

**CHRONICLE OF THE
BERTELE VON GRENADENBERG
FAMILY**

Compiled by Hans von Bertele,

Dipl. Ing., Dr. Techn., em. O. Prof. of the Technical University of Vienna

Editor's Note

The following is a faithful reproduction of the *chronicle of the Bertele von Grenadenberg family* "compiled by Hans von Bertele, Dipl. Ing. Dr. Techn. em. Ord. Prof. of the Technical University of Vienna."

The exact order and order of the sections as Hans von Bertele had preserved them in folder no. I is retained here, except that the transcript of a lecture given by H. v. B. for the Rotary Club of Vienna West on June 12, 1980, *The Three Broken Utopias*, which he gave at the very beginning, will only be reproduced here at the end of the work. From folder II, which bears the address *Bertele Chronicle: Ancestral Families and Descendants of Hans and Marceline Bertele*, it would also be interesting in the future to see some excerpts such as Carl Bertele von Grenadenberg's¹ *Chronicle of the Family B.v G. as Adolf Ignaz Mautner Ritter von Markhof: Ein Lebensbild, dedicated to his descendants. Diligence and will.* among others. In folder II there are also the various family trees recorded. Folder III goes under the title *Material for Bertele Chronicle*, which contains various correspondence, etc., and from which perhaps some things could be taken. Otto von Bertele, Hans von Bertele's eldest son, into whose hands the chronicle passed immediately after his father's death, has translated a part into English and summarized it in the opinion that the Bertele descendants, starting with the generation of grandchildren, will not be able to read the chronicle in the original. Unfortunately, this is all too true. Fortunately, there are some, who know some German, but, without a doubt, the initiative to make a short summary of the chronicle in English for all these descendants is very appropriate and one can only welcome it as most welcome if someone of the family would continue to deal with it in the future. As far as I, as the daughter of Hans von Bertele, are concerned, and I believe I can also speak for the majority of my siblings, it is, above all, desirable to finally get to read the chronicle, well copied, in the original. My intention, from now on, is to fulfill this wish as quickly and as well as possible. When I am done with that, all 3 folders will be handed over to Otto and his family by me. The transcript of the chronicle is recorded on USB (pen-drive). Unfortunately, I could not print the illustrations that accompany the text to include them here.

Ursula Bertele von Grenadenberg de Allendesalazar, Madrid, Januar 2010.

¹ Baba's Onkel, älterer Bruder von Grossvater Otto. (Anmerkung des Herausgebers, weiterhin kurz UBA).

6. I. 1981

Suggestion, motivation for these memories for a family chronicle

"Write them together, your stories and memories, which you tell us when we are together. You know so much about what interests your children and grandchildren and what will be lost and forgotten if you don't put it together and do it."

Michael, Otto's second son, said this a few years ago, and has since repeated it several times. So I remembered that in the 30s, when my father was well into his 70s, I had similarly asked him to write down memories from his life, he had worked as a young railway engineer on important railway constructions in old Austria, he had met many interesting people, and in Agram in his early youth he had seen and experienced a lot with his father Carl. The fact that my father had not written down anything² from his long and eventful life, which he had sometimes described, has often hurt me since then, and Michael's requests to me have not only made a special impression on me for this reason, but also brought about the decision to share the memories, looking back, into my life, on my encounters with interesting people and on the many stories, which I have heard from relatives, aunts, uncles and, above all, from the Feldenhofen grandmother – called Momon by her daughters – to write together. On the one hand, this shows the background of the family and, on the other hand, because it reflects the course of its development over generations, makes some later events understandable.

The first decision was to compile a plan to recount the events according to the stations of my life and to dedicate short, essay-like sections to individual points of the plan, each of which was to be done separately in individual steps of about 2 hours per day.

29.IV.1981

In the course of the procedure according to this plan, material comes together and the idea: Ordering according to larger sections, according to stations of my life. This is followed by the thought of what is collected and compiled here as a chronicle intended only for the family. Whether one approaches a book publication remains to be decided only when the family chronicle is finished, whether there is still strength to process and what, if one has received out of feeling, should be shortened, omitted, or expanded.

² Wenn das tatsächlich so ist, muss die in Baba's Mappe II enthaltene CHRONIK der Familie Bertele von Grenadenberg (worauf von Baba hinzugefügt steht, auf der Titelseite „geschrieben: etwa 1932“ von Grossvater Otto's Bruder, Carl, geschrieben worden sein. (UBA).

Diary entries from the Buserhof, completely forgotten who, where, made the copy³

Foreword

We hear, see and experience a lot of wonderful things in everyday life, but everything you are used to takes for granted, as soon as you think about it, almost never that you are surprised about it. And yet it is such a strange, moving feeling when one is amazed at something. In doing so, the thoughts are imprinted in a completely different way than when they pass us by without reaction and thus they prepare the ground for new ideas, possibilities and investigations.

So far in my life as an engineer and physicist, I have experienced many wonderful things at the frontiers of technology and natural sciences, but two ideas have shaken me like nothing else; one was the basic idea of Einstein's special theory of relativity, which requires that one gives up the previous basis, space and time as an absolute measure and sees an abstract, superordinate mathematical law as the basis, a step that, once it is done in the mind, brings a wonderful freedom; the other was Alexis Carell's remark that human life has hitherto been analysed in innumerable directions, and that an enormous amount of knowledge has been accumulated in details, but that almost no study has been made of what really constitutes human life. Knowledge of the structure of the individual organs or their functions is no more life than knowledge of logical, social behaviour or any other discipline. This is written in the book "Man, the Unknown Being." The deeply disturbing thing in this book for me was the remark that life consists of the simultaneous attitude of the individual person to different floors; namely

the animal process
the intellect
the aesthetic, artistic field
of morality
of religion
of mysticism

³ Am Rande folgender Aufzeichnung steht geschrieben: "diese allgemeinen Gedanken eventuell getrennt - an passenden Stellen einfügen. Da Hans v. B. dies aber nicht getan hat, denke ich, dass das Beste ist diesen Abschnitt hierzulassen. (UBA).

Each individual has to come to terms with all these floors; a one-sided preference means taxation or crippling of life. How the individual adjusts himself is a matter for the individual, it can be a work of art or a bungling or a grimace.

Full of these thoughts, I experienced the end of the war and the time that followed. Many observations suggest that much bitterness for the individual and the general public could have been spared if Carell's idea had penetrated more deeply. For everything inevitably follows from this: "But everything of man is a fragment, namely, he himself is an infinite fragment, never finished, never to be completed" (Weinheber, from *Between Gods and Demons*. With such a large program as the 6 floors mentioned above, you will never be completely finished; you have to compromise and how you do that is a sign of greater or lesser mastery.

An almost unbelievable abundance of experiences and encounters with people of the most diverse classes and attitudes, in the most diverse situations of life, brought me many new human experiences.

I try to string together some of the experiences and encounters in diary form, for example, all brought down to the common denominator, how these people in the different levels of Carell react to the end of the war and the collapse of Hitler's great world of ideas.

I try to get by with little, completeness is obviously impossible; therefore, such a goal should not be sought at all, on the contrary, an attempt should be made to get by with a minimum of words and facts.

BIRTH AND FIRST CHILDHOOD: GORERZ – PIAZZA BERTOLINI 1

His parents married in Feldenhofen in November 1901 and then went on a beautiful honeymoon. After this they drove to Goerz. Father had been transferred to Goerz some time before; as construction manager of the construction lot of the 2nd Trieste state railway line with the later famous Salkano Bridge. There is a beautiful etching by Prof. Michalek, with whom father was a friend, of the bridge under construction, where father is written on a vignette at the bottom. As a special feature, the bridge has an S-shaped floor plan, so that fast trains can get from one side of the narrow valley to the other without a greater reduction in speed.

Mom told a few times about the search for an apartment in a funny way. For example, she told of looking at an apartment in a newly built house; how the master of the house and the housewife eagerly showed them the new apartment; and the master of the house said to his wife: "You, show Mrs. Engineer how it works with us, sh-sh! A special attraction was the new lintel toilet, where the water came from above when pulling.

Momo told me about the apartment in the beautiful Villa Claricini on the Piazza Bertolini in Goerz, how they looked at the apartment on the mezzanine floor and liked it quite well – on one side was a small garden with some trees and a fountain, on the other side was a very small courtyard, who still had three arcades with a terrace opposite the street – and how Momo liked everything, only the lack of a bathroom worried her; when she said this to one of the housewives, the Countess Claricini, she said: "But dear Elsa," – they said you to Momo at once, after the girl's name Rotondi of Arailsa had impressed the people of Goerz, and it was formerly customary in old Austria for the higher aristocracy to say "Du" to the same sex – so Aunt Adelin Claricini said: "What do you need a bathroom, we don't have a bathroom and we go to the municipal bathroom once a year, whether we need it or not." Despite the lack of a bathroom, the parents decided on the Villa Claricini in Goerz.

There, in the mezzanine of the pretty Villa Claricini, I was born on 2.VII.1903 with the help of Dr. Knoepfelmacher; father's older brother, Uncle Carl, was chosen as godfather, and after some time he came to Goerz. For the baptism he brought a nice book of memories and wrote several pages in it as a friendly dedication, which follows in the following only imperceptibly abbreviated form:

My dear Hans

Once you've become a great man and this book comes to you into your hands, then it shall greet you from your old uncle Carl.

It was on July 26, in the year of salvation 1903, when I had hurried from the beautiful residence city of Vienna to your native city of Gorizia under manifold dangers in order to be your godfather. This dignity was also to be expressed in my outward appearance, and so I had packed my most beautiful coat, so that it would not get a wrinkle, in a large trunk and sent it to your native city. The matter was to turn out differently than I had thought; the trunk kept the clothes so well that it did not reach Gorizia at all, and I had to slip quickly into your good father's coat, which was a little too tight for me. At the right time we were all gathered in the venerable, beautiful cathedral around the baptismal font. Your tender grandmother, your dear mother, your anxious father, your cramped godfather, you yourself in the arms of the pretty nurse Marietta and the friendly, well-dressed woman who helped you take your first step into this beautiful world, and the representatives of the gaping and amazed youth of Gorizia. When the worthy abate came to perform the baptism of you little heathen, I held you proudly in your holiday garment, covered by a beautiful blanket which your skilful aunt Hermione, my dear wife, had embroidered with blue silk. You behaved exemplarily throughout the ceremony. When we came home, we grown-ups sat down around the table in your parents' home and ate and drank to your health. On this occasion, this book was also donated with the dedication that your dear mother would record remarkable events in the course of your physical and mental development.

May the picture be a beautiful one!

The ancient Romans and Greeks cherished the belief that the individual stars of the animal circle, among which a man was born, exert certain influences on the fate and character of man. If these signs are to be trusted, then you, born under the sign of "Leo", will be sensitive, considerate, and capable of very strong feelings.

*Among the ancients, the newborn was also given a stone, depending on the prevailing month. The month of July corresponded to the amethyst "the one that protects against intoxication". Receive also this stone, which may have symbolic significance as an appendage to this book**

From your

Uncle Carl

* Unfortunately lost in Yugoslavia after 1945

written

Annenheim, am Ossiacher See

Im August d. J. 1903

With God.

As recommended in Uncle Carl's foreword, my mother also eagerly wrote in this book over the next few years. Her inscriptions from her first childhood also follow, in some places somewhat more extensively shortened, where too often primitive repetitions had been made concerning infant behavior:

"As best I can, dear Hans, I want to write down everything that is remarkable in your life in this book dedicated to your uncle Carl. Once you turn through the pages, God grant that you remember your parents in love.

Your mom

1903.	0 July 2	1/2 3 o'clock in the afternoon; you saw the light of day.
	July 26	Baptism. You were given the names Giovanni, Carlo, Mario.
	Aug. 12	Start of your first journey via Trieste Herpelj, Divacca, Ljubljana to Tarvisio, and on via Villach, Klagenfurt to your grandmother in Feldenhofen.
	28 Sept.	back to Gorizia. In mid-October, I drank the first bottle. At the end of November, he put him on the potty, but it doesn't want to work.
1904	2.I.	Hansi starts chatting. Pap – pap – pap – etc. jah. Likes to play with his little menagerie
	10.I	Vaccinated.
	11.II.	(Ash Wednesday). Hansi sits freely in the car for the first time and plays.
	24.II.	Dr. Knoepfelmacher stabbed Hansl's Gerstl in the right eye.
	4.III.	Hansi clappes his hands together for the first time, please, please.
		<i>At the end of March, he sometimes goes to the potty; for bakeries etc., he asks with his hands. Thank God he is</i>

always healthy and has a very good appetite.

Hansl wants to stand beautifully, never lie down Waggerl.

22.IV. *I heard him say mamama for the first time.*

May *Early May: He gets almost everything to eat, he calls every light i-i-i-h and prefers to play with a candelabra and candle.*

May 17 *In the morning Hansl said "papa" and "mama" twice for the first time.*

June; *Hansi is already walking quite nicely and is already standing independently. He already has 7 teeth; "Dad, Mom," he calls out all the time. His favorite toy is the ball, and he catches it quite well.*

On July 3, he takes a few steps alone. In mid-July, it is already quite clean during the day. July 17th we go to Feldenhofen. At 9 o'clock in the morning we left Gorizia via Nabresina, Ljubljana, Celje, Wöllan and arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening in Windischgraz. Almost always sitting on his mother's lap, he looked out of the window and watched with lively interest the passing of the telegraph poles, the peasants and the houses.

August *Early August: Hansl feels very much at home in Feldenhofen, calls "Jockel" the cockatoo, answers "do" or "durt" when you ask him about someone, he walks very well all alone, but always looks around for support.*

Feldenhofen, 21 August 1904

My dear Hans! (Entry by Uncle Carl)

Today I saw with joy how splendidly you are developing, how cheerfully your large brown eyes look into the beautiful world of Feldenhofen, how kindly you smile at everyone and how merrily you run about in the garden, snatching at the chickens, laughing at the melancholy Koki, cracking the great St. Bernard stop, and especially striving towards the living bubbling water of the spring and the fountain.

Surrounded by the loving care of Grandma, Mama and Aunt Hanna, protected by Marietta, you are granted a wonderful child's fate in the cosy Feldenhofen.

From Tyrol, the land of loyalty, I brought you a small bundle from my last journey and attached it to this book, a lucky ring (also disappeared after 1945).

*May his possessions be of good importance to you, wish
Dein Onkel Carl.*

In September, Hansl stayed alone without parents with the good grandmother in Feldenhofen from the 10th to the 26th; when I returned from the Dalmatian journey at the end of September, I found Hansl considerably strengthened. He looks at the picture books with great interest; smoke (fumo) and fire exert great attraction on him.

On October 10th we drove back to Gorizia. Hansl, who travelled with us from Celje to Gorizia without Marie, behaved extremely lively and showed the greatest interest in everything. He is sure to walk alone. At the end of October, he begins to speak. He names "sky and sun" and cherries, cheese, compote.

In November 1904 he repeats everything, preferring to see lanterns, 'al.

1905

On March 14, Hans says "Dear Mom" for the first time, only once, he speaks every word, but never 2 in connection.

In mid-April, he begins to chat, already 4 words together.

On July 15, Otto and I drove with Hansl to the good grandmother in Feldenhofen. He was very good during the whole journey, which he spent alone with us until Celje, and then also in the company of his Marie.

On August 1, Hansl drove with Marie and me to Graz to Aunt Pepi. On the 4th of August back to Feldenhofen, alone with Marie von Lembach.

Unterdrauburg was missed and both drove to Streiteben, and back by car to Feldenhofen. It's a good thing that I didn't find out until later; would have frightened me.

In September, Hans already speaks everything: German and Italian.

On October 14, he put on his first trousers, the sailor costume fits him perfectly.

On 16. On this day, Hansl no longer slept during the day. He goes to bed at 1/2 8 h in the evening.

Nov. 21 Today we went through a big fright: Hans was no longer to be found at 11 o'clock in the morning, after he had played with me and cook Marie in the dining room shortly before. All three of us searched everywhere, Fina, the nanny, (here since November 1st) the cook and I, finally all of us from the villa upstairs and downstairs – all in vain. Mother was particularly upset because at that time a child abduction by gypsies took place in Gorizia and was still often talked about.

At 12 o'clock I sent a car to get Otto, who came – the police were notified and were able to clear everything up. Hansl had already been in the municipio for half an hour under the supervision of the police, where he was playing with the fountain in the courtyard.

He came home at 1/2 1 o'clock; what excitement we have experienced during the hour! With a basket on his arm, to the question: "Where have you been?" he answered: "Shopping!"; "And what?" "A big locomotive." How far he went to the toy store Coulot, and because he couldn't get a locomotive there, he came home alone, the basket on his arm, through the Via Municipio to the house where he was picked up by the policeman and taken to the guardhouse.

Christmas. Hansl jumped full of happiness now to his games, then to the Christmas tree that reached from floor to ceiling!

On the days that followed, I found him sitting under it and snacking. On New Year's Eve afternoon we cleared the tree, Hansl carried him quite willingly into the yard.

el March 1906: Hansl speaks both languages completely.

April. Hansl makes us laugh a lot! Recently, Dad showed him various factories in pictures: glass factory, match factory, machine factory – then he asked: "Where is the Buberl factory?"

On May 17, he drove with me and cook Marie to Feldenhofen. On the 28th he returned home, - during the time in the open air he strengthened himself again.

On July 25, Hansl drove with Otto, me and sister Fina to grandma in Feldenhofen via Assling, Villach and .Klagenfurt

On September 1, Hansl stayed alone with Fina until September 20 with Grandma. Dad and mom were in Switzerland. He was with the good grandmother during that time—and quite well-behaved.

On October 8 we went home to Gorizia.

On November 7, the new nanny Lyzia had arrived; It took Hans a few days to get used to her.

On November 23rd, Grandma came with Hanna and her dog Mira; Hansl could hardly wait for their arrival.

1907 February 15th: it was a joy when Hansl found his little sister with me in the morning; he could find no words; his face literally came out of the glue and he stuttered out the first words, "my little sister!" for over 14 days he now sleeps with dad in his room, but feels very comfortable!;

March. Hansl now sleeps with Lyzia. He always comes to me in the morning.

His parents remained in Goerz in the autumn of 1907; then father was transferred to the ministry in Vienna.

I took some lasting impressions with me from my early childhood in Goerz. There was the little garden with a fountain, to which a neighbor's reddish cat often came and tried to get out the few little goldfish; when father saw the cat, he always shooed it away. How

small the garden, which seemed almost immeasurable to me as a child, actually was, I realized decades later during a visit.

There were the water wheels on the Isonzo, which pumped its water into the Goerz water pipe. A walk there on the shore and among the large skeletal formations still sticks in the memory today.

There is the memory of a vision in peculiar illumination. Someone walks through the children's room carrying a small, pretty porcelain service in a cardboard box and next to it is a marble fuse power distribution panel, an arrangement that I only recognized later in Vienna in the anteroom.

Finally, there was a trip to Wochein; at the lake behind the inn a basin with a water was so clear that I still see it with admiration today.

Vienna, November 1907: Hansl cannot get used to the usual freedom he had in Feldenhofen for the first few days. He seems to be homesick, and after 3 days he tells me: "When are we going back to Feldenhofen, it's not nice in Vienna, no garden, no courtyard."

End of November. He begins to take an interest in the city's hustle and bustle, especially the light rail and fountains attract his attention. He is very fond of Mädi; when I thought these days, because of her screaming, that the girl was horrible, he said: "But Mom, you wanted children!"

1908 On September 17, Hansl will be in the first grade of the Reisnerstrasse III elementary school.

1912 February Hansl has just brought home his identity card, all A's, only on outer form 2 and drawing 3; Singing 2; he said: "When I draw, I always sweat so much in my hands!" Otherwise he is well-behaved, - is already in the third grade.

Children's diseases: The children had wet leaves in 1909, measles

in 1910, rubella in 1912 and whooping cough in March 1914; we are going to Luttenberg in a few days to relax, and they are both very much looking forward to it.

1914 Journey in spring with grandmother via Graz (served on trays on the train) to Luttenberg; beautiful Easter with excursions to the wine mountains, also to my uncle's vineyard. Then another 2 weeks in Feldenhofen. In June, later excursion with father to Melk; at the station passage of the train with the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, who had been murdered shortly before. Essen Sarajevo June Entrance exam at Franz Josefs Realgymnasium auf der Stubenbastei successfully passed.

Father had prepared a boat trip to Dalmatia as a graduation from elementary school and after passing the entrance exam at Franz-Josefs Realgymnasium / Vienna I., Stuben bastei) and picked me up in Feldenhofen, where I had already been with grandmother. Over the Bohinian line to Trieste, where father was greeted very respectfully in the hotel, although he had only registered as Ing. O.v. B.; I learned afterwards that he had often been there before for the traffic development of Dalmatia and had a very good name. We then took a beautiful steamer BARON GAUTSCH out on the Adriatic Sea via Pola to Zara. There, however, he was sent a telegram stating that his immediate return to Vienna was necessary because of the preparations for war. And so it happened, and it was fortunate, because on the onward journey the ship ran into a mine and sank with almost all the passengers.

Momo's notes close:

Hans back in Feldenhofen; Austria declares war on Serbia; further declarations of war soon follow and the First World War begins.

II

Memories of Feldenhofen and the Feldenhofen grandmother – Lower Styria – my home.

Once at night I asked myself, why do I still feel Feldenhofen as home after many decades of separation. And the answer came: "Because of the little things with the impressions of them in the friendly presence of grandma."

What came to mind: the large bed next to grandmamma, her bedside table and the night-light on it, a little beet oil added every day, and the wick on the float often renewed. Grandmama's stories of her father, mother and brothers. Along the row of raspberries along the path, up at the small house garden, red and yellow-orange raspberries, which were collected in a yeast and then served on a glass plate: a smooth, blown plate, a little smoky; the glass had the base of the pipe still recognizable in the middle and a neatly mortared rim. For years, it was used for raspberries. Long after Grandma's death, Momo once put it on the stove so that it shattered, the familiar plate with the mortared edge. Much later I learned from Hansl Rath that it was probably a Venetian plate from the beginning of the 17th century and would have been very valuable. What a pity.

There is the uniform play of the lighting of Feldenhofen with kerosene lamps. Every evening, at the beginning of dusk, Gusti, the first chambermaid who had to get the lamps, brings a small round burner to the landing, a large one to the small anteroom in front of the dining room (hall) with a large, white-painted reflector, put the simple floor lamp with the 10 mm flat burner in the kitchen on the stove structure in which the ovens are, then lights the large Belgian round burner in the lamp in the dining room, which grandfather Arailza had had brought from Belgium, a special feature of this lamp in the heavy brass pendant with a large shade, often repeated by grandmother, to which was added the hanging lamp with copper and iron parts, which was later hung in the small salon and had come from father's apartment in Gorizia; finally there was the heavy floor lamp with argand burner for grandma's desk, which had an interesting shade; the

cone-shaped outer surface was frosted glass, but the bottom surface was light sight glass, which was fused with the frosted glass and had only a small, circular opening with an inverted edge that fit on a holder hoop around the burner.

Feldenhofen: the building

Since in these remarks various references are made to Feldenhofen and the individual rooms of it, it seems correct to give a sketch of the house with the room layout; this can be seen on the enclosed figures III A&B⁴. Feldenhofen was a stately, very old manor house; from the front it appeared to be storey-high, backwards it was at ground level, because it was built on the rather steep slope.

The history of the previous owners and the founding legend can be found in the appendix with the old owner's name.

The names of the individual rooms are given in the plan, as they can also be found in the texts. The scale is something like this, that the large salon has dimensions of 8 x 9.5 m.

Feldenhofen, the friendly manor house, was situated about a third of the hill range that borders the Suchadol valley. It was a plateau slope here, because at the top the land fell only very gradually towards the Missling valley.

Around the house were some areas that were laid out as a park, in which there were some beautiful old trees; above all, there were two or three large, thick-stemmed oaks: a particularly beautiful one stood behind the house, which my father thought had been planted at the time of the construction of the house, that is, at about the end of the 16th century.

The access was from the country road to Podgorie; at the junction of the driveway to the house there was a poplar tree on which there was a plaque with the inscription "prepovedani pot", so that we called this road that.

Following the poplar followed some puny chestnut trees, which were to form an avenue; these chestnuts had been acquired at the auction of the estate of the Kürzl Miss of Rotenturm Castle, but never took root well. In front of the house was a beautiful, square gravel square, on which stood a row of cherry-laurel trees, which, according to grandmother's story, had been brought from Goerz by grandfather Peritz as cuttings.

⁴ Keine Abbildungen in dieser Abschrift. Sie sind im Originalmanuskript der Chronik zu finden. (UBA)

On the south side was a small house garden for vegetables, where later father also had his bees; behind the house were several, beautifully graveled, well-weeded places, where tables stood; on the way to the terrace was the so-called Croketplatz. Behind the house, black coffee was usually taken.

On the slope on which Feldenhofen stood, several springs sprang up; Grandfather Peritz had set up some small ditches to protect the house from the effects of water. On the top stood a larger farm – called Fischer – with a stable, and next to it were excavated plots: these were the brick ponds where great-grandfather Peritz had run a brickyard. Fischer's grandfather had been his foreman there. Grandfather had given him the aforementioned property as an inheritance.

During the war, when an electrical line passed near Feldenhofen, I had once connected Feldenhofen to the electricity supply and chiseling through the walls, some of which were very thick, was a lot of work; it was nevertheless very pleasant to have electric light afterwards.

So it is in my special memory how the electric light was already in the front house downstairs and all the neighbors came together there for the flinching of the Kukurrutz; Mom often talked about it. In the large dining room, on the 1st floor, I hung up a beautiful, large old Venetian glass chandelier in the interwar period. Around 1930 I had bought two large Venetian chandeliers at auction in the Dorotheum, of which all the genuine, old parts of both had been used for the large Venetian chandelier in the staircase of Gaaden. From the remains there is still one left, which I hung up in Feldenhofen. Much later, I heard from Pastor Stolić that after we fled from Feldenhofen at Christmas 1945, the peasant boys smashed down the chandelier with stones. Of further memories is Grandmama's large room, where once a fixture was brought in – pencil-dashed – which was used as a guest room especially for Aunt Mizzi Strohbach. In the narrow corner part stood the desk where Grandma did all her calculations.

Of particular importance was the large salon, which was separated backwards by a curtain around 1900, where there were two beds, namely the beautiful large walnut bed from Lambach for me and a small, old, nice classicist bed for father. The large salon used to be called the Monkey Room, as Grandma said, because its walls were painted with a baroque latticework in which monkeys did gymnastics. Unfortunately, there was nothing left of that. The large salon was also the so-called ghost room of Feldenhofen, because – as I was told – a ghostly apparition once completely destroyed the engagement of grandmother's great-grandfather, Franz Peritz. In the large salon also the various family celebrations took place, such as, in particular, the 21st of

August⁵, which was my birthday, grandmother's name day, aunt Hanna's name day and my name day, and which was considered a big family celebration in Feldenhofen and was celebrated accordingly. From the large salon you could go out to the terrace, which had previously been uncovered, but later, around 1910, grandmother had once laid a roof over it. I still remember how, in the time before the First World War, the morning breakfasts with cider and sour milk took place on the terrace with the summer guests.

The roof of Feldenhofen did not look pretty; it must have been around 1897 when grandmother was afraid of the fire hazard of the shingle roof; at that time, Mr. Marischler – the plant director of the Streiteben steelworks – advised her to bring in a master builder he knew – supposedly good – to produce a modern tiled roof; the tiled roof was built too flat, the roof truss was not well furnished, and then the house began to spread; steel clasps had to be pulled in afterwards, so that the attic was quite unusable. The simple, large, flat monopitch roof was very little enough to make the right impression on the beautiful old manor house building.

In a side part of the attic I had found some old tiles, brought a few more from the old Dechantei St. Altenmarkt and set up a small tile museum. The summer and winter windows were also located in the attic, because green blinds were hung in Feldenhofen in summer; but in winter the winter windows came.

In order to create a closed space in front of the house, I had a small wall and a small salettel with a gate built during the war to demarcate it, which resulted in a certain closure of the space in front of the house; from the terrace towards the city along the Prepovedani pot there is said to have been a bowling alley; afterwards grandmamma planted two chestnut trees there, which have grown great; moreover, a fountain was also set up between them by their father.

There was a regular routine of the duties of the household quietly organized by grandmother, which was only slightly modified when there were no guests in the house: then the two hanging lamps and the wall lamp were not lit.

Gusti used 1 -1 1/2 hours every day to care for the lamps; the lamp bodies were set up one after the other in the small cleaning room by the open window, which still had an iron grille, and the small table was used for work, where shoes were also cleaned. The regular work consisted of refilling the kerosene with a small tin candel, which, if necessary, was filled up from

⁵ Der 21 August ist der Namenstag von der Heiligen Johanna Fremiot de Chantal (1572-1641). Gründerin des Nonnenordens der Heimsuchung (Visitation). (UBA).

a large 25 liter can in the cellar; from cleaning the cylinder with a scrap of linen wrapped around an old wooden spoon and removing the charred wick by rubbing it with newspaper. Pruning with wick scissors was frowned upon; grandma did this herself, because the scissors very easily gave cause for fingering, i.e. the flame did not burn evenly over the entire width of the wick but burned higher in a place where soot usually developed, which then settled in the room. As far as I remember, the zippering only occurred after a certain burn-in time, while at first the wick treated with the scissors burned particularly beautifully. Once there had been such a strong zippering in the little salon during supper, and when they had gone over after dinner, all the seats, tables, cupboards were fogged up with fine lamp soot, so that there was nowhere to sit down and the cleaning took days.

New wicks had to be pulled in at longer intervals. That was a state action for grandma. The spare wicks were kept in a small drawer of her desk and tied together according to size. Particularly exciting was the replacement of the wicks in the argand burners; they had a long, full, but soft suction wick and a short, stiff burning wick at the top, which was moved with a slider mechanism with three or four gripper paws and pressed against the suction wick at the same time. To replace the suction wick, the outer burner tube was unscrewed, a filling cartridge was attached to the inner light tube, the gripping flaps were lifted all the way up and folded outwards, the old wick remnant was removed and the new one was pushed open, then the gripping flaps were reset and screwed down into the screwed on burner tube. All in all, a remarkable event for the technically interested boy every time. In the course of the First World War, the lamp-cleaning organization, like many other things, ceased quite quickly. Gusti has left grandma and the luxurious round burners have been replaced by a few, modest flat burners.

Writing down these lamp memories has brought out even more impressions associated with them: once a year, usually soon after I had come to Feldenhofen for the extended summer holidays, a box with spare lamp cylinders, wicks and occasionally also new burners or lampshades from Dithmar arrived in Graz, where grandmother had ordered the special types not carried in Windischgraz, for now and then such a piece broke. The spare lamp cylinders were in a small compartment on the side of the tall, dark old chest in the large salon, on top of which lay the two cushions made of Turkish donkey bags, which today lie on the classicist bench in the Vienna antechamber.

The lamp memories also include the two pairs of wind lights with vanuses; these were old wind-chandeliers made of brown-painted sheet iron, with candles to be added from the outside, of which Grandma said the old wind-lights from my father, which he had used in the bowling alley (which had already disappeared at that time), and the new ones purchased from Grandmama, where the candles were automatically pressed upwards into the right position by a spiral spring. When dinner was served in front of the house on warm summer evenings, grandmother occasionally sent me for the wind-lamps, which were kept in the wall box of the large salon, and where I always brought my great-grandfather's old ones, and where she always remarked: "I prefer my new ones."

The division of work for lam care and evening distribution, as well as the wick and cylinder reserves – always in the same place since time immemorial – and the steady rhythm probably worked to make us feel the silent forces of order behind them and their beneficial effects, and later to try something similar in other situations in life. That's why I appreciate Weinheber's lines:

But save only the deed that it does in silence,
startled by glaring achievement, love flees away.
The noise revels, and sad geniuses
invoke the dignity of being active and human.

The lamp suggestions may have given rise to my interest in lighting fixtures on a wider scale. When father's hanging lamp was mounted in the small salon, the remark was made: "There used to be the small wood-carved chandelier that we brought here from the Weingartenhaus, and which Aunt Hanna got to furnish her salon."

That is probably why the many beautiful glass and wood chandeliers, both in several living rooms and in the junk room in Buchenstein at Baron Kometer's, made such a great impression on me; around 1920, the enthusiasm I expressed about it led Baron Kometer to say: "If you like the chandeliers so much, choose one that you like best." Modest as I was not, I asked for two from the junk room, an eight-candle one with quite beautifully curved and ornate arms and many prisms, which was hung up in the small salon in Feldenhofen, but in 1945, after our escape, was also torn down by the peasant boys, and a small, simpler, six-candle one, which Momo had taken to her apartment in Vienna. when I had brought the beautiful glass-arm dining-

room chandelier from Dapontegasse to Lackierergasse after our marriage. The smaller one hangs today in the guest room on Franziskanerplatz.

Since the 1920s, I have been increasingly interested in chandeliers; perhaps a section will be devoted to further experiences, discussions with Hansl Rath and companies in this direction later.

It was especially nice of Grandma that she often took me, the young boy, with her on her trips and later on her outings. I remember many beautiful trips in the blue-painted carriage of Bohrer from Klagenfurt with Johann as coachman on the trestle to Windischgraz to the Zeilingers in the old trade union house before Rottenbach, possibly to St. Martin to Aunt Pauline Neuner and elsewhere

I also remember a family conference with Momo in Feldenhofen, where Momo and grandmother sat together for a long time; that must have been in the year 1912 and where at the end it was said, unfortunately times have become so bad, we can no longer keep the carriage, we have to give up the carriage and the Johann I only know that I asked at the time, but how are we going to get to church on Sunday, and then I was answered, for this we will take the carriage of Gohl, the Windischgraz innkeeper.

In the later years, the cart was also no longer ordered, and so there were numerous hikes with grandma, which I still remember fondly. In part, you just walked the country road to Windischgraz to visit an old Mrs. Karla Klinger, whose Biedermeier clock made a special impression on me, to the old Matschi Potoschnig with the beautiful flower garden, to the priest, to go shopping or even to the Zeilingers beyond Windischgraz. as she had said, they had gone over the forest and the pond. From Feldenhofen below Tontsch's house behind the Haberwald at the old ice pond they went backwards across the meadows; sometimes they also went up to Lechen: the old, abandoned castle on the higher level above Windischgraz made a great impression on me.

Later, I sometimes thought to myself, wasn't it a subconscious attachment that grandmother thought of how her great-grandmother had been the daughter of the caretaker of Lechen. The old cleared out castle with the four corner towers has always made a great impression on me.

At all these outings, grandmother always wore a dark skirt and a corresponding jacket, but often a white blouse and usually had a purple jabot or a purple scarf.

On these excursions she often discussed with me the thoughts she had during her long solitary winter time: I still remember exactly how she once said: "What different times are these, that you now come to me at least once, sometimes even twice, every year as far away from Vienna (about 260 km) When I was 16 years old, I was sent for the first time from Windischgraz to relatives in Salzburg. It was discussed everywhere whether it was appropriate for a young girl like me to travel so far alone. At that time, the inhabitants of Windischgraz had not made it beyond the closest circle of this small town in most of their lives." Grandma's parents, however, had the beautiful vineyard in Lembach near Marburg and had gone there twice a year to cultivate the vineyard in spring and to harvest it in autumn.

I continued the walks to the Zeilingers and the visits there for a long time after the death of my grandmother. The Zeilingers, as I remember, had given up the old trade before the First World War. Aunt Helene was the last survivor of her tribe to move up to the villa on the edge of the forest, while the trade was bought and continued by a Köllner family.

Later, I also liked to visit Aunt Helene Zeilinger upstairs in her villa. It was all so nice and tidy and you had the feeling that they were also happy about the visits of the young guy. She has also often made quite interesting retrospectives on the past of Windischgraz and the connections with the Feldenhofen family.

A nice remark I remember was the answer to my question as to why her old furniture (some chests of drawers, a tabernacle cabinet and seating furniture) was so beautifully evenly polished; To which she said: "It's very simple, things have been in the family for a long time. We always had a house carpenter and, when he had time, he did politics week after week; in the course of thirty years, every piece was put back on in this way, and when this has happened a few times, then the beautiful silky shine has resulted."⁶.

During one of these visits to Aunt Helene, she suddenly began: "Once I have to tell you something that your family has not yet learned and that has been kept as a secret with us: You must have heard of the ghostly apparition at the upholstery dance in your large salon on the occasion of the planned engagement of your great-grandfather Peritz, when, after the mourning period for his first wife, Franz Peritz wanted to marry the beautiful Katzian's daughter from Windischgraz. When he threw the cushion in front of her during the upholstery dance and knelt

⁶ Am Franziskanerplatz hatte Baba den Herr Weidner, einen pensionierten Tischler, der ihm auf alte Art und Weise allmählich alle Möbel politierte. Anfang der Sechziger war Herr Weidner fast immer da, wurde selbst wie ein Teil des Mobiliar..(UBA)

down there, the salon windows flew open, a cold breeze streamed in, and in front of one window stood a figure in white funeral sheets, which were shaken by the wind. Great terror seized all present; the engagement did not take place; after a moment, everything was gone. The next day, Franz Peritz asked for his deceased wife's niece, your great-grandmother Anna Mali, as his deceased wife had wished. What the Zeilingers know is that Franz Peritz's first wife, when she realized that she would not live much longer, had asked her then relative, the owner of Schloss Gallenhofen – Baron Gallenfels – to ensure that Franz Peritz should marry her own niece, the daughter of the caretaker of Lechen, and not the Katzian woman he had envisaged. As Baron Gallenfels had learned of the planned upholstery dance celebration and engagement in Feldenhofen, he had made the journey to Feldenhofen with his servant and carriage, prepared the ladder beforehand and opened the windows of the large salon accordingly; at the decisive moment he has staged the ghostly apparition there; everything was so well prepared that no one noticed anything about the erection of the ladder and the whole undertaking, so that the ghostly apparition was well carried out and he could quickly disappear again. Even afterwards, everything was kept so secret that your family never found out about it, and only us relatives were given this story under the seal of secrecy. Now, since I am the last of my tribe, it will be communicated to you, so that you can pass it on to your children again for the clarification of the old ghost story."

Perhaps a little story is needed; not long before her death I heard again from Aunt Helene that she had again prepared a large number – I think thirty bottles – of currant wine and kept them in her cellar. When asked why she made so many bottles every year and never drank one of them, she exclaimed in her high, shrill voice: "So that the heirs can say: She knew how to save!"

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 did not bring any great change to family life for the time being. We two children, i.e. I and my sister, were always in Feldenhofen all summer, while we were in Vienna the rest of the year. We experienced the end of the war in Vienna; but since the food situation became very bad, mother and I probably went to grandmamma's at the end of January, beginning of February 1919. Grandma lived in Windischgraz in Hugo Wolf's apartment at the time, as it was too scary for her outside in Feldenhofen. She had her nice old housekeeper Marie with her. We must have been in Feldenhofen for several months, because I still remember that I missed the first introduction to "optics" back in class V and never learned it later. At some point – at the end of April or mid-May – we must have returned to Vienna, at that

time the plundering of Feldenhofen by roaming marauders took place, whereby a man from – as was rumoured – Köttelach at the foot of the Ursula⁷ one or two carts of silver, carpets and other valuables from Feldenhofen.

In 1919, from autumn onwards, the parents stayed in Feldenhofen permanently. They lived modestly with a small farmhouse. I spent all my later holidays in Feldenhofen.

Feldenhofen is full of histories about the former owners. In the appendix, there is a lot of information about this and about Windischgraz with its various surrounding country estates.

APPENDIX

Feldenhofen forms the core of childhood memories and thus the closest home: the small country town of Windischgraz is closely connected to it; almost every day they first drove there by horse-drawn cart, later on foot to buy household necessities that could not be covered by their own economy; a pencil-written commission slip was given with the errands to be carried out. Windischgraz was also the seat of various authorities and offices, district administration, district court, savings bank, post office, the railway station (with station and stop), the church, two schools - one German and one Slovene - in the castle building of Rothenturm, as well as various shops and craftsmen. This gave rise to the first impressions of the complicated composition of human society, how it develops in the course of history as a basis – structure – for the coexistence of people and is in constant further development.

In all vacation periods in Feldenhofen, I have often and often dealt with the history there, both of my own ancestors and the earlier events of Windischgraz and its surroundings. I liked to hear memories from other people and let my own thoughts play about the events of the earlier time. So it may be appropriate here to add an appendix next where this material is summarized

Historical explanations, as I have often read them with much interest in the topographical-statistical lexicon of Styria (publisher J.A. Janisch, Graz 1878) in Buchenstein, follow on the following pages, partly expanded by my own memories and other later data, whereby in particular the data on Feldenhofen's owners have been greatly supplemented. The pretty title page of the Janisch book is shown here as a grateful reminder of this. (Fig. ...)

⁷ Ursulaberg, auf slovenisch Urscka gora.

After Feldenhofen, there is next a lot of information about the city of Windischgraz, in which the various statistical data, place names and family names, which are now outdated and other information that is of little significance for today, have been omitted, but from which the essence of the historical events that took place in Windischgraz over the centuries can be clearly read; this is followed by several excerpts about other residences in the area that have made an impression on me.

Feldenhofen

Castle and rural estate, south of Windischgraz, located in the municipality of Altenmarkt at the foot of the Ursulaberg. In 1878 it belonged to Mrs. Barbara Forstner and had a rounded basic complex of 131 acres of⁸ 1211 fathoms, numerous gardens, pastures with fruit trees, meadows with fruit trees, pastures with forest trees, high forest, pastures, fields and 34 yoke of meadows. The Heinsche Grund with 4 yoke and the Pöschlgrund with 8 yoke also belonged to the estate, so that the whole property comprised 141 yoke 1124 cl.

The castle building is a one-storey, friendly location and is well preserved together with several farm and outbuildings.

The legend tells about the foundation of Feldenhofen: in the 16th century the men of Wiederdriss Castle (near St. Nikolai south of Windischgraz) went to war and left the daughter of the lord of the castle, Johanna, without protection. until the knight Konrad, returning home after the war, investigated them; however, because Wiederiss had fallen into foreign hands, she moved with him to the Windischgraz valley and founded the Feldenhofen estate on the fields in the Suchadol valley, which is called Feldenhofen Castle in an old land register that was lost in 1945.

In 1681 the Feldenhofen estate was owned by Christine Susanne Freiin von Sauer, in 1730 by Johann Georg Freiherr von Sauer (+ 27.I.1778) According to a letter from the Styrian Provincial Archives dated 8.III.1957, Franz Josef von Sauer was imperial district administrator in Styria and adjoint district governor in the district of Celje His widow Maria Caecilia, widow von Jöchlinger, née Baroness von Cosa, was rejected in 1779 when an application for continued payment of the income was rejected. On 15 March 1778, the Feldenhofen estate was sold to cover debts.

⁸ **Joch** als Feld und Waldmass bezeichnet eigentlich ein Stück Land, welches ein Ochsespann (Joch) in einem Tage umzupfügen im Stande ist (daher Jochacker). Als gesetzliches Mass bestand bis zur Einführung des franz. metrischen Systems (1. Jan 1876) das J. in Österreich, wo es auch jetzt noch zur Anwendung kommt. Dieses österr.

With this sales news from the Styrian archive, the opinion often expressed in the family in the past that we were of blood descent from the Counts of Sauer, the first owners of Feldenhofen, is established as unfounded. According to the same information from the Styrian archives, Ph.J.Walter was the owner of the Feldenhofen, Wurzenegg and Haslach estates in 1782 as well as lord of half of the Gült Schrottenegg. In 1784, Ph J. Walter appears in the Landtafel main library as the owner of Feldenhofen, although the transfer of ownership had already taken place earlier. Furthermore, a marriage contract of 26.XI.1782 with the (minor) virgin Barbara Eggerin is also entered in the Landtafel document books; Ph. J. Walter had already been with a Maria Juliane... (+ca. 1780) and had a daughter Juliane from this marriage. At that time, Ph J. Walter was imperial, sub-delegated public commissioner in the city of Windischgraz. We know nothing else about Ph J. Walter (+1810 approx.); his widow Barbara owned Feldenhofen from 1811. Later, already quite old, she married the nephew of the then dean of Altenmarkt, Franz Xaver Peritz, whom his uncle, the dean, had brought from Gorizia, as well as his sister, who - also at that time - had married the owner of the Plaschhof near Rottenmann.

Franz Xaver married around 1815, after the death of the much older woman Barbara (Walter), her niece Anna, née Malli, daughter of the caretaker of Lechen, after the prepared engagement cushion dance with the beautiful Katziana daughter had previously ended unsuccessfully due to a ghostly apparition – as previously recounted. This is how the connection with the Malli family came about, which will later be shown and followed in more detail.

We know nothing about the ancestry of Franz Xaver Peritz; he is said to have come from a branch of the Peritz von Peritzhofen family, who had previously discarded the nobility.

The only daughter of Franz Xaver Peritz married in 1846 a Franz Forstner, then local and criminal judge of the lordship of Laubegg, later imperial and royal district judge in Windischgraz. Franz Forstner was a son of the wealthy Marburg master builder and Lembach vineyard owner of the same name and his wife Josepha Sandal (also spelled Santol), who is said to come from the Santol von Dobann family (from Katsch near Mautern?), but my research has been unsuccessful.

The Pickern winery

From Franz Forstner, the pretty, small Pickern winery in Lembach near Marburg came from his family to the Feldenhofen grandmother. Not far away were the two vineyards of Hofrichter; as far as I remember, if the Forstners were once related to the court judges or related by marriage, these wine properties were very old, South Styrian bourgeois wine possessions. They must have been monastic in the past, because among the old parchment documents in the Feldenhofen altar box were preserved vineyard transfer documents of the Lembach area from the 14th century.

Grandma told me how as a child she had driven every year with her parents to Pickern through the Drau Valley for the grape harvest with her parents and how the maids and a farmhand from Feldenhofen also went on foot above the Bachern to help with the harvest.

Momo often visited Pickern as a girl and grew very fond of him and often told him about the vineyard.

In 1901, grandmother sold pickers; she said that the care of two separate estates was too much for her – and bought a huben on the other side of Suchadol von Farski with the proceeds; and this was called Hanselhuben, because in that year I⁹ and Hans had been baptized.

Franz Forstner's sister owned the small estate of Treuenegg in the Drau Valley; she had married a Prince Sulkowski, in whose family Treuenegg had remained until 1945.

Franz Forstner died in 1883; his widow Katharina Barbara (Betti) succeeded as owner of Feldenhofen, and after her death her daughter Johanna, the author's grandmother, followed as owner. In 1877, Johanna Forstner married the political official Adolf Rotondi von Arailza, then an imperial and royal city clerk. A special annex is attached to the Arailza family.

Since Johanna Forstner's marriage produced only 3 daughters, whose eldest, Paula, had died of scarlet fever at a young age, there was now only female succession again in the sixth inheritance of Feldenhofen; at that time, Feldenhofen was often referred to as a box castle in the Styrian lowlands.

After Grandmama's death in 1922, her daughters Elisabeth and Hanna followed in equal shares in possession of Feldenhofen, since my mother Elisabeth had destroyed the will after Grandma's death, in which she would have been the full heiress of Feldenhofen. Aunt Hanna was

⁹ Baba schreibt 1901, wo er jedoch 1903 geboren ist. Er muss dabei an Muttis Geburtsjahr gedacht haben. Ich lasse es wie geschrieben im Text (UBA)

to receive a package of securities that was equivalent to the value of Feldenhofen before the war, but had now become worthless after the bad outcome of the war in 1919.

After the end of the Second World War, Feldenhofen was nationalized; after the short refund of a part in the autumn of 1945 - as described in detail in connection with my bicycle trip from Berlin to Feldenhofen - and after our escape at Christmas 1945, everything was lost; the field ownership became a large enterprise, the forest was attached to the state forests.

Windischgraz (slov. Sloven-Gradez).

The town lies 348.2 metres above sea level between the high Bacher and the high Ursula mountains in the Mislingthal, which flows into the Drauthal after uniting with the Missthale near Unterdrauburg. The Velka and Mala Kappa of the Bachern are visible from the town. To the west rises the Schlossberg, on which stands the castle church of St. Pankraz, the parish church of Altenmarkt with the solitary tower. The Hinterburg, the ancestral seat of the Windischgrätz family, is said to have once stood there. 1538 Meter 1695.3 Meter

From the castle hill there is a magnificent panorama: the whole Mislingthal, the Ursula Hill with its church, the Rasswald Mountains, the Podgorje Valley, the Dobrova Forest, between the Podgorje Valley and Mislingthal, St. Martin, Maria Hometz, the castles of Lechen, Gallenhofen, Feldenhofen and Gradisch, the Querthal, towards Unterdrauburg with the Annaberg and the churches of Rottenbach and Pametsch.

