up to the Soera Cabin (Soerahütte). Sunrise, a magnificent thing in the mountains. The mountains appear transparent like glass when the sun begins its day's run behind their spikes. The nebulae retreat from the dark valleys and vanish like a sigh in a glistening sky.

We reach the summit of Scesaplana, 3000m. Wonderful rest after the deed is done. Then thunderous descent. No, no descent. A downjoicing. Over crumbling rubble fields and damp snow we rushed past gasping tourists down to the Lünersee. Past the cabin - and then into the lower mountainside meadow to sleep. We're well and truly tired, having been on the road for eight hours. Tired and exhausted we wake up. The sun had been burning us all the time on our uncovered scalp.

Past slow Sunday climbers, we hurry to the ???? and then to the Swiss Gate (Schweizertor). Consultation. Shall we still do the Sulzfluh and then home via Sankt Antönien - Küblis, or directly Schuders - Schiers?

We're still feeling strong and ???? (hanens?) via the Lindauer cabin (Leidauerhütte) to the Sulzfluh ascent. Exhausted I drag myself up the Rachen behind the still seemingly fresh Krach. Above and around us a thunderstorm rages in the cliff walls, and no other person far and wide. I can't take any more. - We eat. He makes me do it, although every bite in my throat threatens to get stuck. We go on. I quench my thirst at every trickle. - Nonsense!!!! I don't feel anything anymore. Every step you take, you slide back half the way. Scree and more scree. We pass the spot where the year before the unfortunate stone hit its victim. I imagine to see the blood and keep staggering on. Another 50m - We must get across or we won't make it home.

Krach comforts me and spurs me on with a glass of milk. My longing! Pathetic humans, us! At the top. I leap downwards over soft, rolling scree. Marvellous. It's getting late. ???? (Hard meadows?) bump????? (we'll take the?) descent????? (proper?) together. - ???? (Partunen?) - Still no milk. I haul myself on his arm to Sankt Antönien. Milk! Milk. But no rest. Two glasses only.

The friendly innkeeper loans us five francs for the train, then we continue. Another hour yet to Pany (webcams: <https://www.pany.ch/de/webcams>) then another to Küblis and only then the train. I am almost done, my stomach hurts. At last the milk does its job, and seemingly rejuvenated we hurry to our beds.

In Schiers I meet my brother Franz, who goes to Davos for a cure. Three days ???? - Then on Wednesday school closes. Already by four o'clock in the morning I steal away on my bike. Then free. Passed vacations in Weingarten and Lindau with my sister. I saw Graf Zeppelin 127 take off for the round-the-world flight. Simply fantastic! Then back home. - My brother R

comes upon me with a knife during a fight. Barely I managed to prevent an accident.

Schiers autumn quarter '29. As always. There's a lot of diversion. Krach is there, after all. Then ???? (Pinkus?) = Perrelet and Bonifazi, Krach's comrades. Perrelet is Amicus. Skiing was better than ever this quarter. Did a moonlight tour with Krach and Bonifazi on the Kreuz (Cross). Then Christmas.

On January 1st I sit in the train with ski equipment, and hurry to Samnaun. Spend the night at Krach's. In the morning, off via Nevey, Montreux to Sion. Perrelet is coming along. Ascent to La Forklaz. Arrived at night. Stayed two days. Skiing. Lots of sun. The third or fourth day on the Col de Terrent, 3100 m. Black(?). Avalanches - Cold. Steep descent into Val de Moiry. Avalanches. I didn't believe I could get out alive. Awful. As if by the hand of God, I was saved from death. Perrelet kept his edge. He brought us here, he got us out.

Once we already believed him lost. A miracle saved him. Dead tired arrival in ???? (Siders?). 15 hours walk under most difficult conditions without rest. I slept on the train. Ten o'clock Lausanne. No more connections to Zurich. Again overnight at Krach's. Very nice mother and sister. Spaniard! Friendly. Seven o'clock in the morning departure to Zurich. At four o'clock from Zurich off to Schiers.

Schiers: Skiing. Little sun, little snow. Matura preparation for Krach and Bonifazi. Wine. One evening I had too much and disparaged Dr Jeuni. As a result, I was put on probation. Easter in Zurich.

Summer: On probation, terrible, fruitless work, eventually just prolonging the probation. ???? (Mane?) = H. Blum became my friend. Simple and true - his character. Gruelling work under a roof hot from the sun. No success.

Summer holidays '30: In Payern, French Switzerland. Very nice people I lived with. ???? Nature? = ????? (Peter?) Agriculture. Physical ~~recovery~~ work and mental recovery. ???? (Such Estayer Photos/Phobos?????) Lausanne on a Sunday afternoon. Then by bike to Zurich, 160 km in one day. 1 week in Zurich, then Schiers.

Autumn quarter '30: On probation. Been here two weeks already. School average. No resounding success, nor a convincing failure.

Class of Dietrich von Senger



Lukas Zolliker



Walter Hotz



Jacques Veillon



Bruno Klauser



Adrian Schnyder



Johann Frey



Dietrich Von Sengern



Friedrich Maurer



Walter Wild



Peter Stern



Raymond Truan



Ulrich Raduner



Jean Müller



André Kern