The city itself is of ancient architecture; it was once surrounded by walls, which - like the city moat - are visible in places. Rotenthurm Castle encloses the town on one side, and the former administrative building of the Wiederdrisse lordship on the other.

Of the many old gravestones of the Windischgraz town church, the following should be mentioned: near the high altar of Otto Heribert Herr von Kulmer, died in 1746, further those of the family of Christoph Herr von Gaisruck zu Scherberg, from 1504, 1547, 1555 and 1556; then that of Ludwig Franz Rosina von Burtenberg, of Sigmund von Gaisruck in 1544 and his wife, then the monument of Justine, wife of Franz Gapp von und zu Tamerburg; behind a pews of the right side chapel is a platter for Baron von Güldnpfeng, a nephew of Maria Caecilia von Sauer. The Windischgraz parish church, St. Elisabeth, formed a part of the parish of St. Pankraz in

Altenmarkt for several centuries until 1620. It was completed in 1291, but does not seem to have had its own priest until 1471.

Other notable buildings are Rothenthurm Castle at the north-western exit of the town with a large garden, owned by Anton Ritter von Naredi-Rainer, the leather factory of Fr. Pototschnig, the brewery of Franz Bouvier, the houses of the merchant Winkler as well as those of Adolf Bouvier and Klinger, and Kordik's pharmacy; the latter building and that of the baker Unger are probably the oldest in the city. The apothecary's house is said to have been the mint of the Lords of Windischgrätz.

The district road leads through Windischgraz to Weitenstein, Celje and Schönstein; it passes the Hudalukna bottleneck with a magnificent grotto and a monument to Archduke Johann.

Martin Plesutschnig, property owner in Raswald, runs the most extensive timber trade with buildings at the foot of the Ursula Mountains that are spacious enough to accommodate tourists; the hospitality of the owner is known far and wide. Manufacturing sites include the armchair factory of the factory tenant Josef Farsky, then the Josef Zeilinger scythe factory and the leather and tan factory of Mrs. Pototschnig. An hour outside the city, in the municipality of Altenmarkt, there is a coal mine owned by Josef Farsky, the quality approaches the glossy coal; it occurs in several seams of 1-12 feet thick.

In Windischgraz, 4 annual and cattle markets are held annually.

Numerous excursions can be made from Windischgraz; via Altenmarkt to the Schlossberg, the Rachteberg, to Gradisch, through the Feldnerhofner Dobrova with resting places (the Waldessalon and the Waldesandacht) to Lechen and the Lechnerwald.

Historically, Windischgraz can be traced back a long way: Windischgraz was already a settled place and a fixed place in Roman times; it was called Collatium and established the connection between Celeja and Virunum. At the end of the 11th century, Count Werigand of Weimar and Orlasmünde, the last grandson of the Margraves on the Sann, had his main palatinate here.

We read that Windischgraetze (sic) was constantly of importance in the documents of the years 1163, 1164, 1187, 1206.

The successors of Weimar and Orlamünde in the possession of Windischgrätz were the Carinthian dukes Sponheim-Ortenburg, margraves in Istria and dukes of Dalmatia from 1187 to 1204. At the beginning of the 13th century, Windischgrätz Castle and the market belonged to

Count Berthold of Merano and Andechs, who donated them to the Patriarchate of Aquileia in 1251. The patriarchs of Aquileia now gave Windischgrätz as a fief to Duke Ulrich of Carinthia around 1267 and to King Ottokar of Bohemia in 1270, the latter often stayed here. In 1305, the Patriarch of Aquileia concluded a protective alliance for 6 years with Carinthian dukes Otto and Henry; they received Windischgrätz Castle for 30 years. After Duke Frederick the Beautiful had come to power in Austria in 1306 and Carinthia was also awarded to him in 1307, Bishop Heinrich von Gurk, together with the Counts of Heunburg, besieged Windischgrätz on the order of the Duke and pressed it to such an extent that it surrendered on Margaret's Day in 1308. In 1309, however, Duke Frederick of Carinthia ceded it to King Henry of Bohemia, who bequeathed the castle and town of Windischgrätz to Konrad von Aussenstein; In 1361, Conrad and his brother returned the Windischgrätz fief to the Patriarch of Aquileia, which was then granted to the Dukes of Austria, after a settlement had already been sealed in 1358 between the Austrian Duke Albrecht and the Patriarch Nicolaus.

When a hereditary fraternity was concluded between Emperor Charles IV and Duke Rudolf in 1364, Duke Rudolf had vow letters issued to him by the estates and individual dynasts at a high price. The document of 16 March 1364 concerning Windischgrätz was from the Burgrafen, the peasants of Windischgrätz and Reinprecht von Windischgrätz. In the same year, however, on the Wednesday after Sunday Judica, Duke Rudolf pledged the town of Windischgrätz to the Styrian governor Cholo von Saldenhofen for a new loan.

Duke Leopold, who took over the lands of Inner Austria from Albrecht, confirmed the old rights of the church of Windischgrätz in 1377.

In 1407, the Austrian dukes Leopold and Ernst once again pledged the town of Windischgrätz to the brothers Reinprecht and Friedrich von Wallsee. On 12 April 1416, Duke Albrecht confirmed to Reinprecht von Wallsee the full enjoyment of the town of Windischgrätz and its appurtenances, which had previously been pledged to them 28 years ago. In 1425, the Patriarch Louis of Aquileia came to Styria and solemnly confirmed the fiefs of his old and new vassals at Windischgrätz.

On 25 January 1436, Duke Frederick IV confirmed the old rights and freedoms of the city; he also allowed the citizens to bring their harvest from the vineyards of Lembach through Feistritz and by the other ordinary country road to their town.

In 1455, Emperor Frederick III awarded the town of Windischgrätz a fair in the name of Elisabeth.

In the years 1473 and 1476, a horde of Turks invaded Styria via Carinthia; they devastated the town of Windischgrätz, burned and plundered and took many people with them as prisoners. On Friday after St. Johann Bapt. In 1484, Leonhard Presinger received the care of the castle and office of Windischgratz from Emperor Friedrich. In 1489 the Hungarians - coming from Lavamünd - attacked the Windischgraz Schlossberg, which had previously been fortified by the peasants against the Turks, but could not hold. The citizens of the city handed over the city to the Hungarians. It was not until 1490, after King Mathias Hunyady's death, that the young Roman king, Maximilian, successively took all the places occupied by the Hungarians in Styria. At that time, the Hungarian field colonel, Zakl, also handed over the city of Windischgraz, which was now awarded to Ladislaus Prager.

In 1493, Franz Prager received Windischgrätz Castle with the instruction to demolish it because of its dilapidation and to build the Schuldhaizinger Turm in the city (today's Rothenthurm Castle) instead. (A report on this will follow at the hides). Before the new anniversary in 1495, Grienwald received the care of this tower.

In 1506, Emperor Maximilian confirmed the town rights of Windischgraz, which had been established in 1436. In 1506, Hanns von Dietrichstein received the office of Windischgraz from Emperor Maximilian. In 1509, the town was badly damaged by a great fire.

In 1513, Emperor Max dedicated the office and castle, the land and the glory of Windischgrätz to Franz von Dietrichstein, heir in Carinthia.

On the occasion of the continuing Turkish threat, all cities, markets, monasteries and lordships had to make advances of money to the sovereign; in 1539, for example, the town of Windischgratz paid 68 fl.

In 1569 and 1589, Duke Charles confirmed the privileges of the town. In 1574, the lordship became available to Hanns Khisel zum Kaltenbrunn against payment of the pledge sum on it, which was assigned to the court chamber.

The Reformation seems to have found little entry into and around Windischgraz; there was no news of this; at the presence of the Counter-Reformation Commission in Windischgraz on January 24, 1600, nothing was found to be reprimanded.

In 1609, Archduke Ferdinand confirmed the privileges of the city. On April 12, 1632, a large fire broke out during the night, which, with the exception of the hospital church, the hospital house and the Rottenberg tower, reduced the entire town to ashes. In 1628, Emperor Ferdinand III confirmed the privileges of the city.

For more than a century, the chronicle does not report anything about Windischgraz.

The last privileges were awarded by Empress Maria Theresa in 1770 and Emperor Franz in 1809.

At the beginning of January 1810, when the French were in Graz for the last time and marched via Lower Styria to Carinthia and Carniola, a detachment of Macdonald's corps also marched through Windischgraz; since the city resisted, two citizens were summarily convicted and shot.

On May 10, 1811, a large part of the city burned down again.

Until 1848, nothing remarkable can be reported about the fate of the city; she led a tranquil still life at their small country towns, from which she was only shaken up by the storm and stress years of 1848; a National Guard was formed under Captain Riess.

In 1850, the newly appointed imperial and royal authorities were organised, making the town the centre of a district administration.

At the end of the 19th century, the well-known Austrian composer Hugo Wolf¹⁰ born; at that time, the Styrian poet Ernst Goll, from the local inn family of the same name, also lived there.

Altenmarkt (Lit. Stariterg)

The deanery of Altenmarkt includes the parishes of Altenmarkt, Windischgraz, St. Martin, St. Johann, Rasswald, St. Nikolaus bei Wiederdriss, St. Egyd bei Turiak, St. Veit bei

¹⁰ Hugo Wolf wurde am 13. März 1860 in Windischgraz geboren; er war das vierte unter acht Kindern. Die Familie besass eine Ledergerberei. Wolf zeigte schon ganz jung seine grosse musikalische Begabung. Schon in früher Jugend begann er zu komponieren, vor allem Lieder zu Musik zu setzen: "damals komponierte ich fast jeden Tag ein gutes Lied, mitunter auch zwei". Nach einem Grossbrand in der Gerberei, war die finanzielle Lage der Familie schwer und der junge Komponist, trotz seinem Einkommen durch Schüler, hatte auch seine Geldsorgen: Folgendes aus einem Brief des Vaters zum 18. Namenstage: "*Darfst Dich nicht wundern darüber so lange keinen Brief von mir zu erhalten, wenn ich Dir sage, dass ich alle 5 Zimmer an den Schwiegersohn des Forster, Bezirkskommissar Arailza um 350 fl. vermietete, und wir in den hinteren Trakt übersiedelten, [...] so wäre Dir vielleicht doch mit dem Sommeraufenthalt hier gedient, da Du auch dort wenig Anregung findest, und wenn auch so sind die Existenzsorgen Deinem Studium hinderlich, im Herbst kann sich wieder alles anders gestalten. Wenn auch ich kein Clavier habe, könntest beim Tomschek Dich üben und Arailza hat auch ein sehr gutes neues Clavier...*" Frank Walker "Hugo Wolf, Eine Biographie", Graz 1953, Seite 95. Ins Deutsche übertragen von Witold Schey. (UBA).

Waldek, Pametsch, Dollitsch, St. Peter am Kronenberg, Podgorje and Sciele. St. Pankraz in Altenmarkt is under the patronage of the Diocese of Ljubljana.

In the valley below the Schlossberg is the newer, baroque parish church with the deanery building. On the outer wall of the new church, to the right of the small side staircase in the choir wall, are the two family tombs of Peritz / Forstner and von Zeilinger.

The mountain above the new church is called Windischgrazer Schlossberg. A temple of the Roman colony – collatium – is said to have stood here even before the Christian era. The construction of the Schlossberg Church is peculiar and reveals a great age. The four cross vaults are supported by a colossal white Roman marble column. The bell tower – of massive construction – stands separate from the church and was formerly a warthum on the side; the floor gives a hollow sound here and there, which suggests subterranean rooms. In the church is the tomb of the priest Andreas Tautscher, who died in 1638 and later became Bishop of Ljubljana, whose coffin, according to legend, floats in the air of the crypt vault. The church entrance is marked with the year 1208, but it already existed in 1174. The privileges of this church are confirmed by the Patriarchs of Aquileia, several times in 1330, 1337, 1339, 1342 and 1395.

In the privilege given by Duke Leopold of Gorizia in 1377, the respective pastor received the right to judge on all his estates in the city and in the area of Windischgraz with the reservation of the neck court.

According to a document of Emperor Frederick III of 1453, he gave the parish of Altenmarkt to his councillor Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, later Pope Pius II.

In 1573 and 1599, Archduke Charles confirmed the privileges granted by Emperor Frederick.

In 1272, Seyfried von Mährenberg was captured here by order of King Ottokar by Ortholf of Windischgraz, then extradited to Prague and executed there, who then summoned King Rudolf of Habsburg to the country.¹¹

Gallenhofen

Castle and estate in the local community of Lechen, barely 1000 steps away from the Count of Thurn's Lechen Castle. This includes a basic complex of 91 yoke of field, etc. The

¹¹ Unklar aber steht so in Baba's MS (UBA).

location of the castle is very beautiful and you can enjoy the view of the whole Misslingthal and the Ursula Valley from the windows of the west-facing rooms. A view of the original building can be found in Vischer's Schlösserbuch; A picture after the reconstruction by Baron von Czörnig shows Carl Reichert's album "Steiermark, Einst und Jetzt" published in Graz in 1864. South of the castle there is a large, beautiful park, a creation of Baron Czörnig, who also made the castle itself homely in the latest taste. The free location of the castle and the spaciousness of the farm buildings make it a beautiful property.

Gallenhofen belonged to Sigmund Gotthard Berthold in 1681, Anna Katharina von Führenberg in 1790, and Franz Xaver von Führenberg in 1798. Among the newer owners are the statistician Baron Gallenfels, who is known as an economist, and Baron Czörnig. It was bought from Czörnig by Veriand Prince of Windischgrätz, who – in memory of his ancestors – wanted to buy several estates here. Prince Windischgrätz sold the estate to Rudolf Graf Schaffgotsch.

Count Schaffgotsch was first succeeded as owner by Major Panzner, who organized spiritistic séances, and then by the writer Toresani until it came into peasant ownership. A Roman stone was also found near Gallenhofen, which is used as a table.

In the autumn of 1945, Gallenhofen was a weapons and ammunition depot and - just as I was driving down the country road to St. Martin with my son Otto - it blew up with a big bang; Since then, it has been destroyed.

Gradisch (slov. Like)

Gradisch Castle and estate in the municipality of Gradisch; there are beautiful illustrations in Vischer's Schlösserbuch, before it was later greatly simplified; now it is owned by farmers. The subjects of the estate were drawn to the lordship of Lechen at a very early age. From 1780 to 1798 it was owned by Ernst Graf von Thurn.

Hartenstein (formerly Forchtenstein)

Hartenstein is depicted in Vischer's Schlösserbuch; Castle and estate in the municipality of Dobrova, near Windischgraz. The chateau is without architectural decoration, a converted hunting lodge on the watershed between the Missling and the Podgorjebacje, in the middle of the forest; it was inhabited in 1878 by Baron Dickmann's forester, but belonged to the Hüttenberger

Eisenwerksgesellschaft, which produced charcoal here. The basic complex is a total of 263 bays. Earlier owners were the Galler, Attems and Jöchlinger; In 1730, Franz Josef Sterner was the owner; In 1736 it was bought by Georg Josef Schröckinger von Neuenberg.

In 1750 it was owned by Juliane Freiin von Kulmer. 1798 Johann Nepomuk Freiherr von Kulmer, then the Josef Pachernegg heir.

Around 1917, it was bought by Mrs. Jirku, a Viennese banker's daughter Mayer/Comperz. In 1945, Hartenstein was expropriated and nationalized. Mrs. Jirku later married a Swede, Stridsberg, and wrote 2 or 3 books with memories from Hartenstein.

Lechen (slov. Legen)

The community lies partly at the foot, partly on the southern slopes of the Bacher, respectively the Kremserhöhe, and is crossed by several streams, such as the Gradisc and Barbarabach. Lechen, the castle and estate in the municipality of the same name near Windischgraz, has a basic complex of 989 yokes. The castle is located east of the town of Windischgraz on a plateau that forms the watershed between the Miessling and the Rekkabache coming from the gorges of the Bacher and is known as Lechenfeld. An exact date of construction of the castle is unknown; it must have been in the 16th century. The view in Vischer's Schlösserbuch is probably not based on an original photograph. The castle was a massive two-story building that had been uninhabited since 1878; the farm buildings were already largely demolished and deserted at that time. In St. Martin's rests the last owner, the deserving theatre and savings bank rector, father of the poor and Styrian councillor Max Graf Thurn, rests in a crypt of the side chapel. In 1878 the owner was Count Hyacinth Thurn, member of the Reichstag of Carniola and his wife; after their death, the Thurn-Valsassina line of Bleiberg in Carinthia followed.

In the past, the Lechen lordship was owned by the Leissers; In 1720 Franz Anton Graf von Schrottenbach and then in 1729 Maria Charlotta Countess Schrottenbach, née Countess von Thurn, were in possession of this estate. In 1737 it was inherited by Max Sigmund, Count of Thurn and Valsassina. In 1798 Ernst Graf von Thurn was in possession and since then it has always remained in the Thurn family. With the patrimonial lordship of fiefs were still Gradisch and the Heil. Geist.Spitalsgült zu Windischgraz.

Around 1800, Johann Georg Mally was the caretaker of the Lechen estate, whose daughter Anna later married Franz Peritz, owner of Feldenhofen.

Around 1930, the castle building was demolished and the beautiful ovens were brought to Streitleben.

Rotenthurm

Castle and estate in the town of Windischgraz, owned in 1878 by Anton Ritter von Neredi-Rainer zu Harbach and his wife Marie; at that time it had a basic complex of 126 bays. Rotenthurm Castle was built in 1493 on the site of Windischgraz Castle, which had become dilapidated. The new building was first called Schultenheizinger-Thurm before it was given the name Rotenthurm. The castle (birthplace of the well-known Graz Regional Court President at the time, Baron von Kulmer) is located at the west end of the city, it is extensively built; Ritter von Naredi-Rainer tried to make the property worth seeing through facilities and building restoration.

In addition to Wiededriss, which had belonged to Rotenthurm in 1878, the properties of Waldegg, Rottenegg and Hartenstein also belonged to it and formed the land and district court lordship of Rotenthurm, which had once been owned by the Rottal, Meixner and Wolkalitsch families and since the beginning of the 1800 century by the baronial family of Kulmer. The coat of arms above the gate and the magnificent gravestone of Field Marshal Lieutenant Otto Heribert von Kulmer bear witness to the old owners; after the Kulmers, Josef Pachernigg became the owner of the estate, from whose heirs Anton Ritter Naredi bought Rotenthurm and Wiededriss from Rainer. The historian Baron Czörnig suspects Rotenthurm to be the ancestral seat of the princely family of Windischgrätz.

From about 1880 Rotenthurm was owned by the Kürzl'sche Fräuleins and from the beginning of 1910 it was a Slovenian school.

Wiededriss

In 1878, the castle and estate in the municipality of Wiededriss were owned by Anton Ritter von Naredi-Rainer zu Harbach. The old fortress Wiededriss, which was once called Woderis primum et secundum (the second castle was probably in the neighboring community), was destroyed by a fire at the end of the 16th century. The current castle offers nothing of interest.

Former owners were the Gall, Sobriach and Gamser. In 1436, Wilhelm Metz sold this castle, which was feudal to the Patriarch of Aquileia, to Duke Frederick the Younger for his son Moritz, Eustach Ebersteiner and Hansen Winter. In the same year, 1436, Hanns Ungnad, court marshal of the duke, received the enfeoffment of the fortress of Wiederdrisse as a thank you for his loyal services. In 1681 it belonged to the Ruess heirs. In 1730 Leopold Karl Freiherr von Gabelkhofen and in 1784 Josef Remschak were in possession of this estate, from which the latter it came to Franz Freiherr von Jauerburg, who sold it again in 1789 to Josef Anton Remschak, from whom it came to his widow Maria in 1801. In 1803 it passed to Josef Konrad, on 22 July 1809 to his son Josef Paulin Conrad, on 20 January 1815 to Georg Kometer and on 11 January 1817 to Dismas Popp. From 1833 it was owned by Josef Pachernegg, who died in 1864, from whose heirs the Rainer-Naredi acquired the estate on 31 December 1870. Around 1925, Wiederdriss was owned by farmers; the castle building was burned out when doughnuts were baked once on New Year's Day.

General Thoughts on the Value and Significance of Land Ownership

When, in the course of my rehabilitation stay in St. Andrä am Zicksee near the Hungarian border, I looked through the section about Windischgraz and the residences of its surroundings for readability and grammatical coherence, the question arose to me as to how the city and the residences have affected state and personal issues at different times.

First of all, one notices how in the Middle Ages until the beginning of the modern era, the city with its castle was enfeoffed, mortgaged and awarded, i.e. was an object of value for the sovereign himself. In general, the residences in Styria were not very extensive to the extent directly associated with them, so that only a few strong families appeared in this context. Furthermore, while reading through it, I was very struck by how few names appear among the owners who had once somehow come before my eyes in historically larger, different contexts. In the later times of the 17th and 18th centuries, it was actually only the Kulmers who were found to be a remarkable family of some duration. Otherwise, however, there are many names that do not sound like anything.

Apparently, as early as the 18th century, but especially in the 19th century, land ownership was largely a capital determination, based on the experience that land ownership provides good security against currency decline in the long term, and that one can only count on

a modest income of about 1 1/2 % per year. Since the land holdings in Styria, with a few exceptions, comprised only one or a few hundred yokes, they were by no means suitable for running a manorial household. Around 1900, the value of a yoke may be estimated at about 1000 crowns, so that one could expect a lease income of only 1500 crowns per year from 100 yoke of fields.

I may have been about 9 or 10 years old when my father asked me: "What do you want to be when you grow up, what do you want to study?". When I answered quite conceitedly: "I don't need to study, I will inherit Feldenhofen," father replied calmly: "For an educated, modern person, the income to be expected from Feldenhofen is much too small to be more than a large farmer who works from morning to night." He continued: "Look at how Grandmamma's husband, as a political official, left her a pretty pension, on which she essentially lives; Grandmamma's father was also a district judge and so the conditions were similar there. Feldenhofen, with its beautiful house and small income, is a valuable addition if you earn the foundation for life yourself." That made sense to me and I said: "Then I want to become an electrical engineer. I've been interested in electrical engineering for a long time." Said and done, and never regretted.

Certainly, the permanent security value of land ownership has been an important factor in the pursuit of it; this was especially true as long as serfdom, or the right of subjection, still existed, which was abolished in 1848.

In Feldenhofen there was a beautiful tabernacle box in the large salon and in it a handwritten urbar was kept, perhaps from the time before 1600, when the achievements of the subjects were indicated as far up as Podgorje, Rasswald and St. Nikolai, i.e. from places with a distance of six to twelve km. In it, the annual taxes on eggs, flour, fat, chickens, grain, etc. were neatly recorded from farm to farm. If I remember correctly, there were some farms among them, which were known to me personally not only by name but also from my summer hikes and where the services did not seem excessive to me in relation to the size of the farm.

It should be remembered that the manor lordship meant the political representation of the farms for a long time. After 1848, political organization came through the administrative bureaucracy, where Windischgraz became the local center.

Perhaps it is too narrow-minded to view the problem of land ownership only from the two perspectives (a) administration and care of the associated population and (b) as a secure preservation of value.

One should probably also remember that a possession of land has often, and sometimes for centuries, been a valuable possession of rest for deserving men, and finally, as an important further factor, the great value of land ownership for one or the other of the growing youth comes before my mind as a basis for flying out and wandering in the vicinity and penetrating it more closely. Such opportunities were offered to me for years in Feldenhofen. There I went - as well as the bees around their new hive - first with small loops to explore the surrounding area and later, in hour-long hikes, roamed the surrounding mountains with the Gaisrücken (Poger), the Ursula, the Krnigkogel and the peaks of the Kapa, got to know the farmers and learned their language and, above all, a piece of southern Styria very much.

Very gradually, the exploration expanded, in which I first took the pedal bike with me and later significantly expanded the loops of hiking with the NSU motorcycle.

Youth and Studies: 1914-1927

Since autumn 1914, Hans has been at the Franz-Josef Realgymnasium, Stubenbastei, after passing his entrance exam very well. He learns very easily, Latin is playful.

June 1st. Hansl had 51.7 kg on 28.IX.1914; today only ; But he is quite well there! He often dissects the rather affected and old-maid sister; Both argue a lot. 46 kg

As always, about the holidays in Feldenhofen. Already the second summer "in the war" and no end in sight.

December 24. On this Christmas Day, Hans developed acute appendicitis and had to be transferred to the Auersperg sanatorium immediately (at 10 o'clock in the evening); was operated on at 11 o'clock at night, thank God, he is already quite well on the 27th, little fever; no pain! I am completely with him, he is very good and does not move! On the 3rd day after the operation he could already eat everything, felt very well, because there was no pain. On the 31st of December we came home again; he gets up by the hour, goes back to school on January 17; alone he makes up for what he has missed.

At the end of June 1916, Hans completed the II Realgymnasium class with good success. None (3). In the summer, father comes to Feldenhofen and takes Hans to Graz for 2 1/2 days.

Visit to the old town, impressive walks in Eggenberg Castle and Zeughaus. Acquisition of a Whimshurst influence machine, which reached Vienna via Feldenhofen and became the basis for many experiments there.

Hans is quite well-behaved, has become a prefect in the Congregation, graduated with only a passing grade in mathematics.

In the summer of 1917, journey with father from Feldenhofen via Klagenfurt and the Dobbiaco Field (prisoner of war camp, where men stood around naked), via Franzensfest and Brenner to Innsbruck (3 days stay there, including a trip to Seefeld), then 3 days in Salzburg, where father explained to me the beautiful buildings in the beautiful country.

At Easter 1918 for 8 days in Lüttenberg. Hans indulged in the culinary delights of Aunt Hanna, he thinks a lot of good food! He is the first assistant in the Congregation; he graduated from the IV class with preference.

School closure in October due to Spanish flu; Hans drove alone with me to Feldenhofen, and we stayed there from the 8th to the 20th.

In the autumn, the war comes to an end; at that time shootings in Vienna, Hörlgasse.

How little is remembered in detail after 63 years. First of all, I see father sitting at the closed piano with his arms propped up, inwardly completely destroyed by the collapse of the state structure that for him as a fatherland was the epitome of solidity, the old Austria.

New states are formed around Vienna; in the north, Czechoslovakia around Prague with Masaryk and Beneš. They cover the Sudetenland (northern Bohemia), but also some Silesia, Moravia, parts of northern Hungary, the Váh Valley to Košice and, of course, Pressburg.

In the northeast, Poland is formed with other parts of Silesia and Bukovina.

In the southeast, King Alexander expands Serbia into Yugoslavia, takes Croatia, parts of the Banat, Slovenia (i.e. Carniola with parts of the littoral) and reaches deep into Styria and Carinthia, where the liberation struggles develop in the latter, which through Dr. Lemisch and Gorthon bring back much for Carinthia, while Lower Styria with Marburg, Celje, Pettau, and unfortunately also Feldenhofen, with Yugoslavia.

In the south, Italy pockets Trieste and parts of Gorizia and Gradsike, some of Carinthia and a lot of Tyrol.

In Hungary, however, the Soviet Republic broke out under Bela Kun.

Father officially retired on March 31, 1919 with the title of section chief, an office he had de facto held for several years, because the official section chief Kosinsky – a lawyer – as a Pole only held the honorary position. As far as I remember, father finished his service on 31 December 1918 and stayed at home from January 1919; so he was an old-old pensioner, which put him in a bad position in terms of salary; Momo has alluded several times to the fact that this was an unfriendliness of his closest employees, especially the later section chief Dittes.

I always remember this bad time: once in the evening in bed, before going to sleep, I heard a conversation between father and mother through the open dining room door, where father said sadly that all his ideas and hopes were over; Austria is no more, her age is miserable, and no prospect of doing anything for us; But then mother said, "No, one must hope in God, it is not as bad and hopeless as you see it now, we have my mother in Feldenhofen; there we will go with the children and help; God will stand by us for the future." Then I fell asleep, trusting in Mother's words. Soon afterwards we drove to Feldenhofen; the greater part of the apartment in Dapontegasse was soon made available to Ferry and Giza Bertele, who had fled from Hungary.

New names appear in the newspapers: for the rest of Austria, Renner and Seitz, Glöckel, Breitner, Dr. O. Bauer, Dr. Tandler¹², all Social Democrats, behind whom there are new people, such as the Ankerbrot-Mendel for Tandler and Glöckel; in addition, there is the Schutzbund. In the wider world, it is Clemenceau, the French tiger, and Lloyd George (England's best Home Secretary and worst Foreign Secretary, as he was later called in the *Illustr. London News*), and Woodrow Wilson, the American peacemaker, who saw his main task as liberating the oppressed of the Habsburg dungeon of nations. If one reads the book "A Study of Psychology" by Freud and Bullit, published in 1936, then W. Wilson shows himself to be a severe psychopath, obsessed with the deepest resistance against the old order of Central Europe, and towards his end filled with the idea of being a greater human redeemer than Jesus Christ through his efforts to satisfy peoples and exterminate Austria-Habsburg.

60 years later, the liberation of the peoples of 1919 seems to everyone to have been only the destruction of a beautiful, slowly grown country that offered faith, trust, job opportunities and a home to many people through intellectual recipes. How little is it believed today that all people are equal and have the same right to the same high, material position. How different are people really?

Soon after the beginning of the year, due to the poor food situation in Vienna, we move completely to Feldenhofen, or Windischgraz, to Grandmama. At that time in Windischgraz, in the Hugo Wolf House, which at that time belonged to his sister – Mrs. Konsitsch – she had rented the small, ground-floor apartment where Hugo Wolf had been born at that time, and where his piano still stood in the back room. In the later war period, it had no longer been a secret for grandmother to live alone with her old cook Marie in Feldenhofen.

You should know more: How did Yugoslavia establish itself? When did the Carinthian liberation struggles begin and how were they ended or how did the putsch of General Majster come about?

The parents decide to stay longer with grandmother in Feldenhofen. but I came back to Vienna after Easter; in secondary school, I missed the chapter on optics and never relearned.

In Feldenhofen and Windischgraz, the emergence of the new Yugoslavia and the independence of the Slavic population – called Windische by us – made a great impression on

¹² Julius Tandler wurde Bürgermeister von Wien. Baba hatte den Sohn Wilhelm (Bill) Tandler als Schulkollege. Als Jude emigrierte dieser vor dem II Welt –Krieg nach den USA und wurde dort bei Arthur Little Inc. tätig. Baba hielt noch Kontakt mit ihm in den frühen 60er Jahren (UBA).

me and often made me think about it, bring thoughts and considerations, which are somewhat elaborated in the following and will certainly have to be repeated or rethought later.

Expansion tendencies of different linguistic sections of the population

(On the political stability of areas with multilingual populations or not very pronounced social differences).

This was the name of the first written study, for example, because in the spring of 1919 in Feldenhofen, soon after the emergence of the new Yugoslav state structure, I had written under the impressions of its emergence as a new, political state; I had kept this essay for a long time, but now that I wanted to use it to compile my memories, it is no longer to be found. So after the anger over the loss, I decided to put the thoughts together a second time.

Grandmama's renting in the Wolf House in Windischgraz was quite right, because during the end of the war, when the Slovenians in Lower Styria and Carinthia tried to take over larger parts of Yugoslavia, Yugoslav inclusion movements had also developed in southern Styria, which were led by an officer Mayjster (later a general) and achieved the takeover of Marburg. In the course of the back and forth between the forces preserving Styria and those tending towards the new Yugoslavia, a group from Köttelbach had also broken into Feldenhofen and taken away a cart loaded with beautiful carpets and grandmother's silver, along with many other valuables.

It is true that Styrian forces in Styria had also tried to oppose the Yugoslav annexation; from Graz, however, not only was no support offered, but even the instruction was given to let everything go. In Graz at that time all political tendencies united against any defense of the dugout.

The German nationalist spinner took the view: "In Lower Styria there are only Windisch people who disturb the völkisch Germanism in Styria!" the Christian-Social Chamber Lander said: "Just leave Marburg out, then our merchants and tradesmen will have less competition," and the Social Democrat Muchitsch took the standpoint: "Leave out the Catholic farmers of Lower Styria, then Styria will become a socialist entity with Donawitz, Köflach and Fohnsdorf as strongholds."

Already in the last few years in the lowlands, it has made a depressingly lasting impression on me what an imbalance there was in terms of numbers between the German and Windisch population. In the small towns and in the old houses in the countryside there were

German citizens and some nobility, mostly older people with few or no children, where the children aspired to the larger towns, to the civil service of Austria or to German industry, while in the hills and mountains, mostly on smaller farms of a few to ten or twenty yokes, the Slovenian peasants had several or many children. One of whom took over the farm, while the others mostly studied and tried to become notaries, lawyers, teachers and clergymen, but the daughters became teachers, civil servants and nuns, but all with a clear affection, often also a willingness to make sacrifices, for all people in their language.

So I was confronted with the problem of language difference in the population, raising a group of questions that is becoming more and more difficult to answer with increasing age, questions that are important for all problems of borders, i.e. what are the peculiarities and peculiarities of the people at the national borders. Knowing the second language well seemed very important to me and so I tried to learn it well.

I look back as it may have been before; there were the larger landowners, the landlords, mostly belonging to the middle and smaller aristocracy, who until 1848 owned large areas of their estate with subservient and tithe-paying peasants, a relatively thin upper class, which tended towards the provincial capitals in terms of attitude, but above all towards Vienna, and who on the one hand regarded a fairly extensive care of their subjects and on the other hand the display of their wealth as their main task. Thus, the manor (owner) in the countryside and the name usually associated with it was closely associated with a far-reaching leadership role, i.e. with the worries about tasks and help for the population of the larger area.

In order to fulfill such tasks, a certain leisure and carelessness is necessary, which possession is supposed to give. If, however, property and name are only used to create social differences (comfortable life, special pleasures in demarcated circles, travel, and the like), the inner right to possession is forfeited and this leads to social changes: civil servants take over the tasks to which the manor is objectively entitled; too blatant divergences lead to uprisings and revolution, as for example in the French Revolution, where previously property and a preferred name had actually been regarded by the bearers as God's assignment to an exclusive, preferred life.

In terms of numbers, the bourgeoisie in the many small towns in the Styrian lowlands was probably much stronger than the landowners, mostly merchants, civil servants and craftsmen with an awareness of civic pride that was already growing stronger in the 19th century, an

increasing wealth, and in many cases an inner affection for the German Reich, as well as an anti-monarchical, republican attitude that should not be underestimated.

It is understandable that everywhere the differences in ability, regardless of whether they consisted of financial strength, spiritual knowledge, better handling of language or physical strength, were used to make an impression on the weaker in one of these directions. It is also a further fact of experience that the younger man is more careless than the older man in the use of his superiority, and that he thus gives more cause for disturbances, where, under favorable circumstances, the older ones can have a balancing effect. After all, however, it is just as self-evident that each individual is weaker than others in some directions, and that he must come to terms with it inwardly without falling into depression or combative compensation. It seems to me that the art of living together with other layers of people lies in personally finding one's way into a bearable middle, to which both sides must contribute; but a complete balance in every direction is certainly inhumane and impossible.

In the lowlands, unfortunately, the nobility has been completely alienated from the bourgeoisie and largely from the peasantry through its life, its dwelling and hunting; the young German bourgeois sons have taken advantage of their better physical nutrition and greater financial flexibility to largely spare themselves the understanding of the language of the Windisch peasants and at the same time to take liberties with the peasant girls without feeling responsible in their actions for the population as a whole. Thus, there has been an ever-increasing estrangement between the two sides, with an equal increase in the number of the Windisch population. The latter has not known financial considerations against a larger number of children like the mentality of the German side: "The little we have saved and inherited, we keep together for our offspring, so that they have it easier and better than we do!" This gave rise to a primitive, intellectual argumentation that did not prove itself in 1918/19. Because of this mentality, the numerically superior Windisch class took the country entirely. Part of the German population emigrated to Carinthia and Central Styria in 1919; the rest unfortunately had to leave their homeland in 1945. Shouldn't we think similarly today – in 1982 – on a larger scale about the Third and Fourth Worlds?

If you look further back at the old Habsburg Empire, you will notice how the nobility, with its good and weak sides, with its high and low classes, was the cement for the old system. It was the nobility that was distributed in the flat countryside with its residences and possessions

and through its existence, work and cohesion provided the structure against the diverging forces of the peoples. The distribution of manorial residences around the larger and smaller towns and towns as an example has been shown in the appendix to the previous section, where the Feldenhofen estate forms the starting point of the reporter of this chronicle.

At that time, I myself was increasingly pressed to realize that the closer and more distant relatives probably owned smaller or larger vineyard estates or country estates, but that they were mostly childless old aunts and uncles. So I wrote down the thoughts that depressed me at the time, where I came to the conclusion that – if the wealthier, higher class does not have enough young people – it must give way to the young people of the poorer class who speak a different language, who are growing up on a broad front. Today, looking back, I would like to remark that such a retreat can gradually result in the new distribution of the population; but if there are any disturbances in the large state structure, then the transition takes place abruptly. Thus, disturbed time courses in the other directions are also much more conspicuous for fundamental structural changes far beyond the actual fault gradient.

At that time, I decided to have several children so as not to be guilty of the crimes of a class of the population.

In addition, one cannot avoid the question, how can one come to a friendly coexistence with the many differences between people? It is not possible with compulsory equality on the part of the authorities; this is shown by the Eastern attempts on a Marxist basis; people are too different in their dispositions and abilities for that. So the only thing left to do is to let inner moments work in each individual to avoid annoyance. Everyone who is better off through the course of events or chance should decide according to his own will how much he takes for his own comfort and how he does the right thing for the general public. I believe that free will must be given way here and coercive regulations must be avoided.

Review of the Expansion Tendency Thoughts

If I look back now, in the 80th year of my life, on the wide space of thought that the landlord problem occupies here, then I realize how important it was for the preservation of one's own self-confidence in the Feldenhofen family circle. Deep down was the idea: As the owner of a country estate – and especially of a rural estate – one was a better person, and all those who did not possess such a property were less good, because they were not of their own excellent kind. If

you look further, you will notice that all clique spirit is oriented in the same way; we belong to the civil servants, officers, university professors, nobility, etc., and are therefore better for each group than the others. In every clique, however, a further evaluation according to quality begins, everywhere there is further evaluation, the count is better than the baron, the section chief better than the section council, etc. ; however, this also gives rise to one's own insecurity if one cannot adjust properly to the higher rank. Such clique-related support of self-confidence is therefore quite wrong; but it is also wrong to deny the significance of the individual ranks for the respective power relations; they are important for the role of the individual in business endeavors; for the evaluation of the human being as such, however, what counts above all is his good will, i.e. the right attitude to performance for the general public. How important is the phrase of the Bible: "Peace to men of good will." It is worth thinking more often about the deeper meaning of the word "good will".

Back to the chronicle of one's own life

In Vienna, Ferry Bertele (uncle Rudolf's son) stayed in his parents' apartment in Dapontegasse until the end of 1922, where I continued to live in the old dining room and once built a large, effective spark inductor there with Egon Krauss.

In the school year 1919/20, with the interruptions described above, I attended the 6th grade in the Realgymnasium I, as the Franz Josef Realgymnasium was now called.

During the summer vacation time – since about high school – I spent a few weeks in Luttenberg with Aunt Hanna and Uncle Ernst every summer. I was usually accommodated in the back room of the pharmacy, where an emergency bed had been set up. It was quite comfortable for me, only the calf stingers – a small fly that attacked the calves quite painfully, especially – are still unpleasantly remembered.

Uncle Ernst was not only a master's degree in pharmacy, but also a doctor of philosophy; he was proud to have been a student of the philosopher Meinong. Later, Uncle Ernst also wrote his own philosophical book for several years, I think it was called "Epistemology", which he published – at his own expense, self-published – and about the expense of which Aunt Hanna often and unkindly complained: "Philosophy would be the way you say it: a beast in front and behind." He himself occupied himself much with the mystics and scholastics of the Middle Ages and often told me about them. So the summer stays in Luttenberg were always a lot of

intellectual stimulation. In addition, there were many hikes in the beautiful, hilly wine country, most of which ended in Uncle Ernst's vineyard, where in between various acquaintances, such as the General Wolf in Eisenthür or the Desenibus, but also the Fischerauer in Jerusalem were visited. Uncle Ernst's vineyard was located in the Crestovsak vineyard between Eisenthür and Jerusalem, i.e. in the best part of the Luttenberg wine country.

I myself was also pleased with these vineyard visits because you always got good fruit – creepers, apricots, peaches, later also green grapes. At that time, as a convinced, combative anti-alcoholic, I was very hostile to the wine drink. It may well have been in 1919 that Uncle Ernst remarked after an unfriendly wine remark from me – so in passing – that an anti-alcoholic must be clear that he will never inherit a vineyard. This remark hit me hard, because according to the facts – Uncle Ernst and Aunt Hanna had no children – I would have been the obvious next heir. After this deep impression, I decided to approach the wine problem with a little thought and to understand what the various idioms about it had in them: there were different varieties called Welschriesling, Mosler, Chassel, Sauvignon, etc.; there was talk of the different vineyards and vintages and wine owners, who were evaluated very differently, there was discussion about sulphurization and decanting, putting them on bottles and much more. In order to gain an understanding of this, I visited the vineyards, where there were boys about the same age as I was, and discussed, with occasional samples, the problems in question. Thanks to a certain natural disposition and thanks to the interest, I was soon able to gain a primitive, correct attitude towards it.

When Uncle Ernst once said the next year: "Tomorrow I'm going to the wine tasting in ... " I remarked: "If you couldn't take me with you, I'd like to see how something like this happens." Uncle Ernst said: "But as an inveterate anti-alcoholic, you can't be interested in that at all." But since I pushed a little, he gave in and took me with him. He was very surprised when I used the most important technical terms correctly, and even more so when I was able to judge the varieties by tasting them more or less correctly, when I also recognized one or the other reed correctly and recognized the mixed sentences reasonably professionally. Since then, the joy and appreciation of a good drop has remained with me. When delighting wine, moderation is important; it only took me a very short time to realize that a glass of good wine after some time – about 5 to 15 minutes – results in a friendly, less tense mood than before, that a 2nd glass may improve this relief, but that all this leads to numbness and drunkenness more quickly or more

slowly, depending on one's disposition. This is the art of moderation, which is just as important in many other human companies.

The uncle was very happy about this change of mine and was very interested in its creation. Unfortunately, the vineyard itself did not come into my possession, because after the unfortunate outcome of the war in 1945, Luttenberg came to Yugoslavia with the whole of Lower Styria; poor Aunt Hanna, who was an enthusiastic National Socialist, was locked up, had to dig her grave for several nights and did not come back after the fourth night, as another woman who was imprisoned with Aunt Hanna but escaped with her life later reported to Momo.

1920 was the time of the 7th grade.

In Vienna after the collapse of the old Austria, many things change. An unfriendly phenomenon is the commercial life, in which the many immigrants were very active; it's called smuggling. I told them about it several times in Feldenhofen and Grandma answered: "Interesting, interesting, I don't understand it at all, but I always ask myself: 'Does it have to be like this?' Another wise remark of grandmother's that I often think of was: "If a man does not have a house, he wishes very much to have one. If he has it, he learns that you have to take care of something all the time: gutters, chimneys, windows, ducts, door painting, etc. and finds out what it all costs."

1921/22

In this school year, the 8th grade was completed with a high school diploma in June 1922.

Aunt Pepi dies in Graz, and Momo and Aunt Hanna inherit the beautiful Jakominihaus on Jakominiplatz.

During this time, a bicycle tour from Feldenhofen through the Drau Valley to Lembach took place, which has always remained in my memory and is described below:

In late summer or early autumn, a round basket woven from willow rods with a similar round lid with good fruit came to Feldenhofen every year: grapes, splending, peaches and ev. Pears sent by Aunt Emma Hofrichter from her vineyard in Lembach, one of the first stations of the railway line in the Drau valley to Marburg against Unterdrauburg.

When talking about the old Aunt Emma (court judge), my mother always ended with the remark: "What a pity that we didn't get the beautiful baroque bed that Aunt Emma gave us as a wedding gift when we, i.e. father and mother, visited Lembach after the wedding.

When I was 17 or 18 years old, I declared, stimulated by the collectors' interests of Aunt Hanna and Uncle Ernst – and also somewhat educated by the visits to Baron Cometer in Buchenstein – when Momo again lamented the never-fetching of the bed: "So I'll cycle there next week and get the bed, you just have to inform Aunt Emma beforehand." I calculated the distance Feldenhofen to Lembach to be about 75 km. and concluded that I should complete it in 5 to 6 hours.

The journey around the beautiful Lembach bed

The necessary card was written by Grandmamma; Aunt Mizzi gave a recommendation to a landlady friend of hers in Reifnig-Freesen halfway through, and after a friendly consent and invitation to spend the night had arrived soon afterwards, I set off early in the morning by bike. I had cycled to Unterdrauburg (about 12 km.) a few times, and once even beyond to Saldenhofen; So far everything was known to me. Up to Mahrenberg the valley was wide and filled with fields, here and there you could see something of the river. After Mahrenberg, however, the valley becomes narrow, the wooded slopes fall steeply to the Drau, leaving just room for the road on the north side, while on the south side the railway already ran along the slope, in between the fast-flowing stream, sometimes foaming over boulders. I remembered that not long before I had read the book "Der Weinfurhmann" by R. Bartsch about the beauty of the Drauwalderstrasse. In Reifnig-Freesen very friendly reception from the landlady and a good egg dish, which she had paid for.

In the afternoon I saw Faal Castle on the other side of the Drava, of which Grandma had often told me that she had occasionally visited the then owners, Count Zabeo, during her time in Marburg, while then the Zabeo daughter had married a Count Puzzakarini and Grandma had no more connections to it.

Then came the large Faal power station, which had been put into operation shortly before the outbreak of war in 1914 – probably in 1912 – and which I had often seen admiringly from the railway. Driving down to the lattice gate of the work and looking inside increased the charm of the mysterious even more.

Then with the ferry over the river and out to the village of Lembach, where it was easy to ask about Aunt Emma's vineyard house. Nice reception, instruction in a friendly attic room, a good dinner in the living room next to the press, served by old Kuna, the factotum and caregiver of Aunt Emma. It was the new court judge's house and dates from the end of the 18th century.

Preparing the plan for the next day: Crossing over the Weinberghöhe to the old house where the bed would be, packing up, loading the bed onto a two-wheeled cart and taking it to the train station to drop it off in Windischgraz. Then visit the former Forstner vineyard in Pickern, spend the night again and then return by bike to Feldenhofen.

Great astonishment that at the bedside table in my attic room, instead of the water glass that I take for granted, there was a small jug of wine next to a small glass. When I expressed my astonishment to my aunt and asked if I could get a water, she said: "But no, in the vineyard they have wine at the bedside table." I slept very well with it. The next morning everything according to plan; the old Weingartshaus was small but impressive, because it dates from the beginning of the 16th century with a pretty wooden walkway at the front. In the house the very beautiful, double-horse walnut bed, a pretty small, tabernacle-like attachment box, a beautiful classicist desk (cherry pickled) with a roll-up lid and a magnificent, green Renaissance stove.

When I mentioned all this admiringly to Aunt Emma after returning to the other side, she said in passing: "You can have everything." Unfortunately, I didn't get anything more, I was happy about the bed alone. Much later I heard from Kuna that Aunt Emma later gave everything away to others, since I had not come anymore.

In the summer of 1922 I was in Feldenhofen and also in Luttenberg. In the previous summers I had often visited Baron Hans Cometer at Buchenstein Castle, and had often leafed through the Janisch Encyclopedia of Styria. This is how the interest in Styrian history arose. The Buchenstein visits and conversations were the first stimulus to deal with historical problems.

In the fall, I began my studies at the Technical University in Vienna. A special memory is the Christmas trip to Feldenhofen. After a somewhat arduous journey via Marburg I arrived in Windischgraz; It was snowing quite heavily. Since I had a heavy suitcase, I went to the inn opposite the station and borrowed a children's sleigh there, which I pulled behind me with the suitcase on the road. When I left the village of Windischgraz on the road to Feldenhofen, the snow had become very heavy and you couldn't see anything anymore. About 1/2 km before the start of the Prepovedani Pot to Feldenhofen, there were 2 houses along the way, where the paths

lead up to the Skorianz and to the right to the Hudelist mill; there I must have lost the road, because after a short time I was with the sledge in the fields in the deep snow and had no trace of visibility; It was quite scary. I relied on my good sense of orientation, said to myself, the two houses can't be far away, leave the sleigh and go to the houses. I did so and indeed after 5 minutes I came to the two houses in the deepest snow; in one of them there was light, and I knocked; the people helped me to fetch the sledge with a lantern and took me to Feldenhofen, but the few minutes in complete darkness and uncertainty as to where to turn had been very uncanny.

In Feldenhofen there was great joy about my arrival: Grandma had just recovered from a rather severe cold. We were very much looking forward to the coming Christmas, to which Uncle Ernst and Aunt Hanna from Luttenberg were also expected. The first days were quiet and nice.

On the evening of the 26th, however, we sat in the bacon chamber – a built-in in the very large kitchen – where, unfortunately, after dinner, an unfriendly, argumentative conversation developed, in which Aunt Hanna said that grandmother had not been a good mother. Grandma screamed in horror, slumped down and died a short time later. It all happened so fast, I myself was so horrified and only know that I let out some scary screams, which were then muffled by mother. Another excitement followed shortly, because in the will Feldenhofen had been awarded entirely to my mother, while grandmother's securities possession, which was indeed numerically significant, but no longer in value, was to belong to Aunt Hanna. This was the occasion for a very lively family scene. In the course of this, I advised mother to tear up the will, so that she would own Feldenhofen in equal shares with Aunt Hanna. That has also happened.

In the following years, Momo carried out a good errand and care of Feldenhofen in the spirit of Grandma. After his parents moved to Vienna, Momo went to Feldenhofen almost every month and carried out the wood matters and the tenant settlements with the farmers. For me as a student, the holiday stays in Feldenhofen were always wonderful.

In the spring of 1923, the parents returned to Vienna permanently; Ferry Bertele moved to Innsbruck. We all spent the summer in Feldenhofen, but thanks to my father's old connections, I was able to practice for 1 month in Graz with Wagner-Biro. I lived at Schalk's¹³ in the Jakominiplatzhaus and earned some money. At that time I found a highly interesting glass

¹³ Eine grosse hagere Frau Schalk brachte Momo noch am Anfang der 60er Jahre steierische Poularden. Momo lud uns dann immer zum Essen ein und wenn die Eltern gerade nicht da waren, mich alleine. Welch ein herrlicher Schmaus das immer war. (UBA).

chandelier (at Hückl-Szabo's) at the Tummelplatz and gave 100 shillings as an indication, since the chandelier seemed to me quite unusual and important because of the twisted threads in the arms and the flourishes. On my next Sunday visit to Feldenhofen, father said that I should go on an independent trip abroad, that he would give me as much as I would have saved myself. So I negotiated with Mrs. Hückl to get the 100 shillings back; I received the money back and the friendly promise to reserve the chandelier for me until autumn.

The first independent venture was a beautiful trip in the summer of 1923: Venice (about 6 days), Padua, Bologna and Verona, where I was particularly impressed by San Zeno. Then home.

In the autumn Momo gave me the necessary money, 200 schillings, to bring the chandelier from Graz to Vienna, which was then hung up in the dining room.

All my university time in Vienna I was intensively involved in sports. Before the wedding, I was of the opinion that an adult man must have a certain physical strength. That's why I joined the Pirat rowing club in 1923 and was often a sports rower there.

1923/24 was the 2nd year of technology without any special events. In the summer of 1924 I got my first motorcycle, a burnt NSU, by exchanging it with the mechanic Tislar for Momo's old threshing machine. At that time, I spent several weeks repairing at Tislar. When I was done, I started riding around on the self-made motorcycle; one of the first trips led with sister Mädi to Luttenberg. The ride was very adventurous, because the tires were very bad; I will never forget that I had to peck ten times on the approx. 130 km to Lüttenberg.

Another stronger memory is the 1924 Easter stay in Feldenhofen. A friend of technology, Otto Rotky, had come with me, who lived with me in the small guest room. At that time we had the intention to make a hike from Feldenhofen to the Steiner Alps in the summer, in such a way that we would gradually see the great peaks of the Alps growing up in front of us.

We actually did this hike the following summer; we hiked from Feldenhofen up the Suchadol valley, via Schwarzenbach and on into the Logar valley to the source of the Sann River. We spent the night there in Sulzbach and from there climbed up to the beautiful heights of the Planiava, the Oistriza and several other high mountains. There were wonderful impressions and we hiked the same way back to Feldenhofen. Since I didn't have light shoes for hiking, I had big blisters that depressed me a lot when I returned.

The beautiful house in Graz is being sold – much to my sorrow – because the parents are close to the Alt-Alt pension and Aunt Hanna wants to have a car. The house buyer is the large

porcelain dealer in the house; Aunt Hanna arranged a beautiful tea set for herself as a bonus, whereupon I also urged Momo to claim the white gold Thomas service for herself, which her daughter Marceline McMichael now has in Guildford.

Autumn 1924 – early summer 1925

3rd year TH in Vienna. On behalf of Uncle Ernst, I took care of a car for her, which would probably be the most advisable in terms of technology and price. Aunt Hanna had asked the same question to Massimo Desenibus from a neighboring vineyard. He pleaded for Fiat, I – after consulting with Timmy Knaur, who informed me about the modern American development – for Chrysler. At Easter, Uncle Ernst and Aunt Hanna were in Vienna. I apparently made good propaganda for Chrysler, because after a funny test drive on the Kobenzl they bought an open, 4-seater 70 hp Chrysler with yellow wooden wire wheels. The test drive was so exciting because the Chrysler representative, Stua, did not seem to believe that we had serious intentions to buy and therefore it only came to the test drive after strong insistence.

The Chrysler driver Heinrich led us – me too – to Marburg; from there Aunt Hanna drove alone to Luttenberg, where a garage had already been prepared in the stable building at Hintergass.

In the summer of 1925 there was the first big car trip with uncle and aunt; From Luttenberg over the Uskoken Mountains to Karlstadt (Carlovac), via a Bosnian farming village – Slunjy – and spend the night there in an old caravanserai, where the guests still had their carts in the courtyard, where they made noise and spent the night; we had the only room in the house. (Aunt with bedbugs).

In the morning over the Vratnik Pass in the Velebit Mountains, which stretches along the Adriatic Sea, down to Zengg, an old pirates' nest on the Adriatic. There we spent the night. In the evening there was a strong Bora¹⁴, so that the iron handrails on the houses were very pleasant. The next day back on the coast; next night in Bakar (formerly Bucari), there a real seaquake at 4 o'clock in the morning, where you thought you were in bed in a small boat on the high seas. Then back to Luttenberg.

¹⁴ Furchtbar heftiger Wind an der Adriaküste (UBA).

What a deep impression this first car trip made: after years of the greatest thriftiness of the parents – where every smallest expense was anxiously avoided – in their own beautiful car, without a day's workload, quietly through a beautiful foreign country. There, in the local, embroidered traditional costumes, the women stood in the villages, in front of the houses, at the edges of the meadows and spun. They stretch with their skirts in their hands, just like in old, biblical pictures. In the inns you stayed quietly, were allowed to order the Balkanese dishes according to the menu and then look at the place and drive on. It was a beautiful trip and left a lasting impression and joy of traveling abroad.

Before Easter 1925 I met Marceline Mautner Markhof at Böhler on Stubenring, an event that soon had a deep effect on my whole life and which is now being reported.

After the parents had returned to their Viennese city apartment in Dapontegasse, we young Bertele – my sister and I – were often invited, especially because we were also enrolled in a dance course (with Van Hamme). There was the Baroness Wolfsberg on the country road next to the Rochuskirche with 2 daughters, in the same house lived my technology friend Robert Eberam-Eberhart, who had just become known for his motorcycle violence tour to the Schafberg near Lake Wolfgang, there was Roswitha Ottentahler von Ottental, a niece of Aunt Jetty Weber, there were the

relatives of the Haager neighbors, the Franz-Astregberg with the children Kurt and Lilli, also the two Dietrich Ostgothen daughters from Hinterbrühl and also the circle of my best school friend Hansl Rath with the Wagemann relatives on the left Wienzeile, and the Medingers from Nussdorf with 3 daughters, Helga, Emma and Gunna, as well as a corpulent mother, called Dänische Docke in Vienna

The Böhler House Ball

It was probably in the spring of 1925, I remember exactly the beautiful evening at Parking No. 4 with the Erwin Böhler family. I had already met the two house daughters Lorle and Trautl at Wagemann's on Wienzeile, of whom I liked the quieter Trautl very much.

I always have fond memories of the Böhler House Ball. There were three beautiful rooms on the first floor of the old Dumbapalais, which were furnished openly and airily by the well-known architect Joseph Hofmann in the manner of the Wiener Werkstätte. In the large dining room, 3

impressive paintings by Klimt hung on the walls, including an orchard, a seascape and yet another modern. In the dining room there was a free-standing, low buffet. The girls were masked, and then at midnight they were ordered to be unmasked.

I noticed that a pretty young lady dressed as Pierrot took off her pointed, high Pierrot hat and showed the most beautiful blond hair. I already raved about beautiful blonde hair at that time and I had never seen such golden-colored evenness. Immediately a conversation ensued, and much later I was told that I had only talked about my motorcycle experiences in Feldenhofen with the old NSU for 1/2 hours. But my enthusiasm met with resonance, because finally the beautiful blonde lady told me. "This year I can't invite you, because my mother recently had a child (her youngest brother Karlmann), but next year you have to come to us, give me a card".

In 1925/26 there was the 4th year at the TH in Vienna, the last. It was then that I became interested in gas discharges and the associated mercury rectifiers, which were mentioned here and there at the time. An industrialist, with whom I mentioned my interest in mercury rectifiers in conversation, remarked a little later to an acquaintance that he was amazed that a young, not unintelligent engineering student could be interested in such unusual gimmicks as mercury rectifiers, which were only suitable for recharging electric vehicle batteries or cinema projectors on a very small scale. He was a man for whom only large rotating machines mattered and who did not believe in the future of the rectifier for modern electrical engineering.

In the spring of 1926 I opened at a big ball with Marceline M.M. Later, in the autumn, I was invited to tea at the Mautners in Floridsdorf, Pragerstrasse 20. Of those present, I remember Erwin Graf Schenk at the moment. I only remember how I told them at home about the spacious, beautiful house and especially mentioned that there had only been black bread with ham or cheese for tea – but on beautiful silver cups – to which father said: "Yes, today everyone has to save, but once, before the war, the Mautner Markhofs were very well off".

In June 1926 he was awarded the degree for his studies at the Technical University.

In July, a big trip to Italy and France with Uncle Ernst, Aunt Hanna and Mädy. Mädy and I from Vienna with the Südbahn to Klagenfurt; there we met my uncle and aunt, who had come with the Chrysler. We drove via Villach and the Drau Valley to Lienz, where we spent the night. The next day to the Dolomites; via Pordoi Pass and the Falzarego Pass, via Trento to the beautiful Lake Molveno, from there to Lake Como. We spent the night on a small square that looked out to the lake, the next day we went to Milan, from there to Lake Maggiore with the

beautiful town of Pollanza, then on to Turin, where we met Massimo Desenibus, who studied there and showed us the most important sights. The next day over the Col di Tenda to Ventimiglia on the Mediterranean; barely above the top of the pass I shout: "Doesn't it smell like mimosas?" and right, soon we will be driving under flowering mimosa trees¹⁵. We spent the night in Mentone, from there we continue via Monaco on the summer Riviera, through Nice, along the Boulevard des Anglais. Next overnight stay in Aix-en-Provence with a magnificent main street, with fountains and a beautiful cathedral. From there via Fréjus to Marseille and on to Nîmes. The return journey goes via other routes with stops in Genoa, in Pisa, via Lucca to Florence where it was very hot. I looked at the Palazzi Vecchio and Pitti, ate a lot of ice cream in the evening, because Uncle Ernst had said, as much as everyone can eat, I'll pay. I ate 29 portions, Mädi even 31. She spat (sic) in the night, I didn't.

Then home via Trieste; served a lobster there in the Bona Vita as Uncle Ernst's graduation party. I was horrified at how expensive, but very good; finally delivered Mädy and me safely to Feldenhofen. It was a very nice and impressive trip, for which I am still very grateful to my uncle and aunt.

In the fall of 1926, I took the remaining oral exams on the technical department in turn, doing them one after the other.

In January 1927 I was able to open another ball (the technician Cercle) with Marceline. At that time, Marceline also asked me if I played tennis, as her brother often played tennis games in her garden, to which I gladly said yes (with half a heart), as I had even dealt with the tennis rackets on the tennis court twice in Luttenberg with Aunt Hanna in the autumn before.

At the beginning of 1927 Marceline and I went on a fun toboggan-horse undertaking, she on horseback, I, with a beautiful new, blue coat, which I was afraid to wear off, on the toboggan over the snow-covered dam to the Floridsdorfer Eisenbahnbergl, which at that time had two sharp knees on the road.

Probably in February 1927 there was a house ball at Raths at Stubenring No. 24. There, by a fortunate coincidence, I met Dr. W. Gauster. We were standing next to each other at the buffet and someone introduced me, mentioning the good mathematician Gauster. I soon asked about some peculiarities of swinging when tensioned wires are broken, a problem that my

¹⁵ Mimosen am Mittelmeer blühen gewöhnlich schon im Februar. Wahrscheinlich war und blieb es nur eine Auto-suggestion und Gedankenassoziation vom Baba. Europäer tun Mimosen immer mit dem Mittelmeer, Nizza, vor allem, assoziieren. (UBA).

colleague W. Baum had recently discussed with me. Dr. Gauster seems very interested and after a short conversation he asks when I will finish and if I have a position in prospect. To my answer that in about 6 weeks I would have the state examination, but I did not yet have a position, he said that I should call him immediately after the state examination.

At that time there was a lot of unemployment and father was very worried about it. He wanted to try to help me in some way with the rest of his relationships. The state examination was in mid-March 1927 and was passed well. I was one of the first of the year to finish. I received my diploma on the morning of March 25, 1927. Before lunch in the Weingartl on Lastenstrasse, I went to the nearest telephone booth and reported the good exam success to Dr. Gauster, who invited me to his Elin for the next day. During this visit, I was thoroughly questioned by Dr. Gauster about the mathematical treatment of collision processes, and after about half an hour he said that I could come to him immediately. I gladly accepted the entry into the Elin, but asked for a delay until the return from my three-week vacation, which Dr. Gauster, as he told me later, was most surprised, but he conceded.

The next day with Hansl Rath's bike to Floridsdorf to report and say goodbye for the holiday. I liked Marceline very much. Then to Munich, from there to Hans Rath; together to Augsburg. Getting to know the Augsburg Bertele by chance: on the beautiful main square, with several impressive baroque facades, Hans reads BERTELE delicacies on one of the best facades. "Look, he calls, your name there! Go and see if you are related. At first, as Bertele-Grenadenberg, I was embarrassed by the thought of being related to a large delicatessen. But Hansl kept pushing and so I went in. A friendly, old gentleman at the cash desk received me nicely and led me to the first floor, where there was a large hall in which, on the walls, hung various coats of arms. "These are our citizens' coats of arms," he said. Then he introduced me to an uncle who also lived there, who was doing family research and said that he had found that all Bertele had come from Friuli before the Thirty Years' War. He gave me a wax cast of his coat of arms.

From Augsburg via St. Gallen to Luttenberg (coat of arms of Augsburger Bertele unfortunately merged into wallet as far as I remember). Continuing my journey alone across Lake Constance, in beautiful Meersburg I sent a postcard to Marceline, my first to her. On Good Friday in St. Gallen, where the Protestant preacher aggressively turned against me because of my late arrival in the church.

The beginning of my Elin activity took place at the end of April 1927. First, Dr. Gauster took me to his room to work on the expansion of the selective protection of Vienna's power supply networks, which was just starting. In Vienna, there was a medium-voltage grid of 30 KW and a second of 6 KW for distribution, both of which were mixed so that electrical energy would be supplied from a second side in the event of faults that could never be completely avoided. To prevent the protective measures from working in a motley manner in the event of a fault and power supplies that are too large fail, the selective protection principle had just begun to be introduced at that time, where the shutdown times automatically vary depending on the distance from the fault point. The leader in this field was the firm of Dr. Paul Meyer in Berlin, with whom Dr. Gauster had just established a good agreement for Elin, and where I was sent for information for a week in the summer of 1927.

It was then in the early summer of 1927 that an invitation came to Floridsdorf at Pragerstrasse 20. I then quickly bought tennis shorts, a racket and shoes and appeared on Sunday afternoon for the invitation; since a good 4 game was already in progress, Marceline asked me: "Do you want to watch the good 4 game or don't we want to go for a walk on Floridsdorfer Damm?" and I said: "I prefer to go for a walk". So we didn't play tennis, but went for a walk together on the dam for the first time.

The next week I gave the tennis gear to Mrs. Idinger, the secretary at Elin.

In July 1927, however, there was a meeting at the Elin in the morning about the selective protection devices. It took place in a room located at the rear of the building complex on Volksgartenstrasse. When we finished around noon and wanted to go to the canteen to eat, there were no officials in the room in front of our meeting room; the floor seemed deserted. When I then looked into Dir. Weiss's room facing Volksgartenstrasse, the balcony door was open and shouts came in. I went to look at the balcony; below a crowd was raging; chests and desks were pushed down from the open window of the Palace of Justice opposite. At the park a group of mounted policemen stormed up; the crowd threw beams between the horses' feet and pounced on the fallen policemen. Then people in the crowd noticed me alone on the balcony and stones flew up to me, whereupon I withdrew and, carefully crouched, without a tie, pushed myself out at the exit and crept home.

Thus began the burning of the Palace of Justice as a reaction of the Socialists to the outcome of the Schattendorf trial, which they did not like. Many Viennese municipal documents were destroyed in the fire and afterwards the political situation in Austria only deteriorated.

I was alone in Dapontegasse at the time, fearing that a major uprising would break out. So I filled the bathtub with water to have at least some supply. Unfortunately, everything had leaked the next morning because the drain stubble was not completely tight. But there was no uprising, and the water supply would not have been of any help.

In early summer, Marceline and I again took some walks in the flood area; Marceline always brought good house bread with ham topping as a tasting.

At that time, they also visited Mautner's in Baden, where they had rented Aunt Lory Wächter's villa in Mozartstrasse. I didn't like the furnishing style from around 1898. Pretty walk in the Baden forests.

In autumn more beautiful excursions with Marceline. I will never forget the one in the Au of Spillern and then on the Kreuzenstein of Korneuburg. There we talked about the coming future, then about a good way of living together, and finally we got engaged. Afterwards we went from Kreuzenstein down to Mother Harmer for a snack. In the evening I dropped off Marceline in Floridsdorf in Pragerstrasse to go to the tram. Before parting, she says loudly and firmly: "Good evening – everything is very good, but I want many children", to which I replied just as firmly: "Me too, good night!".

Soon afterwards I made the official stop visit to Marceline's father in Floridsdorf one morning. I rode normally with the electric to the Floridsdorfer Spitz; but there I took a taxi. Father Georg received me in the toilet, was very nice, spoke very nicely and said at the end: "Remember it well, marriage is a work of art that you build your whole life on, sometimes hard for one, sometimes hard for the other".

Then one of the next mornings I took Marceline to her parents in Dapontegasse. Quite unexpectedly, mother and daughter Ottenthal came into the salon where we are sitting right now. When Momo informed her of my engagement, mother Ottenthal said somewhat pointedly, we must have heard of Hansen's walks with a girl in the flood area, but we hadn't thought it would be with a girl of family.

In the next few weeks, I often visited Floridsdorf, which was followed by bridal lessons with a nice pastor in Jedlersee at the end of winter.

Living together with mom

(The 10 years from 1928 to 1938)

Our wedding took place on April 19, 1928; the church wedding took place in the small parish church in Jedlersee; Marceline and I drove there and back in Mautner's horse-drawn carriage. Then there was a solemn, large wedding dinner in the beautiful Haus Floridsdorf, Pragerstrasse 20; afterwards all the guests were photographed in front of the house on the staircase – in a friendly group; there is also a nice photo about it. The weather was not very nice, but cool and cloudy; unfortunately the beautiful magnolias behind the house in the park were not yet in bloom. Then we drove by car to the Semmering, stayed there for a day or two and from there the actual honeymoon by train began.

The father-in-law had prepared a nice sea trip on the ship Ozeania (about 4000 tons) for us. We went to Genoa by sleeping-car; when boarding at Semmering, my little travel bag fell on my mother's head, but that didn't disturb the friendly atmosphere. We took the boat from Genoa via Corsica, via Palma de Mallorca, Málaga with a small excursion to Granada, via Gibraltar, via Lisbon in Portugal, and the Isle of Wight to Hamburg; in Hamburg we stayed in the Four Seasons, had a good meal at the Uhlenhorster Fährhaus, drove to Magdeburg for a short visit to the Baensch and back to Vienna.

The next few months we lived in the Stöckl in Floridsdorf; in the meantime, Marceline tried to find an apartment in Vienna with her mother, because at that time it was not easy to find an apartment in Vienna. Marceline had the reasonable view from the outset that the apartment should not be far from my workplace – Elin – Volksgartenstrasse 1. With some difficulty, they found a nice apartment on the corner of Lackierergasse and Garnisongasse; opposite was only a storey-high work building of the Allgemeinen Hospital. The various rooms of the apartment were therefore sunny from morning to evening, as the apartment went around the corner. A very nice interior for this apartment was ordered by the father-in-law from the architect Wimmer; above it there is a pretty photography album with pictures taken by a cousin of mom (...). We moved in before Christmas; it was far from finished, although Marceline had said: "I'll not move in until the towel hangs on the last hook!" But we had beds and a dining table, some material in the kitchen and gradually became the apartment, as shown in the pictures.

Aunt Deli's first visit to the new apartment

Aunt Deli – from Marhof near Graz – a daughter of Peter and Therese Reininghaus – soon came to visit us; she had married the son of the famous Viennese physician, Prof. Hebra. In the beautiful apartment at Lackierergasse 1 we had Maximilian (usually called Anna) as a housemaid. One evening, when Mom had picked me up from my office, we came back to the apartment around 6 a.m., where Anna excitedly opened the door for us and immediately informed us that an old lady – with an unusual hat – had come to visit and, when she had heard that we were not at home, but would not be late, had immediately declared that she was an aunt who wanted to meet Marcelinen's husband; she had laid down to rest on the couch in the living room. When we went into the living room and turned on the light, the small, plump aunt was sleeping on the sofa in a very wide dress with a calotte hat, got up – awakened by the light – looked at the beautiful Stubenberg grandfather clock with the large dial, screamed: "It's already over 6 o'clock, I have an appointment, I have to leave hurriedly, for another time" and she was outside.

Later, we learned many other funny stories from Aunt Deli and also experienced some things ourselves.

A year later, soon after Christmas, when I was often busy in Styria as a construction manager of the rectifier systems in Gnas for the Feldbach-Bad Gleichenberg railway and for the Graz tramway, my mother came to visit me; so we drove to Eggenberg in the late afternoon and went from there to the Marhof, where Aunt Deli told us excitedly how she was cheated by the cheque. It only took a few questions to get everything reported from the beginning: "Well, before Christmas I'm going to Graz to make Christmas commissions. At Leuschner & Lubenski, the bookstore in Sporgasse, I finally choose 2 books; but when I want to pay, there is no more money. But Mr. Leuschner says: "Mrs. Baroness, that doesn't matter, you have a cheque and tomorrow or the day after tomorrow you pay in the shillings, about 15,--, from your parish post office. He filled out the cheque right away. The next day I send the housemaid to the post office to pay in; after 1 week an envelope arrives from Leuschner with the old invoice for the books, on which it says: Baroness Hebra recognized for S 15,--; there is again a cheque. After a few days, somewhat affected, I filled out this second cheque and had it deposited again. And then came another letter where they recognized me for 15,-- shillings and with a new cheque, which I paid in again. But yesterday there was another letter where they recognized me for 30,-- shillings,

again with a new cheque. But now I won't let the cheque cheat me any longer, and tomorrow I'll have the case cleared up by the lawyer."

But then it was not necessary, because I was able to make it clear to her that she had a credit balance with Leuschner and that no fraud had been carried out on her.

Another funny memory of Aunt Deli is the often told story of Josephiberg, an old Calvary near Celje. It was known for its pretty chapels and for the beautiful view of the Sann Valley.

When Aunt Deli was once on her way to visit the relative Cerry of Graz, she had to change trains in Celje and had to wait there for over 2 hours for the local train. I will take advantage of the time to visit Calvary, she thought, I have been wishing to see it for a long time. Thought, done; bravely she trudged up in the summer heat. Halfway she was very hot and then she got rid of her bodice, hung it on a bush next to the chapel, went all the way up, noticed that it was late, hurried to the station, just reached the train and drove off. There were difficulties on the train, because the card and money were in the purse, which she had swung to the bodice as a precaution, but the bodice had been forgotten on the bush next to the chapel. But since she looked serious, she was allowed to drive on to Sanneck, from where – with several telegrams and some expenses – the bodice could be found and everything cleaned up again.

Marceline's consideration of having the apartment close to the office was very good; she often came to pick me up at Elin and we went home together. The first year, for example, I was mainly assigned to network protection tasks, several times on the way home I told her technical things and tried to introduce her a bit to electrical engineering. Then Marceline said: "I'm not very interested in these technical things". And when I asked: "Why did you marry me if you don't want to know anything about my work?" she said: "Because I want to have children".

At that time the father-in-law was building a beautiful country house in Gaaden near Vienna, and various preparations were being made for it; he himself had rented an apartment in the beautiful, old Kappner monastery house in Gaaden for the construction period.

At the beginning of 1929, I joined the mercury rectifiers at Elin and soon took over the management of the small sales department. The first larger plant was in Fischamend; at that time Marceline occasionally accompanied me to the Bratislava train station, where we had lunch at the Nuremberg Bratwurstglöckerl beforehand.

At that time, I already had a strong personal interest in these mercury vapor rectifiers and therefore spent quite a lot of my free time reading the relevant literature; especially the American

writings of Irving Langmuir seemed to me to be very substantial, I studied them closely and got to know a lot of English, technical terms, which resulted in a good improvement in my English.

At that time, I also started a doctoral thesis on Viennese technology. I often sat at it in the evening until late at night. These were the dimensioning and the mode of action of the presaturated magnetic chokes of rectifier systems; the engineer Korisko in Weiz had helped me a lot several times.

Next came the project planning and subsequent construction management of the large rectifier systems for the tram in Graz and the one in Gnas for the Feldbach-Bad Gleichenberg railway projected with 2000 V direct current, furthermore there was the Burgtheater with a large, automatic system for the lighting of the stage; after all, there had been some concern for years with the high-voltage transmitter stations for broadcasting. Since the transmitter operation had occasionally been interrupted by the rectifiers and such interference was particularly unpleasant, such interference was to be avoided as far as possible. It was a politically turbulent time; where the radio was to work all the time. With a lot of careful progress work and numerous trips, this was finally achieved.

Details of my technical work are described in detail in the work and activity report about me. My strong involvement in glass rectifier performance enhancement at that time had a considerable impact on our later lives, as it will be described in detail later.

It was probably in the spring of 1930 that Marceline bought one of the new Puch-250 motorcycles for me. It was quite a good machine, although it often oiled up at the beginning until the front bearing was properly sealed. I remember a very nice trip to Feldenhofen, where we first took the train to Unzmarkt in Styria; in between we had been to Böhler's Kapfenberg steelworks. From Unzmarkt we rode on our motorbikes via St. Lambrecht to the upper Murtal, spent the night in Murau, from there to St. Michael, ate a very large 3 kilo trout there. The next day we drove over the Katschberg, where the people congratulated us because it was the first time that a Puch 250 with two people had come over the Katschberg; then we drove on to Feldenhofen.

How nice it had been to lead two people on a motorcycle through valleys and over mountains someone who was very close to you, confided in the rider and rejoiced with him in the splendor and glory of nature.

Was it this time after the trip over the Tauern or next summer that we then rode our motorbike to the Sanntal to Marceline's relatives, to Sannegg to the Cherry's? First, against our intention, we came to Schöneck Castle and from there we were properly led across the river.

I had also had the motorcycle with me in Gnas and drove from there every Saturday to Graz to rummage around at the antique shops. I found there the very nice floor clock by Schreibelmeyer, which is now in the museum in Windischgraz and a few nice pictures, e.g. the advertiser of the soldier's Schindler¹⁶ or the Jura landscape of Treber.

In the meantime – it may have been in the spring of 1932 – we had bought a Steyrer 12 – second-hand, with the advice of Werner Reininghaus – because of the children and made many trips with it, some to Feldenhofen.

During this time, my interest in old clocks and their history grew. At that time I often brought home a beautiful old watch, many things were cheap in Vienna at that time. I was amazed to hear the children say once or twice: "Now we often play dad and mom so funny". After some time, mom told me: "I've now also heard about this children's game dad and mom, I thought, I have to figure out what it is and I figured it out. Listen! Then Otto comes into the anteroom, goes into the adjoining wood room, takes a piece of wood, wraps it in paper, and then goes through the small corridor into the utility room. There sits little Emy – a little stiffly erect – on the sofa, Otto comes to Emy with his head bowed a little and says: 'Look Mummy, what beautiful things I've found in the city today.' To which Emy replies: 'Again, but hopefully not such a horrible old clock! Didn't I say last time, we've had enough of the junk, it's a shame about the money, we need the money for the budget much more important, I'll throw it out the window.' Then there is a moment of silence, whereupon Emy says: "Didn't mom say something about it last time?". Marceline then said: "I never thought that I had said anything in front of the children". To which I said: "The children have good ears and yet hear everything."

After a few consultations with Dr. Schwarz in the spring of 1929, married life was in perfect order and the blessing of children set in. Otto appeared in 1930, Emy in 1932, Marci in the critical year 1934, when in the spring the wild social uprising took place in Vienna, which was crushed by Dollfuss.

¹⁶ Heute im Besitz von Ueki (UBA)

Around the time of Marceline's birth, the murder of Dollfuss by the Nazis took place. At that time, I enrolled in the Home Guard because I was of the opinion that it was not right for murder to be used to try to exert influence in a neighboring country.

Mom may have been in childbirth because of the newly arrived little Marci when I explained to her one Sunday morning that I was going for a walk with Otto to the Kunsthistorisches Museum. My father would have taken me to the museum at a very early age, which had a very, very strong influence on my interest in art. We visited the beautiful watch collections, the best pieces of which come from the Prague holdings of Emperor Rudolf II. When we got home, Mom asked a little mockingly, "Well, Otto, how did you like it?" Because mom didn't have much time for museums. "Mummy, Mummy," said Otto, quite concerned, "if you had seen the Emperor's watches, you would have stood on one foot." and Mummy only said to me: "Won."

At Elin I had good employees, Rudolf Graf Chorinsky, Dr. Micza, Ing. Esslinger as well as the graduate engineers Penkler, Wagner and Thiel.

Ing. Esslinger was quite a good mountaineer and skier. He first took me for simple skiing trips in the Vienna Woods and later on some interesting high mountain sections on the Rax. I remember such a climb on a path not far from the Inntalerband, where someone had just fallen back then. I was then very afraid of the Inntalerband, but I told myself several times that you have to overcome it yourself so that you have respect for yourself.

Even earlier, around 1932, I started ski trips with Esslinger. These made a great impression on me. Later (1934 or 1935) I went with Marceline and two children on the Patscherkofel to Innsbruck, where a relative – Eckhard Höss – led a ski course. It was an enjoyable stay at altitude, only the many practices that Höss did took me a long way.

Above all, however, a really friendly relationship developed with Ing. Franz Geyer, the manager of the glass flask factory in Inzersdorf. He developed a new simplified backflow measurement for the pistons, which gave us a practical means of determining rectifier piston stress and its limits, a method that I then carried out intensively in the Elin test field in Weiz. I varied the working conditions in order to achieve the greatest possible reduction in backflow and recognized the decisive role of the temperature of the anode rear space and drew the conclusion from this to make better use of the rectifiers by keeping them warm; this was done simply by cooling, moving air away from the immediate anode area and by using particularly hot fan

blades. At the time, I found that in this way, the glass rectifier of the same size certainly offers a much greater load-bearing capacity and overload capacity than without such heat distribution, a finding that was of great business importance.

With this simple means, the performance of the individual units and at the same time the operational safety was significantly increased. This was proven in extensive series of tests in Weiz, thus greatly increasing the reputation of Elin mercury rectifiers.

My intensive occupation with mercury rectifiers very soon had an outward effect. It must have been at the end of 1930 or the beginning of 1931 that I was already called upon to hold meetings with the representative in England, a Mr. Leven. It was in 1931 that a large plant for the city of Brighton exploded there and for this purpose, at the suggestion of Mr. Leven, I was brought to England as a consultant and referee. It was a journey with quite drastic and important results.

The first technical invitation to England (around 1930)

I had already been working at Elin in Vienna for about 3 years and had already made a good name for myself in the field of mercury rectifiers. At that time, the export of mercury rectifiers to England also began and we had equipped some larger plants there.

It may have been in the autumn of 1930 that the director of our export office came to me at noon on a Wednesday and asked: "Bertele, do you have a valid passport? Can you go to England today, the General Manager of Electrical Equipment & Carbon has said he would like to have you as a referee in the matter of the big explosion at the Brighton substation. He said you could speak halfway English and he had confidence in you, you made a good impression."

Very impressed, I said "yes", "I have a valid passport and I am ready to go to England tonight.

It was a long journey by train in a sleeping car to Boulogne, from there to Dover. In Dover, I was surprised that a long train with Pullman cars and a small locomotive was standing at the very end and I thought to myself, up there on the cliffs is London, why don't they send the omnibuses down? I got in, was a bit excited that the luggage had come into an open luggage compartment at the end of the Pullman car and then the little locomotive – tsch, tsch – began to push the train up the mountain near Dover. At the top I didn't see a city of London, but a second

station, a huge express train locomotive was coupled in front of the train and the train drove at a tremendous speed of 1 1/2 hours to London.

In London the next day I went to Electrical Equipment & Carbon, where I was met by General Manager Leven. He said he personally invited me to England because I made a good impression on him and although I belong to one party, he proposed me as a referee and he assumes that I will behave as a gentleman. One day later we drove to Brighton by car – a beautiful old Armstrong-Siddely – with 2 chauffeurs and I was able to study the destroyed substation and the difficulties there.

Without going into the details, I would just like to say here that after a close examination of the situation, I managed to determine after a close examination of the situation that at least 3 gross mistakes had occurred, that the one gross mistake would have been a construction error in the air intake on the part of the Brighton Corporation; the second that the end windings of the main transformer were much too weak and the third that the fans in the rectifier cabinets were incorrectly arranged. All three of these causes should be to blame for the damage to about the same extent. I have proposed that each of the three parties should bear one-third of the damages and that the Brighton Corporation should produce it according to my proposals. This is how it was carried out, and many years later the system went as well as it did after the repair work. As far as I remember, these were English Electric cabinets. That was the reason why I gained a good reputation as a rectifier expert in England.

The return trip was planned for a Saturday with the Continental Express. I was still walking through London in the morning that day; at that time I was still afraid to look at a foreign city during my time of service. In Bond Street, in a very noble antique shop, I saw nothing else in the display than three clocks, set up on velvet, in the middle a clock in a red tortoiseshell case, which seemed to me to be the intellectual forerunner of this development, given my interest in Austrian Baroque clocks that already existed at that time.

I had been interested in old clocks for years – albeit somewhat superficially – and had often met clocks in square wooden boxes from the 18th century at various relatives in Lower Styria, in the Weingartshäuser, in the parsonage of the priest, as well as at Uncle Ernst's and others, which had been called old German clocks by the antique dealers in Vienna at that time. Purely emotionally, I soon gained the impression that these clocks were not a real German or Austrian Baroque development, but that their creation was to be attributed to a strong influence

from outside; the rigid shape of the boxes did not correspond to the actual Baroque forms of Austria. The square box clock standing in the London display at the time – without a bow over the dial – spoke without words: "I am one step earlier in the line than your doubted Austrian baroque clocks, from which you would like to know the real ancestry".

Of course, a noble business like the one in front of it was not open on Saturday. I still remember today that I had prayed: "Dear God, please give another report in England soon, that I can come here and inquire further about these clocks".

My request was fulfilled, about half a year later I received another invitation to England.

I have to say it to further shame, before I went to the meeting – it was a weekday – I walked straight down Bond Street and into the shop, said, "About half a year ago you had a watch in a red tortoiseshell case sitting alone in the middle of the window, I would be interested in that". The salesman replied: "If you are interested in this watch, I must take it to our boss immediately". We walked through large halls, at ground level and up stairs to the 3rd floor. There I was led into a rather nice office, where a slim, tall, gray-haired gentleman came to meet me. The salesman interpreted my request and then I was asked to sit.

The elegant, grey-haired gentleman immediately said that what you were inquiring about was the only tompion in a tortoiseshell shell that he had ever seen in his long work of over 30 years, he had sold it far too cheaply. When I asked how much, he said 600 pounds, whereupon I got a slight shock inside at first, but said to myself, don't show any surprise and when he had finished his description and said, unfortunately it's already sold, I replied: "If you ever get something like that again, please let me know" and gave him my address. That seemed to be the end of our meeting. He accompanied me to the door, shook my hand and said that he should only allow me one more question, that he had said the name Tompion with special emphasis in his description (I already had a good feeling for the fine expressions of the English language at that time), why had he emphasized Tompion so strongly? This question upset him, he said: "Dear young man, so far you have made a very educated impression, but this question is ridiculous, you apparently do not know who Tompion is. Now sit here." I sat down and got an excellent lecture for 20 minutes on the importance of Tompion, the father of English watchmaking. Tompion, together with his nephew Graham, had brought watchmaking from the fine constructions of the German style with many astronomical dials to the correct accuracy of timekeeping and much more. At last he told me that Tompion's and his nephew's Graham's works had been very

important to English seafaring, they are both buried in Westminster Abbey among our generals, princes, and great actors, and that you go there now and think what you have just heard."

These remarks – I heard afterwards that the elegant grey-haired gentleman was not only the owner of London's largest antiques shop, but also a lecturer in technical history at the University of London – prompted me to go to the crypt chapel of Westminster Abbey on the same day. Everything made a very big impression on me, it showed me that clocks have played a considerable role in the history of human development and that dealing with old watches and their history is much more than a mere sport.

On the way home on the ship I only thought, I now want to follow the Austrian watch history, I will not find any important things like Graham's or Tompion's achievements, but one will be able to determine some of one's own steps for the beautiful Austrian watches and it will be worth the effort; you can do your homeland a service with it.

The return current measurements according to Geyer, which have already been mentioned in detail earlier, have not only greatly increased the technical reliability of the Elin glass rectifiers, but have also had a very advantageous effect on the increase in the glass rectifier business, especially to England, so that I had to travel to England once or twice a year to help with the rectifier business there.

It was particularly interesting when we learned from our English representative in about 1932 or early 1933 that several substations built by the English Electric for the Southern Railways were not able to deliver the guaranteed continuous power and overloads and we were asked if we could help out. After studying the system scheduling and the rectifier cabinets, I was able to determine that the performance requirements could be met with our vessels and the special fans developed for this purpose. I then went to England to prove at the English Electric plant in Stafford with our pistons and fans – installed in the English Electric cabinets – that the Elin means can actually meet the required heavy load conditions.

When I came to Stafford for this purpose in the large halls of the English Electric, which had several times the Weizer dimension with which I was familiar, I became faint-hearted and anxious for a moment, but soon said to myself that I must not be impressed by the external size of the system and that I must not get myself down, especially because I am convinced of our technology, I know that it is better and that I could now prove it.

Pistons and fans, as I was quickly able to convince myself, were correctly installed. So first the temporal continuous load test began, which went well. When it came to the overload demonstration – I think 25% overload was promised by 30 seconds, I put the beautiful, flat Tissot clock, which I had received from Mom shortly before, on the test table and said: "Now the overload can be switched on," and began to walk away from the rectifier system. I silently counted the seconds. When the required 30 seconds had passed, the engineers came rushing excitedly and said: "The guaranteed time is over, should we switch off?". To which I calmly said: "No, let it go on, I'll be back". I slowly went back – continuing to count in my mind – and when the guaranteed overload time had just been exceeded twice, I said: "You see, the system can withstand twice the overload time. Now we're switching off." This unexpectedly large possibility of overloading impressed the people so much that, on the one hand, all faulty railway stations were equipped with the Elin instructions and, on the other hand, that English Electric – at that time the largest electrical industry in England – ended the rectifier contract with Siemens and Elin stood up for it.

After this trip to England, I was often sent to England for various technical consultations and calculations, especially when a rectifier plant was built near Croydon, after exports had become so large that it had seemed expedient for Elin to manufacture the rectifiers there itself.

In 1936, my boss at Elin advised me to bring in a second man – to control me, so to speak. The engineer Barth, whom I recommended at the time, was chosen, who was then sent to England several times.

From our father-in-law we received a very nice monthly allowance for our lifestyle. Marceline was not a wasteful nature herself and so it was not difficult for me to influence her to do good housekeeping, although she did not dislike to show the generosity of great-grandfather Adolf Ignaz Mautner, of whom it was said that he had said more than once: "It may cost what it wants, but nothing at once".

After we had accumulated some savings in the first few years, I wanted to pursue a favorite idea of mine to own my own house in Vienna and buy a suburban house with a garden. To this end, I often studied the newspaper advertisements and auction advertisements. Once a particularly beautiful old house from 1815 on the Hohe Warte with a small front garden and a large garden behind the house on the Hohe Warte came down for auction. Marceline and I bid and since the public's desire to buy was very low due to the bad times, we were awarded the

official contract with an astonishingly low reputation. After a few days, however, a letter arrived that we had arrived at approx. ÖS 3,000 below the prescribed limit and the call for approval of this increase. Pretty much at the same time, a very nice, handwritten letter came from my father-in-law. He asked not to make the purchase, times would be very tense and for the company in Floridsdorf the withdrawal of our savings would bring great inconvenience. Of course, we gave in to his request and so we didn't get the house on the Hohe Warte.

After a few months, however, the father-in-law mentioned that he had thought a few times about the fact that we would like to own a suburban house with a garden and that he could make the suggestion that we should take over the "beautiful orchard" in Sievering, today's Gasthaus Eckl. At that time I said, but it's not as pretty as the Hohe Warte, we don't like it, because I couldn't have had my way earlier. So we didn't get the "beautiful orchard", which I often felt sorry for later and meant the lesson to me, "take what you get."

It may have been in 1932 that my father-in-law told me: "Things are getting worse and worse in the economy; the beer production here in St. Georg is getting smaller and smaller, and even though I sit here every evening and calculate and try to improve everything, I still see that in 2 or 3 years the brewery will no longer be sustainable, that the bank will take over everything and everything will be gone here." He was very worried about this and it affected him very much.

In the autumn of 1934, my mother's father, my father-in-law, finally died in Gaaden, the place that pleased him on the one hand, but whose costs on the other hand also depressed him very much, because he once mentioned that if I hadn't built Gaaden, we would have been a little easier off in Floridsdorf.

After his father-in-law's death, his mother's brother Georg (Buwa) took care of all economic matters very intensively and well; he was also politically active and became a city councillor at that time,

Quite unexpectedly, around 1935, he told the next family that the Creditanstalt, which at that time controlled the much larger Schwechat brewery, had contacted him because the financial situation in Schwechat was even less favorable than in St. Georg and asked if he could take over Schwechat and organize it in the same way as St. Georg. This was an incredibly interesting proposal, but it was necessary that the whole family with all its assets should be well prepared

for it; That has also happened. In fact, the economic situation of the Schwechat brewery soon improved as a result.

Around this time, Mom and I bought the house in Loidoltgasse lizitando; 3 old servants (1 maid, 1 servant, 1 caretaker) were to be maintained by him on the basis of the will of the owners (Count Haugwitz), and since the interest income of the house was not sufficient, considerable debts had accumulated. It was announced that for the above 3 persons the rights of residence would be taken over but a certain deduction would be deducted from the final sum because of the payments to them.

So we acquired the house with a starting price of about 93,000 schillings, of which about 32,000 were deducted. The 3 people have become very old and some of them have survived the 2nd World War. All in all, however, I think the acquisition was good, because the location, close to the town hall, behind the Military Geography Institute, is a favorable one for Vienna.

In the spring of 1936 we were invited to the Rally family on Rennweg. Among the guests was Wolfi Stadler from Wolfergrün, an important high-altitude tourist, who had made himself known especially during difficult rescue expeditions and received a special award for this, the..... cross. We became friends that evening and soon afterwards he took me with him on the Inntaler band – which I remember as a nightmare from earlier times – on the Rax; the mastery of it at that time still gives me satisfaction today.

Then I did a very nice, difficult scrambling path with him on the south ridge of the Scheiblingstein.

Later, in 1937, he was at the Buchstein, where he unfortunately died. Shortly before the tour I had bad back pain for the first time, so I had to cancel my participation at the last moment. It was in the night from Sunday to Monday that I had a dream-like experience in my sleep. It was as if my friend Stadler was lying on top of me with a heavy weight. At about 2 o'clock in the morning I woke up under the incredible pressure. The next day, unfortunately, I had to learn that Wolfi Stadler had died the day before – just around this time of my nocturnal experience – on the Buchstein. He was a very good weather expert, but bad weather came earlier than he expected. He had given his companion his own jacket, but on the long ascent on the heavy wall they couldn't get any further and he himself froze to death, while his companion – protected by Wolfi's jacket – remained alive.

The work at Elin kept me busy all the time. In order to further the rectifier business, I have introduced the Elact ideas of an engineer Karpeles (later called Weissenberger) for milk deacidification with the help of rectifiers on an electrolytic basis at Elin. Unfortunately, although there were good reports, there was no favourable development because the Viennese dairy, the main owner of the Bloch-Bauer family, was against the introduction of the Elact process.

In the summer of 1936 I drove with my mother from Feldenhofen with the Steyr XII to Assling in Carniola to visit a factory railway rectifier station with a telephone fault suppression system that I had planned in Vienna. We spent a very nice night in Veldes am See and drove on to Venice after the satisfactory visit to the facility. On the way back, not far to Mestre, a noise began in the engine that soon seemed very dangerous. Slowly I drove to Conegliano, where in the next larger workshop I was told: "Broncino tutto rotto" (a bearing completely broken). It took a day to incorporate a new bearing. We used the leisure time to visit the large beautiful castle ruins above the village, then we went quietly back to Feldenhofen.

In our family, our son Hansi was born on 10.12.1936 (sic) [11.12.1936]. Unfortunately, my father died the next day, Momo gave me the sad news on the phone in the morning.

It was a politically quite turbulent time at that time, there was a bad economic situation in Austria, the news from Germany of the successes of the Hitlerites was great and there was a strong Hitler movement in Austria.

At that time I was disappointed that the Austrians in general and especially the middle class and the higher society had very little inner mental attitude to their own past. Chancellor Starhemberg carried the people along with the Heimwehr a bit, but it didn't go very deep either. Chancellor Schuschnigg's storm troops were also disappointing, because in one or two speeches where I was present, he made it clear to the people how he would help them economically. Success in politics can only be expected if it brings emotional emotional ties and does not only focus on material well-being.

In the beautiful apartment in the Lackierergasse we often had very nice socializing, which made mom more and more happy.

In the spring of 1937, Mom and I were in Rome for a few days. At that time we experienced the 1st anniversary celebration for the conquest of Abyssinia, it was an impressive large procession.

One of the reasons for the trip to Rome was a rectifier meeting in a ministry. One of the gentlemen asked me if I was a relative of the Italian ambassador of the same name to Kemal Atatürk in Ankara, the friend of Mussolini. This gave me reason to write to him that I had been researching the ancestors of the Bertele family for a long time and that I had received hints that the Berteles had come to Swabia from Friuli before the 30 Years' War. After some time, I received a friendly reply from Tomaso Bertele that we had to meet and talk things out. But nothing else happened at the time, apparently the increasing political tension in Europe was to blame¹⁷.

In the spring of 1938, Marceline had gone to Feldenhofen with the children at the beginning of March; at that time, the political unrest caused by the Nazi supporters in Austria was already quite great.

Hitler's invasion of Austria

On 12.3.1938 I gave a lecture at the Technik, where I reported my investigations on the physical prerequisites for an increase in the performance of HG steam rectifier vessels and spoke about the influence of the thermal gradient on ion diffusion. (It was an anticipation of Chapman's knowledge of thermo-diffusion; unfortunately, my manuscript has been lost).

At 7 o'clock the audience left lecture hall III in droves, Hitler had just marched into Austria!

Then I went to Momo. Many people were on the streets. I took the way back across the ring and saw numerous, obviously satisfied marchers, but the dark premonition of disaster forced itself upon me.

In the next few days, it hits me: distance from the head of the rectifier department, which Esslinger takes over, and assistant in the patent department; Neumann reproaches me for too expensive development work.

I was given the position of an assistant in the patent department of Dr. Schwarzmann. After a few days, however, I wrote a letter to Siemens in Berlin and asked if they had any use for me. Very quickly, an invitation to Siemensstadt came. On May 2, 1938, I was in Berlin, where I

¹⁷ 1961 oder 1962 machten Mutti und Baba eine Osterfahrt nach Italien, bei der Uly und Ucki mit dabei waren. Wir waren zum Mittagessen bei Berteles in Verona eingeladen in einem schönen Palais auf einer Piazza, welches, glaube ich, im Besitz von Tomaso Berteles Frau, einer Gräfin Lamberti war. Beide kamen mir winzig klein und wuzzelig

was received by Dr. Kerschbaum, the head of the tube factory. When I went in to him from the beautiful anteroom with 2 secretaries, I said modestly quietly when closing the front door: "Heil Hitler", but Dr. Kerschbaum at the desk answered loudly: "Leave the nonsense. We know what you are," and suggested that I succeed Alfred Siemens as head of the rectifier design department of the tube factory. I gladly accepted this and the start of work was set for September 1, 1938. He mentioned: "We have been watching your work and activities with interest for 4 years, since you replaced the Siemens rectifier pistons with those from the Elin at English Electric, and I believe that you will be able to use and exploit your skills to a greater extent at Siemens"

vor, aber sehr nett. Es waren natürlich die Eltern von jenem Giovanni Bertele, der uns in England, in Purley damals, aufsuchte mit dem berühmten Anspruch: „Ich bin Bertele, wer bist Du?“ (UBA).

Berlin period: autumn 1938 to June 1945.

So we went to Berlin at the end of August – mom and I – and rented a Pension Dröge on Hohenzollerndamm for the time being; soon afterwards we bought a pretty house with a large garden in Davoserstrasse and the Viennese furniture moved to Berlin. At that time, I had the idea that Schmargendorf – close to Roseneck and Grünewald – would be so far away from the city centre that there would be no danger of bombing raids there in the event of a war.

Davoserstrasse was a branch of Hohenzollerndamm, a long road leading from the west centre of Berlin almost to Grünewald. The Davoserstrasse was already (in the last stretch between the Hohenzollerndamm stop, the city and Ringbahn station and the Roseneck, where the Hohenzollerndamm ended. At the junction of Davoserstrasse and Hohenzollerndamm stood a modern Protestant church, whose architecture I liked very much.

In one of the first meetings at Siemens, Dr. Kerschbaum told me: "We have times in Germany today that we are not happy with; we do not see a good future; it is dangerous for each individual; You have to be very careful as a human being; in your office there is a man of a new direction who will be watching you, his name is Mr. Schnitzlein; if you get in the way of that and get into party trouble, we can't protect you, then you'll get into the machinery, otherwise you'll have every support at Siemens."

The work in Berlin was extraordinarily interesting. I initially took over a department with 3 large working groups, in which design work was carried out for the entire rectifier construction and industrial high-frequency use. In September 1938, I first started as head of design in the tube factory with the rectifier auxiliary operations, an activity that was soon expanded to include vessel construction. The 3 offices initially taken over were: (1) cabinets for glass and candelabras (group leader Mr. Aulmann); (2) Cabinets for large rectifiers (Mr. Henselmayer) and (3) High-frequency industrial plants (Mr. Schnitzlein). The technical deployment was versatile. After including the discharge vessel construction, I immediately started to summarize the most important construction data of the iron HG steam discharge vessels, i.e. size of the condensation chambers, the anodes and cathodes, the temperature distributions, heat radiation at the anodes, etc., and began to bring together the material for an overview of the rectifier vessel design.

An important step in this process was to replace the softly soldered anodes with pressure glass meltings (according to Schwarz v. Bergkampff), which allowed the higher ambient temperatures, which were favourable in my Viennese experience. Another important step was the

maturation of the combination proposed by Dr. Schilling of multi-armed, melted iron rectifier vessels for approx. 500 A - also known as arm candlesticks - into mobile units together with the auxiliary devices directly belonging to the vessel and the fan, a development that was completed quite successfully in a short time.

In my efforts to advance the performance of the pumpless arm chandeliers, i.e. the iron rectifiers, especially through the introduction of pressurized glass melting – which was invented by my friend Schwarz von Bergkampf and which impressed me very much, the attitude of Alfred Siemens as plant director was not always uniform, partly he showed real goodwill to my suggestions, but partly my fight against the soft-soldered porcelain insertions made him for the development of which he had worked himself. So it came about that he occasionally revoked orders that I, as head of design in the workshops, had given to the master craftsmen a few days later, with a short hint, also by verbal means. After this had happened a few times and I became very angry, I went to Alfred Siemens without further ado and told him: "Doctor, you sometimes put an end to orders that I give as head of design in the workshops; do you object if I report this to a higher place?" I then took his phone and called the responsible board director in the central administration and explained my difficulties to him; I was immediately proved right, my orders were no longer deflected by A. Siemens. After some time, the tension was overcome, and the further cooperation with A. Siemens was good.

In terms of personal behavior, I had a difficulty with a young Sudeten German (Hauke) who was initially rebellious against me; At that time, during one of his first resistances, I told him on the 4th floor of the design office that if he rebelled against me so insolently, I would throw him down the banister with my own arms; that worked, I didn't have any further difficulties with him. On the contrary, he has proven to be quite a good collaborator in anode heating calculations in a short time.

The citation before the German physicists and Dr. Steenbeck's help.

It may have been about a year after I started working at Siemens in Berlin that I had written and distributed an internal file note on the correct temperature distribution in the mercury rectifiers according to my considerations, after I had applied the ideas I had already gained in Vienna about the importance of correct temperature distribution to the internal steam distribution in the rectifier vessel to the Siemens arm chandeliers by means of a clever design of the cooling

air flow and thus achieved a significant improvement. Shortly after my internal intelligence service came out, Director Dr. Kerschbaum once remarked to me on the stairs: "You will probably have to deal with the physicists about your new file note in the next few days."

Very soon afterwards I also received a call from Dr. Jacobi, a leading physicist of the tube works, that I should come to him on one of the next days for a discussion about my file note. Since nothing very good was in store for me, I discussed this call with Dr. Steenbeck, the head of the Gas Discharge Laboratory, with whom I had already become friends soon after I joined, and asked him to come with me to this meeting, as he was an independent physicist outside the circle of German physicists, already quite respected.

When I arrived at the place indicated, the leading German physicists of the tube works, namely Dr. Etzrod, Dr. Jacobi, Dr. Kniepkamp and Dr. Siebert, were already sitting together at a large table; they made somewhat long faces when Dr. Steenbeck came in with me and I said kindly that I had asked Dr. Steenbeck, a friend of mine, to come with me for this discussion; I hope that you have nothing against it, which was also accepted. It was actually the problem of my internal file note, where I would have written about the correct or better temperature distribution in the mercury vessels and given as a reason that keeping the critical anodes warm would not allow the dangerous vapour jets to penetrate so strongly with ionisation, or that the introduced ionisation would be broken down more quickly.

Now a solemn speech was made to me – almost as if at a correspondence court – in which it was explained to me that those present, as physicists, were responsible for ensuring that everywhere only correct and confirmed views of physical processes prevailed, and that unproven, uncritical, undogmatic ideas such as mine were not permissible, because they did not contradict what had been laboriously created by the German physicists. general spiritual level. They had therefore made the motion that not a single publication of mine – neither internal nor external – should be published without review by this consortium of physicists. After a few short factual explanations from me, Steenbeck intervened and said that one should bear in mind that the systems created recently, where the temperature conditions represented by me were taken into account, or specially created, brought significantly better results than before. Steenbeck already had a very weighty reputation at that time; so, after some back and forth, an agreement was reached that I should write Steam Flow instead of Steam Jets, because there was no sharp

limitation of the steam movement, but a gradual transition, and so my report was allowed to be published, which was quite a great success after this very dangerous meeting at first.

It is important for me to remember that a few days after this initially embarrassing confrontation, one of the four opposing physicists – namely Dr. Siebert – came to my office in the evening and said that he had been embarrassed by the course of the trial; moreover, in the last few days he had looked through the correspondence of his father-in-law, the Nobel Prize winner, Privy Councillor of Vienna, with Prof. Jeans in England, which had been written in a letter describing exactly my idea, namely the possibility of a significant influence of heat gradients on the diffusion of molecules in a container with different temperatures. Siebert's visit and his friendly explanation made a great impression on me, we became good friends from that moment on, a friendship that lasted until his death.

Our children Emy and Marci went to elementary school at Berkaplatz; Otto was sent to the Hermann Lietz School in Gebesee. In winter we went skiing in Obersdorf; in the summer of 1939 we went on holiday to Würzburg with Stutzi and Gretl Frischherz from Vienna. The Frischherz had a car that we used well for excursions in the Main Valley.

The children were cared for by a sister Lina, whom Marceline later remembered often when she mentioned: "Lina said, don't worry about dirt, dirt chafes the stomach".

Towards the city from the Hohenzollerndamm station on the street of the same name, was Ferbelinenplatz, where Charlotte, Mutti's sister, had moved in with her husband, Georg. They had a nice apartment there and we visited them there often; even after our first big bombing raid, we lived there with her on Hohenzollerndamm for a short time.

The family spent the summer vacation in 1940 in Lahm in the Bavarian Forest, the winter vacation in 1941 in Obersdorf in Bavaria. I have fond memories of numerous bike rides in the Berlin area, where Marceline also participated. Once such an excursion went to the interesting Niederfinow ship lift.

In the winter of 1941, bombing began in Berlin, initially with incendiary bombs; once there was an impact into our air-raid shelter through the door of the small courtyard; Mom was surprisingly calm and immediately sprinkled sand on the hissing bomb with the shovel from the sandpit. When I expressed my astonishment at this, she said calmly: "That's how we learned it in the preparations," which made a great impression on me.

Soon afterwards, Marceline goes to Feldenhofen to be on the safe side, when I had advised her to do so with the remark: "Go there calmly, if we have survived the first world war well in Feldenhofen, we will do the same in the second".

I myself stayed in Berlin with the housekeeper, Mrs. Brömse.

From mid-1941 I took over the management of the AIE department at Siemens in place of Mr. Baudisch, who became plant director as A. Siemens, who came to his former position. The AIE was the central rectifier sales and development department, an important position at Siemens, as its former managers always advanced to important positions; the then Director General Dr. Bingel had also once been head of the AIE.

In January 1943 there was an evening call from Dr. Bingel in my office and the request to come to him immediately. He asked me: "Do you dare to take over a completely different area than your previous one?", to which I replied that in principle I would always be interested in new problems and areas; But I would like to take the liberty of asking what it is about. To which Dr. Bingel replied simply: "The command of the naval special forces, together with Prof. Hertz." I remarked: "Before I give an answer to this, I would like to talk to Prof. Hertz, the well-known Nobel Prize winner," which Dr. Bingel was fine with.

I spoke to Prof. Hertz the next day and said to him: "I believe that you, dear Prof. Hertz, are just as little interested in the current ethnic structure as I am. Are we supposed to support their militant undertakings externally?" Then Hertz said very calmly: "Dear friend Bertele, what has been offered to us is so interesting that we will accept it under any circumstances; I tell you further, we will use our best forces as best we can and try to carry out the whole development as properly as we can, but this will not change the course of history." Then I said yes, and in the next few days we took over the management of the naval special weapons department offered to us; until now it had been headed by Dr. Wüstling.

They were new employees; it was an entirely new frame of responsibility; it was associated with the involvement in the supervision of 15 different plants. it was also necessary to visit and negotiate with numerous shipyards on both the Baltic Sea and the North Sea.

In the autumn of 1943, the Berlin house was bombed out while I had just been in Heidebrecht in Silesia; on my return I found only the ruins of the house, which had been completely burned; but the greater part of the household goods had been saved. I then succeeded in having a new roof truss made in Feldenhofen, bringing it to Berlin and placing it on the

remaining walls; but it was no longer possible to make the house habitable. So I stayed at the lower end of Davoserstrasse in a nice villa with an engineer and stayed there until this house was bombed out. Then I stayed with Dr. Leibbrand in the middle of Davoserstrasse in his big house, because I was popular in the whole alley because of my helpfulness in case of fires. At that time, Dr. Leibbrand was Ministerialdirigent for the railway system.

On January 2 and 3, 1945, I was in Danzig to negotiate torpedo equipment and engines. News leaked out that the Russians were advancing strongly on Gdansk. During the lunch break, I passed by an antique and art dealer I knew before in one of the beautiful, old patrician houses, greeted him and asked him for old watches. There I first acquired a small horse watch made of French. Bronze with a musical mechanism in the later pedestal for 250 DM; then the dealer said to me: "Come to the cellar, there I have an English harp clock; if the Russians come, it will surely perish. It was a beautiful, coloured clock case from about 1770/75 with a complete harp movement on the back of the case and a clock movement by Jourdain/London; Harp works were also a great rarity at that time and so I gladly gave the DM 2000 in exchange for the promise to deliver the watch to the Siemens office immediately; Mr. Buchwald, the Siemens director in Gdansk, then promised to give me the watch with the transport of important business documents to the West, which was in preparation. Unfortunately, this was no longer possible, because later Mr. Buchwald was able to tell me that the Russians came to Gdansk faster than expected, with most of the houses going up in flames. The fact that the beautiful city, which represented so much medieval and modern culture, has been destroyed, means a bitter feeling for itself, even after many years, even if in Gdansk – as the city is called today in Polish – facades and alleys are said to have been restored according to old pictures. Here one could add thoughts on Little Greater German and European thought, the latter being understood in the sense of Charles V, which includes the countries from Spain to Hungary, as a concept that can be compared to an orchestra, where the juxtaposition of the individual voices of the various instruments is combined by a great, good conductor.

A partial activity since the end of 1942 was the preparation for a mine and mine clearance conference, for which draft contracts are still available.

I still remember a visit to Feldenhofen – at the beginning of February 1945 after a torpedo engine meeting in Vienna.

During the day I see SS men in the forecourt of Feldenhofen until dusk, then later the partisans come in the dark; I remember a short severe cold, where I slept in the small salon, which was the warmest; I see the return in third class in the miserable passenger train to Klagenfurt; there they changed to the reserved 1st class coupé of the Munich-Berlin express train.

The planned mine clearance conference could no longer take place.

In March, the collapse of the German positions in the west and east became increasingly oppressive.

In the last days of the war there was a conference on special torpedo propulsion at the Nuremberg plant, regarding the delivery of submarine propulsion; it was eerie to hear the thunder of artillery from the siege of Würzburg. Before leaving for Nuremberg, my boss Dr. Buff had said: "But come back, we will need your calm and composure in the events we are facing."

So in the evening after the conferences in Nuremberg I took the night train to Berlin (it was the last train before the end of the war, as it turned out afterwards) and got as far as Rudolfstadt; there rail traffic stopped; but I was still able to return to Berlin in a military car to keep my promise.

The next day, when the Russians were already approaching Berlin, a special meeting was held with the Director General, Dr. Bingel, to which all the directors of the departments involved in weapons had been summoned. I remember the thunder of the cannon of the attack on the Gartenfeld cable factory and the words: "Gentlemen, no hasty movements now" and then followed enlightening words to each and every one of us: "You can't go to Siemenstadt in the next few weeks", and for me personally: "All the papers incriminating you about your special operation have been destroyed, but you are called a pump engineer in AI 4".

After this impressive session, we returned by bike to Schmargendorf, to the house of Dr. Leibbrand, one of the last intact villas on Davoserstrasse. I myself had been a helper in extinguishing all the bombing raids; people therefore liked me and had always offered me a place to stay.

The next day, the Russians marched in. I remember how suddenly it became very quiet, and there were the Russians in Schmargendorf. After a few days, I took over auxiliary services as technical mayor in Schmargendorf-Rathaus, which essentially consisted of cleaning up the destruction caused by the Russian invasion in the district.

During this time, I often visited Erich Kretschy in the evening and discussed with him the possibility of leaving Berlin by bicycle; I also received various advice and hints from him about acquaintances whom I could visit on the route via Dresden and Czechoslovakia to Hof, where Siemens had set up a turnout at that time, and possibly ask for help.

In addition, I also worked as an interpreter for the Russian Command and a few times even for Konev¹⁸, which finally helped me to obtain very important personal papers, as I wanted them for the planned trip to Austria.

On June 15, the beginning of this journey took place; it was actually undertaken by bicycle, together with the then secretary in the Schmargendorf municipal office - Mrs. Fauler - who wanted to go to southern Germany to her family. This trip is described in detail in the following section.

¹⁸ Iwan Konjew, leitete eine der beiden Heeresgruppen bei der russischen Offensive gegen Berlin. Der andere Heeresanführer war Schukow.

By bike from Berlin to Feldenhofen.

(15 June 1945 to July 1945)

The diary I wrote myself on the trip was partially torn up by Peter, the little rascal of the resident Marie in Feldenhofen. He had entered through the barred windows in the summer of 1945 during my absence, when I was absent from Celje because of my deported family. So it was necessary to reconstruct the various experiences from memory later at the Buserhof and then to write it down in Graz; later a thorough processing was carried out.

Even before the collapse, it had become clear to me in Berlin that the Hitler government was untenable and would soon come to an end. With the Germans in Berlin, I had noticed that many judge the course of events, but also the people and events, with little objective and see everything from their local-conventional point of view and take little account of the actual conditions.

So I prepared myself in my mind to leave Berlin after the end of the war; I took my bicycle in view as a means of transport; I also began to save some provisions for the journey, in spite of the general scarcity of provisions.

I don't want to write much about the final battle, the invasion of the Russians and my work among the Russians in Berlin as technical secretary to the mayor of Schmargendorf. It was a very interesting job, because I had the opportunity to get to know new areas of work – construction, transport, energy supply – and to get in touch with the Russians. Surprisingly, public life in Berlin soon gained a very pretty outer façade. The streets were cleaned by the commitment of the population; here and there there were regulated trams, buses and subway traffic; Water, electric light worked, the food supply was even better than before the Russian invasion.

But at the same time, the large industrial enterprises, above all Siemensstadt, had been largely emptied – many means of transport had been removed and, according to circulating rumours, agriculture had also been severely reduced in a wide area. This gave the impression that the conditions in Berlin would soon come to a head and that the current favorable food situation would turn into the opposite after the open warehouses were used up. Above all, however, I was pressed by the question of what I was actually doing alone, without family, in Berlin.

Once – at the end of May – I was very unsure about my future, there was the possibility of going to Russia with Professor Hertz, which the Russians recommended to me several times;

furthermore, the successes of my technical work indicated the prospect of getting a senior post in the city administration. But concern for the family in Feldenhofen urged them to travel south. In an embarrassment as to what decision to make, I asked the Blessed Mother for help in my room one evening in Leibbrand's house. Soon afterwards my eyes fell on the little black suitcase in the corner, where I kept various papers—including Marcelinen's letters from Feldenhofen—which I had long wanted to put in order. I started right away and read a few lines here and there, among them were some where my dear wife emphasized that she was happy to do all the work in Feldenhofen and all the effort always with the prospect of a later life together here – perhaps as a permanent reference point in the event of a breakdown – and that she would take on all the dangers. Then my decision was made to move to Feldenhofen and I thanked St. Mary for her hint. Now I began with a lot of joy to prepare the trip thoroughly and took the middle of June as a date.

The preparations for the bike trip

I had made several inquiries about the conditions of progress in the troubled Central Europe on the way and had received the most diverse contradictory news about it. To this end, I had already gone to Berlin's arterial roads several times on Saturdays and Sundays and talked to people who, with handcarts, prams or other adventurously constructed vehicles, revealed a longer route that had already been traveled or even a route planned to be longer. From much information I could see that some of these people had already travelled long distances, even came from Czechoslovakia, where they had fared differently; I heard from others that they wanted to attempt the crossing via Bohemia to the English-occupied part of Bavaria; In general, there were frequent mentions of border crossing difficulties, unfriendliness and hostility on the part of the Czechs, of great insecurity on the country roads and great uncertainty of being transported by any vehicle.

A chauffeur from Hohenzollerndamm, whose sister was employed by an acquaintance, gave me information about the Russian-occupied part of the country that inspired me with confidence from a trip to the American zone; above all, he recommended that I have an official identity document with a Russian stamp. At first some attempts to do so failed, but then I even received an official letter from the Russian Colonel of the Guards at Marshal Konev's, with whom I had occasional dealings, with the correct signature and the large stamp; it was a

laudatory recognition of my achievements at the mayor's office of Schmargendorf. This large paper and a previously preserved, smaller one, proved to be helpful several times in the following period. When I had these papers in my hands, I could calmly approach the details of the journey. I left the choice of the details of the route still open, but I resolved, if possible, to go via Hof in Bavaria to the group management of Siemens to meet Director Scharovsky; I also had the feeling that the best way to get to Windischgraz was via Salzburg and Klagenfurt and not via Vienna. In addition to the urge to come to the family, I also wanted to know the reaction of people in different areas and from different walks of life to the shock of the collapse; at the same time, I wanted to feel from people the way they feel about the future, in order to draw conclusions about the coming development.

In addition to the already described paper procurement from the Russians, I also received a friendly letter from Mayor Thieben and one from the Father, head of our small Salvatorian monastery.

In spite of the strenuous activity in the mayor's office, I had always used the evenings to meet with many people and to discuss with them the expected course of events in Europe. First there was the closest circle of friends: Erich Kretschy, Kurt Rommeler, Manfred Tschermak, M. Pokorny; in addition, there were the Siemens people who had remained in Berlin, Dr. Buff, Dir. Leipersberger, Mr. Baudisch and, above all, Prof. Hertz. The district had been greatly expanded by the mayor's office; Father and son Thieben proved to be very orderly, nice people, plus the state actor Walter Franke, then Dr. Karoli, a versatile enterprising Transylvanian. The most interesting discussions, however, came with Margaret Boveri¹⁹, the writer and world traveler. Almost to the last few days she had the intention of making the journey from Berlin together with me; in the end, however, Mrs. Boveri wanted to wait for the Allies to enter Berlin. Several times the travel details were discussed with my secretary at the mayor's office, Mrs. Fauler, who was also considering participating in my trip to get to southern Germany.

Now that my decision to travel by bike had been made, it was time for a sample pack. I had saved plenty of rice provisions. My supplies included sausage, 2 bottles of oil, 4 loaves of bread, some corned beef and bacon, 2 cans of sardines, 1 glass of fat and a small bottle of schnapps. The bike was lovingly inspected and received new pedals as well as thorough lubrication.

¹⁹ cf. Margret Boveri, *Tage des Überlebens*, Berlin 1945, Berlin 2004, p. 196

Very pleasing was the finding ten days before the planned trip that passenger trains depart from Lankwitz station to Jüterbog, which supposedly had a connection to Dresden, a possibility of leaving Berlin, which seemed to be particularly suitable because the wider area of Berlin had been mentioned several times as very unsafe for bicycles with luggage on it.

The ruins of the house at Davoserstrasse 3 were handed over to Mr. Romeler and my tax affairs to Erich Kretschy in loyal hands. So the day of departure approached; now I finally had to divide my small possessions of furniture, food, books and clothes sensibly.

The last day before departure

First thing in the morning I rode my bike to Lankwitz to clarify the train conditions. The train left at the same time as the first time, but was much fuller, so that I recognized an early arrival as very necessary; one had to cross the Teltow Canal on the way to the station, as all bridges over it had been blown up during the last defensive attempts by Berlin. Detours to the few emergency climbs with descent over small stairs on the deep and steep flanks were not easy because of the loaded bicycles and required some time.

Of my belongings, the few remnants that had been saved from the fire in our house, as well as a few new acquisitions from the bookstore at Roseneck, were then partly given to the brown cowhide suitcase at Kretschy, partly stowed away in the drawers of my mahogany dressing table, which came to Romeler. To take with me on the trip, I took with me only Pohl's mechanics and the theory of electricity, a brochure about new, scientific advances of the A.J.E.E., a folder with personal documents and – most importantly – a copy of my rectifier book written at Siemens. The day before my departure, I had buried my most important recent works in an ammunition box lined with zinc sheeting, especially the compilation on wave propagation in water, other documents and diaries, early in the morning under the compost heap at Davoserstrasse 3. I had done it quite early because the Russians were very careful and looking for buried objects; they had found valuables, but also wine and schnapps.

In the course of the morning Dr. Buff came, to whom I had promised my little night box alarm clock and also some books. The poor man had lived directly on the main line of battle; his nice villa there had been devastated by the troops for days; when he had put it in order, he had been moved out again and plundered again.

My bed went to Kretschy, although it didn't really belong to me; a Russian band, which had lived with us for several days, had requisitioned it in the surrounding area, and then left it behind. But since it fit well with my chairs and bedside tables, I had taken it into my room.

The food supplies – there were two small boxes with legumes, flour, pasta, sugar, fat, oil, tomato pulp, which I had kept as an emergency reserve – were given to Erich Kretschy with the request to open the first after two months, the second after another month afterwards and to use it for himself if I had not come back in the meantime.

I wanted to leave at least something to the housewife, Mrs. Trode, who had often derived something from my supplies and who waited with Elstermiene for me to leave everything behind for her. So I went to the basement, where I had assigned two compartments in the shelves and surveyed what was available. My first glance fell on a large can of soup cubes that I had received from Vienna for Christmas. I wanted to give this (and other things) to her, because she had often mentioned how the soups were made so tasty thanks to the use of soup cubes. But the can was empty except for a few cubes and so I recognized the origin of the palatability of the soups. I closed the can tightly, put some semolina next to it and put it on the kitchen table. Then I remarked to the housewife that the full dice box and the semolina were my legacy for her, she thanked her and said that she could use the dice very well.

Towards evening Tschermak, Kretschy and Romeler arrived. We drank the last wine, ate the last compote, and prepared the heaps that the friends were to fetch the next day; this included above all the sheets for Tschermak. Regarding my legacies, I emphasized that I expected to be refunded if I returned. Then the backpack was packed and the beautiful yellow leather bag with the books and documents and the four loaves of bread under the plaid were stowed on the luggage rack.

Two days before, Mrs. Fauler had urged me to take her with me on my departure, as she had great confidence in my enterprising spirit. With no responsibility for the success of the enterprise, I agreed that she could come along. She wanted to branch off towards Lake Constance in Munich because her family-in-law ran a restaurant there; Mother and sister, both bombed out in Graz, as well as the latter's child, who was about one year old, were to stay behind in Berlin for the time being.

The expectation of departure, the desire and the worry to find my family again and the uncertainty about the course of the certainly long-lasting travel undertaking did not let me fall

asleep for a long time. But then I fell into a deep sleep, from which my alarm clock called me at 4 o'clock

Leaving Berlin, the first day of travel

The gray morning promised a beautiful day. I was quickly dressed, the toiletries and pyjamas went into the backpack, the bedding on the pile for Tschermak and the last things were put on the bike with Mr. Trode's help. Now Mrs. Fauler also came; her bike was heavily packed, she was a simple wind blouse. A few minutes after 6 o'clock we set off. It was fresh and cloudless. We drove up Davoserstrasse towards Breite Strasse; a few friendly glances at our property, a few thoughts back in gratitude for the beautiful years in it and a last wish that the ruins, which are only covered with a simple wooden roof, will soon become a homely little house again. The next view to the town hall, where I had done an interesting and helping job in the last few weeks. Further over the wild boar through the heavily destroyed Podbielski Allee to the train station, the path I had already tried twice. To the extent that I moved away from Schmargendorf, the small connections to the local community disappeared, the question became stronger and stronger, what will the next days, weeks, even hours bring.

At Lankwitz station itself, there were a lot of people with the various carts. We waited only a short time, the train soon arrived; but numerous Frenchmen crowded into the passenger cars in front with their extensive luggage and prevented us from boarding with their bicycles. Then we went back to the cattle wagons; with the help of other people we got in easily and found a good place in a corner. In a short time the carriage was completely filled; At the end, train staff stuffed in some women with prams. In general, people were willing to huddle together; only one woman had excessively large luggage; she did not want to go into the corner, because it would be too dark for her there. But she was quickly outvoted and had to let other people get close to her, deep in the corner.

The departure took place quite punctually. Soon refreshment packages were taken out, and I also enjoyed bread and sausage and a piece of Mrs. Romeler's good cake. I took a sip of cognac from the small screw bottle that I had hidden in a shoe out of fear of the Russians and which was therefore difficult to unpack.

Next to us stood a somewhat haggard looking woman with a little girl, she came from West Prussia, where she had visited her family. To get there from Berlin by rail; back the light

railway lines had already been developed and they had been on the country road for 14 days until they reached Fürstenwalde. She told how all the cattle along her way had been taken away from the farms and all the machines. One had the impression that there was a dead country in the east, from which dying was pushing westward like a sinister ghost.

The woman had come to Hungary at the age of 17 as a German educator. Their remarks about the guilt of state and religion in the collapse of Germany were the well-known, often heard statements of the semi-educated.

This confirms that many people are overtrained and therefore hardly find time for independent thinking. Independent thoughts come much slower than what has been learned. Thus, in the 19th century, a peculiar half-education had spread from many – generally accepted – judgments and views; whereby the mental level of a person was judged according to how much of the generally accepted educational material he can quickly cut off.

The train continued slowly but steadily. He stopped at many stations that I knew from the last trips on the passenger train from Feldenhofen, but also from the trips to Hof and Nuremberg. (In the past, I had only roared through here in the D-train at a speed of 100 km).

Around 11 o'clock we arrive in Jüterbog; it was the terminus for this train. All the people with their luggage had to get out onto the platform. It was heard that a connection to Wittenberg was to be expected at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Whether it would be possible to cross the Elbe at 8 o'clock in the evening, the railway official could not say. so we quickly decided not to wait, but to cycle to Herzberg, all the more so as friend Kretschy had particularly recommended this place to me for a visit to Dr. Bettge and Baron Palombini.

From Jüterbog station, a good road led through the nice, somewhat old-fashioned village out into the plain. Everything was as green and fresh as it can only be in June after a long period of rain and shone in the light of a cloudless early summer day. Now it became very clear to me: "Now the journey into the unknown and the real adventure begins".

After a few kilometers of cycling, we came across the first group of Russians, who were moving in our direction with pony carts, many horses and bicycles. Our friendly faces, red and white armbands and a few Slovenian words let us get on scot-free. The Russians marched to occupy the Saxon territory given to them after the Yalta Agreement, from which the British and Americans withdrew.

At intervals of about 1/2 hour such overhauls were repeated; each time there were many hundreds of men; it was a little scary when they took a break. Once two Russians talked to us and worried about the bicycles, but luckily they had quite good bikes themselves. In a forest, two women from Dresden overtook us on bicycles; they had probably left with us in Jüterbog; but then they were stopped by the Russians and wanted to join us. Then I remembered that I had forgotten my good English cap at the last resting place; I did not want to give up the cap, so I asked Mrs. Fauler to wait and drove back quickly; in fact, I found them again at the resting place. Mrs. Fauler found him at his place; only the two Dresden women had continued their journey in the meantime.

We arrived in Herzberg around 4 o'clock. Shortly before I saw the large tower of the transmitter station, which I had visited at the time because of difficulties with the high-voltage rectifiers. Herzberg lay friendly and quiet in the afternoon sunshine. No house showed the slightest damage. At the district health office, I learned that Dr. Bettge lived at the other end of town. In the meantime, Mrs. Fauler had made friends with another woman in front of the house and had just gotten hold of a bottle of sour milk, which we drank right on the spot.

Dr. Bettge reacted to Kretschy's recommendation in an extraordinarily friendly manner. He phoned our arrival to his sister, who came after 10 minutes with the message that there was a place to stay for us in a small house nearby. Dr. Bettge invited me to his apartment that evening. Our hostel was nicely located on the outskirts of the city in a friendly garden with flowers, vegetables and beds with ripe strawberries, of which we also got a plate. Everything was scrupulously clean. I came into the living room on the green decorative divan, Mrs. Fauler next door to the bedroom of Mr. Bettge's sister.

At Dr. Bettge's dinner, there was a platter of cold meat, black pudding, bacon and baked schnitzels, from which I ate with great pleasure. A visit to Baron Palombini was planned for the next day. After dinner, a short walk was taken through the city, to the old church and through the city park. Mrs. Fauler was very honored that I had taken her with me.

The divan was short, the legs hung over the backrest, but the good brown plaid warmed admirably. So the first day of the trip was well over and promised a good continuation for the next few days.

The stay in Herzberg

On the morning of the next day, June 16, I first visited Baron Palombini on his estate, 6 km away. It was a ground-level, elongated castle surrounded by farm buildings. I was warmly welcomed and given a good breakfast with honey, homemade sausages, butter and bread. The landlord had only recently come out of the Berlin Gestapo prison – he had been involved in the failed Hitler putsch of July 20, 1944, as he had kept Mayor Gördeler hidden for a long time. He had not seen his wife for a long time—she had been imprisoned with him—and, as he had heard when he was freed by the Russians, had been released shortly before. He assumed that she had moved in with her mother, a Mrs. von Carlowitz, who owned an estate near Dresden, and intended to go there in the next few days, which fitted well with my travel intentions. The homework was done by a woman from Mittlacher, an elegant, sophisticated woman who only occasionally bit her nails. She was tall, blond and quite well dressed. This lady was also to go to Lohrsdorf – the name of Carlowitz's castle. First the trip had been set for Sunday, but then for Monday. Since only a common, more numerous company seemed advantageous for the journey through Saxony – it was said that the way to Dresden would be a somewhat unsafe zone – I decided to stay in Herzberg until Monday.

The Berlin rumours about the conditions on the estates came true. As Baron Palombini explained, there were hardly any cattle, machines and tools left on the estates; most of the time the owners had been chased away by the Russians and often slain. Palombini's estate had been similarly empty when he had returned from Berlin.

On his release certificate from Albrecht prison, however, the Russian commissioner had given him 10 cows. All the machines were gone; there was only one scythe in the whole yard, which had been found in the attic. The fields were very beautiful, because the Palombic estates were particularly well kept, had often had record grain harvests.

In the afternoons and Sundays I took longer walks through the area. It was a lowland plain where the fields were occasionally interrupted by beautiful mixed forests. In two villages, further away from the main road – I even saw some machines and some cattle. I spoke to some peasants and was pleased to hear from them for the first time an objective assessment of the situation: "We started and lost the war because of the arrogance and boundlessness of our leaders. Now we have to rebuild in all the misery with the leftovers from the very beginning with the simplest means." That was a considerable difference compared to Berlin, where the better food situation was considered satisfactory and where hardly anyone thought of providing for the

future themselves. The urban population of Germany was so patronized by the numerous authorities that they had forgotten how to think primitively objectively for their own necessities of life.

Baron Palombini, who was talking about the future, but whose chief concern was the prospect of elections; his main problem was whether he should run for district administrator or not. He only wanted to do it if he had 100% certainty of being elected, because a Palombini would never have failed in a district administrator candidacy. I tried to make it clear to him that they didn't know what his tasks were. I thought it would be more expedient to work in a middle position in the rebuilding of the administration, since the first leaders would probably have to achieve failures.

In this connection I took the liberty of remarking that, because of the strongly palpable communist current, it was questionable to always be addressed as a baron; for when someone came in (inspector, mamsell, farm worker), every fifth word was "Herr Baron. But he said that it had always been that way, that people were used to it and that it would stay that way.

So I realized that he could not get out of his old ideas and could only see his actions and the events through the glasses of his habituation.

A nice result is still to be introduced; Dr Bettge had asked me to come to his housekeepers for coffee on Sunday afternoon. When I entered the house, the first thing I saw was Miss Schulze, a roommate of Leibbrand's house in Davoserstrasse. She had lived in the garret, had been employed in the party office, and had been useful in that she had always received a telephone call before the air raids, so that one could guess the intensity of the attacks to be expected; moreover, she had eagerly helped to repair minor house damages. I like to think back to my stay in Berlin as a bombed-out person, because the wonderful Steinway piano really made me play the piano and practice. Miss Schulze turned out to be a cousin of the housekeepers and had no memories of her former party affiliation noted.

The snack made an impression on me. In the parlour there was a wide table, nicely set with lots of different Meissen bowls. On the table were two large cakes; two more on the buffet: crumbly dough with erbbeer, gooseberry and cheese toppings. When I praised the dough, the housewife said that sugar and fat were plentiful, only the flour was scarce.

In the evening, everything was prepared for the early departure on Monday morning. Miss Kaiser – as I remember our housewife was called, was a bit reserved. Mrs. Fauler later told

me that she was a convert: "This is a Protestant saint who waits for the moment when the Spirit comes over you. When this moment comes, one is sanctified and oppresses all those who are not yet converted".

The trip to Lohrsdorf on June 18

It was another very fine morning; at 6 o'clock we were to be picked up by Palombini at our accommodation, where the road to Falkenberg branches off. However, it took until 6 o'clock before the column arrived: Baron Palombini, Frau von Mittelacher and the administrator who was to look around the inn in Lohrsdorf. I didn't mind waiting, because it was a mild early morning; a light wind blew over the – partly already mowed – meadows and the sunrise seemed like a good omen for our further journey. The journey to Falkenberg was quick and smooth; one saw now to the right, now to the left manors, to which Baron Palombini always made the same comment anyway: owners expelled, cattle and inventory dragged away. A large estate below was mentioned as the property of a son-in-law of the old Krupp. Since the Falkenberg train station was bombed, there was an emergency stop outside the village; there were already quite a few people waiting for the train, which was promised for 8 o'clock. Gradually, their number increased. At about 11 o'clock the train came from the direction of Dresden. The freight cars were already crammed with people and the very well-known handcars. We got good space; around 11 o'clock the train steamed off. At the intended terminus – after about 30 km – Baron Palombini learned from the engine driver that the locomotive with 2 wagons was still in operation; would continue against Dresden and that we could compete for quite a few cigarettes. This was an advantage, because this route went through an unsafe area, because there were large camps of foreign workers. So we had to crouch on the floor of the open freight wagon so that we would not be seen from the outside. Before departure, a few more travelling companions came, among them a man who had already crossed several borders several times and told of Döbeln on the Mulde, where the border between the Russian and American zones ran through the village; there was a bridge over which the workers could walk in the morning, at noon and in the evening without being checked; otherwise, however, the whole zone is extremely closely guarded. The crossing of the river was probably successful in some places, but sometimes it was associated with danger to life, as the guards shot at people in the water; he himself had already used the bridge just mentioned twice. When I mentioned my Russian papers and he saw the big stamp, he

said that I would certainly get through Czechoslovakia with such an ID card and that this was the best way for us. So I had now received two reasonably reliable pieces of information. However, I could not yet finally decide on the latter route, as I had good recommendations from Kretschy for the route on and in the Ore Mountains and above all wanted to come to Hof – if at all possible – to meet the gentlemen of the Siemens house and learn more about the conditions in the American part. 15 km

We were abandoned at a guard's house in front of Sörnewitz. The guard's wife recommended that we bandage the bicycles with rags so that the bikes would be less in the eyes of the Russians, and showed us some side roads where we could bypass a dangerous post on the main road.

The drive to Dresden was scenic. The road climbed gradually, occasionally there were beautiful views. From a distance I saw Meissen and Sörnewitz, where I had been several times because of the Siemens dry rectifier production. It went through pretty, small old villages, the fields were well cultivated, one did not notice any direct war influences; there were beautiful forests with spruce and deciduous forest, which were somewhat reminiscent of Styria. Mrs. Mittlacher, who always wanted to ride at the head of the procession, made herself somewhat unpleasant; she had given her rucksack to the steward on the wheel, so she was the only one without luggage; it was not always fast enough for her, and so she often made abusive remarks.

In connection with Sörnewitz, I remember a very big nasty dry rectifier affair that I had witnessed in recent years, and which had taught me to understand the seriousness of technical-industrial data in all its meaning.

The use of dry rectifiers had experienced a significant upswing since about 1930; It is flat, unbreakable plate systems that convert alternating current into rectifier current with very low losses. There was no communication system, wireless over wire, where such dry rectifiers do not work. At that time, Siemens' annual sales of dry rectifier elements alone amounted to around RM 10 million; in addition, there was a large turnover of the competition, unknown to me at the time – the S.A.F. in Nuremberg, which used selenium as an auxiliary substance for its elements, while at Siemens it was copper oxide.

I very soon had an uneasy feeling about the S.A.F.'s information about the maximum permissible ambient temperature and the current carrying capacity. For example, I was able to explain why Siemens was able to sell the obviously more expensive copper systems when the

competition was really superior not only in terms of price, but also in terms of space and load capacity.

At the time of Elin, I had decided on the copper rectifier principle because of the seemingly reputable data from Westinghouse, with whom we had started working together.

At the beginning of 1942, there had been something like a military dry rectifier catastrophe. Hundreds of thousands of selenium elements had been installed in the control systems of planes and tanks, but suddenly they were causing serial failure. The cause was the cessation of the rectifier effect during prolonged operation in a too warm environment, the temperature of which corresponded to the not really tested, dubious specifications of the S.A.F. about the permanent load capacity. Siemens had probably been able to contribute something in various technical meetings to create some clarification of the dry rectifier load capacity problem. However, the selenium dry rectifier catastrophe had caused an irreversible loss of time for German action in Russia and especially in Moscow.

From a higher point of view, the marginal temperature problem of dry rectifiers was particularly important to me: it taught me how dangerous it is that there is no objective forum to properly verify the quality claims of an industrial group.

Something similar had already worried me in Vienna at the Elin, namely that some industries specified their glass rectifier vessels for a greater load than the vessels allowed. At that time, I had planned to intervene against such uncleanness and also worked at Siemens to ensure that the performance of the units was secured by technical improvements. Giving unstoppable performance data reveals a bad character trait, the lack of strict self-control. (If you demand honesty from others, you have to be honest yourself above all).

Just before the entrance to Dresden, down a steep mountain, I had a puncture. The patching did not last long, at the first houses there was again no air in the rear wheel; for example, a thorough repair was carried out in one courtyard.

We had entered Dresden on the east side – in the Neustadt. There was no sign of a bombardment. But as soon as we got to the Elbe bridge and the old town, a terrible picture presented itself. Only the outer walls of the wonderful castle church were still standing, the castle was a ruin and in the city you could only see ruins to the right and left; for half an hour's bike ride there was not a single habitable house, only rubble. At the new market I looked for the beautiful cathedral with the large dome; at the end I recognized from some green roof shreds that

a particularly large pile of rubble represented the remains of the beautiful building. Despite oppressive tiredness, we drove on quickly. The outskirts of the city itself were again completely undamaged. We continued through an even more fertile region than in the morning; with beautiful evening lighting we continued along the Elbe valley and arrived after about 12 km. to the turn-off to Lohrsdorf. It went steeply up a small road. To the right and left were cherry trees with wonderful yellow, light and dark red cherries. Russians often sat in the trees and feasted; they broke off whole branches, which they threw to their comrades below. I got so much for myself and Mrs. Fauler that we ate cherries thoroughly in peace; I will never forget the goodness and quantity. When the road had reached the height, there was a friendly view of the hills with small villages and beautiful estates of the Elbe valley with the white churches. There were strawberry fields, the Russians enjoyed themselves in them. Mrs. Fauler got a basket full of a friendly look and so the cherry feast was followed by a strawberry conclusion. For the peasants and estates the occupation is of course a heavy blow, because the zealous work of the Saxons, which can be seen from the good care of every piece of good soil, should again be paid for by the yield.

In Lohrsdorf with the Carlowitz

It had been quite fine with me to stay a little behind when I arrived and not to be present at the reunion of the spouses after a long separation and all the war events. So we arrived at the castle about an hour later. It was a large, somewhat gloomy building with a sloping courtyard, large farm buildings and a large Russian garrison. From the vaulted, deep hall, a staircase with a beautiful wooden railing and an electrically lit moderate's lamp led to the first floor. Frau von Carlowitz, a sprightly little white-haired lady, received us kindly; I was accommodated with the steward on two large sofas. I immediately noticed the beautiful Saxon Baroque furniture that stood everywhere. Then we met the rest of the travel party in the bathroom. Baron Palombini sat on the ground with the blond snake, and a violent conversation was going on, with painful details; Baron Palombini judged the conditions in Lohrsdorf very displeased, he did not want to stay here and go from the Russian-occupied part to the West. Frau von Carlowitz and her daughter were in favor of endurance, but the blond snake was in favor of giving up; she wanted

to go to the West quickly. It was unpleasant, almost heartless, how Baron Palombini behaved towards his wife and her mother.

In the evening I played some Tchaikovsky on an out-of-tune piano; then there was a somewhat subdued dinner. The next bright morning, I took a walk through the old-fashioned, spacious garden laid out on a slope with partition walls, with some pretty sandstone figures. Breakfast was weighed down by the tension in the family.

For the onward journey, the communication of a steam connection to the Czech border seemed to me to be the most advantageous. Mrs. Fauler asked me to leave for good and take her with me, as the atmosphere in Lohrsdorf was too uncomfortable for her. So I decided to leave immediately, despite Mrs. v. C.'s request to stay and help her. But since the blonde snake would stay longer than us, so I could not have a decisive influence on the whole development, we thanked him and drove downhill on the Kirschweg. On the way, Mrs. Fauler lost her wind blouse. At the steamboat station I had received no useful information; the steamship on the river was probably the sign of returning order, but only went as far as the stop in front of the Czech border. So the trip on the water had fallen into the water and since we would not be able to reach the train at noon, we decided after some back and forth (because of the lost windbreaker) to cycle to the border.

It was nice and warm and I thought at the sight of the extraordinarily carefully cultivated and well-kept Saxon region how diligence and order alone were not enough for a happy existence of human society. Diligence and order are probably the highest principle among the Saxons, but there is also the custom of disregarding all people who are not just as industrious and tenacious, and thoroughly envying all those who have more, which does not make the Saxons the most comfortable contemporaries.

In Pirna I asked at the train station about the closer conditions at the crossing to Czechoslovakia. A man at the train station had recently been over there and expressed his appreciation for the traffic and safety conditions there. When he heard about my Russian permit and saw the stamp, he advised me to go to the CSR without worrying; we would come home so well. Furthermore, he recommended not to drive up the Elbe valley, but to take a good road inland from Pirna; we would come to Tetschen-Bodenbach about 14 k. and could still be there today.

The continuation of the journey to the CSR

From Pirna it went steeply uphill. On the hill opposite there was a barracks with many Russians and a cherry tree, where many black cherries tempted; there we stopped – tired from pushing – for a while. We ate and I strengthened myself with my last cognac. Then we drove on, it was a plateau, beautiful fields, green meadows, pleasant warmth, it was a real early summer afternoon. Soon after Pirna the road became emptier; there were no more Russian soldiers to be seen. The open landscape alternated with more and more beautiful and greener forests, one could see the bizarre shapes of the Elbe Sandstone Mountains in the distance; the road sometimes went uphill, downhill and everything looked peaceful and nice. In an old inn we even got a glass of beer and heard to our amazement that the Czech border would be after the next house. I had a little palpitation before what was to come. So we set off with a quick prayer. After 10 minutes there was beautiful forest again, an old boundary stone and already the border guard's house. A handsome frontier guard came out; I introduced us as Austrians, showed the small Russian paper and mentioned that I wanted to go home. On paper, he fetched the captain, who was also polite, gave me the shortest route to Tetschen on a map and referred us to the public service there for overnight stays and food.

When I asked him about safety on the road, he was almost offended; but he quickly convinced me of the far-reaching order, wished us a safe journey and saluted politely. This was the first, very dreaded point of the trip. I could hardly believe it, but the road was even better in condition than before, and quite still; there were beautiful large spruces and firs; the road went steeply downhill in parts. It was dusk, we came through a deep valley to several houses and at the exit we were back at the Elbe, directly in Tetschen-Bodenbach. The place had a strong Austrian character; on the opposite side of the Elbe, on a projecting hill, lay a large castle, the headquarters of the Counts Thun, as I heard later. Over a bridge driveway we came to the station square. My first glance fell on a well-dressed woman with a red and white armband. I asked her about staying for the night, whereupon she immediately invited us to a villa. Her husband was a pleasant Viennese wine merchant, a Mr. Frechinger. We talked until midnight about the experiences of the last time, apparently Tetschen had gotten off quite lightly, while in Aussig and Teplice there had been strong riots against the German population, but mainly against the Nazis. Mr. Frechinger was in good spirits, as an Austrian he wanted to let things get to him in peace.

What I heard about the conditions in the Czech Republic gave me good courage for the next part of the trip, and I also gained respect for the organizational skills of the Czechs. Finally, we decided to take the first train the next morning at 7 o'clock to Karlsbad and from there try to get to the American-occupied zone of Germany against Upper Bavaria and Hof. Thus ended a rather eventful day, which had ended unexpectedly well and brought us a great deal forward; it was the 19th of June.

Trip to Karlovy Vary on June 20th

At the cozy get-together in the evening, it was finally no longer clear to us whether it was only the only train at 7 o'clock that left, and whether there were not also later trains, which seemed more agreeable for understandable reasons. So we thoroughly missed the first direct train to Karlovy Vary. But we soon found a connection to Aussig, where we were to have a 2-hour stay. That was not unpleasant for me, as Frechinger recommended a visit to the Austrian representative there. We got there safely; Aussig was badly destroyed around the station. I soon found the house of the Austrian consul, who had just gone to Prague. His wife was curtly tied up and said I should make a visit tomorrow and slammed the door. I was not deterred by this, rang it out again and now learned that you could get a travel permit at the police opposite; I went in there, into a wide house. In the large central hall with opulent but somewhat primitive murals of tropical landscapes, various desks were set up; from the first table a man approached us politely, I spoke to him in Slovenian, but he asked: "Don't you speak German?" So I explained my desire for a transit permit through Czechoslovakia; then he recorded various data and then said that I could pick up the paper after 11 a.m. (about 1 1/2 hours) in the hall. But at my request for speed, he was ready to go to the chief—and—after half an hour—I had a paper for both of us, with permission to drive through Czechoslovakia in any direction we liked. Pleased with the paper, I hurried to the train station – but worried – whether we would be able to get the bikes we had checked in to Ravlsbach in Tetschen-Bodenbach here in Aussig against the license. But the bikes were no longer to be seen at the Aussig station and from there we drove on via Dux and Brüx with many worries about the bikes. On the way I talked to a technical school director, who had just drunk a bottle of wine from the Bohemian vineyards with his coupe companions and was a little tipsy; he told an interesting story about events in the rest of the Czech Republic. In Prague

there had been violent expulsions of the Germans there, and now there was no longer a German soul to be found there; a large part of Prague's Germans would be trapped in a camp near Melnitz.

The journey towards Karlsbad was very scenic and at dusk we arrived at the rubble of the station. Thank God, the bikes were properly in the train and were immediately handed over to us.

In a somewhat adventurous climb over rubble and bomb craters we came down into the city. At the bridge, I asked the guard there for a place to stay, after we had legitimized ourselves as Austrians traveling home. We were directed to a nearby house, where we received friendly overnight accommodation from a nice family. Our hosts, however, were in great distress. Shortly before, Karlovy Vary had been changed from the American to the Russian occupation zone; the fear of a general resettlement of all Germans was the dominant factor.

When one thinks about such forced resettlements, one feels bitterness. For every individual – regardless of their nationality – there is a strong bond to their homeland; Interventions, on the other hand, are always perceived as a personal insult. It is dangerous when one group of people always feels that it is fundamentally superior to others and derives the right for resettlements and violent measures from this. I have just experienced it in myself as I write this. I am fleeing from my home town of Feldenhofen, where we have lost the dear house, the beautiful memorable furniture and the land lovingly cared for by our ancestors and finally by Marceline. Possessiveness, national pride or contempt for mentally or materially weaker people or groups cannot serve as the basis for permanent rule. Unfortunately, did not National Socialism choose precisely such character traits as the root of its claims?

It was depressing to see in Karlovy Vary how the host householders tried to make it pleasant for us to spend the night, where they lived in constant worry that they would have to leave their home at any moment. They told me that every night, like us, they had a lodging visitor, and that sometimes there were guests among them who complained discontentedly to the guard about trifles, whereupon they then had real inconvenience; the conditions were the same on all four floors of the house.

We left the house in the morning, as we had already learned in the evening of the departure of a train to Eger. However, the train did not leave at the lower station, but at the upper station, where we just reached it. After a short drive, a patrol of Czech soldiers arrived, followed by customs officers in blue-green overalls and steel helmets. They looked at my Russian paper,

said something and walked on. After a short journey, the train stopped in Falkenau and did not go any further; at the station there were many people waiting to leave and negotiating about the possibility of travel to Eger and Asch. But since there was no hint of the possibility of further rail transport, we got on our bikes and drove off. To our amazement, we heard that we were already in the American zone and that it was not far to Eger.

For cycling it was a nice summer ride, the country road excellent, the agricultural location favorable and the picture very beautiful. Something quite unusual were the many small car patrols whizzing along the country road. No American soldier seemed to be able to walk. In between, there were entire transport columns, but with only two types of cars.

Just before Eger, I noticed a large concentration camp for prisoners of war on the site of a burned-down barracks; we had to make a big detour across the fields. Eger itself was somewhat bomb-damaged at the entrance and near the train station, but the old town itself made an unexpectedly beautiful, uniform impression. We quickly found a delicatessen on the square, where the owner's daughter was a friend of Mrs. Fauler. There we were well accommodated in a little room that looked into the courtyard; the house may have been four or five hundred years old. An attempt to find accommodation in one of the monasteries beforehand with the recommendation of the Father Board from Schmargendorf was unsuccessful; a visit to the American command, where I asked for permission to enter the Reich German part, was just as unsuccessful.

The next morning we went by bike to Franzensbad with a greeting to the mayor there from a Berlin friend, but even in Franzensbad there was no possibility to cross the border; the old mayor was no longer in office, the former American commander had been transferred, but the new one was not inclined to give me any paper, and summoned me for the afternoon; Everything seemed quite uncertain to me and so we drove on. After an hour's drive and after a short visit to a friend of Mrs. Fauler's, the journey continued to Asch. Before that, we saw a large car transport with Czechs from Hamburg in a happy mood so close to home; they waved blue-white-red and Soviet flags at us.

To get back to German territory with difficulty

We drove through Asch directly to the border of German territory; a plaque beforehand emphasized that border crossing was only possible with the border crossing permits of the Aš commander. Nevertheless, we drove further down the valley to the American border guard. She was on the verge of letting us through because of the Russian letter, but it was mentioned that the second guard would send us back safely and direct us to Ash. So we drove back there; with some persistence I managed to get through to the commander in Asch. It was an unpleasant confrontation, because we were unjustly in American territory; we had come with the first train, which had been put back into service, where the revision had not yet been properly divided, and therefore a whole number of people, including some Americans and Englishmen, had come over, who were now being sought. The commander said that I should come to him the next day, he would help me (but by the way I heard the English remark that we would be returned to Russian territory). I did not like this, an overnight stay in Asch proved to be impracticable; moreover, Mrs. Fauler looked more miserable from hour to hour and could hardly drag herself any further.

So we decided to talk to the American border guard again in a friendly way and ask him to let us through to the second border guard at our risk, but it didn't help. That's when I came up with the idea of spending the night nearby and hearing out if a black border crossing wouldn't be possible somewhere. In the next block there was a mayor who wanted to hand us over to the authorities; half a kilometer further on, however, I spoke to farmers in the field and indicated our plans, they showed understanding and took us to a tiny house in a mountain village in the Fichtel Mountains. Mrs. Fauler came to the farmer's bed and immediately received tea and aspirin. I also had some small injury and was directed to a neighbor, who gave me iodine and bandages; he himself brought up the language of my border crossing plan. He had already crossed the border several times black, was able to specify the second post exactly and said that he or one of his children would also be willing to lead our way. So I put my trust in him and finally learned of the existence of two more border posts to the next town.

We then arranged a joint march for the following morning. In the meantime, an anxious engineer had come from the neighborhood where there had been a Siemens relocation, who explained that he would like to go to Hof, but had not been picked up; soon after the end of the war, a transport would probably have come for the Siemens people, but since there was no more room on the car for his kitchen credenza, he and his family would have stayed behind. He was a

person who had not understood the new situation and was waiting firmly for further written or printed orders; I don't know how it went on there.

The night of June 22nd to 23rd I slept in the attic room of the old farmer. I was a bit restless, because for the first time I was faced with a real smuggling party, which was exciting.

The transition to Hof

On the 23rd I woke up – after a somewhat restless night – temporarily. The weather was cloudy and overcast. Mrs. Fauler felt so comfortable that a departure could be considered. Soon the farmer, with whom the common border crossing had been agreed, came and said that he had not wanted to start the hike until the next day, but was ready to let a boy guide us for the first part of the way if we would leave right away. I decided to do so and after a hasty breakfast and farewell to the hosts, we started. Behind the village, the mountain rose slightly; then we went over meadows and dirt roads. The road was hidden by a strip of forest. After 10 minutes of leisurely ascent, I noticed with horror that Mrs. Fauler had put on a bright red dirndl skirt. But it would be too late to change, because just now our guide pointed to a lane in the forest strip through which one could see the road and said: Down there are the American guards; you could see it well, it was a distance of 250/300 m. The view lasted only a few moments, but there was a strange feeling to cross the aisle in broad daylight before the eyes of the guard. Quickly the forest took us up again and we went uphill again; we came to a large, completely cremated farm in a wide built-up clearing; then the path led downhill along a forest edge. Careful, said the companion, now comes the crossroads; American cars patrol here. Right, you could already hear a small military car approaching with a rattle. We hid ourselves behind trees, and as soon as the carriage had passed, we crossed the road; there our guide said goodbye and explained to us the further way; Now we were completely on our own. It was a cart path, the forest was dense, and it was foggy, too; so we rode off quietly but carelessly with our bikes. I was a little startled when suddenly a house with some official inscription appeared in front of us in the forest. Couldn't there be a sentinel? A friendly woman waved him out of the window and gave information about the way. Further through beautiful, dark spruce forest, downhill, it gets brighter, the fog lifts. When we leave the forest at another old farm, there is glorious sunshine, a glistening summer morning has developed. I can already see the announced small country road, which goes uphill

and at the junction of which the evil second post should be located, which we should bypass by crossing the forest before the upper end. It was a bit scary to me, because I couldn't miss the course of the road and I feared an unexpected appearance of the guard, which would make it impossible to avoid it. Then I saw a mower in the meadow opposite, went there and inquired. Fortunately, he was a nice man; he described the way up and the crossing through the forest with our bikes and the luggage on them as impossible; but he showed us a comfortable road through the field to an old mill, from which the path would then lead uphill without dangerous posts to the main road, and gave us further information. Then it was a bit of a wonderful journey; after about 1 hour we were happy on the main road. Again, a patrol car passed just before we entered; again we covered each other, then we were on the well-maintained asphalt road. There was greater traffic in both directions. I inquired carefully again and learned that there was no more revision of the hikers and passers-by on this stretch of road until the entrance to the next village. I was relieved to find that the more difficult half of the undertaking had been successful and, relieved by the now increasing gradient, we let the wheels run downhill.

After just under an hour, the indicated location appeared; I also saw the announced water tank on the right side of the slope with the adjoining garden fence, at the remote end of which the third checkpoint was supposed to stand. As advised, we left the road and crept uphill – pressed against the fence. There a man was busy cutting down his garden; I boldly asked him about the situation and learned that we had probably bypassed the post at the entrance, but I heard that there was also a strict road control at the exit of the village. The garden turner recommended that we turn off at the main square at the old slaughterhouse to bypass it and walk along its courtyard wall, a path that led back to the main road beyond the post.

After a short thanks, we went on. After a few minutes we had a clear view down to the street. No more than 50m was a nice guard tent; there were the Americans on guard; but they did not move, and we went towards the main square.

This gave me a new confirmation of an old middle school experience that one should never show oneself insecure and should follow a path once taken to the end, even if one feels wrong for a moment.

We got on easily; at the main square we received friendly information about the way to the slaughterhouse; they were lively lads in lederhosen with a somewhat secretive Bavarian dialect. There we immediately found the courtyard wall uphill on the hollow road; there we met

some people, whom I asked again to be on the safe side. I was lucky, because they told me that on this very day – today – the guard had been moved and was a hundred paces above the ravine. It was a feeling of the Lake Constance rider when we quickly turned back – moved down over a swampy meadow and then really saw for a moment through a cut very close the folded tent and the guard with binoculars. But after half an hour we returned safely to the main road; we were not pursued and after a short time we noticed with joy that the road now falls incessantly down the Fichtel Mountains. It was a feeling of great relief that another difficult section had been mastered and that I could expect various help from Siemens in Hof. In the meantime it had become noon. The day unfolded in probable splendor, it was an early summer day, such as can hardly be dreamed of; here for the first time, the awareness arose that I had really come home and the dear family an important step closer.

In Hof

The move into Hof brought another small inconvenience. To bypass the entrance post, I parted ways with Mrs. Fauler. But in the hilly city, my path did not lead to the mouth of the main road at all. But I soon reached the Siemens office, learned about an extensive aid organization for fugitive Siemens people – a well-run barracks camp, food, paper procurement, provision of transport facilities, etc., and the lunch place of the Siemens management. Then I found Mrs. Fauler helpless and distraught at the entrance to the street; just while posting, the chain of her bike had broken and she had laboriously pushed the defective vehicle on, very worried why I couldn't keep up after an hour and a half.

We went together to the inn, where a round table around Mr. Scharovsky was dining, got a pretty decent stew, where I drank so much Bavarian cold beer that I spoiled myself thoroughly for the whole coming week.

After dinner, Mr. Scharovsky quickly obtained information from Mrs. Fauler about my activities in Berlin and, since Mrs. Fauler did not hide the honorific remarks of the mayor's letter, I received an invitation to Scharovsky's private apartment for the same evening. For the gossip in the barracks, this was just as much a topic of conversation as the arrival of a Siemens official with a secretary.

My mother was right to preach tirelessly the importance of good character education. Such a system greatly facilitates the coexistence of people and also makes life more friendly to

the individual when he fights against his desires and passions; it becomes difficult with those people who have an urge for perfection. This can result in many high achievements for the benefit of humanity, but it becomes a great danger if there is a rigid coupling between the urge for perfection and the human being, or the group of people that pursues it, as a superordinate unit, in such a way that every action and every expression of these people is regarded as good per se. If the idea of special goodness arises in this way, then everything that represents reproach or only criticism of it is rejected, such as religion in particular, which has always emphasized the sinfulness and weakness of the individual. It was a fateful step when the French and German Enlightenment thinkers began to shut down religion, because it was uncomfortable for their arrogance to be reminded of weaknesses and to replace them with the heroic ideal or the superman.

The stay in Hof from 23 to 29 June

A description of the stay in Hof must be topped with a grateful mention of the many efforts of the Siemens company, which were made there for the Siemens people. Only he who has wandered about for days in uncertainty, who has been at every moment dependent on the charity of new people like a vagabond, someone who would have to ask himself every day anew, where am I going to sleep tonight, and who has sometimes received two or three rejections in the evening, can measure what it means to be in one place, where the worries of the refugee are provided for in every direction; where proper sleeping and washing facilities, sufficient food and opportunity for discussion and consultation are offered on a large scale.

When the events of early 1945 led to the expectation of the collapse of Germany, Siemens had formed three groups, of which von Hof came under the leadership of Mr. Scharovsky; I would like to take this opportunity to dedicate a good memory to him. He, above all, was the man in Berlin who, with a great overview and important personality, was a role model for me in many unpleasant situations for keeping my head up and keeping my distance from trivialities. It was only by its general human qualities – its size – that it was a real blessing compared with the great average. How many people were in Berlin with or next to me. The judgment about the average gradually emerged.

Dr. Leibbrand's statements sound quite embarrassing: "We have been aware since 1943 that the war is lost, but no one dared to say it, because it infallibly cost the neck" or "the traffic

experts agreed early on about the uselessness of the motorways in the event of war, but could not dare the slightest criticism, but even less achieve an expansion of the railway lines or a strengthening of the equipment park".

Another example of the lack of proper forethought for me was the lack of good modern cathode ray oscillographs in the converter construction at Siemens when I arrived there in 1938; the cathode ray oscillographs had developed into a versatile, convenient measuring instrument in America and at Philips around 1930. In Vienna, I was the first to use the cathode oscilloscope on a broad front at the Elin. When I came to Siemens in 1938 in the newly built tube factory, which was exemplary and generously built, I was very struck by the lack of oscilloscope technology, as in Vienna. There was probably a complicated loop oscillograph, but working with it was largely a struggle to work the apparatus. In a propaganda speech I tried to advocate the procurement of foreign oscillographs, but it was explained that Siemens had achieved good results without cathode ray oscillographs so far and would not continue to use cathode ray oscillographs as long as Siemens did not build them itself.

But I continued my propaganda in silence; after three years I was able to determine with satisfaction the use of about 10 Philips oscilloscopes in the tube factory.

Self-confidence is good, but complacency is dangerous; it results in delays in technology and science that can hardly be made up. But the idea of having to do everything on your own without the help of other forces is nonsense. How much time can you gain if you use the achievements of others in the foundation?

Mr. Scharovsky has a pleasing mixture of enterprising, personal courage, dazzling memory, considerable ambition and admirable perseverance. To all these qualities he rightly owed his leading position at Siemens. His sympathy for modern technology, his freedom from the conceit that only Siemens or at most German technology could achieve anything, and his interests in promoting the next generation were sympathetically beneficial long before.

It was a stimulating evening with Mr. Scharovsky. First I gave my impressions of Berlin and the Russian-occupied part: the façade in Berlin made a very good impression on me, the emptiness behind it awakened a horror in me, because consolidation, occupation, food and traffic seemed to me to be largely destroyed and such a reconstruction very difficult; so I feared a coming and low standard of living, perhaps even an impossibility of life.

Scharovsky's impression was no better of the American tendencies. He, too, had the impression from obstructing the start of various undertakings and other measures that a complete paralysis was the basic intention and that only the implementation was different.

The remaining days passed with waiting for a ride to Munich and obtaining various papers.

The excitement of the border crossing together with the unaccustomed abundant enjoyment of cold beer had brought us a severe diarrhea. I was happy to rest on the upper bed more often. It was a man's room with plenty of passers-by and many reports of new variants of the black border crossings.

Mrs. Fauler, for her part, occupied herself in a family room with laundry, cooking Nescafé and special gossip.

Once I was at Dr. A. Siemens' for tea, which was followed by a walk. We also talked about the outcome of the war, and I soon turned to the attack of Russia, since before it his brother-in-law Schnurre had taken part in the preliminary negotiations as an ambassador. A. Siemens told me that the ambassador in particular, Count Schulenburg, had warned Hitler against an attack by Russia with all the means at his disposal, that the Finland successes had been a deliberate deception on the part of the Russians; but Hitler did not accept this warning, but in the end decided to go on the attack because of his personal feeling of Russia's military weakness – won from the Finnish War.

With an American permit for Salzburg, various orders from Scharovsky, a friendly letter of recommendation from Siemens, which enabled me to work at every Siemens office, packed into a Siemens transport from the territory released to the Russians, we drove towards Munich on Thursday, June 28. There was a good feeling not to have to pedal on the bike for about 300 km. This pleasant feeling increased considerably when I experienced the strong highs and depth differences of the route traveled.

The journey was quiet, apart from a small uncoupling attempt by an American road guard. We spent the night in the wagon and finally there was rain in the morning when we arrived in Munich; it was a holiday in Bavaria; after a short ablution in the Siemens office and a few words with Ernst v. Siemens, Mrs. Fauler separated from me and drove on to Augsburg; but I cycled against walls to Reininghaus, after I was able to announce myself for Sunday evening at Hardy Reininghaus's.

The trip to Mauern and the stay there

The separation from Mrs. Fauler, with whom I have had exciting experiences together in the last few weeks, gives a strange feeling of emptiness. In addition, there was the thought that we were both moving towards the unknown; she went alone to the French-occupied zone to her parents-in-law; then she wanted to bring her family to Graz and again to Berlin.

I had as my destination Lower Styria, the northernmost part of Yugoslavia, about which I had not heard a single word before; not even from Vienna had a single message reached Hof or Munich.

When leaving Munich, which was very much destroyed in the center, the weather improved, the rain stopped and the sun came out.

Scenically, the ride was beautiful in the last part. Then I came to Mauern; there was a friendly reception, plenty of hospitality, a bathroom and a good bed. For the first time I saw the whole Reininghaus family together. They are all a little peculiar and this had always made them seem a little strange to me in Vienna. But all together they formed a well-interacting unit, which I liked very much.

There was Aunt Ilse, the widow of Grandma's brother Gustav, the three sisters, Dati, Bimbs and Gerda, with their husbands and their son Dieter, formerly an officer and just released from captivity. All of them had been Nazis and were still clinging to these ideas. Relearning takes time; it is difficult for adults and the elderly, and fails in the case of violence and if the pace is taken too quickly. People have their own times; if the drive is in the right rhythm, great effect can be achieved with little effort, but with the wrong rhythm great forces are needed. What a pity that hardly any such human experiences could have an effect in the Third Reich.

Excessive work and the urge to achieve success as quickly as possible means that most people between the ages of 25 and 35 use all their strength to have an adequate place by the time they are 40 and 50. At this age, the forces are usually exhausted, in the same way for scientists, technicians and administrators.

How beautiful it would be for human society to have mature people, independent, with unspent forces, who take responsibility for the commonality and unselfishly care for the order of human coexistence.

In England there are such people, society took care of them; in Germany there was little for such developments. Public opinion there is an obstacle to this. It demanded as much work as possible. The worry of losing time is an essential factor for both those who work and those who have to take care of the order of work, because the deepest argument is the uninhibited desire for more, without being clear about the importance of moderation and the sufficient minimum; with how little can I achieve what is absolutely necessary; since completeness can never be achieved, the sufficient minimum is not at all unpleasant to imagine; this is how you come to your own work and time evaluation.

Is it not the case that spiritual knowledge, which signifies progress, is more important than mere production, does not thinking place more demands on the intellectually active than manual work? Without this insight, there will be no progress. If a social system does not accept this realization, the all-leveling system will lag behind and succumb to the insightful.

There seems to be an inevitable conflict in the fact that not everyone can operate under the same favorable conditions. If someone feels born too high, then he must work hard, exert himself and rebel against the average, but also bear the risks for it. If it is successful, however, he should find reward for his efforts.

From a human point of view, it seems to me that a development forward in the succession of generations can indeed be observed, i.e. that descendants of people who have dealt with questions of the future or even scientific solutions with the commitment to general human progress have it easier than newcomers and that they are therefore more capable than the newcomers. Here lie the roots of a healthy aristocracy, for which the timely support of parents from youth is necessary.

The stay in Mauern was quick and friendly. Sunday church attendance, afternoon cycling to Munich; Driving downhill, fine weather, friendly meeting with Hardy Reininghaus, who had just been relieved of his duties as head of Munich Reinsurance.

Monday, July 2 in the morning again at Ernst v. Siemens, in the afternoon departure by bike towards Salzburg.

The departure from Munich strengthened the feeling, now it's time to go closer home. I imagined home to be my dear Feldenhofen and saw the moment when I arrived in Feldenhofen in front of the house with pee and bicycle, the bicycle bell rang and one of the children shouted loudly: "the Baba" alerted the whole house.

The trip to Salzburg on 2 and 3 July

In good weather from Munich. I did not make use of the suggestion to continue in stopping traffic right from Munich with the help of a petrol station man. It was too tempting on the bike to see the Alps gradually approaching and the weather too inviting. In the city area, the luggage fell off the carrier at a complicated road junction near the Ostbahnhof. Despite the angry signs of the policeman, whom I hadn't run around properly, I packed up all the stuff and, with the help of a friendly cyclist, put the packaging in order. The support of the road walkers to each other is a pleasing sign of comradeship among poor devils. At the exit you had to push about 1 1/2 km because the use of bicycles was prohibited there. Those who didn't lose their bikes when the patrol came.

At the entrance to the Reichsautobahn, a service station man explained that the route was closed because of the blown up Mangfalln Bridge; he recommended a country road, which I took.

The city – like other big cities – gradually lost itself in the flat country, the mountains became visible, but unfortunately also a dark weather front in my direction of travel.

I drove off, through a small harbinger of rain, through beautiful forests, past large prisoner of war camps, but always into the weather. I was afraid that I would hardly reach my destination – Rosenheim – dry and so I decided to take up the stopping traffic. I had to learn that American cars are not allowed to take civilians with them – preventing fraternization – and that German cars are only assigned passengers at certain checkpoints. But it was still ten km to the next post; there were many people waiting, the weather was rising, I waited with the others. After some time, a transport with three wagons arrived. The waiting people were loaded into it; me with the bike on the second trailer. As soon as everything was provisionally inside, the train set off. Then came a gust of wind and in the wind my beautiful Klepper coat and the rubber-impregnated bicycle apron fluttered away. Except for my cry for help: "Stop", I had climbed out and driven back, my coat and apron were already gone; somewhat sadly, I searched the neighborhood, without success. The loss was doubly painful, as both rain protection products were lost at the same time - they had been loosened by lifting them onto the car. In addition, the need for rain protection was inevitably approaching.

There was no time to mourn; now, after losing time, I had to continue cycling again. The weather was more merciful than expected; I waited for a larger downpour under the eaves of a beautiful farmhouse, then I came to Aibling. Later, when the rain began again, I stopped at a sedate inn. A good portion of Leberkäs without stamps and the prospect of finding a place to sleep made the rain outside less unpleasant. At my table sat two men - about 23 and 25 years old - who were talking to the waitress; they were from Szczecin, intended to stay in southern Germany because the standard of living would be much better here. They have enough money; moreover, the boys had never thought about what had happened in the German Reich in recent years and about the future of the general public; it was the attitude of the thoroughly egocentric contemporaries who have only materialistic worries about their person.

The overnight stay took place in a vaulted cellar. It was damp but, wrapped in Austin Reed's good brown plaid, I didn't notice anything and slept well. In the morning the rain hung low; I set off after I had learned that the highway was easily passable and that the Mangfall Bridge could only be bypassed locally.

When I started a little after seven o'clock, the sky was heavily overcast and rain was expected shortly. Yesterday's loss of the rain aid gave another sad feeling; it went dry until Rosenheim. The path continued straight south, to the motorway at the edge of the mountains. The exit of the Inn Valley became apparent as a widely recognizable interruption of the east-west ridge of the Alps. For a moment I immediately thought about turning into the Austrian mountains, but then stuck to the program of getting to Salzburg quickly. There was no traffic at all that day; all looking for a ride was unsuccessful. Instead, the bad weather was slowly brewing more and more threateningly. It rained thoroughly at Lake Starnberg.

There I took shelter in a farmhouse and got a cup of hot milk. The people were friendly and told of the never-ending procession of hikers. But they also told of the low willingness of the refugees, especially the city women, to help with agricultural activity and their demands for maintenance and variety. After all, city life seems to disturb the feelings of togetherness and to influence the character and soul unfavorably over a long period of time.

In the first break in the rain I left the house; but after a few hours the rain set in all the more persistently. After about 10 km I was wet through and through. Everything was dripping. It was just before a larger bridge when the rain developed into a real downpour. At the bridgehead, a few leaning boards offered makeshift protection for two American occupying soldiers. I also

slipped into hiding there. In one corner a miserable fire blazed. The conversation, which gradually came about, revolved around Austria.

The Americans emphasized that the Austrians had agreed 100% with Hitler when he occupied the country, since the Austrians spoke the same language, there would be no difference at all from the Germans. It is a pity that the Americans have not understood the situation better. In 1937/38, the average inhabitant of Germany or Austria was primarily concerned with reducing economic misery through joint efforts. At that time, Hitler's efforts in this direction seemed to be accompanied by success. How little even very far-sighted people could foresee the coming development for evil is shown by a statement by Churchill from the pre-war period in his biography: "For him it is still unclear whether Hitler will one day go down in history as the new Caesar of Europe or as a devil like Chingiz Khan."

Finally a German lorry with planes arrived, which wanted to take me quite close to the Austrian border. I didn't see anything of the beautiful route. A detour to Traunstein over small roads, a cumbersome evasion against a column of ten large, oncoming American tanks, strong winds and uncomfortable coolness are the memories of this section of the journey. In a small town, about 18 km before Salzburg, I had to get off. The inn in whose open vestibule I fled was occupied by American soldiers who were processing large quantities of appetizing meat into schnitzels in the kitchen. I was quickly expelled, the house was confiscated. The innkeepers lived in another house not far away. I went there on a whim and asked to be allowed to dry and warm myself a little. I was warmly welcomed. In a nice farmhouse parlour, a wide tiled stove was heated and radiated wonderful warmth. I changed a bit, hung the soaking wet things on good drying poles and warmed up. Soon they brought a steaming coffee bean, a pot of milk, beautiful white bread, a small butter striezel and a tin of liver sausage. It tasted wonderful and seemed to me a friendly farewell from the German Reich, while the rain seemed to me like a warm welcome from my native Austria. Around four o'clock the clothes had become wearable again and the rain had become thinner. I thanked the nice housekeepers and drove off. The beautiful motorway bridge just at the border was blown up, but the deflection was not bad. On the small hill there was a pretty view of Salzburg; the rain had just stopped, there was a smooth passage at the border, the Hof permit was perfectly fine. The joy about the rain-free view did not last long; the Salzburg Schnürlregen set in with full force. In front of the city I stood again under a wide

stable roof. There were nice cattle in the stable, a lad was feeding and grinning, because I hadn't noticed that maids were bathing in the Bay of Pigs with the door half open.

The rain subsided and allowed me a halfway better entry into Salzburg. But the joy was short-lived. Now the rain began with the highest possible strength. It was already dawn when I climbed through the dripping forest of the Mönchberg to Villa Grasmayr (a Mautner relative by marriage²⁰). It was apparently an unparalleled rejection on the part of the homeland; and what would I learn at Grasmayr? I didn't know him and he was notorious in the family as an eccentric.

The shot, however, was just the opposite of the external rainy conditions. After a few minutes, I was as familiar with Grasmayr as if we had known each other for a long time. Never have I found an unexpectedly nice reception so soothing, in fact I was convinced that it was precisely the rain that made my first evening in Austria so intimate and heartfelt.

The stay in Salzburg from Tuesday the 3rd to Saturday the 7th.

Oh, how pleasant it was to come out of the rainy weather into the pretty villa. From the garden we went into a room with a large glass wall; wherever you looked, there were curiosities; next to the door on a small table the sextant and a sundial, some large statue of a saint on the other side. Through a partition wall in a large, recessed mural – autumn. It came from his youth in Munich – an old strong man lay in the hilly terrain, his body was a hill, his clothes forest and field. There was a lot of atmosphere in the peculiar composition. Somewhere in the room, colorful and silver glass balls hung on threads of different lengths. Through a hidden wall door I reached a spiral staircase that led through the whole house – several stories high. Turning and climbing, I passed several doors on which various mysterious signs were attached. On the wall hung adventurous and ghostly drawings. After I had passed several doors, Mr. Grasmayr opened one for me and I entered a beautiful, modern tower room, where I could prepare myself a little. I saw a wide, beautiful bed and a small balcony, from which I noticed that I was standing at the height of the crowns of the old trees on the Mönchsberg. The rain rustled in the trees, some lights flashed up from the city lost. But I didn't look at the picture for long, but when I hung up the dripping things, it made a deep impression. Rather, the evening in the living room worked together with Uncle Grasmayr and his housekeeper – his wife Magda had unfortunately died in

²⁰ Alois Grasmayr war verheiratet gewesen mit Magda Mautner Markhof (2.9). „Das Haus auf dem Mönchsberg wurde in der Zwischenkriegszeit zum gesellschaftlichen Zentrum für Künstler und Schriftsteller“ (Entnommen aus M.M. Informationsheft Nr. 2 vom Jahr 1995) UBA.

the autumn. Perhaps something should be said here about the old gentleman. The circumstances had made it possible for an idiosyncratic person to live according to his will for the rest of his life. As a young elementary school teacher from the farming class, he had read a lot, made many trips by bicycle and on foot. Then his marriage to his mother's very wealthy aunt gave him the opportunity to live very independently and to expand the villa in Salzburg as he wished. His farming sense helped him to get his fortune²¹ well through the post-war period by investing in large hotels. He avoided difficult questions of detail through his eccentric manner. "You know," he said, "when I came to the big meetings barefoot in sandals, people said that you don't have to be particularly careful with such a half-fool, and spoke bluntly. So I heard and was able to form a much better picture of everything."

His wife had many artistic interests; her brother-in-law had been Kolo Moser; thus a narrow interest in the Wiener Werkstätte had arisen, which was demonstrated by many pretty utensils in the house.

There were many books in the house. In the evening, during my report on my journey and time in Russia, it came to my realization very clearly that much can be endured if one holds one's head high in the conviction that the opposing difficulties have their meaning in the plan of the Lord, yes, that enduring dangers has its own charm, and that they are more easily overwhelmed if one is not afraid. This reminded me of a poem by Hoffmannsthal that had often passed through my mind; a strange, free and carefree attitude of a world wanderer:

The heir

The anointing oil from the dead old woman's hands
let the heir be wasted on eagle, lamb and peacock;
 he walks, as no rule threatens from the back,
 he smiles when the folds of life whisper: death.
Every place mysteriously offers him the threshold,
 it surrenders to every wave of the homeless.

Grasmayr was also of the opinion that it was the art of poets to reproduce complicated moods of the individual or even larger complexes in a few words. The less effort and the simpler the structure with which a comprehensive, essential is brought to understanding, the more

²¹ Die Hotels Bristol und Stein u. a. Gasthof -Besitzen.

important the art is. So Grasmayr brought Rilke, of whom he recited wonderful things from the Book of Hours. Until then I had not known what to do with Rilke; what had come into my hands up to that time had given me the impression of a feeble mourning for past beauty. But the following alone, which Grasmayr presented and showed much connection with the feelings of the journey, completely changed my mind:

God speaks to each one only before he makes it,
 then he goes out of the night with him in silence,
 But the words, before everyone begins,
 these cloudy words are:

Sent out by your senses,
 go to the edge of your longing;
 give me garments.

Behind things grows as a fire,
 that stretched out their shadows,
 always cover me completely.

Let everything happen to you: beauty and horror.
 You just have to go: no feeling is the farthest away.

Don't let me separate you.

Near is the land,
 which they call life.
 You'll recognize it
 in his seriousness.

Give me your hand.

'The Book of Hours' (On Monastic Life).

Despite the tiredness, I read the 'Book of Hours' for a long time and was moved by the enchanting drawing of many impressions and moods of life.

A bright sky looked into the room on late awakening, which had windows on three sides. Salzburg at its feet with green tower roofs and green slopes; on the other side a green plain, lost in the haze of Bavaria, green with white peaks, on the third side the mountains. Since my childhood days in Feldenhofen, I can't remember so much light, air and scent as I did when I woke up on the Mönchsberg. The old trees, over whose crowns I hovered, were full of drops, in which the sun glittered like the candlelight of a feast playing in old glass chandeliers.

I enjoyed Salzburg's mood and beauty despite the destruction for several days, until the friendly Siemens representative had procured papers for me to continue my journey. I had no worries about accommodation and food, which unfortunately besieged many refugees – there are said to have been around 60,000 foreigners out of about 40,000 inhabitants back in July; the good Grasmayr took care of me. The completion of various official regulations took some time, but there was enough to visit old friends and familiar places. Karl Czerwenka told of the invasion of the Americans and the dangers that had threatened the city from the intended defense of the city. I was also pleased to hear that Hansl Rath had recently passed through Salzburg on his way from Tyrol to Vienna. At the foot of the Kapuzinerberg I found the Tončić Villa in an extensive, once very beautiful park and chatted a little with Tončić's father. His son Lujo had repeatedly asked me in Berlin to come to them in Salzburg; he had just been in Dalmatia, and from there his father had received news from an American officer about the construction of the Tito state. These were the first reports I heard about Yugoslavia, and as they sounded good, I took it as a good omen for the progress of my undertakings.

The visit to²² Hildegard Thun²³, an aunt of my wife, in Haunspurg will be described later. In the area of Hallein there are several similar castles; first I came to one which, according to my memory, did not seem quite right to me; Above all, everything was pretty badly kept. When I asked about the housewife, I was directed to an overgrown vegetable garden, where a gaunt man received me suspiciously and unkindly. In a brusque way, he explained that Rudolf Thun had

²² “In den dreissiger Jahren, einer Zeit der Hochblüte der Salzburger Festspiele, bildete Haunspurg einen Treffpunkt internationaler Künstler und Besucher. ..Bruno Walter war ständiger Wohngast zu dieser Zeit . Er blieb auch durch schwere Zeiten der weiteren Familie verbunden. Weiters gingen Toscanini und viele andere Künstlerpersönlichkeiten im Schloss ein und aus“. (entnommen aus dem M.M. Info. Heft Nr. 3 .1996.) UBA

²³ Hildegard Mautner Markhof (3.4.)

died and that Haunspberg was not here. When I asked him his name, he replied almost hostilely that it was none of my business.

In Haunspberg I heard that he was a Count Walterskirchen, an eccentric who managed badly and was equally rude to all visitors. Isn't it a pity that people who are offered the prerequisites for good performance degenerate in such a way, people with possessions, materially or spiritually – should feel obliged to the general public – then they are the appointed leaders and will also assert themselves. But if they use their greater possibilities to provide themselves only with comforts, that is abuse; who takes revenge by degenerating the tribe in question and by an attitude of the environment directed against the failing sex.

In Haunspberg I was warmly welcomed by Aunt Hildegard. Her house was packed with refugees. The day before, her youngest brother-in-law, Hans Thun, had arrived with a cart from Czechoslovakia after three months' wanderings; four or five small children were scurrying around the carriage standing in the garden. One horse, emaciated to the bone, lay in the grass. Fortunately, however, it had recovered in the evening when I returned. The good animals had held out tirelessly throughout the entire escape period. In addition, part of the Tupay family from Graz was present.

Before lunch in Auntie's room, I was able to start the beautiful old grandfather clock in a corner of the room. The clock had not run since the aunt was relocated after her sister's death. After a light oiling and adjustment of the correct position, the watch tacked pleasingly strongly. If weight clocks have not been smeared with salad or beet oil by domestic spirits, it is sufficient to remove the dust with a brush and cover the bearings with good sewing machine oil. But above all, you have to pay attention to a steady gait; if the aisle is limping, the clock will soon stop.

After dinner, Martha Tupay spoke with unlimited admiration of the manner of the Reich Germans. I was speechless by the statement: "Isn't it wonderful beyond measure how the German soldiers endured to the last in the difficult situations? The concept of duty is probably the highest thing there is." The inevitable counter-question was: "Isn't it terrible beyond all measure that the German people have come to this situation?" They have come to this through their nature."

Aunt Thun's eyes lit up enthusiastically when she shouted: "Come on, I can no longer save myself from the corruption of the empire in my house".

I went into this delicate question a little more closely, and spread out my own experiences and thoughts. The way of tenaciously and tenaciously pursuing a goal and being ready for a final

effort is admirable, I admitted; this is also the key to many successes of the Germans; but it is also the cause of failure on the higher level of life. The diligent pupil always wants to apply the rule he has learned, rather than proceed according to the present emergency, and then speaks of the fulfilment of duty. For this purpose, an ode by Weinheber must be quoted, which indicates the limits of duty.

So we trump with the duty
with the awareness of the doing;
But no reflection is the duty,
No, only great forgetting,
a look away from fate,
which is sent from afar.
But as it is, it gives us: a support,
to go through oneself upright
but this is convenient, because it is daily.

What is the root of the fact that so many people remain eternal students? I am also thinking here of the lack of willingness to go back the wrong way. Staying a student is a lack of maturity. This also applies to all those who have been distinguished by wealth, title, rank or even by previous achievement, who want to make the less distinguished aware of this at every opportunity.

Adults who have remained pupils also look down on children and pupils because they have less knowledge and experience than they do; but shouldn't it be the case that the younger or less experienced person voluntarily follows the older one, but is also willing to represent differences of opinion? The older one, however, should be prepared to help the less experienced person, who should have the strength to give in or give in if necessary. My own experience was the critical situation for years with the Siemens high-voltage rectifiers for the many transmitter stations such as Herzberg, Tegel and others, which often failed during operation. Geyer and I had solved the same problem several years earlier at Elin through our development. After my resignation from Berlin, however, it took years for Siemens to fix the transmitter rectifiers of the stations mentioned and to make use of the experience gained elsewhere. To a large extent, it was

like the theory of relativity, which many physicists did not want to accept. So many people do not want to give up what they have once learned, such as the absolute basis, or the resting ether, i.e., the infallibility of certain laws.

According to these Hallein thoughts, however, the journey should be pursued; I do not want to forget that Martha Tupay did not deviate from her point of view until the end.

From Salzburg via Eberschwang to Gmunden

Saturday on the morning of July 7, I set off north, provided by the good Grasmayr with a tarpaulin from his cycling days as a substitute for my lost rain aids.

The next travel program was quite uncertain because of the great uncertainty about the occupation conditions in Austria. Somehow I wanted to cross the Tauern to Carinthia and from there to Feldenhofen. To this end, a crossing of the remaining part of Upper Austria via Gmunden, Steinach-Irdning, possibly via Zeiring, where Mummy's sister lived on an estate, and then, according to the further possibilities, to the south, a plan which, however, received many changes due to the newly experienced circumstances. Somehow I took acquaintances or relatives into account when I was lying away, as this would be to hope for food.

For a trip through Upper Austria, a visit to a small laboratory near Linz, where I had had investigations carried out on particularly light and high-performance accumulators during my time at Siemens, was urgent; there I wanted to see how far the work had progressed and officially make a connection. In addition, Angermaier's ceramic workshop was located on this path, where I had ordered a pretty stove with hunting motifs for the dining room of Feldenhofen around 1942, the fate of which I would like to know more about. Then the mother of my friend Erich Kretschy was to visit in Gmunden to bring them news and some money, and from there I wanted to see how I could somehow get on to Windischgraz via the Tauern.

The journey did not bring any great adventures; somewhere the motorway to Vienna was crossed, a magnificent road system that was exemplary in its execution.

A short rain shower, a barley soup in a farmer's house, a crossing of the tram junction to Redl-Zipf, a push up the steep mountain of Vöcklabruck, a plentiful etching with bacon, bread and butter and coffee at the beautiful sawmill Hopplichers, and a beautiful summer evening in the Hausruck area, lay before arriving in a modern and tastefully furnished pottery, the ceramic factory Eberschwang. Hans Rath had pointed this out with the remark that he considered this

workshop to be the best in Austria and Germany in terms of artistic and manufacturing technology, and said that the stoves were on a par with the best products of earlier times in their kind.

The leader, Mr. Angermaier and his cousin Adlmannseder, were both there. The hunting stove was finished and had already become the subject of various purchase applications. In the storage room, a few corner tiles were quickly put together in such a way that the envisaged structure was recognizable. I liked the details of the design and the execution exceedingly.

The long ride – a total of almost 130 km that day – with luggage on the bike and the steep road gradients, was an excessive strain for one day and had made me tired and hungry. That's why I remember the magnificent, yellow egg dish and the hot milk.40 kg

The next morning – Sunday the 8th – we discussed a second stove for Feldenhofen at breakfast, namely one for the so-called large salon, which I hoped to furnish as a study room. I wanted to have something as simple as possible, effective only through form and color, and was pleased how Mr. Angermaier enjoyed this idea. I will not forget Mr. Angermaier's joyful exclamation when, in the evening, after the so satisfying tour of the workshop, I told him that I would like to order a simple large stove. "Mr. Adlsmannseder," he called, "the doctor wants to order an oven, the first since the end of the war." The event was the drawing of a large square oven, which retracts from the walls of the corner in two stages and was given a hexagonal or octagonal structure on the remaining square. All tiles should be brown, square, large and completely smooth, except for a very smooth rod profile at the edge. At the front corner, however, there should be a very strong coat of arms.

Now I moved back to the fertile Upper Austrian countryside around eight o'clock in bright weather and decided to visit Aunt Fritzi Zeileis – the widow of the miracle doctor who was much talked about at the time – next on the way to Gallspach.

Leisurely drive through summery farmland. In a church village there were many people, including numerous Hungarian soldiers and officers around the church, where mass had just ended. The foreign groups of people are hallmarks of the destroyed, old fabric of Europe, splinters thrown out of their habitat. After the path – a small country road – led uphill for a long time, the turn-off came to the main road; the signpost pointed to Haag am Hausruck. "You can inquire about Geyer, the long-time friend and collaborator at Elin on some pretty rectifier

successes," came a thought; "however, as a supporter of the Nazi regime, he will not have it easy now."

It had been an unexpected sight for me when, on the morning of March 12, 1938, in my office in Vienna, I saw my employees – with one exception – decorated with swastika signs. Since then, a lot has changed in Central Europe. The evil sides of national socialism have borne bad fruit. At Elin, Baurat Altmann, an experienced old man, once told me: "If major errors and defects occur somewhere, various causes were at play at the same time. Most of the time, a larger or smaller part lies within oneself." Wasn't it the same in Germany?

In Berlin, I had become very aware of the loneliness of the people. The lonely person likes to reach for any point of reference that gives him access to his neighbor and building up a common cause. This is followed by an old thought: a society in which the connection between individual strata of the people ceases destroys its *raison d'être*. If part of the organism falls out of context, the whole organism becomes worthless.

I was bothered by the gap between workers, engineers and master craftsmen in Berlin from day one. The specialist believes that maintaining relationships between employees is a matter of "leadership" and employee care; he needs the time for himself. In the end, however, the higher specialization that arose in this way was not worth it. Because in the end there were many good specialists, only intent on artificially securing their specialism, which only increased human loneliness. Too much specialization means that the specialists probably master a small specialist sector, while they are inexperienced and clumsy in the face of life's many problems.

Isn't the far-reaching specialization ultimately related to education and the opinion of many German professors that there is a uniform standard of value, namely completeness? The more material, details and special cases are known, the more thoroughly everything is analyzed, the better the prerequisite for the struggle for life.

I have often thought about how much has been heard, but how little has stuck, and how much less has lasting, usable good become. So I think that the level between "knowing nothing at all" and "knowing one's thing at school" is rather smaller than the level between "knowing it at school" and "practical skills". The exaggerated memory training seems to me to be a fundamental evil of continental education. This creates a type of person who sees the possession of knowledge as the most important human value. Isn't one striving for a state where everything should run without conflict, because one thinks that with a largely lawful regulation, a life

without personal responsibility will result? In fact, life is always more diverse than imaginary considerations.

In this way, material was collected for years and decades, always in the expectation of exhausting the practice one day, without ever learning that there is no upper limit.

In the past, I believe, English educators had a better view of life, in that they accepted tradition as a support for the normal course of life, but for the many special cases they were always ready to adjust personally and not try to squeeze the new into something that existed.

In my efforts to know as much as possible in the field of gas discharge, I have made the observation that complete knowledge is not possible even in such a narrow field of detail. I have also learned that achieving practical performance does not depend on a complete set of skills, but on a secure recognition and knowledge in essence. I then formulated a minimum principle: "With how little can I achieve a desired goal? In this sense, perhaps one day a better order of the coexistence of people and a reduction of class antagonisms can be achieved.

Once, in connection with intellectual specialization and in a discussion about American technology, Dir. Scharovsky said that the sum total of German knowledge and ability was probably equal to or perhaps even greater than that of America; however, the cooperation there is incomparably greater than in Germany due to the willingness to cooperate and therefore the effect is greater. Has not the German professor with his efforts to present his personal attitude – his school – as the most important thing and thus to distinguish himself from his colleagues a far-reaching evil?

Margret Boveri once said that the "German Professor" was one of the main culprits in the development of this type of being that has made large parts of the world its enemy.

The road descends steeply, at the lower steep end lies the village of Haag, an ancient town. While looking around for a Geyer shop sign, I suddenly saw his unmistakable, long figure himself coming across the square. Geyer was somewhat surprised to see me, invited me to his mother for a good egg dish and began to ask and talk. He himself had fled from Vienna to his homeland before the Russian invasion; a Dir. Müller - then a member of the board of directors of Elin - stayed with him. Neither of them had much to say about the current conditions in Vienna. Both were still so dazed by the horror of events that they had formed no judgment either about the possibilities of the future or about the guilt of the past, although I had always admired Geyer's subtle powers of observation in technical and especially technological questions.

From Haag we went on to Gallsbach. Warm welcome at Aunt Fritzi's; a cozy lunch in the old Viennese style for three with little Senta, a friend of my eldest daughter Emy. There in Gallsbach, nothing had been destroyed by the war; the American occupation had occupied the larger part of the building. After lunch, Zeileis' son came upstairs and we discussed a tour of the institute at four o'clock, which had been used as a military hospital until the last few days, but was now being restored to its original purpose. What was striking in Studio Zeileis was the strong emphasis on oriental and East Indian moments. Some large crystals and druze increased the mysterious impression. Fritzi said I could work for him for a few months if necessary. Apparently, Father Zeileis had knowledge of new effects of electric waves on the organism and considerable willingness to shed further light on this new field by collecting material. It is interesting how the essential and the external are inextricably transferred here at the border.

In the evening, I was considerably impressed by the library of Zeileis, where a provisional bed for the night had been prepared for me on beautiful carpets. Apart from the intended, strongly oriental – mysterious trait, I found many books on occult and metaphysical questions.

I leafed through it for a long time before falling asleep; my impression strengthened that the most elementary accessibility is still missing and that waves from a foreign world suddenly hit over like humbug.

A walk with her aunt, father-in-law's sister, a portly, somewhat bearded matron, through the park to the vet was very comfortable. Here, too, I spoke of the future and expressed my conviction that people's greed for much enjoyment and possessions, as well as for differentiation from their neighbours, stands in the way of real satisfaction. I added my conviction that many people would be able to voluntarily take upon themselves restrictions for the sake of higher goods; however, they would not have been made aware of such tasks for a long time. For example, great preachers such as Capistran or Abraham à Santa Clara once had a good influence; the present time could also be helped in this way. I hope to find people who advocate a restriction to the essentials. Then Aunt Fritzi said: "Before his death, my husband, who sometimes had clairvoyance, said that a preacher would come, who would now grow up as a boy in the forest and with great power of speech, would once again carry people away to simplicity and to their fellow human beings."

I remember a beautiful farm garden and some meadows with tall old fruit trees. There must be a good fruit yield there; from thirty or forty trees to thirty barrels of must are said to come out annually. Fruit cider is better in Upper Austria than in southern Styria; however, much more care is given to its preparation and care. Three times, when the contents are used up, the barrels are fully opened and thoroughly washed and stored dry and open.

Early in the morning of the 9th, when everyone was still asleep, I set off for Linz, because on the way there in front of the beautiful Wilhering monastery lies the village of Schönhering, where the laboratory I wanted to visit was located. It was a beautiful ride through fertile Upper Austria. Around noon I came to Schönhering. Discussed with Mr. von Alexander that he would no longer continue the work on light accumulator plates; according to an idea of Dr. Rommel, the lead frames of one of my employees should be replaced by plastic and the systems should be built in such a way that the outer connecting pipes would also be saved. Furthermore, he promised me the preparation of a final report on the work done so far, but this did not happen. Before his retirement, Mr. v. A. had worked for a long time in the field of accumulator lighting and had earned some merits in the development of an operationally reliable, simple system. After his retirement, he had set up a hobbyist's workshop and an amateur laboratory.

From Schönhering down into the Danube Valley; the well-known forest-bounded road down to Linz. At the entrance to the town, the pretty rows of older houses pressed against the steep slopes were badly destroyed; in between there were construction sites of tunnels as air raid shelters into the mountain.

Through Linz; the beautiful square is, thank God, not affected. Hitler's new buildings at the lower end are well designed and executed; unfortunately, however, they are too large in relation to the other houses and thus disturb the harmonious cityscape. Hitler's plans and execution did not take into account the conditions of the environment; this created foreign bodies and rejection of them.

At the station I learned of a passenger train that was about to depart for Salzburg, loaded my bike and landed around four o'clock in Lambach, from where I continued the journey to Gmunden by bike.

At the foot of the beautiful monastery on the Traun was a large prisoner-of-war disarmament camp; as I drove past the monastery, I remembered a beautiful cane clock from my

collection, which I had once acquired in Vienna around 1934, where the seller mentioned that it came from the prelature, as the abbot had urgently needed money at that time.

From Lambach a good road led southwards into the Salzkammergut; the Traunstein was already visible from the train earlier and pointed to today's destination. It was again a beautiful summer afternoon, dust-free, with clear air that invites you to hike. The farmsteads lay quiet and peaceful, only the American cars were always a reminder of the real situation. This was also done by the beautiful high arch bridge, which was senselessly blown up at the last moment at the Traunfall. The pillars with crude stubs of the bridge railway stared disconsolately into space. Passing the Lenzing paper factory, which was still dormant, I reached Gmunden.

On the outskirts of the city, some bomb hits could be seen, the city itself was undamaged. It was difficult for me to find friend Kretschy's mother, where I was received with much joy as the bringer of the son's first signs of life. Of course, Mrs. Kretschy would have preferred it if Erich had come along. She did not agree that Erich wanted to stay in Berlin in order to maintain the paper cartel after his two main supporters, M. de l'Allemand and his second friend, had died in the Russian period. On Tuesday, July 10th, I was lazing around in Gmunden; I bathed in the cold lake, went for a walk in the surroundings, visited a ceramics workshop and had a good time.

To Gmunden via Aussee, the Grimming, Bischofshofen to Gastein and Mallnitz

But I could not accept the friendly invitation to stay there any longer, the proximity of the mountains at home urged me to get quickly to my family, to my destination. So on Wednesday morning – on 11.VII. – I got on the electric train that was to go to Aussee. At the train station, I learned to my great sorrow that Vienna had suffered greatly from the final battles and that St. Stephen's Cathedral had also been destroyed. A peasant boy who had come over from the Russian side told us that the SS had chosen St. Stephen's Church as their base for the defense of Vienna and that the venerable building was set on fire. It seemed quite bitter that he also mentioned that at that time the beautiful vestments of the archbishop's museum had been cut up, on the grounds that if we lose them, the others should have nothing.

I thought with anxiety of my mother and sister in Vienna and of the other relatives. How will they have fared? Because the looting of the Russians should have been in no way inferior to what I had experienced in Berlin. It seemed more and more clear to me that the too heroic world

view was a misfortune for humanity. Some verses of the Edda from a book by Günther about Normans and Wikkinger force their way into the memory:

"But the hero despises the shopkeeper and peasant who laboriously
Earning his bread and acquiring fortune in small ways.
He takes by force what suits him and gives plenty of the
Comrade and die not in bed, but on the polling site".

It's only roughly true, but in the sense it's probably exact. That is the right of the strongest. But you can probably also say that of disorder. The Wikkingers practiced it until they killed themselves; What is left? *Heldengesänge und Chronikberichte über Jahrhundertspanner Verneverlungen*. Is this really a page of glory in history? Is it not to be valued more highly when one or a people creates peace and order, thus bringing economy, art and science to flourish, and people can live side by side in large numbers?

But they can only live in peace if the word of God about love for one's neighbour offers a leitmotif for their actions. It can never be fully fulfilled, there are always new increases; therefore it is never needed, and for each individual there is a reason to fight against himself and thus prevent rusting or rotting.

Clouds and fog hung low; it was sensitively cool in the open cattle car; the train stopped everywhere for a long time and shifted several times. On the way it rained several times. The water next to the railway embankment was rushing and foaming, it completely filled his bed. At a station there were large quantities of machine tools, beautiful modern lathes, drills, automatons, which were intended for an underground operation that had begun. For a moment you could see the notorious Ebensee concentration camp. Through Ischl, further up through the beautiful narrow part of the valley to Aussee. There the procession ended; any railway connection down to the Enns Valley was not to be expected in the near future. I wanted to take the next rest at my cousin's hunting lodge on the Grimming, but had no real idea how to get there. Then I remembered that the widow of the well-known composer Kienzl, who was a great friend of Manfred and Pussy, lived in Aussee. So I asked Widow Kienzl, came to a small boarding house, found two old, charming ladies – Mrs. Kienzl and her sister – both so nicely dressed as if they had come out of a showcase, specimens of the end of the last century. Rosy and white in the face, many black ribbons and stitches on the silk dresses and now the snack coffee – a small piece of

old Viennese can. Quite unrealy, an older legation councillor then came to hear a report from me from the distant, violent world, nodding and shaking his head. The three themselves, not even touched by the events of the collapse, seemed to live in a remnant of past time.

I learned the way and distance to the Mautner hunting lodge and soon got back on my bike. The weather improved, it gradually went uphill; on the heights I came to the English demarcation line, passed it smoothly and drove downhill to Stainach-Irdning in the Enns Valley. On the way I heard that the Russians were still in Admont and Selztal, so that the intended short way into the Lavantal was not feasible because of the necessity to pass through the Russian zone, since only in Zeltweg would there be Englishmen again. I therefore had to decide on the rather long detour via Gastein and the Tauern tunnel. From Stainach-Irdning it was close to the Grimming with Manfred M.M.'s hunting lodge, and that was the next destination.

I was greeted with a big hello by cousin Pussy and the three children. Manfred, the son, had come home from his military activity a few days earlier after various adventures. For me, a bed was prepared in the attic between drying lime blossoms, sage and mushrooms and so there was a peaceful, resting holiday for a few days. Two reasons made me wait a bit. On the one hand, Manfred, the father, was to come from Vienna for the weekend – he had already been over twice and had brought tolerable news about his mother-in-law, relatives and also about the family enterprises, but on the other hand the train traffic in the Enns Valley was quite irregular; at that time there was no train here for two days. I took advantage of the wonderful weather for larger parties, together with another house guest, Stefanelli, among other things to the Grimming Gate, enjoyed strawberries and mushrooms and went to play the organ in the small neighboring church. So the time flew by, unfortunately Manfred did not come. After many amusing conversations, the friendly station master telephoned on Tuesday that another train would leave for Bischofshofen in the next hour. This resulted in a short farewell and departure against the West.

On the journey, many adventurous people gathered in the wagons, Hungarians and Ukrainians, many Reich German soldiers who had been disarmed by the British, women who wanted to go back home, all with pees and strange luggage. What destruction does the collapse of Hitler's enterprises have on its conscience apart from the real, devastated cities and factories, railways and lands; how many old ties of people to their homeland, to order, to tradition have also broken and left behind a chaos. Isn't the loss of ties between people even more difficult than

that of cultural heritage and production sites, since such relationships develop only very slowly over long periods of time? Has it not been a great misunderstanding on the part of those critics who, for example, hardly ever throw away England's way of throwing old laws and customs into the rubbish, but adapting them to the new conditions, as a sign of powerlessness? Is it not rather centuries-old wisdom that people on a large scale are tremendously slow to adopt new regulations or laws?

In blatant contradiction to this, the many consequences of new, far-reaching regulations and regulations which had appeared continuously in Germany in recent years, such as three thick-volume metal and iron management regulations, appeared in the course of little more than two years.

From the point of view of its authors, the order of saving with the scarce materials acquired in it was important if it had been handled, and if many offices had not set their ambition to cunningly procure more material around the meaning of the regulations. Such and other regulations have required a considerable amount of work to be drafted. They were clever in their considerations, but they had the weakness of too much, so that the great part of this well-intentioned work was condemned to lie fallow from the outset. Specialization taken too far fails; it is not adapted to the nature of man. Leave him a little independence, he will be educated to be more responsible; this leads to a structured hierarchy into many individual groups; the structure of the higher order then adapts to the subgroups. The structure of humanity must adapt to the given facts and not violate life.

The train left the English territory again somewhere near Radstadt, then it went down to Bischofshofen. When I saw the Salzach, I remembered a dream vision that I had once had in Berlin; I saw the war collapsing and I left Berlin by bicycle. At that time, I clearly recognized the Salzach Valley and the route to Schwarzach St. Veit and saw myself on my bike.

Now in Bischofshofen I learned that there was no direct connection, but that I had to wait several hours. So I decided to cycle up the Salzach valley and so the dream came true, although a few days earlier I had imagined that I would come directly to Feldenhofen via Selzthal and the Tauern Pass, via Zeiring and Wolfsberg without the detour via the Salzach valley.

In Schwarzach-St. Veit, I learned to my delight that there was a train to Gastein, but there were still three hours before the train left. So I used the time for a walk uphill, following my nose, and came to a village, St. Veit, with a beautiful old church. A soldier spoke to me as I sat

on the stone steps of the entrance and let the wide panoramic view work its magic on me. He wanted to go to Carinthia, but in Mallnitz there was a disarmament of the English and every soldier there had to wait a few days, sometimes even weeks, until disarmament. Then I climbed a little higher and came to a hollow road, both sides were densely overgrown with raspberries, which bore many large, particularly beautiful fruits on the steep, upper flanks; after a while I had eaten almost all of them.

Then I took the train to Gastein, waited there again for some time, which I used for another walk and finally I managed to get into a train that went through the long tunnel, remembering that my father Otto had been one of the construction managers of it. The journey went smoothly through the impressive darkness of the tunnel; in Mallnitz there were no difficulties with the English and in no time I was in Carinthia, a good deal closer to Feldenhofen and the family.

The onward journey from Gastein to Yugoslavia

How did I get from Gastein to Carinthia? I don't remember anything; wasn't it on a bus from Mallnitz to Klagenfurt?²⁴ Certainly there were no difficulties in entering the English zone.

From Klagenfurt I rode my bike again to Hollenburg, which is located a little to the south, high above the Drau. There is a friendly reception from the lord of the castle, Hansl Maresch, who had inherited the property from his adoptive father Wittgenstein, and his wife; a day of rest, a soothing impression of the beautiful, undisturbed household with magnificent Augsburg silver jugs at the breakfast table. I learned that this area had been re-established – roughly with the borders of before the war in 1938 – so that Unterdrauburg, Windischgraz and Feldenhofen were Slovenian again; furthermore, I received information about the various tensions to be expected there, unfriendliness, especially about the legal ambiguity and that much was still in flux at the moment. So I received general advice, but above all the recommendation to first visit the Schüttenhof in the Lavantal near St. Andrä for the onward journey, to ask for advice and further help from the owner Dr. Hubert Habsburg²⁵, who married the Schütte daughter (a Dane); Hansl Maresch mentioned that Dr. Habsburg was also friends with a Swiss

²⁴ Merkwürdig diese Einfügung, denn H v B hatte doch soeben gesagt, dass er mit dem Zug durchs Tunnel gefahren ist, bei dem sein Vater einer der Bauleiter war! (UBA)

²⁵ Andreas Salvator Habsburg, der sich für die Fahrt von Berlin nach Feldenhofen interessierte, hat mir mitgeteilt, dass es sich hier nicht um den obengenannten (sein Vater) handelt sondern um Dipl. Ing Heinrich Habsburg (UBA)

landowner Buser near Lavamünd, whose property was located directly on the Yugoslav border, and who was in contact with the Yugoslav authorities of Unterdrauburg.

The next day I actually cycled to St Andrä, found a friendly reception there, was offered an overnight stay and received a letter of recommendation to Mr. Buser from Buserhof near Lavamünd.

There, too, I found a friendly reception and received the right indication of a smuggling route across the border stream running in a gorge not far from the Buserhof, and a recommendation to a man in Unterdrauburg, now Dravograd, to whom I was to show my personal certificate of the Russian commandant's office in Berlin and to ask how I could get on to Windischgraz and Feldenhofen, since the Drau bridge in Drauburg is guarded. At Buser's I left my Hg-Dampf-MS and the small horse watch that I had with me on the bike.

So away from the Buserhof; the border gorge was actually only 15 minutes away from the Buserhof; the little bridge was free; they went over by bike and high up the moraine plain high above the Drau. Finally we went down to Unterdrauburg with the eerie feeling of seeing Soviet stars everywhere.

The house indicated to me was found right at the end of the village, the man I was looking for was present, but very frightened when he heard the way I came in; he looked anxiously at my Russian permit and, with folded hands, begged to leave him as quickly as possible, as it was uncanny to him that I knew of his connection with Mr. Buser; above all, he advised me to meet with the authorities only in Windischgraz.

Arrival in Slovenia

If memory is not deceiving, it was on July 15 or 16, 1945 that I made the transition described. So I continued by bike through Windischgraz; there the houses unchanged; only everywhere Slovenian inscriptions and references to Tito; then I finally came to the two little houses on our old property boundary. There I learned, with horror, that my mother and the children had been taken to a partisan concentration camp shortly before, on July 1, but that our old tenant Fischer was currently the commissioner and that he had spoken out very much against the deportation of my family. So on to Fischer with trembling knees.

Fischer was at home, it was late afternoon. He was struck for a moment to see me so unexpectedly before him, but quickly composed himself and told me how 14 days ago (on

1.VII.) Mother with the 5 children, Otto, Emy, Marci, Hansi and Elisabeth had been picked up by the secret police and taken to some concentration camp, although the locals in the community would have been very much against it.

When I asked who of the old acquaintances was still in Windischgraz who had something to say, he said that this was first and foremost the merchant Rojnik, apparently mayor, who would be well-disposed towards our family. I immediately decided to go to Rojnik, and Fischer offered me lodging for the time of my existence, which I gladly accepted; he said the castle was locked; he would probably be the commissioner, but he would not be allowed to let anyone in.

In Windischgraz I met the Rojnik family in the room behind the shop at dinner. I was kindly invited and initially learned the same thing that Fischer had already told me. Suddenly, Rojnik asked me: "Now tell me one thing, why do you speak Slovenian so well?" to which I simply replied that as an expectant heir to the Feldenhofen rule, I took it for granted to understand and be able to understand and be able to speak the language of the local peasant population. To this end, I would have gone to learn Slovenian at the beginning of the 20s during my many visits to Feldenhofen to the old head teacher Vrecko and have retained some things. Then Rojnik asked, almost moved: "But is there still Vrecko's granddaughter, Mema, who admired her grandfather very much; if you get together with her and say that you were a student of the old head teacher, Mema will help you somehow. Why don't you go there right away?"

So I did, went down the few houses in the square, climbed to the first floor and knocked at the door with the sign Vrecko. A pretty young woman opened the door and I said: Mr. Rojnik sent me to you because I was a student of her grandfather 20 or 25 years ago; My name is Dr. Hans Bertele. "What?" she cried, "my grandfather's favorite pupil, whom he often held up as a model? Such a surprise! Come in, I have to tell you right away how much the deportation of your family went against the grain for me and many here in Windischgraz; we natives were very much against it, because your wife has always been so nice to our people; but for a few weeks the Russian communist Zarna has been there, and with pressure from outside, she has insisted that the manor be removed and imprisoned. Her family is in the Teherje concentration camp near Celje. The Zarna alone can determine the release of your family and the return of the property today. Zarna is playing against our plans here in Windischgraz and I would like to help make up for these arbitrary steps taken by Zarna." So we began to discuss how to proceed.

Suddenly she asked me: "Do you perhaps know English, because Zarna's great desire is to learn this language". I could answer in the affirmative with a clear conscience, because between 1930 and 1938 I had often been in England and had also taken part in the founding and development of the joint rectifier plant Elin/Vienna – Electrical Equipment /London. "Then I will present you as an English teacher at Zarna, and then you will have to continue working with them for your family."

With such completely changed hopes I returned to Fischer and soon fell into a deep sleep, from which I awoke only a few times from a strange noise, which appeared as a rapid succession of many short cracks. When I had lit the candle, I realized the cause: there were a lot of black fleas around me, jumping into the air and making the strange noise when they jumped, but that didn't bother me and I fell asleep again.

For the next few days, I worked to get the family out of the camp. The path proposed by Mrs. Mema proved to be the right one. After 1 or 2 days I start the English lessons for the Inspector Zarna (i.e. the flame). I soon hear that my family has been admitted to the camp Teherje (Tuchn) near Celje, get – thanks to the effective letter of the Russian commandant's office in Berlin – the keys to Feldenhofen in order to live in the manor house and with my there, relocated from Berlin, books and writings, and began to investigate the authorities that were decisive for the deportation and imprisonment of the family.

I get everything out of the English lessons; an application to the superior office in Celje is written and endorsed several times in Windischgraz, signed, given me a recommendation, and so I go to Celje on the small steam railway, the route of which my father had built about 50 years earlier. I find friendly accommodation there in the house of the old ironmonger family NN and can negotiate for 2 days with the authorities. The large Russian paper helped very well and so I got the assurance that my family would be released in a short time, and that I would be informed in Windischgraz when I could come to pick them up.

Very pleased, I drove back again, heard the first news in Windischgraz that the Zarna had killed herself, after she had said shortly before that life was now stale and boring, after she had nothing more to arrest, condemn and confiscate.

The assurance given to me had been sincere; after a few days I received the notification that I could pick up my family on 2.VIII (according to the memory). I think that I had already gone to Celje the day before, had spent the night there again at the iron merchant NN, after I had

walked to Teherje in the late afternoon and looked at the camp from the outside. At that time, as she later said, mother recognized me by my upright posture and indicated to the children that it might have been me to get them all out of the camp.

Getting Marceline and the children out

The next morning I went back to the camp with the necessary papers, was greeted very cheerfully by Marceline and the children and now I could walk back to Celje with all of them. There I was able to give them a green bean soup and potatoes in the inn, which tasted wonderful to them, because for almost 5 weeks they had only lived on the smallest portions of German dried vegetable leftovers.

Then I also saw how the skin of Marceline's arms lay almost loosely on the bones, she was so emaciated. One of her first words was: "We saw someone standing by the camp last night who looked very much like you and hoped very much that it was you; Thank God, it was true.

We took the next train back via Schönstein (Sostanje), visited a camp comrade (confectioner) who had been dismissed before Marceline and arrived safely in Feldenhofen the next day; now the family could slowly get used to the freedom again and occupy themselves with the small farm (2 cows, a horse, some pigs, chickens and 2 turkeys as well as the large vegetable garden). Soon we managed to get a pretty pony, which had been given to the butcher for slaughter, free for us. Inspector Fischer let me sell some large trees on the Suchadol and also agreed that I could sell the Frigidaire sent to Feldenhofen from Berlin as my property, so that I got some cash in my hand to cover the necessary expenses.

The next task was to bring the children to the schools to learn, for which I had to travel to Ljubljana twice. There I was helped by a former Siemens employee, now head of the nationalized former Siemens companies there, although his wife soon remarked disapprovingly that my Slovenian speech was not fluent enough, she noticed that I probably always spoke German with the family.

In Ljubljana I also met again with Prof. Vidmar, an important transformer specialist and great chess player, who had met me a bit in Berlin and who suggested that I immediately continue working in the Yugoslav Academy and took the necessary steps to do so with his brother – at that time just Prime Minister of Slovenia. So everything seemed to be heading towards a new field of work until elections were held around September 18. Interestingly, on

election day in Windischgraz, Mrs. Jirku née Mayer, the former owner of our neighboring estate Hartenstein in the Dobrowa, had appeared, of whom it was said that she was a communist agent. The elections gave a strong jolt to the communist regime (the people whispered, however, that things had not been right), and soon afterwards life became more restless for us. The big girls had trouble in high school and just before Christmas, on December 23rd, I was appointed as the new commissioner of the Osna (secret police), who told me very formally that it was not acceptable for an engineer to live in a castle, that I should look for 1 or 2 rooms somewhere, that the mansion was needed for public purposes. Incidentally, I could not expect any help from Ljubljana, since my supporter Vidmar had recently been eliminated. Afterwards I visited Mrs. Mema, who gave me a few 100 dinars with the remark, make yourself 2 nice days for Christmas.

These were hints that the peace might not last much longer; I went across the Altenmarkt cemetery to Grandmama's grave and asked Grandmamma in my mind: Shouldn't we leave dear Feldenhofen before we get into a dark machine? Deep down, I thought I heard: "You have already found and tried the smuggler's path to Carinthia; go over there with the family after the Christmas days with the fading light of the can; go by the farmer's wife beforehand and ask when the border guard patrols. Go in peace, you can't hold Feldenhofen anymore."

On the way to Feldenhofen, the great uncertainty of our situation gradually became clear to me and I began to think.

The hints I had received from Osna and Mrs. Mema during my last visit to Windischgraz and the thoughts of the way home from the cemetery worried me a lot and I imagined in my mind what could happen. Nevertheless, we still had a friendly Christmas with a Christmas tree on the evening of 24.XII. But on the 25th I had come to the conclusion that the departure would have to happen soon, and I next made the decision to take the whole family by train to Unterdrauburg on the 28th of the XII and from there in the afternoon to walk the smuggling route I had already tried, which would take about 3/4 to 1 hour.

On Christmas Day, we had a nice lunch with the Copenhagen remnants of the Trembling Grass Service, which had been rescued by Berlin.

I am said to have been quite disturbed and restless at this lunch, Otto once mentioned much later.

After dinner, I told Mother the frightening impressions I had received during my visit to Windischgraz and tried to describe to her the dangerous situation in which we found ourselves

and to make her understand that only a crossing to Austria with a surrender of Feldenhofen seemed necessary. Mom was very understanding and so I went on and described to her that I wanted to flee over the plateau of Witsch, where I had been before and had made the border crossing the smuggler's way to send a letter to Vienna to Momo, on one of the next days, when it gets dark, after a train ride to Drauburg – with her and the 5 children.

I told her that the stream in a small gorge was the border where one could get down to the stream unseen in the woods, but that on the opposite side – that is, already above the stream – the slope where the path from the gorge leads up on the Austrian side to the continuation of the Witscher Plateau (a moraine), offers this about 200 meters open view from the Yugoslav side, so that one could easily be shot by the border guards on this stretch. That is why I had the intention of making the crossing there at nightfall, because the risk of hitting would probably be reduced when the rifle light was dwindling, and that I thought I should carry as little as possible with me, so that one could run in an emergency. From my first crossing some time ago with a letter for Momo in Vienna, I remembered having learned from the farmer's wife, who had her house just before leaving for the gorge, that the border patrol passed by about every 2 hours and usually rested for a short time in her house in front of the further steep terrain.

Later in the afternoon, I explained to Otto what I had just discussed with my mother and described to him my plan to do everything on the 28th of the XII, because only then could real train traffic be expected. After a little thought, however, Otto said, why don't we try to do everything with our horse Lumpi by cart; we can get much closer to the smuggler's path with Marci with her bad foot – she had accidentally climbed in 2 days earlier in a pot of boiling hot water and had painful blisters. There, in front of the gorge, we can leave the horse and cart and make the last part on foot.

LEAVING FELDENHOFEN AND FLEEING TO AUSTRIA

Otto's plan seemed advantageous to me and so we decided to move out on the 26th of XII, as a large excursion would hardly be noticed on a holiday.

On St. Stephen's Day in the morning I brought with Otto the large box with the silver dishes brought from Berlin to Feldenhofen, to Fischer, where I had also placed the old parchment documents and the Urbar of Feldenhofen, together with four stick clocks, and also the spent grain painting "Franconian Jura Landscape" that had already been sent from Berlin to Feldenhofen; I told Fischer that I did not feel very sure about our future and asked him to keep the goods as an emergency reserve for us. I also mentioned that in the afternoon we wanted to drive with all the children to an innkeeper near Unterdrauburg, where there was good cider.

On St. Stephen's Day we had an early lunch and then we drove off with Lumpi. The two turkeys we wanted to take with us had been left out by a child in the morning and so unfortunately they could not be caught. In the city I went to the priest Stocklic, with whom we had been friends for decades, and told him of my intention to flee and asked him to keep a protective eye on the important art holdings in Feldenhofen; I indicated to him in a few words what seemed to me worthy of attention.

Then continue on the often made path to Unterdrauburg; Otto as a driver, I on the side on the bike. In Unterdrauburg, at the bridge, a guard called out to Otto: "Stoj" – stop – but Otto, with a partisan cap, shouted back: "Stoj" and drove on calmly; I followed on the bike. About 50 m further; after the bridge the road forked, left up the hill into the village and from there to Austria. Otto drove slowly around the slope to the left as agreed, but suddenly, halfway up, Mom screams loudly (German): Hans, Hans, we dropped a glove on the bridge". I felt hot and cold because the car was just in front of the border police house, but thank God, it was not noticed, the car drove on and we came undisturbed at the last houses and the church out onto the country road, where after a few 100m the cart path up to the Witscher plateau branched off to the right. There we drove up slowly, and after about half an hour I saw the farmer's wife's house, where I had been before, and left my mother by the carriage, where she said that she wanted to get ready for crossing the border somehow; at an inconspicuous place on the way, just before the border gorge, I left the car, rode my bike quickly over to the farmer's wife and told her that I wanted to go to Austria again and inquired when the border patrol was to be expected. She had been there

an hour ago, and would be expected back in about an hour; So I could divide myself well, she said.

I cycled back to the cart with mom and the children, who were waiting not far below the farmstead in front of the gorge. The farmer's wife threw her hands over her head when she realized that I was not alone, but six of them; but we started undisturbed, and came down into the ravine without shouting. Just before the small bridge over the water, however, there was another surprise! The path over the bridge was barricaded with hoz trunks ; but Otto, Hansi and I managed to move these logs, so that with a little lifting the wagon could drive over them and we could get up the slope path on the other side. Soon we reached the top of the plateau. Around the corner, behind the next tree, I said: "Mom, children, thank God, we are safe in Austria." "What," cried Mummy, "it was so easy and you didn't let me take the blue blanket, the black suitcase, the green coat, they would have been so important." But that died away and after another hour we were at the Buserhof, where we were warmly welcomed and received by Mrs. Buser. She said we could stay with her until our onward journey was arranged; but the next day we were to be reported immediately to the English occupation office.

At the Buserhof and then in Isenrode near Radegund

After fleeing, we stayed nice at the Buserhof for a few weeks and often played tarot there in the evening with another refugee – Mr. Hüttl. Once, after about a week, the brother-in-law Gustav and the other brother-in-law Alexander also came to visit us; they told us about the possibilities of moving into the possession of Reininghaus in Radegund near Graz in a short time and took Otto and Marceline with them.

One evening they went from the Buserhof over to Leifling to the owner at the time... had been invited to a nice evening. At the end of January or beginning of February we all went – as far as I remember – by train to Graz and from there up to Radegund to Isenrode Castle. At first we lived in the castle itself, which was built at the end of the 19th century in the Gothic style and was owned by the Reininghaus family. During the summer, when the Reininghaus family came for their summer vacation, we moved into the associated farm – the Reininghof – where there were several other refugee families, where we only had one room and an attic room, but had to share the kitchen with the other refugees.

In autumn, I went to lectures at the University of Graz several times a week; where Prof. Ledinek and Borgnis gave lectures on theoretical physics; I came down in the omnibus, a truck that was covered with boards, and back I often went up to Radegund from Maria Trost; on the way I sometimes stopped at a farmer's house for a few spoonfuls of soup; it was 4 hours of marching.

Soon after we moved to England, I also wrote from Radegund to a good friend from the pre-war period, Mr. Newing – informing him of my situation and indicating that I would like to continue working in England. Shortly a letter arrived informing me that Newing, as soon as he had prepared the necessary papers for me, would come to me in Radegund to discuss everything else.

Newing actually came to Radegund in the spring of 1946; he brought me a Rolls Razor; we soon agreed that I should come to Nevelin as technical director, which he told me was expanding considerably and was in good employment following Lancashire Dynamo.

I went to England as early as February 1947 to scout out and prepare for further employment; it was a good flight, I first lived there for a few weeks with Newing in his house, who took me to the company every day in the morning; the last 2 months I have been living as a subtenant with a working class family in Croydon and have come to the Nevelin every day

At that time I also looked at various houses suitable for a technical director with Mr. Thomas and finally decided on a nice house in Purley, which had a large garden, as well as the neighboring houses and where I had the good feeling that our rich number of children had room for playing and romping and would not disturb the neighborhood. An agreement was also made that if my new converter valves were successfully developed, there would be a favourable transfer from the house to be bought by Nevelin to me.

After three months – it must have been mid-May – I returned to England to prepare for the move.

In the meantime, on February 23 – a few days after my departure for England – our last child Uli – the latecomer – had been born; When the contractions had begun, Mother had taken the sledge to Radegund and from there by bus to the sanatorium in Graz, where the birth was very well guided by Dr. Böhm.

Now, after my return from England in the next few weeks, the remaining parts of the apartment, some of which had been relocated to Gaaden, some to my mother's house in

Dapontegasse and also to Oberzeiring with the Wahls, were brought together and a moving wagon to England was set up. The final start of work in England was scheduled for the month of August 1947.

In the spring and summer of 1946 I eagerly put together a thesis from the documents I had taken with me from Berlin, which I then submitted to the technical department for my habilitation in Vienna. As writing assistants I had a Miss Sorger and Karl Oppolzer's first wife at my side. The thesis was submitted to the technical university in Vienna before the final departure to England.

At that time I had often come from Radegund to Momo; in Vienna, work was being done diligently to reduce the damage of the last war. They were happy about Manfred's successes over the Schwechat brewery. Momo often told how she had continued to look after Feldenhofen until the early summer of 1945; After Yugoslavia was occupied by the Germans in 1939, Momo drove from Vienna to Feldenhofen almost every month with her director's card and kept order there.

After the end of the war, in the spring of 1945, Momo came back to Feldenhofen – probably in July – where Marceline had already been taken to Teherje in a concentration camp. Momo was not allowed to take anything with him from Feldenhofen at that time; she has returned to Vienna with sorrow. So it was a bitter journey, she said. After her return from Windischgraz, it was very clear to her that it was the last time she would have been in Feldenhofen; she remarked that it was very hard, how I was made to understand that I had nothing more to say, that we had nothing more from Feldenhofen.

In all the many years that Momo has taken care of Feldenhofen, she has always invited various guests and relatives in the summer, such as Hans and Ilona Holkup, the daughter of Rudolf Bertele. His Excellency Gross was also usually in Windischgraz for a few weeks; after our wedding, Marceline always stayed in Feldenhofen with our children for a few weeks.

FROM SPRING 1947 TO THE END OF 1958²⁶ IN ENGLAND

Family in England (1947/1960)

On August 4, 1947, I flew ahead with my daughter Emy; unfortunately this time there was no food on the plane like the first time, what I told Emy about and what she had been looking forward to very much. When we arrived in England, we were picked up by Newing; we were initially able to live with him as guests. After 2 weeks, mom came by train with the children Otto, Marci, Hansi, Liesl and Ursula; Uly had stayed with his caregiver Erna with his grandmother in Gaaden.

At Victoria Station, everyone was picked up again by Newing; at the same time the kings had come from Maidenhead to bring the two girls Liesl and Ursula to them; but only Elizabeth was willing to go to Maidenhead, while Ursula wanted to stay with her parents. Since our furniture had not yet arrived in England, the house in Purley was not yet ready to take in, which did not bother us; so Mr. Newing took us along the beautiful English country roads with trees on both sides to our new residence in Purley. The first nights were on old air-raid mattresses borrowed from friendly neighbors; fortunately, however, the furniture came from Vienna itself after only 2 or 3 days. We furnished ourselves nicely with it, as the pictures in the small photo album show.

It was a large property that went up quite steeply from Warren Road – about below 30 degrees. On the adjacent sketch is sketched a plan of the property²⁷; it was an elongated rectangle, about 52 m wide and 120 m long. The house, the garage and the other cabins are indicated in the plan.

We were just setting up the furniture and the rest of the household goods when the priest of the Catholic church not far away, Father Denning, visited us. Mom often pointed out afterwards that I had just stood on the ladder to hang the wooden cross in the dining room above Daniel Quare's beautiful grandfather clock housed in a corner; she thought that the good Father Denning could not have come at a better moment.

²⁶ Ende 1958 bezieht sich auf die Anwesenheit vom Verfasser, Hans v. Bertele in England. Mutti und einige Kinder blieben noch in Purley bis Ostern 1960.

²⁷ Nur im Original MS

From the beginning the neighbors were particularly nice, at the upper end of the garden, which went up quite steeply from Warren Rd below and where the house was in the lower quarter of the climb, the neighbor gave us several times various fruits and welcomed us, while the left-neighbors, a Mrs. Bolton²⁸ at No. 8 and a Mrs. Wittmann at No. 10, were also helpful at Mom's side.

We immediately began to put the large garden in order with the children, because it had been completely neglected for years. Above all, the fruit trees had to be trimmed again, among which there were a number of very good varieties; next to it, mother set up with rabbits in the little shed next to the tennis court and with chickens behind the greenhouse at the upper end of the garden and began to work the vegetable garden, which soon proved to be of good use, because the whole family of 8 heads had to get by on 4 pounds a week. I often remember how close it was back then, because after the bombing in Berlin and the losses in Feldenhofen, we had to refurnish the very large family. Several times, when we passed the Crittenden inn on Sunday after mass, where the Sunday price list on the window asked for 5 shillings, Mom said: "One day I hope we will be so well off again that we will be able to invite everyone to such a lunch. Today, a Sunday lunch in England costs 20 to 25 times more per capita.

The boys were placed at St. John Fisher's Boys' School, and the girls at St. Anne's in Sanderstead. I rode my bicycle every day over the mountain of Croydon, past the old airport, to the Nevelin factory, where I had lunch in the canteen, but returned to my bike in the evening.

At the Nevelin I was first given a small cabinet as a temporary stay; but soon a very nice room was prepared for me, as technical director in the laboratory. I had some good collaborators, including a Russian émigré named Babat. First of all, I started to develop a fast-working control system based on magnetic displacement for the control of the power converters. This resulted in an effective engine control system that enabled "field forcing". This was envisaged for new hosiery knitting machine drives; the single knitting machine worked excellently on its own; however, when several such machines were to work together at the same time in the plant, strong mutual influences occurred, which unfortunately led to failure, since it was not yet possible to remove the mutual influences at that time.

²⁸ Am Anfang war sie noch Mrs. Russell und der Mann existierte noch. Dazu auch ihre alte Mutter. (UBA)

In 1948? John Fisher and was then kindly taken in by Uncle Gustav and his wife in Schwechat to visit the technology department in Vienna. Very soon, however, Otto became intensively involved in motorsport.

Soon after arriving in England, I had also resumed my technical-scientific work. First, I submitted the basics of my single-anode development to Siemens/Berlin as a report to the IEE (Institution of Electrical Engineering).

I had also included in it the critical part of my habilitation thesis in Vienna, which was the reason why I had been refused a publication in Vienna, namely the strong prevention that the breakthrough tensions experience compared to Townsend's (Paschen) laws when there is not a real vacuum but also residual charges in the critical area, a finding that seemed to me to be very decisive for the correct vessel construction and cooling.

A few weeks after the submission, I received a letter from the IEE with a 3-page enclosure containing the views of 2 English experts. There were a total of 29 critical points, 27 of which immediately seemed to me to be very justified. Essentially, however, was the remark that if I were to comment on this with appropriate revisions, the IEE would convene a special meeting because of the importance of the area. With my friends at the Nevelin, I improved my English and corrected the other complaints.

This has led to a very good effect on a major lecture, which has been repeated in several cities and has always given rise to long discussions; at the end I had been invited by the president of the IEE to a nice dinner, where I sat to his right. When I remarked, "I am a little saddened that my work has been severely restricted by Townsend's Law," he said, "if you hadn't done that, you wouldn't be sitting on my right today." Now this knowledge of mine about the influence of restitution has become a matter of course for gas discharges.

This first lecture at the IEE was later followed by two others.

At the same time, I also began to write a book about the low-pressure mercury vapor discharge vessels, and Dr. Weiser²⁹ – an acquaintance of the Adam family – who was in England as a refugee, came to my aid.

²⁹ Frau Dr. Weiser wohnte bei uns und die Adams auch eine zeitlang, bis er, der Dr. Adam sich mit Baba verwarf. Er hiess Hermann und sie Käthe. Die Adams wohnten in was später Baba's Study wurde. Baba spannte Dr-Adam hart an zur Gartenarbeit. Später war dann auch eine gewisse Vera Lenz bei Baba als Sekretärin tätig. Hatte auch Unterkunft bei uns in Purley. Ganz am Ende war dann noch eine Rothschild –verwandte, die mit Nachnamen Springer hiess. Sie war oft nicht ganz richtig im Kopf. Hatte einen kleinen Spitz. Zwischen ihr und Baba war

The first years at Nevelin and Purley were relatively quiet. The large garden and the house kept the family busy a lot. During the war, the house had been used by some officials as an alternative and the garden had not been maintained at all; but after about 1 1/2 years of diligent work in the evenings and weekends, the grassy areas, the flower-beds and, above all, the fruit trees, had come back to some extent in order, and the latter soon began to bear again.

Already at the beginning of our time there were numerous friendly, personal relationships with various Englishmen, which are still fondly remembered today. There were the visits to Mrs. Street in Limpsfield, the mother-in-law of Hansl Rath, who had recommended us there; she had a splendid property, Wymondley, which her father, who was then chief organist of St. Paul's, had built for himself. Mrs. Street soon introduced me to her immediate neighbor, Mr. Alan Lloyd – then president of the Horological Society – an enthusiastic watchmaker with whom I had talked very well and soon became friends.

Alan Lloyd soon introduced me to the society of watch collectors, where I soon became acquainted with the important amateurs: W. Symonds, who was just writing his Tompion book, which was later so successful, and C. Ilbert, at that time the most enthusiastic and generous watch collector in the world, who lived in a small beautiful palace in Milnerstrasse, who often invited me and from whom I learned a lot about the intricacies of the great English clock house of 1650/1800. Later, I also gave some watch lectures in the English Watch Society. It was Mr. Lloyd who later successfully applied to the editor-in-chief of the Hor. Journal, Mr. Tremayne.

It was a historical investigation that soon turned out to be an important step in the history of horology by elucidating a hitherto almost completely unknown phase of the development of wheel clocks - some of which took place in Hradčany in Prague. The course of these events, which in places work like a novel with a brief description of the prehistory, now follows as an insertion.

The Kreuzschlag rediscovery

On the basis of the impressions made on me by my visit to Mr. Mallet in London in 1931, I tried soon after my return to Vienna to gather some of those interested in the history of old clocks into a small private group. At that time it was Dr. Sobek, Prof. Kaftan from the Clock Museum, yours truly, a watchmaker A. Gross in Wipplingerstrasse and a ministerial councillor

andauernd Krach. Einmal sagte sie zu Baba: „Bevor man andere belehrt, muss man selbst vor seiner eigenen Türe kehren.“ Ich glaube dass sie danach ausquartiert wurde. (UBA).

Dr. Höfer from the Ministry of Finance; the latter had very soon instilled in me his favorite idea: to prove that in the time of Emperor Rudolf II in Prague, on the Hradcany, Jost Burgi had already used the pendulum; an idea that kept spitting around in my head until I had properly grasped the cross-strike clock problem.

When we settled in London in 1947 after the Second World War, there was a large exhibition of Viennese art treasures there in 1948, which had been relocated at the time – because of the foreign occupations that were in Vienna; among them was the famous rock crystal clock by Jost Burgi from the Kunsthistorisches Museum. With this one – it was about 15/18 cm high – the inscription said pendulum clock and I had decided that when I came to Vienna, I would try to find out what kind of pendulum construction would be in there.

In the spring of 1952 I came once again to the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna; by then the art treasures formerly exhibited in London had already been restored; this was also the position of Jost Bürgi's clock and the "Pendulum Clock"; I asked the overseer where the pendulum was; he said: "If it's on it, it'll be like that." I then asked who the head of the department was and went to him – a Dr. Schusselka – who said that it was in the catalogue and nothing else; and as I said, but I want to see how the clock is really constructed, he said that is impossible; the museum director NN would have to concede a clock inspection himself; I went to the museum director NN, but he explained: "There is a separate ban from Emperor Franz, the clock may not be opened."

When asked whether this ban could not be lifted temporarily, he said: "Only the head of the president in the Ministry of Education can do that."

Sparkling wine boss Dr. Musil was responsible for this decision; with the help of the museum director of the Belvedere, I managed to get to a private audience with the head of the praesidial. Days before, I told my brother-in-law, Georg, about this matter, and he told me: "But Section Chief Musil has a house in Gaaden, he admires your mother-in-law very much, tell him a nice greeting from her."

The next day, at my appointment, the head of the champagne looked out of the window when I explained to him the scientific possibilities that an examination of the rock crystal clock would bring; finally he referred to my statement: "You yourself say that there is a prohibition by Emperor Franz to open the watch; I can't do anything about it; there is simply nothing. I was very pleased to meet you."

Then I said: "Yes, Mr. Section Chief, I should not forget to send a nice greeting from my mother-in-law." He replied, a little annoyed: "Who is your mother-in-law?" When I said the name, he exclaimed, "Then it's the Baroness Emmy, you should have said that right away, tell me your story again." I then told the story again and the champagne boss explained: "Yes, you can't do anything else, you have to lift the ban of Emperor Franz for 3 days."

He then phoned the museum; he lifted the ban for 3 days and I was able to open the watch the next day with the museum mechanic; in doing so, I discovered that there was no pendulum in it, but a construction that was actually unknown to all watchmakers at the time, where two rests acting against each other worked against each other, for which I introduced the name cross-stroke at that time, which was later to play a considerable role in my horological events.

Special features of the rock crystal movement were: 1) Two disc-shaped rests, one of which was attached (a later installed spiral spring; 2) A rewinding system – (Remontoir d'égalité) - 3) A celestial globe made of rock crystal and 4) Three separate dials for hours, minutes and seconds.

Since the rock crystal clock undoubtedly came from the hands of Jost Burgi – it had two differently written signatures in this regard – it was now obvious to go to Jost Burgi's first place of work – to Kassel – to see if there were any pieces from his hand there.

On the next spring trip to Vienna in 1953, I drove via Kassel, after I had previously come to an understanding with the custodian of the collections there, Mr. P.A. Kirchvogel. The visit to the Hessian State Museum in Kassel was extraordinarily successful; it was possible to identify two (unsigned) clocks there as forerunners of the rock crystal clock of Vienna. Both had the same remarkable remontoir as the Viennese clock; one had installed it in order to achieve a three-month working period with spindle gear; the second had a similar equality, as the Viennese rock crystal clock, with two rests acting against each other, but equipped without a spring.

On my return to London, it was a coincidence that I was soon able to find 2 more of the rare cross-strike watches in quick succession and even acquire them. One was a very small watch, with 2 steel columns, signed by Francis Schwartz from Brussels, which I bought in a junk box at a meeting of the Horological Society from M. Allix for 3 pounds; the second was the beautiful Radeloff watch I found on a bike ride in Surrey; it was in Mr. P. Darey's junk shop, in the window of which there were also watch parts.

With the newly found material, it was obvious to approach a description of the cross-strike principle together with the facilities available at the time of its origin – i.e. shortly before and after 1600 – for accurate timekeeping; it became the report entitled: "Precision Time-keeping before Huygens".

When this report was essentially finished in the autumn of 1953, I showed it to Alan Lloyd in Limpsfield, who read it and was very impressed. He told me he would see to it in the Horological Journal, and soon after paid a visit to the editor-in-chief, Mr. Tremayne. After a few days he informed me that my report would even appear in the Christmas issue of the Horological Journal in 1953, which was a special distinction, because in the Christmas issue of this well-known newspaper only sensational reports were published. This work of mine was followed by a lecture in London on the new designs for clocks in wooden cases introduced by Jost Bürgi, which resulted in the very well-known art historian and architect Symonds calling me a day later and saying that my lectures had shown him that not all important horological problems had been solved in England. but that the Germans had made a very significant contribution to the construction of the case; he would suggest that I bring this lecture into good form together with him in the *Connoisseur* – the most famous international art magazine at the time; I gladly accepted this proposal. Further publications on the cross-strike followed in Switzerland and Austria.

Among the personally particularly nice acquaintances, I must not forget Denis Gabor, professor at Imperial College in London in Exhibition Rd, who at that time was working on the later successful flat television tubes, a man with whom I had many interesting, technical discussions and to whom I owed many access to the English academics; it was also he who pushed through my appointment as a "Fellow" at the Institute of Physics.

The circle of acquaintances in Purley also included the married couple Wolf and Lotte Krebs, who had their house not far behind our garden. Mrs. Lotte was a good pianist and Wolf's brother was a professor at Oxford, where he later won the Nobel Prize for discovering the citrus process in the human body.

At Nevelin, I soon tried to develop my new ideas about high-performance converter valves with a line emission cathode. For this purpose I brought Dr. H. Adam, a former man from Siemens/Berlin, who was an excellent glass-metal fusion man, but who at that time lived without a position in the Bavarian mountains, to the Nevelin. Adam helps very well at first and so I

explain to him all my thoughts for the new vessels; as particularly important, I emphasized that the cooling must be set up in such a way that the anode space remains much hotter than the cathode area and that compensation must not take place there under any circumstances.

Unfortunately, Adam quickly curried favor with Newing and tried to play himself off against me. After a few months, Adam's wife came and they both lived with us in Purley for some time. While Adam used to help often and gladly in the garden, Mrs. Adam slowed down with the primitive remark that "her husband doesn't need to break a leg for our garden" when I once again asked for his gardening help.

With the help of Dr. Kieffer at the Planseewerke in Reutte, I was finally able to achieve that the molyde wells, which proved to be of decisive importance for the new discharge valves, were produced easily and cheaply, after Dr. Kieffer had developed a new technological process for deep drawing that eliminated the great deformation difficulties, a process that soon turned out to be an important advance for the Planseewerke for other tasks as well.

It was probably in the summer of 1951 that I brought Otto from Vienna to England when he wanted to work as a motorcycle professional for a German tire company. I took him under my arm in Vienna and said: "You have to continue your studies in England so that you can stand on your own two feet later." This is how Otto came to Queen Mary College in London. Very soon she became engaged to Monica Barrett and married in 1953, even before graduating from college. At first Otto lived with his parents-in-law, then practiced briefly in Luton and began his service at the ICI in Stockton, in the north of England, from the age of 19.

Before he finished, Otto had an experience with Prof. Jones at college, which at first seemed serious. About 3 months before the final exam, Otto looked out of the window at the sunny opposite wall in Prof. Jones' lecture. Jones points to Otto and shouts: "If you are not interested in these important things, then go out into the sun; They have no idea what it is." Otto responds: "You are dealing with the effect of a thundercloud on an overhead line network. They have set everything in 3-axis coordinates in the old-fashioned way. If you had worked with modern operator analysis, the result" - it writes - "could already be there" - and goes back to its place.

For me, it was a sensation that Prof. Jones, after the very good state examination, recommended Otto to the ICI automation team and was not resentful. This shows a strong,

personal character that is more common in England than it is here. Otto was also immediately hired on much more favorable terms than average graduates.

Otto is still with ICI today after almost 30 years. His two sons, Stephen and Michael, are grown; Stephen is married and works at the British Coal Board in Nottingham, Michael is a medical doctor; he graduated from Cardiff University before his 23rd year. He is a parachutist doctor and captain in the British Army.

A few years ago, Otto once said quite spontaneously: "When I think back, it was quite good that you took me away from Vienna almost 30 years ago, when I wanted to become a motorcycle professional. Of my record of 8 boys at that time, 5 are dead today, one is a cripple and only 2 are intact, I am one of them."

Very often we went on bike trips to the near and far surroundings – in the most diverse groups of children – on a wide variety of leisure activities, on Saturdays and Sundays and holidays, I on the old hiker's bike from Berlin, the children on newly acquired bikes. There were trips over the Riddlesdowns just on the hill on whose slope to Purley our house stood, with snacks in Botley Hill (about 1.2 shillings), to Limpsfield to Mr. Lloyd or Mrs. Street, on to Godstone, or later to Reigate and Dorking.

Once I drove – with the Adams – to Albury Park – about 1 1/2 to 2 hours, because the newspaper said that Albury Park should be recommended to a stranger who wanted to visit a special typical English country estate; it is true that the lawn terraces would not be the largest in England, the house not the most extensive, the pictures to be admired (by Holbein, Cranach, etc.) would not be the highest peaks, but, on the whole, the basic tendency of the old country estates would be particularly well visible, whereby, moreover, at the present time also those belonging to the royal estate. family of the Dukes of Northumberland. From an earlier trip, I had remembered how the visiting hours on Saturdays and Sundays and the entrance fees were indicated on the gate with the sign on it.

So we cycled off on a nice warm Sunday – I was in shorts and a short-sleeved shirt; when we came to the entrance gate into the courtyard around 1/2 12 o'clock, it was wide open, but the price and visiting time board was gone. Then I went uninhibitedly into the courtyard to the main entrance to the house, while the Adams stayed outside.

The main gate of the house was also wide open; I entered the hall, saw opposite me one of the famous Holbeins, and as I turned farther I saw through another open door into a small hall

a canopy-crowned throne, on which the Duchess with a diadem and a small court were around. She was just stepping down to me, greeting me, and saying that, thanks to the peculiar circumstances of my being here, I was her guest; the lady-in-waiting who accompanied her would show me around the house and explain everything, and returned to her throne.

Die Hofdame führte mich in nettester Weise durch die Prunkgemächer und sagte mir, dass eben zur Zeit meines Heereinkommens der neue spanische Botschafter – der Herzog von Alba – seinen Antrittsbesuch machen würde³⁰; weiters, dass die Sitte bei den Mitgliedern des engl. Königshauses es sei, dass knapp vor dem Besuch alle Tore – ohne Wärter – offen sein müssten. Als wir bald darauf durch ein Fenster in den Hof zum Haupteingang sehen konnten, waren die Tore geschlossen und verschiedene Leute drängten mit Interesse an das Gitter: „Die können heute nicht herein“, sagte die Hofdame. Nach der Führung aber erklärte sie, jetzt müsste ich noch zum offiziellen Empfang auf die Rasenterasse; dort durfte ich der Herzogin die Hand küssen, wurde dem Herzog von Alba vorgestellt, und konnte mich nach einiger Zeit ruhig entfernen.

Unter den ganzen Gästen in grossen Uniformen und Toiletten mit Shorts und kurzen Hemdärmeln sich und ruhig dazustehen und zu reden, hat eine gewisse persönliche Anspannung erfordert.

Bei einer anderen Radfahrt allein sah ich in Caterham – nahe vom Round-about – der Strasseneinmündung – in einem der Häuser einen Tandelladen, wo verschiedenes Krims-krams – alte Schlittschuhe, Manometer für den Bierdruck beim Lagerbier, Ketten und 2 alte Uhrenbilder, sowie 2 oder 3 Uhrwerke zu bemerken waren. Dort ging ich hinein. Nach kurzem Gespräch sagte der Mann – Mr. P. Davey: „Ich hab aber auch eine Uhr von 1660“, was ich nicht glauben konnte. Er aber brachte Teile von einer Radeloff-Uhr mit der Signatur an deren Schluss ich die vorhandenen Teile (leider nicht ganz vollzählig) gegen eine Abzahlung von 4 Pfund pro Monat für 1 Jahr erwarb; das war ein wichtiger Schritt in meinem Kreuzschlag-Abenteuer, wie er ausführlich am Anfang dieses Abschnittes über meine Kreuzschlag-Entdeckung berichtet wurde.

Die Adams sind nach einiger Zeit in eine Wohnung gezogen. Bei der Entwicklung der neuen Gleichrichtergefässe – später Nevitrons genannt – hat sich Adam sehr feindschaftlich

³⁰ Der Herzog von Alba war als spanischer Botschafter in England bis 1944. Während seines Aufenthaltes überliessen ihm die Northumberlands Albury Park als Wochenends-Residenz. Es ist durchaus möglich, dass bei einem Besuch nach England, in späteren Jahren, der Herzog von Alba auch wieder von der Herzogin von

benommen; trotzdem hat schliesslich der richtige Abschluss der Nevitrons für mich einen grossen Erfolg gebracht; der Gang bis dahin war aber nicht leicht. So hat irgend einmal schon, im Jahr 1952, Mr. Thomas, der Oberbuchhalter der Nevelin, mich zu Hause besucht und erklärt, die 4 Patente, - die Basis meines Vertrages mit der Nevelin – wären nach der neuesten Information durch ihren Vertrauensmann eigentlich so, dass 2 allein das neue Prinzip decken würden, und ich sollte dementsprechend die Vertragsbedingungen reduzieren. Es handelte sich dabei um das Abfallen des Hauses, wo wir wohnten. Ich gab diesen unbilligen Hinunterhandeln auf die Hälfte nach, um den Arbeitsfrieden zu erhalten. Meine Tätigkeit bei verschiedenen grösseren Kundenaufträgen und mein rasch steigendes Renommé bei der IEE hatte nämlich allmählich die gute Stimmung Newing's, des Generaldirektors, mir gegenüber sich bald verschlechtert. Ich merkte dies, als Ende 1950 oder Anfangs 1951, der leitende Direktor des Londoner Gasnetzes sich bei der Nevelin ansagte und gleichzeitig mitteilte, dass er Einzelheiten über die neuen Gas-Pumpenstationen für London zusammen mit mir und nicht allein mit Newing abklären wolle; darauf hat Newing recht unfreundliche Bemerkungen gegen meine Überschätzung gemacht. Die Verhältnisse bei der Nevelin haben sich im Lauf des Jahres 1952, insbesondere gegenüber Newing, weiter stark zugespitzt, indem mir verboten wurde, das Labor noch zu betreten, da Adam mit den Nevitrons gut allein fertig werden könne.

Einige Zeit vorher hatte ich den Versuch des Alleingehen-Bestrebens von Adam schon gemerkt, als ich ihm den Auftrag für eine bestimmte Arbeit erteilt hatte und er mir antwortete: „Ich halte Ihre Massnahmen nicht für gut, ich bin anderer Ansicht. Newing hat mir gesagt, ich soll genau nach meinen Ansichten vorgehen und nicht nach Ihren.“ Das war eine Antwort, die von einem Mitarbeiter nicht durchwegs erfreulich ist.

Es hat nicht sehr lange gedauert, bis ich plötzlich von Newing vor den Vorstand des LDC Konzernes, zu dem, inzwischen die Nevelin vollständig gehörte, zitiert wurde und dort den Vorwurf hören musste, ich hätte ihn und die LDC mit meiner neuen Entladungsgefässidee betrogen. Die Versuchsgefässe wären genau nach meinen Angaben hergestellt worden, aber als sie jetzt geprüft worden wären, könnten sie nur einen Bruchteil der Leistung geben, die ich versprochen hätte. Ich soll dem Vorstand offen zugeben, dass ich geschwindelt hätte. Es war im ersten Moment eine erschreckende Situation. Ich hatte keine Ahnung gehabt, dass die Arbeiten

von Dr. Adam bereits so weit vorgetrieben worden waren, dass eine praktische Überprüfung der fertigen Gefässe möglich war. Nach etwas Fassung, verlangte ich aber zu sehen, was er gemacht und wie die Prüfungen eingerichtet worden seien. Das war in kurzer Zeit möglich und ich konnte von Aussen feststellen, dass die neugebauten Ventile fabrikatorisch recht ordentlich aussehen. Der nächste Schritt meinerseits war die Erklärung, jetzt möchte ich die elektrische Leistungsprüfung selber durchführen. Sobald aber nur ein schwacher Strom auf die Gefässe gebracht war bei der vorgeschriebenen Spannung – das konnte ich in wenigen Minuten sehen –, kondensierte nach kurzer Zeit an den kritischen Stellen hinter den Anoden Quecksilber. Das war genau das, was eine Dampfeinströmung in die Anodenräume andeutete und wovor ich seinerzeit Adam deutlich gewarnt hatte, weil bei derartigen Dampfverhältnissen das Gefäss nie die volle Leistung hergeben könnte.

Nachdem ich den offensichtlichen Fehler erkannt hatte, war es nicht schwer, dem ganzen Kreis zu sagen, dass, so wie die Situation derzeit liegt, die Gefässe die versprochene Leistung nicht hergeben könnten, obwohl diesselben vacuumtechnisch und einschmelzungsgemäss gut hergestellt scheinen. Es wäre aber nicht schwierig, die versprochene Leistung zu erzielen, wozu ich einige kühlungstechnische Veränderungen vornehmen müsste. Diese wurden durch Abschirmungen in der Lufzuströmung und die Abdeckung des kritischen Anodenraumes mit ein paar Asbestschüren sofort erreicht und – siehe da – die Gefässe gaben nicht nur die volle, von mir vorausgesagte Dauerleistung, sondern sogar eine nach etwa 20 bis 25% darüberliegende Überlastfähigkeit.

Etwa bevor diese kritische Situation bei der Nevelin eingetreten ist, war Mr. Thomas noch einmal in Purley gewesen und hatte erklärt, die Gefässentwicklung wäre ein Schwindel von mir gewesen, die Gefässe funktionieren nicht und diese Sachlage würde vor Queen's Counsellor gebracht und ich daraufhin in Schimpf und Schande aus England entfernt werden. Ich habe daraufhin Mutti gefragt, was ich tun soll und hab' ihr gesagt, ich glaube meine Ideen sind richtig und die Entwicklung ist ordentlich durchgeführt; darüber hinaus wäre aber ein gemeiner Trick am Spiel, um mich auszuschalten und ohne weitere Verpflichtungen die Resultate auszunützen. So erschienen mir zwei Möglichkeiten des weiteren Vorgehens: Entweder nichts zu riskieren, nachzugeben und ohne Erfolg arm zu bleiben, oder zu kämpfen; aber auch wenn man kämpft und die Bosheit zu gross ist, kann man entweder – bis aufs Hemd gepfändet – nach Wien zurückgeschickt werden oder doch einen Erfolg haben. Daraufhin hat Mutti ganz einfach gesagt:

„Kämpfe bis zum Schluss; nur dann habe ich vollen Respekt vor Dir. Riskieren wir, was Du im schlechten Fall für möglich ansiehst.“

Nun waren diese ganz unfreundlichen Angriffe Newings zu einem Zeitpunkt erfolgt, wo mein Vertrag gerade im Ablaufen war und wo er gedacht hat, dass er mich mit wesentlich ungünstigeren Bedingungen noch und mit einer wesentlich schlechteren Verrechnung für unser Haus binden könnte. Nachdem ich nun aber für die Ventile ihre volle Leistungsfähigkeit nachgewiesen hatte, kam es zu mehreren Verhandlungen die mit einer kritischen Aussprache beim Präsidenten, Mr. Bosworth, des LDC Konzerns endeten. Ich stand auf harten Beinen; ich liess davon nicht ab, dass der alte Vertrag abgelaufen wäre und ich nun auf Grund des Nachweises der vollen Leistungsfähigkeit meinen Versprechungen auch anderswo die gleiche Entwicklung zustande bringen könnte. Ich verlangte daher wesentlich günstigere Bedingungen für mich.

Nach mühseligen Verhandlungen kam es nun zu Erfolgen: Der alte Vertrag wird nicht nur rückwirkend voll erfüllt, sondern alle meine neuen Forderungen werden voll akzeptiert und ich bekomme das Haus in Purley überschrieben; schliesslich wurde noch die Bitte um meine Rückkehr in den Vorstand (Board) der Nevelin, ausgesprochen was ich nicht ungerne akzeptierte. Es war ein erfreuliches Ergebnis; Mutti war sehr stolz darauf, aber auf weite Sicht war es nicht gut, da ziemlich viel Missgunst dadurch zu stande gekommen ist. Ein Teil der anderen Direktoren der LDC war eifersüchtig geworden; das gute Zusammenarbeiten war beeinträchtigt, so habe ich 1953 den Dienst bei der Nevelin aus eigenen Stücken aufzugeben mich entschlossen und nur als selbständiger Berater (Ingenieur Konsulent) „free lancer“ tätig zu sein.

Bei der Nevelin haben sich über einige Jahre die nach meinen Patenten hergestellten Ventile recht gut bewährt; so war für diese die Nevitron-Entwicklung richtig gewesen. Dann, allerdings, kamen die neuen Halbleiterventile aus Amerika; die haben wesentlich besseren Wirkungsgrad gehabt und damit ist die Nevelintechnik endgültig zurückgefallen.

Im März 1953 bin ich auf Einladung der Reliance Inc. Nach Amerika gefahren, um dort bei Ford und General Motors „field forcing“ Antriebe für die Karosseriebau-Tiefziehenanlagen einzurichten. Es war ein guter Erfolg und hätte sich für die Zukunft schön auswirken können. Ich habe aber schliesslich bei der Frau des Reliance-Präsidenten, Mrs. Corey, wegen des Nicht-Vorzeigenkönnens von Photos meiner Kinder und von Mutti einen schlechten Eindruck gemacht da ich, primitiv, offen erklärt hatte, ich hätte die Bilder in London aus meiner Brieftasche

zurückgelassen, weil ich so viele andere Dokumente für meine Reise nach USA mitnehmen musste. Nach amerikanischen Vorstellungen weist das Nichtmitnehmen von Familienbildern auf einen üblen Charakterfehler hin. Mrs. Corey hat ihren Mann gesagt, mit einem Wüstling wie Dr. Bertele, soll man sich bei einer seriösen Firma nicht einlassen.

Der mehrwöchentliche Aufenthalt in Amerika hat die erfolgreiche Einführung der neuen Antriebstechnik für die Spezialantriebe der Pressen der grossen Autoindustrie erbracht und mir daraufhin noch für ein Jahr ein relativ bescheidenes Beratungseinkommen erbracht, das mir den zu dem Aufbau einer selbstständigen Konsulententätigkeit in England hätte helfen sollen.

Die Fahrt nach USA machte ich am Schiff Amerika, die Rückfahrt auf der berühmten Queen Mary. Auf der Rückfahrt fiel leider auch der Jahrestag für die 25 jährige Hochzeit, der 28.IV³¹. Bald nach der Ankunft in England aber machten Mutti und ich zur Nachfeier der silbernen Hochzeit eine kleine Reise an die Küste nach Selsey Bill, wo wir ein paar sehr schöne Tage verbrachten.

Im Frühjahr 1953 ist Egon Corti, der Mann von Mutti's Cousine Gertrud, der ein erfolgreicher, historischer Schriftsteller war, plötzlich unerwartet gestorben. Gertrud hatte von ihrem Vater, dem Onkel Theodor, Muttis Vaters Bruder, das halbe Familienhaus der Mautners am Franziskanerplatz bekommen, so wie Mutti, als älteste Tochter des Georg MM die andere Hälfte schon als Mädchen erhalten hatte. Durch den Verlust ihres einzigen Sohnes, Ferrante, am Ende des letzten Krieges, bei Budapest, waren die Eltern sehr bedrückt und, nach dem Tode ihres Mannes, brach bei Gertrud Corti ein Krebsleiden aus, das im Herbst 1954 zu ihrem Tode führte. Erbin der Franziskanerhaushälfte war Gertrud's Schwester Elsa, die den Magdeburger Farben- und Lackindustriellen, Baensch, geheiratet hatte, der leider nach dem Kriegsende 1945 in der Ostdeutschen Republik alles durch Verstaatlichung verloren hatte und sie seither bescheiden in Wien am Schulhof wohnten.

So war nun in der Familie das Problem entstanden, was mit der Franziskanerhaushälfte Gertrud's zu machen. Die beiden älteren Chefs von MM überlegten, es irgendwie an die MM-Betriebe anzuschliessen.

Als ich das vernahm, sagte ich zu Mutti, wir, als kleinere und bescheidene Ingenieursfamilie mit vielen Kindern, würden wahrscheinlich in eine schwierige Situation kommen, wenn die MM-Betriebe irgendwelche Umbauten oder besondere Adaptationen am

³¹ Der 19 April ist das richtige Datum (UBA).

Haus vornehmen wollten. Vielleicht würde sich mein Wunsch nach einer Professur in Wien in den nächsten Jahren verwirklichen und dann würde das Haus in der Stadt mit der Cortiwohnung besonders günstig für uns sein. Daher würde ich sehr dafür sein, die Haushälfte selber zu übernehmen und dafür das notwendige Geld zu opfern. Die Familie hat damals zugestimmt, dabei aber gemeint: „Wenn die Bertele, die halbwegs gut in England untergebracht sind, in Wien, das in Niederösterreich, der russisch besetzten Zone von Österreich liegt, irgend ein Geld investieren wollen, lassen wir sie es tun.“

Erfreulicherweise hat damals Onkel Buwa, Mutti's ältester Bruder, gerade eine Firmengründung in Brasilien zu liquidieren beschlossen, aus welchem Anlass für Mutti eine Summe frei werden sollte, die gerade dem damaligen – sehr geringen – Schätzwert der Haushälfte entsprach. So erklärte Mutti eine von ihr verlangte Unterschrift für bestimmte Firmennotwendigkeiten zu geben, wenn die Haushälfte an sie gegen den ihr zukommenden Liquidationsbetrag überschrieben würde; das ist auch tatsächlich im Frühjahr 1955, wenige Monate vor der Aufgabe der Besetzung Österreichs durch die 4 Siegermächte geschehen.

Damals waren unsere beiden grossen Töchter Emy und Marci gerade in Wien und – beeinflusst durch das Gerede ihrer alten Kinderfrau, Mumi – „Wie schade, dass Euer Vater so knauserig ist, jetzt, wo durch die brasilianische Liquidation endlich einmal extra Geld da wäre, und ihr so schönen Urlaub in Kitzbühel oder St. Moritz haben könntet, muss der Vater einen so unnötigen Hausanteil kaufen.“ Die Mädeln sollen sich vor Ärger bei Momo auf einem Fuss herumgedreht haben, als sie das alles berichteten.

Wenige Monate später war Österreich nicht mehr besetzt, sondern ein freies, neutrales Land. Sehr bald sagte man in der Familie, zu einem so günstigen Gewinn werdet ihr wohl nie wieder kommen, denn das Haus war durch die neue politische Situation ein Mehrfaches mehr wert geworden. Das wir ausbedungen hatten, dass die Cortiwohnung für uns frei werden sollte, wenn wir sie brauchten, kam uns auch sehr zu Gute. So waren wir im Jahr 1960, als der Wunsch nach einer Rückübersiedlung nach Wien sich erfüllte, in der günstigen Lage, nicht weit von meiner neuen Arbeitsstätte, der Technik, eine bequeme schöne Wohnung im Centrum von Wien zu finden.

Meine Versuche als selbstständiger Berater (Consulent) tätig zu sein, waren – wie schon angedeutet – ohne Erfolg. Ich war bei meinen technisch-wirtschaftlichen Beurteilungen wohl etwas zu vorsichtig gewesen, indem ich die mit jedem Schritt ins Neuland verbundene Risiken zu

deutlich herausgearbeitet habe. In den grossen Firmen war meine Vorsicht als Angestellter immer geschätzt gewesen, aber als Consulent bei den Klienten wirkte es nicht. So begann ich ernsthaft im Frühjahr 1954 an eine neue Einstellung in einem Betrieb oder einer Schule zu denken, um den Lebensunterhalt für die Familie weiter zu schaffen. Beim Suchen nach einer neuen, sicheren Stellung dachte ich natürlich bereits stark an die Wiener Technik. Dort waren schon 1953 verschiedene Institute neu zu besetzen gewesen. Da war einerseits das für die elektrische Anlage, wo Prof. Doppler gerade gestorben war und andererseits das für Niederfrequenztechnik, wo Prof. Skudernigg nach USA gehen wollte. Bei letzterem war Prof. König sehr gegen mein Heimkommen, und bei den Elektro-Anlagen deutete mir Prof. Sequenz an, dass dieses Institut die letzte Möglichkeit für ihn wäre, wieder auf die Hochschule zurückzukehren; er hat mich deswegen sehr gebeten, ihm seine Aussichten nicht zu zerstören, mir aber versprochen, sich in jedem Fall, der für meine Erfahrungen geeignet sei, bestens für eine spätere Neuberufung für mich einzusetzen. So habe ich nichts über das Ministerium für mich unternommen und Sequenz ist Leiter der Abteilung für elektrische Anlagen geworden, während für mich zunächst nichts herausgeschaut hat.

So war es eine Fügung Gottes, dass ein ehemaliger Mitarbeiter von der Elin – Dr. Hans Tropper – inzwischen Lektor am Queen Mary College geworden war, mir in Woolwich am dortigen Polytechnik, das der Londoner Universität affiliert ist, im Herbst 1954 eine Einstellung ermöglicht hat. Dort war ich als Lektor von 1954 bis Ende 1958 tätig. Im ersten Jahr habe ich 3 mal in der Woche Abendvorlesungen gehabt und bin erst nach 10.30 Uhr nach Purley zurückgekommen, was sehr anstrengend war. Ich habe aber bis Weihnachten 1958 durchgehalten; es war eine gute Einschulung im Vortrag über elektrische Grundlagen.

Als unerwartete Folge meines Uhrenaufsatzes in der *Horological Journal* Weihnachtsnummer von 1953 folgte eine Einladung nach Dänemark. Der vorher schon erwähnte Kreuzschlag-Bericht in der Weihnachtsnummer des *Horological Journal* 1953 hat nämlich weitere Wogen geschlagen. Im Frühjahr 1954 wurde ich vom Custos der dänischen Staatssammlungen, M. Stiesdal, angerufen, der mir im Auftrag des dänischen Staates mitteilte, dass er auf meinen Bericht hin in den Kellern der Reserve des Prinzenpalais in Kopenhagen eine Reihe von merkwürdigen Uhren und Apparaten festgestellt hätte, die z.T. ähnlich den in meinem Aufsatz beschriebenen Dingen gebaut seien. Von diesen Gegenständen hatte man im Museum aber bisher geglaubt, dass es provinzieller Krims-Krams wäre, Er selber Würde über diese

Stücke kein Urteil fällen, die Museumsleitung würde sich aber sehr freuen, wenn ich eine Einladung als Gast des dänischen Staates, diese Stücke zu überprüfen, annehmen würde.

Ich habe gerne zugesagt und gebeten, dass ich meine Tochter Emilie als Sekretärin mitnehmen dürfe, dass ich eine Reiseschreibmaschine dazu benötige, um die Beobachtungen niederzulegen, und dass ich für uns beide die Schiffsreise 1. Klasse Hin- und Zurück erwarte. Alles wurde gerne zugesagt. Die Reise nach Dänemark wurde im Frühsommer 1954 vorgenommen, war ausserordentlich interessant und erfolgreich. Einen ganzen Vormittag hindurch haben die Museumsdiener in Wäschekörben die Schätze aus den Kellern des Prinzenpalais in das Büro gebracht und es waren darunter 29 – heute weltberühmte – Stücke. Über diese Funde ist ein sehr ausführlicher 5 teiliger Bericht im Dezember 1954 in mehreren Heften von 1955 des British Horological Journal erschienen.

Die Jahre vom Herbst 1954 bis Weihnachten 1958 waren einigermaßen anstrengend; es war aber die Tätigkeit in Woolwich für mich eine gute Vorbereitung für die kommende Hochschultätigkeit. Auf der einen Seite habe ich mich mit sehr viel technischen Grundproblemen wieder beschäftigt, auf der anderen Seite habe ich Praxis für das Vortragen von technischen Problemen gewonnen und den Umgang mit Studenten.

Im Frühjahr 1955 schloss der mittlere Sohn, Hansi, John Fisher School ab und wollte nun, im Zusammenhang mit dem damals noch obligaten Militärdienst, Testpilot werden. Bei den Mutprüfungen hat er gut bestanden, bei der Ausarbeitung eines selbstständig zu wählenden Aufsatzes aber nicht; er hatte das Thema gewählt „Was hätte Hitler tun müssen um England zu besiegen“. Dann ging Hansi auf das London Polytechnik, wo der Rektor, Dr NN ein Freund von mir war. Leider hat Hansi bald bei den gerade aufflackerenden Studentenunruhen aktive mitgetan und wurde daraufhin aus dem College ausgeschlossen.

Er war einige Zeit als Fährmann in Irland tätig, dann als Schmuggler in Griechenland, hat einen Sommer in der Schwechater Werkstätte gut Schweissen gelernt, hat sich dann als Schweisser in England verdungen, bald geheiratet und ist nachher nach Südafrika ausgewandert, wo er ein ziemlich von der anderen Familie getrenntes, eigenes Leben führt.

Im Zusammenhang mit Hansi's Plänen Test-pilot in der engl. Armee zu werden, fällt unser Ansuchen um die britische Staatsbürgerschaft, die mir bei der Nevelin mehrmals nahegelegt worden war. Mit Hilfe von Onkel Manfred (MM) gelang es, vom österr. Innenministerium die Zusage einer Beibehaltung der österr. Staatsbürgerschaft zu erreichen, die

ich nicht aufgeben wollte. So erhielt im Sommer die ganze Familie (Otto ausgenommen) die doppelte Staatsbürgerschaft.

Nach dem Freiwerden von Österreich hat sich dort die wirtschaftliche Lage rasch gebessert. Das hat sich auch auf uns ausgewirkt, denn Mutti's Beteiligungen in Wien begannen Erträge zu bringen, die die Knappheit unserer Lebensführung stark erleichterten. Zunächst wurde – wohl 1955 – ein grünes Rover-Auto (secondhand) erworben, da Mutti meinte, die Tochter Marci musste wegen einer unfreundlichen Liebesaffäre abgelenkt werden. So hat Marci bald die Prüfung absolviert und ich überliess ihr den Rover unter der Bedingung, die ersten Wochen nicht schneller als 50 mph zu fahren. Aber am nächsten Sonntag führte sie uns mit Mrs. Street zu deren Sohn nach dem Süden, und fuhr inclusive bis 70 mph. Als ich das am Abend beanstandete, gab sie mir sehr überlegen zu verstehen, dass junge Leute wie sie sich sehr rasch an die grösseren Geschwindigkeiten gewöhnen und sie sich völlig sicher fühle. Dass das nicht ganz begründet war, erfuhr ich durch einen Telefonanruf von Mutti, bald darauf: Marci war ins Schleudern gekommen, selber schwer verwundet³² und der Wagen weitgehend beschädigt. Der Mechaniker meinte darauf, wenn es nicht ein Rover mit dem besonders starken Chassis gewesen wäre, wäre Marci nicht mit dem Leben davon gekommen

Im Frühjahr 1957 darauf, als die Familien-Geldlage³³ noch etwas leichter geworden, begann ich ernstlich an die Anschaffung eines anderen Autos für die Familie zu denken. Nach einigem Hin- und Herschauen und Suchen entschloss ich mich, einen hübschen neuen 4-Zylinder Riley zu erwerben, wo mir gerade aus Erstbesitz mit relativ wenig Fahrkilometern ein gutes Stück angeboten war. Den Kindern sagte ich nur, dass ich ein neues Familienauto erwerben wollte, damit Mutti die Pletschen vom Markt besser heimbringen könne. Es wäre blau mit gelben Rädern und einem Korb rückwärts. Als ich den Riley am nächsten Tag durch Warren Rd heimbrachte, ging zufällig gerade Emy vor uns; ich hupte, sie sprang zur Seite und sah unwillig auf den Fahrer. Als sie mich erkannte, war sie ganz weg vor Freude und Erstaunen über das

³² Die Ursache von diesem Unfall war ich. Marci liess mich auf der Rückkehr von Addiscombe auf einer geraden Strecke in einem Stadtteil das Lenkrad übernehmen. Um bei einer Kreuzung mit einer Ampel, die grün leuchtete, nach links abzubiegen, übernahm sie wieder das Lenkrad und in dem Moment kamen wir irgendwie durch die Bewegung ins Schleudern und der Wagen kippte um. Wir stiegen beide unverletzt aus und gingen dann auf die andere Seite der Kreuzung, da die Einwohner dort netterweise Marci telephonieren liessen. Sie rief Michael Grimes an um Hilfe. Bei der Gelegenheit kreisten auch mehrere Leute um uns und Marci's Portmonnaie wurde dabei gestohlen. Der Wagen wurde von der Versicherung als unreparierbar erklärt. (UBA).

³³ Baba verkaufte seinen Tompion an einen Herrn Quinn, der in der Nähe von Epsom ein sehr schönes Haus hatte und mit dem und seiner Frau es dann weiterhin sehr besonders nette freundschaftliche Beziehungen gab.(UBA).

schöne Auto, denn seit sie sich erinnern konnte, waren wir immer ohne Auto aufs Fussgehen oder Radfahren angewiesen. Das freudige Erstaunen war wirklich gross.

Später, 1957, schloss ich eine Besuchsreise auf den Kontinent zur Beschaffung guter Uhrenbilder in den grossen Museen an. Es war etwa im Jahr 1956, dass eine Anfrage vom Herrn Raschka des deutschen Verlages Klinkharkt & Biermann an mich erfolgte, ob ich das inzwischen völlig vergriffene Uhrenbuch von Prof. Bassermann Jordan neu bearbeiten würde. Da ich mich mit diesem Buch über 20 Jahre intensiv beschäftigt und ich die objektive Beurteilung der verschiedenen grundsätzlichen Fortschritte aber in ihm hochgeschätzt hatte, aber die etwas beschränkte Darstellung von Objekten lediglich aus den Münchner Sammlungen zu eng befunden, habe ich gerne zugesagt unter der Bedingung, dass es mir erlaubt sei, die Bilder durch Darstellungen erstklassiger Objekte aus ganz Europa zu ersetzen. Raschka hat das gerne angenommen und daraufhin wurde für den nächsten Sommer eine Reise durch Deutschland, in die Schweiz und Frankreich geplant, um gute Photographien zusammen zu bringen. Mit dem kleinen, schwarzen 4-zylindrigen Riley wurde die Sommer-Uhrenreise ausgeführt. Elisabeth begleitete mich, wir fuhren über Hannover, Mitteldeutschland, Süddeutschland, in die Schweiz und über Frankreich zurück und haben eine grosse Anzahl von guten Bildern beschaffen können, die die Grundlage für die 4. Auflage des Bassermann-Jordan – jetzt zusätzlich Bertele genannt – bildeten, eines Buches, dass seither in weiteren 6 Auflagen erschienen ist und das als eines der besten europäischen Uhrenbücher gilt. Damals waren die Museen über das Interesse an ihren Beständen erfreut und gerne bereit, gute Photos für mich auszuarbeiten.

Prof. Sequenz hat tatsächlich, wie er versprochen, als im Jahr 1958 in Wien die Situation der Hochschule bereits recht gut geworden war und im Ministerium die Einrichtung eines Institutes für Industrielle Elektronik vorbereitet wurde, mich sehr nachdrücklich als Leiter für das neue Institut vorgeschlagen; er hat mich damals auch informiert, dass als Konkurrent mein alter Chef Prof. Gauster auch in Frage stände; dabei hat er darauf hingewiesen, dass aus bestimmten Gründen das Institut vorerst nur als ausserordentliche Professur eingerichtet werden wird, und so würde daher die Professur im Wesentlichen für mich sicher sein.

Im Sommer 1958 habe ich tatsächlich die Einladung für Wien zu denn Abschlussverhandlungen bekommen und bin bald darauf nach Wien in das Ministerium gekommen, wo beschlossen wurde, dass ich am 1. Januar 1959 als Vorstand des neuen Instituts für Industrielle Elektronik meine Hochschultätigkeit beginnen sollte; ich hatte auf der Wiener

Technik als Hauptaufgabe ein neues Institut aufzubauen, aber auch andere Vorlesungen zu übernehmen.

Im September 1958 hat die älteste Tochter, Emy, in Nairobi den Colin Everard geheiratet. Es waren allerhand unerwartete Ereignisse vorangegangen, bis es so weit gekommen ist. Wohl im Februar dieses Jahres hat Emy einen sehr guten Abschluss am King's College in London für Entomologie (Insektenkunde) gemacht, weil sie bei der Staatsprüfung gleich die Bettwanze erkannt hat, die ihr zu bestimmen gegeben war; als sie wegen ihrer schnellen Arbeit gefragt worden war, hat sie gesagt: „Aber wie wir im Lager Teherje eingesperrt waren, haben wir die Viecher in grossen Mengen gehabt“. Ihr Versuch, sich gleich darauf nach Afrika zur Locust (Heuschrecken) Bekämpfung zu verdingen, versagte, weil der Komissar wegen ihrer Hübschheit Schwierigkeiten bei seinen Männern erwartete. Sie war bereits bei Dupont am Strand als Sekretärin angestellt und wollte gerne zu Skiferien nach Kitzbühel fahren.

Ich habe sie in London nach Viktoria Station begleitet und ihr dort als Reise-Lektüre 2 Illustrierte Zeitungen gekauft: London Illustrated News und Country Life. Als sie vom Urlaub wieder zurück war, erzählte sie begeistert von ihrer netten Reisebekanntschaft, einen Colin Everard, der sie, bald nachdem der Zug London verlassen hatte und sie in den Zeitschriften blätterte, mit der Frage angesprochen hat: „Wie kommen Sie, junge Dame, dazu, so kultivierte Zeitungen zu lesen, worauf Emy sagte: „Der Vater hat sie mir mitgebracht“. So war die Bekanntschaft begonnen, und da Colin auch nach Kitzbühel skifahren ging, hatte Emy gleich einen guten Anfang, der umso interessanter war, als Colin's Tätigkeit in Afrika die Heuschrecken-(Locust) Bekämpfung war, und er nun zum Jahresurlaub nach Europa und auch zu seinen Eltern nach London gekommen war.

Im Frühsommer war Colin wieder in London, hat uns in Purley besucht und ist sehr verstimmt abgefahren, da ihm Emy bei dieser Gelegenheit erklärte, sie würde ihn doch nicht heiraten, obwohl er ihr recht gut gefallen hätte. Nicht lange danach bemerkte ich, dass Emy recht kopfhängerisch und betrübt im Hause herumging. Die anderen Schwestern informierten mich auch auf mein Fragen, dass Colin einen sehr ärgerlichen Brief geschrieben hatte, dass es von Emy scheusslich gewesen sei, dass sie ihm längere Zeit besonders freundlich und hoffnungsmachend entgegengekommen sei, und im entscheidenden Moment so garstig ihn abfahren gelassen hätte.

Bei meinem nächsten Gespräch war es nicht schwer, Emy zum Reden zu bringen und zu hören, dass alles so rasch gekommen wäre und sie zu überrascht gewesen sei, und dass ihre Unfreundlichkeit ihr heute leid täte, dass sie aber nicht wüsste, was sie tun könnte; sie war immer von langsamen Entschluss, vom Schuhkaufen angefangen. Darauf meinte ich, ganz einfach an Colin eine hübsche Karte schreiben, für seine Zeilen danken und sagen, alles wäre damals gegen ihren Willen so gelaufen. Und, in der Tat, nach einiger Zeit kam ein sehr netter Brief, ob Emy wohl nach Nairobi fliegen wollte und ihn dort heiraten. Dazu entschloss sie sich, und als ich sie zum Flugplatz führte, sprach ich über den Fehler zu langsamer Entschlüsse und sagte, sie sollte bei ihrer Ankunft vorsichtiger sein: Wenn ein junger Mann sehr ein Mädchen begehrt und sie nochmals sich nicht zur Hochzeit entschliessen werde, wird er ein Hackel nehmen und sie damit erschlagen. Emy sagte darauf: „Würde er mich schon nach 3 Tagen erschlagen?“, was ich als unwahrscheinlich hinstellte. In Nairobi ist alles gut gegangen; sie haben geheiratet und einige Jahre dort gelebt. Als die Situation aber wegen der Eingeborenen recht gefährlich geworden war, nahm Colin eine ihm angebotene schöne Stelle bei der ICAO / Montreal an.

Nach Weihnachten 1958 bin ich allein nach Wien, um am 1.1.1959 an der TH zu beginnen, das neue Institut aufzubauen.

Zu den Osterferien fuhr ich wieder nach England, wo Marceline noch geblieben war, da die Kinder noch die Mittelschulen fertig machen sollten. Die Rückfahrt erfolgte über Frankreich mit dem schwarzen Riley-Auto.

Leben in Wien nach England bis Juni 1981

Mutti war nach Weihnachten 1958 mit den Kindern noch in England geblieben, da dieselben dort ihre Schulen fertigmachen sollten; so bin ich zuerst ab 29.XII.1958 bei der Momo in der Dapontegasse untergekommen. Ich bin von dort täglich in die Technik gegangen; netterweise wurde mir dort erklärt, dass ich die ersten zwei Monate bis zum Ablauf des Wintersemesters mich nur erst einfügen sollte und Vorarbeiten für das kommende Sommersemester treffen sollte. Ich habe damals im elektrotechnischen Institut in der Gusshausstrasse das Zimmer des Prof. Dr. L. Huber übernommen, dazu ein Kabüsschen am Dachboden und den früheren Assisten Gahleitner.

So habe ich begonnen, da ich im Schreibtisch wenig Material für die Vorlesung „Elektrotechnik für Maschinenbauer“ gefunden hatte, mir für das Sommersemester Material vorzubereiten. Ausserdem hatte ich im Sommersemester die Vorlesung „Enzyklopädie der Elektrotechnik für Bauingenieure“ auch zu halten. Gleichzeitig begann ich an dem Aufbau des neuen Instituts „Industrielle Elektronik“ zu denken.

Zu Ostern 1959 fuhr ich per Bahn zur Familie nach England, was sehr nett war und kam mit dem schwarzen Riley nach Wien zurück.

In der Dapontegasse bei Momo habe ich auch das Buch „Uhren“ für Klinkhardt & Biermann fertiggemacht, wobei mir die frühere Sekretärin von Egon Corti – eine Baronin Puteani -. sehr geholfen hat.

Es war in Wien recht lustig, den schwarzen Riley mit der englischen Nummer zu fahren. Nach Schluss des Sommersemesters 1959 – Anfang Juli, bin ich mit ihm nach England gefahren; von Wien habe ich Baronin Puteani bis Nürnberg mitgenommen mit dem gerade fertig gewordenen Uhrenmanuskript, das in Deutschland an den Verlag aufgegeben wurde.

Den Sommer 1959 verbrachten wir freundlich in England, damals habe ich in England den grünen Riley – dann auf der Technik – „Der grüne Bär“ genannt – übernommen und den schwarzen alten Riley dem Otto gegeben.

Im Herbst 1959 begann ich offiziell das Wintersemester mit den vorgenannten Vorlesungen und der ersten Vorlesung über Industrielle Elektronik. Damals hatte ich auch das Glück als Assistenten, da der bisherige Assistent von mir – Dr. Gahleitner – inzwischen nach Deutschland gegangen war, einen neuen, den sehr netten Herrn Zeman, zu finden. Herr Zeman hatte die letzten 2 oder 3 Jahre sein Studium auf der Technik ausgesetzt, da er zur Erhaltung seiner Mutter in einem geschäftlichen Betrieb tätig war; knapp vorher hatte sich die Situation seiner Mutter verbessert, weil sie wieder eine Pension bekam, und so wollte er das technische Studium fertigmachen und sich gleichzeitig als Assistent verdingen. Er kam zu mir, hat im guten Wienerisch mit ungeheuer grossen Händen mir die Situation geschildert; ich habe ihn gleich aufgenommen und er war durch viele Jahre die Stütze des Institutes; er hat ungeheuer fleissig gearbeitet und mit seiner geschäftlichen Erfahrung eine gute Organisation der Arbeiten zu stande gebracht.

Zu Ostern 1960 fuhr ich wieder nach England, nachdem ich bereits begonnen hatte, die Wohnung am Franziskanerplatz für uns vorzubereiten. Es waren nette Ostern, die letzten Ostern, die wir im alten Haus in Purley verbracht haben. Wir hatten die letzte Nacht, als die Möbel bereits eingepackt waren, im alten Flugplatzhotel in Croydon übernachtet und sind dann mit dem vollgepackten Auto zur Küste nach Dover zur Überfahrt nach Frankreich. Als wir dort eingestiegen sind, hat Mutti laut und vernehmlich gesagt: „Jetzt gehen wir zu einer neuen Zukunft nach Wien; Du bist dort Professor und ich bin nicht mehr ein elender Slovak in England“. Es hat sie immer gestört, dass sie doch nicht so gut wie die eingeborenen Engländer die Sprache beherrscht hatte.

Wir haben die erste Nacht in Le Touquet an der französischen Küste zugebracht und sind dann gemütlich durch Frankreich nach einem sehr schönen Ostermittagessen in Sens, mit *Quenelles de Brochet* als Vorspeise, nach Österreich zurückgefahren. In Wien waren die Möbel anfangs noch nicht da; so durften wir durch über zwei Wochen in der neuen Wohnung bei den Frischherz in der Führichgasse sehr schön übernachten. Dann kamen unsere eigenen Möbel aus England; die Wohnung am Franziskanerplatz wurde fertig eingerichtet und hat uns von Frühjahrsende 1960 bis jetzt sehr gut gedient.

Die Kinderverteilung war: Ursula in Wien, wo sie Simultandolmetsch-studium betreiben wollte, wähen Ulrich zuerst seine Schule in Downside fertigmachte und dann in Cambridge Caius & Gonville College, wo Dr. Needham Master war,...und Bio-Chimie studierte.

Die Arbeit an der Technik hat mich stark in Anspruch genommen. Es war die Zeit des wirtschaftlichen Wiederaufbaues in Österreich; ich habe vom Ministerium und von anderen Förderungsstellen viel Hilfe für die Einrichtung des neuen Instituts „Industrielle Elektronik“ - einer für Österreich's Industrie wichtigen Sparte – bekommen.

Die Sommer 1960/61 waren wir in Puchen bei Altaussee (einmal mit Mrs. Konekamp³⁴). Im Herbst 1961 stirbt leider meine Schwester Mädy.³⁵

1962 Sommer:Urlaub in Drosendorf im nördlichen Niederösterreich mit Otto und seiner Familie.

1963 Sommerurlaub in der Normandie. Vor unserer Reise ist Momo in das Altersheim nach Gaissau gefahren; es hat ihr sehr gefallen.

Über die Normandie-Reise folgt nun ein Bericht von Mutti aus ihren Tagebuch-Notizen:

Anfang des Jahres überlegten wir, wohin wir heuer in den Sommerferien gehen sollten. Da beim Otto im Herbst vorher eben das 4. Kind, die kleine Johanna angekommen war, und wir ausserdem unsere Wohnung in Altaussee nicht mehr hatten, wollten wir irgendwie dem Otto entgegenfahren. Frankreich war das gegebene Land und Baba erinnerte sich, dass ihm Boris Kessiakoff einmal von einer guten Pension in Coutainville erzählt hatte. Ich schrieb also schon im März dort hin, an die Pension Hardy, und bestellte eine Reihe von Zimmern für uns und Otto. Wir hatten Rendez-vous am 24 Juli. Samstag den 20. Jul,i starteten Baba und ich im grünen Riley gegen Linz. Dort hatten wir ein gutes Abendessen und fuhren dann noch weiter bis Waizenkirchen, wo wir übernachteten. 21.7. am Vormittag hatten wir dann noch einen kleinen Spaziergang mit Floedy und fuhren dann nach Passau, wo wir im Dom eine grosse Messe hörten. Von da nach Regensburg; Mittagessen im Bischofshof. Dann besichtigten wir die schöne alte Stadt, labten uns mit Eis, da es sehr heiss war und fuhren weiter bis nach Erlangen. Dort wurden wir von den Tschermaks in ein schönes Restaurant ausgeführt und übernachteten in einem ganz modernen, kleinen Hotel. Am 22. Juli war Baba mit Siemens beschäftigt und ich fuhr

³⁴ Mrs. Konekamp war die Mutter einer Schulfreundin von Ursula. Sehr künstlerisch begabt. In ihrer Jugend war sie bei den Ballets Russes dabei gewesen. War einige Zeit Musiklehrerin in St. Anne's. Spielte sehr schön die Geige und war auch Malerin.

mit Frau Tschermak in ein Restaurant auf einen Berg von dem man herrliche Fernsicht über Erlangen und das Land herum hatte.

Da aber gerade eine grosse Studentengesellschaft speiste, mussten wir lange auf das Essen warten; aber sonst war es sehr schön. Gegen Abend kam Baba zufrieden von seinen Siemens-Besuch und sagte es war gut, dass er hingegangen ist, weil man die Beziehungen aufrechterhalten soll. Dann weiter nach Amorbach, wo wir übernachteten. 23. Juli am Morgen besichtigten wir die schönen alten Bauwerke der Stadt und fuhren dann weiter durch den schönen Odenwald über Worms, Saarbrücken, Metz und Reims. Zwischen Saarbrücken und Metz hatten wir auf einem Hügel im ersten typisch französischen Restaurant Mittagessen mit gutem Wein. Es war immer schönes Wetter und es fing an heiss zu werden. In Reims fragten wir einen Polizisten um ein Hotel und gingen in das angeratene. Als wir zum Nachtmahl hinuntergingen, machte Floedy so ein Theater wegen einer Katze, dass wir das Hotel verlassen und wo anders soupieren mussten. Dadurch konnten wir auch einen grässlichen Lautsprecher entrinnen und hatten gleich einen Spaziergang beim Dom vorüber und durch die Stadt. Am 24 fuhren wir dann viele Kilometer weiter, waren mittags in Rouen und abends pünktlich in Coutainville zu Mme Hardy im Hôtel de la Gare. Wir waren die ersten. Bald nachher kam Otto im alten Riley munter mit der ganzen Familie an und gleich darauf telephonierte Uly aus Coutance, man sollte ihn abholen. Er war nach Cherbourg geflogen und dann mit der Bahn bis Coutance gekommen. Otto fuhr hin und waren dann beide schnell wieder da. Baba und ich freuten uns und waren dankbar für die schöne Reise und das nette Zusammentreffen mit den Kindern.

Am Abend unserer Ankunft regnete es aber ab 25 Juli hatten wir 9 Tage hindurch himmlisches Wetter und das war sehr angenehm und ein guter Anfang. Wir konnten jeden Tag im Meer baden und Ottos Kinder, er und Baba wurden ganz braun.

Die nächsten 14 Tage war es dann immer vormittag trüb und nachmittag schön und die letzte Woche war verregnet und viel Sturm. Otto und Familie mussten nach 3 Wochen zurück, während Baba und ich noch blieben, weil er das Elektronik-Buch noch im ersten Entwurf fertig machen wollte. Als es dann an Fräulein Wald rekommandiert abgegangen war, war Baba sehr erleichtert.

³⁵ Ich glaube Tante Mädy ist schon im Juni 1960 gestorben, kurz bevor ich im Juli nach Abschluss der GCE –A– Level Prüfungen nach Wien kam. (UBA)

Baba fügt hier hinzu: Wegen des vielen Regens - es hat oft von früh bis abends geregnet – habe ich damals das Manuskript für das Buch *Industrielle Elektronik* weit vorangebracht, aber wegen des guten Essens 7 ½ Kilo zugenommen.

Zurück zu Mutti's Notizen: *Dann fahren wir auch ab. Madame Hardy gab uns als Überraschung so ein gutes reichliches Abschiedsessen, dass mir unterwegs schlecht wurde und ich vor und in Angers einige Male speiben musste. Am nächsten Morgen war mir aber wieder gut.*

In der Früh machten wir einen längeren Spaziergang durch Angers, sahen die Reste von dem riesigen Schloss, dann auch ein uraltes Fachwerkhaus am Marktplatz, gingen, schlendernd, zum Hôtel du Lion d'Or zurück und fahren bald ab. Unterwegs riet uns ein Mann von einer Benzin-Station, der uns scheinbar für sehr nobel hielt, unterwegs ins Restaurant, Duc d'Anjou, am Ufer von der Loire zu essen. Dort war es aber so teuer, dass wir ganz erschreckt waren. Das Essen war gut und der Wein wunderbar. Auf Empfehlung des Wirtes kauften wir dann ein paar gleichlautende Flaschen in Saumur, die waren zwar gut, aber wie Baba später meinte, nicht so gut. Zum Übernachten fahren wir nach Amboise, wo uns von Engländern, die wir bei Mme. Hardy in Coutainville getroffen hatten, eine nette Pension empfohlen war. Am Weg dorthin waren wir im Schloss Azay-le Rideau. (Ende von Mutti's Notizen).

1964 Sommer in Leutschach / Steiermark und in Bundschuh; dann mit Uly Autoreise nach Istrien, mit gutem Rotwein und Schinken.

1965 Sommer in Brela / Dalmatien. Unsere Bedienerin hatte einmal darauf hingewiesen, dass der dalmatische Küstenort Brela zwischen Spalato (Split) und Ragusa (Dubrovnik) ein besonders angenehmer Aufenthalt sei. So haben sich Mutti und ich entschlossen, im Jahr 1965 dort etwa 2 Wochen zu verbringen und anschliessend daran zur siebenten Internationalen Ionisationskonferenz nach Belgrad zu fahren. Die Fahrt nach Serbien ging über Mostar nach Bosnien, wo wir übernachteten.

Am nächsten Morgen waren wir in Sarajevo, wo es mir heute noch eine unheimliche Erinnerung ist an der Stelle, wo das Attentat auf Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand und seine Frau geschehen war, von dem aus sich der ganze 1. Weltkrieg entwickelt hat. Dann ging die Fahrt weiter über Tusla, wo wir in Schwierigkeiten gekommen waren, weil ich die Türe des Autos zugeschlagen hatte und ich in einem Eisengeschäft einen Draht erbitten musste, damit ich - ohne

die Fenster zu zerbrechen – wieder die Schnalle bei dem kleinen Nebenfenster öffnen konnte; am Abend waren wir in Belgrad.

Die Konferenz in Belgrad hat fast eine Woche gedauert. Ich war beeindruckt, wie ein Teil von Belgrad – dieses liegt am Zusammenfluss der Save in die Donau - im alten Teil noch österreichische Barockbauwerke aufgewiesen hat. Wir waren in einem Hotel - nicht weit von dem Konferenzzentrum – gut untergebracht; ich erinnere mich nur, dass im Aufzug ein amerikanischer Gast mit dem Finger auf mich gezeigt hat und gesagt hat: „A native“, worauf ich etwas beleidigt erklärt habe, dass ich genau so ein Gast wäre wie er.

Am zweiten oder dritten Tag der Konferenz, fand ich zu meinem Erstaunen in dem kleinen Postfach der Konferenz, das für Briefe an mich bestimmt war, einen Bleistiftzettel, ich möchte möglichst rasch den Altpäsidenten Dr. Engel aufsuchen; als ich das tat, fragte er mich, ob es nicht möglich wäre, 1967 die achte Ionisationskonferenz in Wien abzuhalten. Rasch entschlossen sagte ich ihm, dazu bräuchte ich verschiedene Hilfe; ich würde versuchen über eine diplomatische Leitung mit Wien zu sprechen. Wenn es mir gelingt Dr. Higartsberger, den Leiter der Studienkommission in Seibersdorf zu erreichen, wird er wahrscheinlich die notwendige Hilfe geben; wenn ich nur den Sektionschef im Unterrichtsministerium erreiche, wird es wahrscheinlich schwieriger sein.

Sobald als möglich besuchte ich den österreichischen Botschafter, bat ihn mir eine diplomatische Leitung nach Wien zur Verfügung zu stellen und erreichte – Gott sei Dank – gleich Dr. Higartsberger. Dieser rief am Telefon: „Das, was ich mir so lange gewünscht habe, die Internationale Ionisationskonferenz einmal in Wien abzuhalten, könnte damit zu stande kommen.“ Selbstverständlich helfe er mir auf jede Weise und stelle für den Anfang, weil noch kein Geld da ist, $\frac{1}{4}$ Million ö.S. zur Verfügung, die allerdings zurückgezahlt werden muss. Damit war das Problem, in Wien die Ionisationskonferenz für 1967 durchzuführen, gelöst; ich konnte am Beginn der nächsten Belgrader Vollversammlung Wien als nächsten Tagungsort bekanntgeben, was mit Freude aufgenommen wurde.

Nicht vergessen möchte ich, dass von Belgrad ein sehr interessanter Ausflug nach Peterwardein, der berühmten serbischen Festung, die Prinz Eugen erobert hatte, durchgeführt worden war; das dort, glaube ich, ein oder mehrere Ochsen³⁶ im Ganzen am Spiess gebraten

³⁶ Es könnten auch Schafe gewesen sein, was das Übliche ist (UBA).

worden waren und dass man auch auf der anderen Seite der Donau liegenden Stadt Novi Sad (Grossatz), einen Besuch gemacht hat.

Die ganze Belgrader Konferenz verlief sehr interessant. Ich war aber zum Schluss recht müde und weiss nur, dass ich auf der Rückfahrt, die auf der grossen Ost-Weststrasse entlang der Drau stattfand, im Auto schlafend lag, und dass einer meiner Assistenten, die mit waren, ich glaube Dr. Mitterauer, bis Agram gefahren ist. Dabei habe ich auch das Kopfweh auskuriert.

Winter 1965; Hochzeit von Ursula mit José Allendesalazar in der Franziskanerkirche; worüber es ein nettes kleines Fotobüchl gibt. Wir waren vorher schon in Spanien gewesen – im April - um die Schwiegereltern von Ursula kennen zu lernen.

Damals sind die Gelenkschmerzen von der lieben Mutter in der Dapontegasse so arg geworden, dass man daran denken musste, sie ständig in irgend einem Heim unterzubringen; Momo hatte sich schon vorher für das Altersheim in Gaissau / Vorarlberg, am Altrhein ernsthaft ins Auge gefasst, wo sie schon im Jahr 1963 gewesen war.

Frühjahr 1966 Reise nach Südafrika zu Hansi (bei Durban) ; und dann nach Kenia zu Emy.

Momo ist im Sommer 1966 von Mutti nach dem die Gehfertigkeit sich sehr verschlechtert, nach Gaissau gebracht worden. Marceline hatte damals als neuen Urlaubsort für uns Hittisau im Bregenzerwald bei dem Gasthof Krone entschieden, um nahe bei Momo zu sein, ein Ort, wohin wir seither jedes Jahr hingefahren sind und einen Teil der Kinder dazugenommen haben.

Die nächste Zeit von 1966 und das Frühjahr 1967 waren mit den Vorbereitungen für die Wiener Ionisationskonferenz ausgefüllt. Die Hilfe von Dr. Higartsberger hat sich ausserordentlich wohltuend ausgewirkt; zunächst hat er mir seinen ausgezeichneten Mitarbeiter Dr. Viehböck als Generalsekretär zur Verfügung gestellt und auch andere Leute von Seibersdorf haben mitgeholfen.

Zeitig im Frühjahr 1967 war eine Vorbereitungskonferenz mit den verschiedenen Ländervertretern, die wir in Dürnstein abgehalten haben, dass allen Mitarbeitern ganz besonders gefallen hat; die eigentlichen Besprechungen waren im Gasthof Thiry; gewohnt hat man in dem alten Schloss, dass Thiry damals gerade gekauft hat und als Dependance für das Hotel verwendet hat.

Im Frühsommer 1967: Ionisationskonferenz in Wien mit gutem Verlauf; Vor Beginn der Konferenz habe ich alle Ländervertreter zu mir in die Wohnung eingeladen mit meinen Assistenten. Einer derselben teilte mir bald mit, dass zwischen den Vertretern Russlands und Amerikas Schwierigkeiten aufgetreten wären; ich hab' daraufhin Sekt aufgetischt und es hat sich alles beruhigt.

Bei der Konferenz wollte ich sehr gerne, in Überblicksvorträgen der Hauptreferenten, wirklich die Situation erschöpfende Berichte bringen; bei einigen ist es gelungen, bei den anderen nicht. Ich selber konnte mich fast gar nicht um die einzelnen Vorträge - weder die Hauptvorträge noch die Nebenvorträge – die alle im Konferenzzentrum der Hofburg stattgefunden haben, kümmern; ich bin dauernd in der Kanzlei gesessen und habe kleine Schwierigkeiten zwischen den einzelnen Teilnehmern und sonstige Kleinigkeiten in Ordnung gebracht. In Erinnerung ist mir noch als eine grössere Schwierigkeit, dass in einem Hotel auf der Wiedener Hauptstrasse Schwierigkeiten entstanden sind, weil dort ein Färbiger untergebracht war, und den wollte das Hotel nicht nehmen.

Von besonderem Eindruck war die Donaufahrt aufwärts über Krems bis Dürnstein und ich glaube bis Melk; in Dürnstein sind in der Wachauertracht gekleidete Mädchen mit Wein an Bord gekommen und haben kleine Weinflaschen allen Teilnehmern gegeben. Die Russen haben die Weinflaschen hart am Holzboden aufgestossen und worauf die Stoppeln herausgeflogen sind.

Am vorletzten Abend war ein schönes Wiener Konzert, was Heinz Wallberg im grossen Konzerthausaal dirigiert hat; der Mutti hat es besondere Freude gemacht, dass er einen Walzer zu ihr, dauernd auf Blick in die erste Loge, wo wir gegessen sind, herauf dirigiert hat. Am letzten Abend haben wir noch alle Ländervertreter in das schöne Restaurant am Franziskanerplatz (im Volksmund „Die 3 Jüdinnen genannt) eingeladen gehabt.

Finanziell war die Wiener Konferenz ebenso ein guter Erfolg wie technisch, so dass ich die Leitung der Internationalen Ionisationskonferenz als eine der Höhepunkte meiner Wiener Technikzeit bezeichnen kann. Bei der Schlussabrechnung stellte sich heraus, dass noch ein kleiner positiver Überschuss da war; daraufhin habe ich, da eine wissenschaftliche Konferenz, die keinen Gewinn abwerfen darf, alle Assistenten, die mir geholfen haben, zu einem Heurigen in Grinzing eingeladen, was ein schöner Abschluss der Ionisationskonferenz gewesen ist.

Veranlasst durch die Wiener Ionisationskonferenz wurde eine weitere Ionisationskonferenzreise für die 9te Konferenz in Bukarest für das Jahr 1969 in Aussicht genommen.

In Wien hatte ich recht gut Prof. Budareo von Bukarest kennengelernt, der mir sehr geraten hat, für die Reise nach Bukarest, wenn ich irgendwie Zeit hätte, mit dem Auto über Siebenbürgen zu fahren. Wir haben diesen Rat angenommen.

Spätsommer 1969: Nach Bukarest über Siebenbürgen zur 9ten Ionisationskonferenz

Da die Reise ziemlich weit ist, haben wir den Neffen Michael Günther als Chauffeur eingeladen und so eine besonders angenehme Fahrt gehabt.

Es war eine schöne Reise über Budapest bis an die Grenze nach Gross-Wardein – Oradea Mare. Dort begann das richtige Siebenbürgen; ich weiss heute noch, welchen Eindruck es mir gemacht hat, 15 bis 20 km durch die Landschaft, ohne Ortschaften, ohne Häuser, zu fahren und dann in eine der hübschen Kirchenburgen zu kommen. Wir waren etwa 3 Tage in Siebenbürgen und ich erinnere mich noch an Klausenburg, an Schässburg und an Kronstadt mit dem schönen Geburtshaus des Königs Matthias Corvinus.

Von der Übernachtung in Schässburg ist mir noch erinnerlich, dass ich in der Nacht – vielleicht um 2 oder 3 Uhr – durch Gesänge aufgewacht bin, ich hörte deutsch „Muss ich denn, muss ich denn aus dem Städtle hinaus“ und anderes, und am Morgen wurde ich von der Wirtin gefragt, wie ich geschlafen hatte, da habe ich gesagt: „sehr gut, ich habe diese schönen Lieder gehört“, und darauf hat sie gesagt: „Sehen Sie, das sind doch unsere Deutschen; wenn die Ungarn oder die Zigeuner heute Nacht dagewesen wären, wäre es nicht so gewesen; Sie hätten nicht schlafen können“. Bei dieser Gelegenheit erfuhr ich, dass noch fast eine halbe Million Deutsche im alten Siebenbürgischen Teil leben.

Die Weiterfahrt am letzten Tag ging dann über Sinaja, den Ort mit dem rumänischen Königsschloss, über einen Pass hinüber über die transilvanischen Alpen in das rumänische Donautal.

Mutti war von der Einfahrt nach Bukarest durch grosse Strassen mit vielen Bäumen auf den Seiten sehr beeindruckt. Wir sind dort in einem guten Hotel untergekommen und haben am Abend einen schönen Empfang gehabt. Die Konferenz in Bukarest selber verlief ausgezeichnet; anschliessend an den Eröffnungsabend ist Michael Günther gleich nach Wien zurückgekehrt.

Wir fuhren nach der Konferenz noch auf 8 Tage nach Mangalia am Schwarzen Meer und haben dort einen schönen Badeurlaub verbracht.

Auf der Rückfahrt hat uns ein Dr. Greising von der rumänischen Akademie der Wissenschaften begleitet; er hat uns in eines der schönen Moldauklöster gebracht, das seinerzeit die Residenz der Moldaufürsten war, von denen alle 3 Söhne vom Sultan im 18ten Jhd nach Konstantinopel eingeladen, dort aber hingerichtet worden waren. Dann sind wir bis nach Hermannstadt gebracht worden. In Hermannsstadt hat uns das Stadtpalais von Maria Theresia – ich glaube ein Baron Bruckenhau – mit einem wunderschönen Stiegenhaus – sehr gefallen.

Auf der Rückfahrt sind wir von Hermannstadt allein weitergefahren; an der Grenze ist ein unangenehmer Zwischenfall eingetreten; es war finster und ich habe fast ein Fahrrad umgefahren, welches kein Rückscheinwerferlicht gehabt hatte, weil eine Frau in einem dunklen Mantel am Rücksitz in der Dämmerung fast unsichtbar war. Wir sind dann aber gut nach Szegedin gekommen und von dort harmlos nach Wien zurückgefahren.

Im September 1970 heiratet Uly Julia Pinney in der St. Mary's Church, London. Das Mittagessen wurde im Hyde Park Hotel gehalten; bei der Rückfahrt mit der U-Bahn von der Station Knightsbridge, huschte Newing auf der Stiege an uns vorbei, lächelte freundlich und verschwand.

Es war im Sommer 1971 gewesen, dass ich zu einer Konferenz nach Novosibirsk Akamgorodek und dann nach Moskau und Leningrad von den Russen eingeladen war; es war eine hochinteressante Reise und ich habe damals eine Zuneigung zu Sibirien gewonnen.

Nach der Rückfahrt war es beschlossen, sich mit Mutti in Rosenheim zu treffen, so fuhr ich von Wien dorthin mit dem Auto; sie kam mit dem Zug aus England, und von Rosenheim fuhren wir auf Empfehlung von Dr. Grasl auf das Penserjoch in Südtirol. Es war ein schöner Aufenthalt hoch oben in den Bergen, fast gegen 2.000 m hoch und die Weiterfahrt von dort verlief gut über Bozen, Meran und das Pustertal nach Österreich zurück.

1971 Reise mit Mutti nach Lahore in Pakistan zu Liesl und Afzel

.....(Abschrift aus Muttis Aufzeichnungen)

Abfahrt von England 21.III.1971 Sonntag

Ankunft in Wien 22.III.1971 Montag

Architekten Souper 23.III. 1971 Dienstag

Baba Sitzung Abend 24.III:1971 Mittwoch

Spaziergang 25.III.1971 Donnerstag

25.III.1971; ich mittag in Gaaden, Spaziergang. Baba bei Rotary und im Elektrotechnischen Verein; abends – von Slatin-Wasserrab – Einladung zum Heurigen (Hauermandl), sehr nett, dort Jaccomini getroffen.

26.III. Begräbnis des Vetters Gerhard Mautner Markhof; abends in Gaaden.

27.III. Baba geht in der Früh auf die Technik, dann hatten wir eine Eierspeise, worauf uns Herr Bartl mit seinem VW auf den Flugplatz führte. Ankunft in Rom 3 Uhr. Dort zum Hotel Hermitage gefahren. Es ist weit draussen aber sehr gute Luft. Dann in Rom gebummelt und in Trattoria Ricci gegessen in der Nähe vom Hotel Sorrento bei der Via Nazionale. Messe im Gesu. Bummel durch die Altstadt, dann beim Forum in Kirche Nicolo in Chartere [Carcere?] und Mittagessen in guter Trattoria dort. Dann Abfahrt von Rom mit kurzem Aufenthalt in Damaskus und längerem in Karachi. Dort nimmt der Staats-Präsident unser Flugzeug und wir müssen mit dem nächsten fliegen. Gute Ankunft in Lahore. Familie war auf dem Flugplatz, sehr netter Empfang. Nachdem wir gut und lang geschlafen hatten, gehen wir ein bisschen spazieren, nachmittag kommt die Hausbesitzerin auf Besuch; dann gehen wir wieder spazieren und spielen am Abend Bridge. Dienstag ähnlich.

1.April. Donnerstag. Afzel muss schon zeitlich früh zu seinem Gasfeld; wir fahren mit Liesl zu einem schönen Park, in dem wir spazieren gehen. Nettes Mittagessen zuhause. Dann im Lawrence Park. Am Nachmittag kam ein Bekannter von Afzel und Liesl und fährt mit uns in den Shalimar Garden, wo ganz berühmte Wasserpiele sind.

2.April.Freitag Baba und ich haben Bauchweh und fühlen uns nicht richtig wohl; es ist heiss. Nachmittag fahren wir mit dem Bekannten zu der Badi Shah Moschee. Es ist die grösste Moschee, die existiert mit herrlichen Marmorboden und Wänden. Nachher geht Baba mit dem Bekannten Abendessen und dieser und ein Freund von ihm spielen Baba schöne Records vor;

3.April. Samstag. Vormittag Museum. Am Vormittag fahren wir in die Stadt, um Sandalen zu kaufen. Für mich finden wir keine, aber Liesl kauft sich ein Paar hübsche weisse. Am Abend wird das Bauchweh bei mir und Baba schlechter und wir können fast nichts essen.

4. April. Sonntag. Liesl führt Baba über die Flussbrücke zum Grabmal vom Janhangier. Nachmittag bleibe ich mit schlechtem Magen im Bett, Baba und Liesl gehen in die Kirche.

5. April. Montag. Am Nachmittag führt uns Liesl an einen schönen Kanal. Spaziergang, „Son et Lumière“ im Fort, dann Souper im China-Restaurant.

6. April. Dienstag. Tee bei Afzel Zafar und Familie. Baba wurde in freundlicher Weise in der Familie aufgenommen und hatten wir grossen Tee mit vielen Familienmitgliedern. Es waren 4 Brüder mit Familien zusammen in einem grossen Haus. VW startet nicht; Baba zu Rotary im Falete Hotel; abends Bridge bei Zafar; haben 9 Kinder, alle haben Berufsausbildung und arbeiten.

7. April. Mittwoch. Tee bei einem Chirurgen, der 1938 kurz bei Böhler war. Vormittag war Autoreparatur, wenig Öl und Luft. Versuch zu dem beleuchteten Shalimar Garden zu fahren; schlägt fehl, weil wir den Weg nicht finden und sehr viel Verkehr ist. Wir sind froh, wie wir heil zuhause ankommen.

8. April. Gründonnerstag. Zeitlicher Aufbruch mit vollgepacktem Auto nach Hilhum; zum Teil sehr schlechte Strassen. Liesl fährt gut und wir kommen um 9 Uhr beim Grossvater an. Ein grosses Gut mit 500 acres und 30 Stück Vieh, Büffeln. Auf riesigen Feldern wird erst nur Weizen und als 2. Frucht Reis, Zuckerrohr oder Mais gebaut und wo durch grosse Pumpanlagen das Wasser in kleine Kanäle gepumpt wird. Nach Tisch schlafen wir alle in einem Zimmer mit einem Ventilator, der mit Petroleum geht und heiss [kühl?] macht, die Pumpen gehen mit Dieselmotoren. Heimfahrt über Gujuranwala, wo wir Afzels Bruder und die Schwiegermutter besuchen. Heimfahrt durch viel Verkehr mit unbeleuchteten Fuhrwerken und Radlern. Baba besucht mit Ajimal die Altstadt zeitlich am Morgen.

9. April. Karfreitag. Wir verbringen den Tag ruhig zuhause und bewundern beim Abendspaziergang ein für eine Hochzeit festlich erleuchtetes Haus und Garten.

10. April. Karsamstag. Wir sind beim Grossvater mütterlicherseits zum Mittagessen eingeladen und Afzel kommt überraschend von Mulwan dazu. Alles erfreut. Abends spazieren wir mit Afzel nochmals zum beleuchteten Haus. Die Kinder färben begeistert Ostereier. Nachmittag Fahrt am Kanal zu Dörfern mit Ajimal.

11. April. Ostersonntag. Messe in Lahore mit Bischof um ½ 9 Uhr. Dann Eiersuchen mit grossem Osterfrühstück. Um cirka 12 Uhr kommt uns Ajimal abholen. Wir sitzen im air-conditioned Raum und spielen viel Bridge, dann Lunch im Speisezimmer, nachher Schallplatten-Musik. Abends geht Baba mit Afzel und Liesl auf ein Bier ins Intercontinental.

12. April. Ostermontag. Wir fahren alle zeitlich nach Lahore, da Afzel zu einer Besprechung muss. Wir übernehmen die Fahrkarten, Abfahrt vorverschoben, und wechseln noch Dollars. Dann Heimfahrt. Ein junger Mann aus dem Nachbarhaus kommt Baba auf seiner Gitarre vorspielen.

13. April. Dienstag. Abflug von Lahore. Es tut mir leid, Liesl so schnell verlassen zu müssen aber Hans und ich, besonders, fühlen uns so unwohl, dass wir nicht länger bleiben können. Ankunft in Karachi um 12 Uhr mittag. Sehr heiss. Wir gehen gleich in das Boac Rasthaus, haben dort Lunch und Nachmittagsschlaf. Dann Rundfahrt mit Taxi durch das grosse Karachi. Dinner im Rasthaus. Baba geht nach dem Dinner ins Basin schwimmen. Schlaf bis 1 ½ Uhr nacht.

14. April. Mittwoch. Ankunft in Rom über Damaskus. Um ½ 9 Uhr. Dort wollten wir den Tag verbringen und abends weiterfliegen. Wir waren auch um ½ 8 Uhr am Flughafen und warteten auf eine AUA-Maschine. Diese war aber kaputt und wurden wir nach fast 4 stündigen Warten in ein schönes Hotel in Ostia zum Übernachten gebracht. Im Hotel war das Baden in der Wanne und die kühle Luft herrlich; am nächsten Morgen flogen wir mit einem Flugzeug der Alitalia nach Wien, wo wir gut ankamen.

.....

1972 wurde auf der T.H das neue Gebäude für die Elektrotechnik, Gusshausstrasse 27-29, fertiggemacht bei dessen Planung ich vorher schon intensiv mitgearbeitet hatte. Ich habe mich 1973 entschlossen, gleich in das Emeritiertenzimmer einzuziehen, damit mein Nachfolger das neue, unberührte Professorenzimmer übernehmen kann. Ich habe damals auch allerdings etwas mühevoll meinen schönen Bibliothekskasten aus dem alten Zimmer - so wie sie dort war - zu mir in das Ermeritiertenzimmer herübergebracht und dann konnte ich dort meine verschiedenen Bücher in der gleichen Reihe, wie ich sie die letzten 10 Jahre in der Gusshausstrasse 25 gehabt hatte, einordnen.

Sommer 1973. Am 2..Juli mein 70ter Geburtstag. Nach und nach alle Kinder und Schwiegerkinder gekommen und dann auch viele Enkel. Im ganzen dauerte es fast einen Monat, weil viele erst nach Hittisau kommen, wo wir bis zu 16 Betten brauchen.

Damals sagte Mutti auch: „Nicht vergessen, wie gut es uns gegangen, weil wir immer jemand zum Betreuen und ...der Kinder hatten, Muma, Schwester Livia etc.

Eine andere kurze Anmerkung von Mutti habe ich auch nie vergessen. Es war einmal auf Fahrt zum Flughafen Schwechat, da war sie sehr betrübt; auf meine Frage warum, sagte sie: „Weil Du in Gefahr kommst, das Liebste was ich habe.“

Im Herbst 1973 führe ich auf der Technik als Emeritus noch das 1. Semester weiter. Einzelheiten über die Hochschultätigkeit im Ganzen sind im Anhang über das berufliche akademische und forschende Leben zu finden.

Frühjahr 1974: Ernennung von Prof. H. Thim als mein Nachfolger; es gibt anfänglich verschiedene Schwierigkeiten mit meinem alten Assistenten, da Thim das weite auf Österreich ausgerichtete Programm von mir sehr stark auf sein Lieblingsgebiet der Epitaxie konzentrieren will.

Dr. Mitterauer versagt bei der Habilitierung, es gelingt mir aber ihn als wissenschaftlichen Rat zu systemisieren.

Im Herbst 2 Wochen Urlaub in Korfu, was sehr schön war.

Inzwischen wurde auch bei mir meine Gelenksituation weniger gut; es entwickelte sich eine ziemlich schwere Koxarthrose in der linken Hüfte und auf der Osterfahrt 1975 machten wir einen Besuch in der Nähe von München in Graf bei den Reininghaus; dort habe ich meinen alten Freund Tschermak in Erlangen angerufen und gebeten, er soll den damals als Hüftoperateur besonders bekannten Prof. Beck fragen, ob ich auf der Überfahrt nach England ein paar Tage nach Ostern bei ihm vorbeikommen kann; er hat sofort zurückgerufen, Beck stehe mir zur Verfügung; ich bin also hingefahren und Prof. Beck, nach einer Untersuchung der linken Hüfte, hat gesagt: „Die ist so schlecht, dass er empfehlen würde sie besser morgen als übermorgen zu operieren. So bin ich damals noch vor Ostern 1975 operiert worden und schon nach 8 Tagen konnte mich ein Wiener Bekannter... mit unserem Auto nach Wien zurückholen. Die Operation ist ausgezeichnet vor sich gegangen.“

Damals hatten wir in Wien schon einige Zeit wegen des Aufbaues eines Aufzugs im Haus Franziskanerplatz verhandelt und endlich war es nach mehreren Jahren ergebnislosen Aussprechen über eine Aufstellung im 1.Hof, für den 2.Hof entschieden und zu einer Übereinstimmung mit den Parteien zu kommen. Der Aufzug wurde gebaut in einen Glasschacht im rückwärtigen Hof mit Eingängen in die geschlossenen Pawlatschen. Nach meiner Rückkehr war der Aufzug wohl noch nicht fertig, ist aber einige Wochen später in Betrieb gekommen und hat sich seither sehr segensreich für die Familie entwickelt. Auch die Mutti, die ja immer wieder

einkaufen gegangen ist, hat gerne den Aufzug verwendet um ihre kleinen Einkäufe in den 3. Stock zu bringen.

Elektronikkonferenz in Swansea, darauf Reise nach Kanada und Kalifornien, Besuch bei Howard Hughes und Treffen mit dem Ehepaar Eckhart in Los Angeles.

1977 trat der Münchner Verlag Callwey an mich heran mit der Aufforderung ein Chronometerbuch zu schreiben, dass ich sehr bald begonnen habe. Im Frühjahr beginnt Arbeit am Chronometerbuch. Im Frühjahr 77 in Meran.

Im Frühsommer 1978 ein böser Strassenbahnunfall, als ich in Gedanken über die Zustimmung von Pfeifer-Belli im Chronometerbuch meine mathematischen Ideen breit in den Anhängen ausführen könnte.³⁷

Goldene Hochzeit: 19.IV.1978

..... (Abschrift von Muttis Tagebuch Notizzen).

Wohl wegen Ostern war beschlossen worden, die Feier in England zu haben.

11.IV. Nach fertigmachen zuhause fahre ich von Emy sehr nett begleitet auf die Westbahn und steige dort in einen Schlafwagen. Nach guter Nacht steigt Baba in Köln zu und wir haben zusammen eine angenehme Reise mit gutem Essen im Schiff. Von Victoria Station nach Waterloo mit Taxi, dann nach einigen Warten, auch mit Taxi zur Marci, wo wir schon 2 Tage früher erwartet wurden. Zum Glück erwischten wir in Waterloo den einzigen Zug des Abends. Es war nämlich ein eintägiger Streik. Sehr netter Empfang. Alles günstig.

Liesl kommt. Ucki telephoniert aus London, da José dort zu tun hat und man sammelt sich schon für unsere Goldene Hochzeit. Abends spielt Hans mit den Marci-Buben Schwarze Katz, dann Bridge. Uly kommt und nimmt Liesl mit, da sie bei ihm wohnt.

Samstag kommt Hansi, dick aber unberufen gut und gesund aussehend, man freut sich. Leider muss er am Dienstag den 18. wieder weg, da er dringende Arbeit in Swaziland bei

³⁷ Ich war damals gerade in Wien auf Besuch bei Baba (Mutti abwesend) und bekam um 8 Uhr früh einen Anruf vom Krankenhaus, dass er gerade eingeliefert worden war. Dieses war irgendwo auf der anderen Seite der Donau. Ich raste hinunter aber der Anblick Baba, blutbefleckt, auf einer Bahre liegend zu sehen, war mir zu viel und ich sank sogleich ohnmächtig zu Boden. Baba war ganz bei Bewusstsein und hat dann offensichtlich die Telefonnummer von seinem früheren Assistenten Dr. Zemann angegeben, denn dieser kam nach einer Weile und wir führen dann bald alle nach Hause, denn Baba hatte mehr Schock als Verletzungen. Diese waren nur leicht, Gott sei Dank. Der Unfall geschah auf der Ringstrasse-Weihburggasse. Sicher wollte Baba schon in der frühen Morgenstunde in den Stadtpark. (UBA).

Zuckermühlen hat. Er nahm gleich am Flugplatz ein Auto und ladet uns alle zum Essen ins Castle Restaurant ein. Ein Bissl der Onkel aus Amerika. Gott geb's, dass es so weitergeht.

Am 19., Tag unserer Goldenen Hochzeit, gehen wir um 10 Uhr zu dem, der Marci benachbarten Pfarrer, haben dort eine feierliche Messe und Blessing und fahren dann zum Uly, der alle zusammen mit Aperitifs bewirtet. Dann gehen wir in ein kleines Gasthaus -- war früher eine Schmiede - und haben dort ein schönes, gutes Hochzeitsdinner, das allen sehr schmeckt. Reden wurden gehalten und mit uns geprostet.

(Zurück zu Baba's Chronik): Mutti und ich wohnten bei Marci in unserem Zimmer /Warwick's Bench House; die verschiedenen Kinder-Ehepaare kamen; ganz besonders erfreut war Mutti, dass am 17/18 auch Hansi aus Südafrika gekommen war; er musste am 19ten schon wieder zurück, weil er in einer Zuckerfabrik dringend Arbeiten beginnen musste.

In der Früh von 19.IV. war eine nette Messe im Nachbarhause, gehalten von Father Collins, dann ein hübsches Mittagessen in Cranleigh, bei einem von Uly organisierten Wirt, der ein altes Gasthaus betrieb. Es gab mehrere freundliche Reden und der Abschluss brachte den Eindruck, der liebe Gott hat einer Ehe durch 50 Jahre viel Glück und Segen gegeben.

Agramer Konferenz im Mai 1978

Für die um Ende Mai angesagte elektronische Konferenz in Agram hatte ich die Einladung für einen Vortrag erhalten. So fuhr ich mit Mutti am 22.V. über Graz und Marburg gegen Pettau (Ptuj), da man mir gesagt hatte, vor Pettau gäbe es eine sehr gute Strasse über Krapina nach Agram. Es war eine recht schöne Fahrt und wir kamen noch vor Dunkelheit in Agram an. Die Stadt machte einen freundlichen, geordneten Eindruck, besonders fielen uns die zahlreichen öffentlichen Gebäude des Zentrums auf, die meisten aus dem Ende des vergangenen Jhdts, alle gut aussen hergerichtet.

Die Konferenz wurde teils im Akademiegebäude, teils in der Universität abgehalten, wobei wir sehr freundlich behandelt wurden. Als ich dem Sekretär der Adademie meinen guten Eindruck über die öffentlichen Gebäude sagte, antwortete er: „Wir schätzen unsere Franz-Joseph-Renaissance-Anlagen sehr“.

Am 3ten Tag gab es am Vormittag - per Autobus - einen Besuch des neuerbauten Draukraftwerkes Varasdin, und am Nachmittag fuhr man auf der Rückfahrt über die Gedenkstätte des grossen Bauernkrieges von 1567? Mit einem eindrucksvollen Denkmal, das aus

mehreren grossen Relieftafeln besteht, nicht weit vom Orsichpalast. Auf den Relieftafeln ist besonders ausdrucksvoll das Ende des Bauernführers Stefan Gubic dargestellt, wo er am Hauptplatz von Agram – nach Niederschlagung des Aufstandes – als Gefangener mit einer glühenden, auf sein Haupt gepressten Eisenkrone, hingerichtet wurde; als Hintergrund sah man mehrere Galgen, auf denen die Unterführer hingen.

Der Präsident der Akademie beschrieb die Ereignisse des Baueraufstandes breit, wo ca. 35.000 Bauern aus Kroatien, Krain, Kärnten mit der Steiermark sich gegen die Grundbesitzer wandten und deren Land beanspruchten. Die Niederschlagung der Aufständischen machte ein kaiserliches Heer aus Wien, unter Befehl eines Auersperg. Nach dem der Präsident das Urteil nach dem vorherbeschriebenen Bild ausführlich dargelegt hatte, wandte er sich an mich – in der ersten Reihe neben den Vertretern Russlands, Ungarns, Ostdeutschland und Rumänien stehend: „Und was sagen Sie, Professor, dazu?“. Ich wollte kein Österreich abfälliges Urteil trotz der Grausamkeit des Verfahrens sagen und meinte daher: „Vor über 300 Jahren wären die Vorstellungen über Gerichtsverfahren anders als heute gewesen.“

Darauf aber rief der Präsident erregt: „Professor, haben Sie es nicht verstanden? Damals standen die Türken 300 km lang an unseren Grenzen, da muss der Kaiser doch für Ordnung im eigenen Land energisch sorgen.“ Vor allem der Nachdruck, der auf das Wort des Kaisers gelegt worden war, liess mich tief fühlen, wie hier der Kaiser nicht als ein gewöhnlicher Mensch gefühlt worden war, sondern wie eine höhere Macht, die für die Erhaltung der Ordnung zu sorgen hat. Dieser Eindruck ist mir heute noch gleich stark im Gedächtnis, er hat mich gelehrt, es gibt noch Menschen und Völker, die ein Gefühl für innere moralische Werte besitzen; sind die nicht glücklicher als blosse reine Materialisten, die nur die Abschätzung nach dem Goldgewicht vornehmen?

Zurück fuhren wir über Pettau und die windischen Bühel nach Radkersburg. Im letzten Stück verfehlte ich den Weg und fragte einen jungen, slovenischen Bauern, wie es richtig weiterginge in halbwegs guten slovenisch. Die Antwort war knapp und richtig, der Blick aus den Augen aber sehr unfreundlich.

Am Abend waren wir bei Heinz Pototschnig in Radkersburg; als ich ihm von meiner wenig erfreulichen Begegnung erzählt, sagte er mir, die slovenische Bevölkerung über der Grenze ist uns in der Steiermark nicht freundlich gesinnt und lässt das immer merken. Sie stehen unter dem Eindruck, das Nachbarland weit nach Steiermark und Kärnten sollte ihnen gehören.

Am Flugplatz in Genf, 14.IX.1979

Über die Chronometer-Konferenz in Genf, Das Rex Hotel, Genève, ist unsere Herberge.

..... (Aus Mutti's Tagebuch Notizen)

In Erwartung unseres Heimfluges auf dem Flugplatz in Genf.

Nach einem angenehmen Flug hierher haben wir 4 Tage hier sehr gut und angenehm verbracht. Wir lassen uns täglich um ¼ 7 Uhr wecken, gehen dann zum Frühstück ins Hotelrestaurant und dann gleich weiter in das Congressgebäude. Dort feierliche Aufnahme der Congress-Teilnehmer, dann Vorträge. Ich konnte mit Kopfhörer gut verstehen und mich interessierte ein Vortrag über die Zeitrechnung der Griechen. Wenn die Marrons (Edelkastanien) reifen, ist es Zeit zum Anbauen usw.

Mittagessen im Palais des Nations. Man geht ungefähr 10 Min. Hinüber. Sehr gutes Essen aber man muss es selber auf Holztabletten holen und sich anstellen. Dann schlafen wir und am abend grosser Empfang im Theater mit Sandwiches und in Buttermilch eingebackener Fleischrolle. Nachher gehen wir in ein kleines Restaurant neben dem Rhône, wo wir sau-frieren und gleich Wein trinken. Heimfahrt mit 3 Bus.

Am 3. Tag Baba's Vortrag, befasst sich viel mit der exakten Arbeit und den Legierungen nach Guillaume, welche die Abhängigkeit von der Temperatur vermindern. Viele Zuhörer. Alle sehr interessiert. Abend grosses Bankett im Hotel International. 700 Teilnehmer.

Am letzten Tag, vormittag, noch Vorträge; gegen abend Ausflug mit einem grossen Schiff zum ganz reizenden Château de Coppet?. Besteht aus 2 Höfen, die vor den Schlossgebäuden eingfasst sind. Grosse Fenster mit den kleinen carcans? Und grossen grünen Jalousien, wie im Floridsdorf. Hätte meinem Vater sehr gefallen.

Freitag um ½ 3 Uhr Heimflug nach Wien. Während dem ganzen Aufenthalt wunderschönes sehr warmes Wetter. In Wien erzählt uns der Taxi-Chauffeur, dass ein schreckliches Unwetter war mit sehr starken Regengüssen. Am nächsten Tag wieder sonnig und schön. Am Samstag telephonieren Otto und Monika, dass sie am Sonntag zu mittag kommen.

..... (Ende von Mutti's Notizen)..

1979 Bruchoperation im Spital Göttl. Heiland. Konzentration auf das Chronometerbuch.

Dezember 1979. Weihnachtsfahrt nach England

(Abschrift von Mutti's Notizen).

.....
 14.XII. Abends grosser Cocktail beim Buwa. Viele bessere Leute, ungezählte kleine Bissen. Wohnung wunderschön. Bisschen Schnee (-3 Grad).

15.XII. Vorbereitung für Abreise. Nachmittag Spaziergang mit Baba, durch die Stadt zum Burgtheater durch Volksgarten zurück.

16.XII. Abreise von Wien bei sehr schönem Wetter. Sehr angenehmer Flug und Ankunft. Marci holt uns ab nach Guildford. Gottlob alles o.k.

17.XII. Vormittag shopping; gemütliches Mittagessen mit Marci, Baba bei Rotary; nachmittags kaufe ich eine Wärmeflasche, dann zuhause.

18.XII. Am Abend fahren wir zum Uly, dort sind Gäste mit vielen Kindern und Father Christmas kommt und beschenkt alle. Nach dem Souper spielen wir noch eine Bridgepartie, dann führt uns Julia heim.

19.XII. Wir gehen mit Marci mittagessen. Im Castle Restaurant sagten sie: „We are booked up for all these days“, und so gingen wir ins Dunsgate. Am Abend nimmt Hans alle zu den Chinesen und essen wir: Grosses Menu.

20.XII. Baba macht grossen Spaziergang im Chantry-bequest. Dann fahren wir mit Zug und Taxi nach King's Cross, warten dort noch 1 Stunde in der Cafeteria und fahren mit einem noblen grossen Zug nach Darlington. Dort holt uns ein netter junger Mann ab. In Norton kommen wir und Otto mit Monica circa zugleich an. Sie hatten Joey abgeholt.

Vormittag gehen wir bis zu den Schranken, abend Carol-singen und nachher kamen eine Menge Leute aus dem Ort. Eine Dame spielt Klavier und alle singen verschiedene Lieder. Otto gibt viel Wein und Bier, sehr gute Stimmung bis 11 Uhr; dann Abschied mit Küssen.

Vormittag Spaziergang zu den Schranken, nachmittag gehen Baba und ich kleinen Scarf kaufen, damit das dunkelblaue Kleid aufgehellt wird. Stephen und Michael kommen. Sehr netter Weihnachtsabend mit der ganzen Familie vom Otto. Alle beschenken mich, so dass oich ganz gerührt bin. Die sogenannten Girlfriends von Stephen und Michael auch dabei.

24.XII. Da die Kinder alle schon heute Mittag weg müssen, wurde gestern gefeiert. Otto bringt Claire am Nachmittag nach Darlington. Monica und ich fahren mit. Dabei gehen wir auf einen grossen Markt in Stockton über der Strasse.

25.XII. Da alle Kinder weg sind, ist heute ein gemütlicher Tag zuhause. Am Abend gehen Hans und ich noch zu den Schranken. Es ist kalt, am Weg glitzert überall das Eis auf den Lacken. Am Vormittag war friedlicher Kirchengang; dann Besuch bei Mrs. Maclean.

26.XIII. Heute ist Otto und Monica's Hochzeitstag; Baba ladet uns alle in ein Hotel zum Mittagessen. Es gibt Regen und Wind, so dass wir gar nicht spazieren gehen; es ist aber bedeutend wärmer.

27.XII. Otto geht am Vormittag ins Werk und nachmittags besuchen er und Baba Uhrenleute, die sie auch zum Tee mitbringen. Sie bleiben ewig lange da, sind aber für Baba und seine Uhrengedanken ganz anregend.

28.XII. Nachmittag führt uns Otto nach Preston Park. Dort ist eine Menagerie und dann gehen wir auf sumpfigen Wiesen 1 Stunde spazieren. Das Schloss dort dient jetzt als Museum und Caféhaus.

29.XII. Hans geht jeden Tag lang spazieren. Nachmittag kommt Miss Maclean zum Tee und Otto führt sie abends heim.

30..XII.Vormittag Kirchengang mit Besuch bei Mrs. Maclean, und dann führt uns Otto in das noble Hotel Grathorn Hall, wo uns Baba zum Essen einladet, dann schöne Autofahrt.

31.XII. Otto bringt uns nach Darlington und von dort haben wir eine gemütliche Reise in einem sehr guten Schnellzug nach London, erwischen bald ein Taxi und einen Zug und sind schon um $\frac{1}{4}$ 4 in Guildford. Abend noch Spaziergang in die Downs mit Marci.

1.1.1980. Wir feiern bei Marci und wünschen uns herzlich ein Happy New Year. Am Abend spielen wir Bridge. Nachmittag Spaziergang mit Baba in die Downs.

2.1.1980. Ähnlicher Ablauf des Tages. Am Abend sind Hector und Marci zum Bridge eingeladen. Hans spielt mit den Buben Schwarze Katz.

Thursday 3.1.1980. Mittag gehen wir mit Marci ins Castle Restaurant essen. Baba mit den Buben in London. Schience und Geological Museum. Am Abend alle zuhause. Wetter kalt mit viel Reif am Boden am Morgen sogar Glatteis.

Weihnacht 1980

2 Wochen in Esbjerg bei Elisabeth; am 19.XII mit Seelink „Winston Churchill“ nach Newcastle. Michael holt uns zu Otto; am 26.XII. Hochzeit in Sounthap.

80 Geburtstag von Mutti: 3.V.1981

Nach verschiedenem Hin-und Herüberlegen kommen wir zum Entschluss, dass es wohl am nettesten sein würde, am Geburtstag zu Mittag, vor allem, die Kinder am Franziskanerplatz beisammen zu haben.

So wurde dies beschlossen, und dazu kam nur Monica als Frau des Ältesten; die mit ihm per Auto gefahren war und Muttis Bruder Buwa, der am vorhergehenden Abend eigens aus der Schweiz nach Wien geflogen war. Ausserdem wurden am vorhergehenden Mittwoch, den 29.IV., am Samstag den 2.V., und nachher auch am Mittwoch den 6.V., zu Abend, zahlreiche Verwandte und Freunde eingeladen, die Mutti alle genau im Gästebuchnotiert hat und die hier wohl genannt werden sollen:.....

Das Sonntagsmittagessen verlief sehr freundlich; hat jemand gesprochen? Was mir aber nachher so bleibenden Eindruck gemacht hat, war ein Moment gleich beim Aufstehen vom Tisch. Die Kinder standen in Gruppen zusammen und waren noch im Speisezimmer. Mutti war angelehnt an die Kredenz und hat mit deutlich merkbarer tiefer Bewegung auf alle geschaut: Irgendwie hat sie gefühlt, da ist das Ergebnis meines Lebens.

2 oder 3 Tage später hat sie an der gleichen Stelle gesagt: „Ich hab’ es mir öfter überlegt; ich soll’s Dir doch sagen. Oft war ich der Meinung, Du wärest in manchen Einzelheiten zu streng; ich hab’ aber nicht widersprochen, weil ich fühlte, irgendwie magst Du doch recht haben. Jetzt spür ich es deutlich, dass Du mit der Strenge meist recht gehabt; und dass es sich gut ausgewirkt hat.“

Nach dem tief sich einprägenden Sonntag aber war Mutti etwa 2 Tage ganz still; fast wie eine ausbrennende Flamme.³⁸

Als ich das einmal Otto gegenüber erwähnte sagte er: „Ja, Mutti hat vorher alles, alles gegeben, was sie hatte und konnte“.

³⁸ Emy und Marci blieben noch etwas länger in Wien, Marci bis zum 10ten, ich noch bis zum 14. Mai in Wien bei den Eltern: Nachdem wir Marci am Flughafen absetzten, fuhren wir nach Appetlon im Burgenland zu einem lustigen Ehepaar – die Kriestens - sie rund wie eine Kugel und irgendwie verwandt, denn sie war die Mutter von der Lorli Eisl. Diese Leute hatten einen Bauernhof und einige Tiere. Mutti war die unbekümmerte Atmosphäre und das Flachland, wo sie gut spaziergehen konnte sehr lieb und die Eltern waren in letzter Zeit öfters dort hingefahren. Ich habe wohl die letzte Photographie von Mutti und Baba zusammen (und mit mir und einer Gans), das an dem Tag aufgenommen wurde. Am 13ten Mai abends, als ich schon alles vorbereitet hatte für den nächsten Tag um José Manuel und seine Cousins in Rom zu treffen, hörten wir durch Onkel Bili vom Attentat gegen den Papst Johannes Paul II. Da er, Gott sei Dank, den Anschlag überlebte, haben wir die Reise nicht eingestellt aber blieben leider ohne der Audienz zu der wir am folgenden Mittwoch durch die Botschaft geladen worden waren. Mutti machte gerne den Spaziergang hinunter zur Urania, zum Kanal – einen „Renner“ wie sie es nannte. Am 14ten Mai begleitete sie mich lieberweise noch zur Haltestelle des Flugplatzautobuses. (UBA).

Wenn ich zurückdenke, glaube ich auch, sie hat viel, viel, uns allen gegeben.

Noch stiller war Mutti zum Schluss in Graz, beim Spaziergang in den schönen Parkwald, nahe bei Rokitansky. Ich bin heute noch bewegt, wie still und leer sie neben mir heruntergegangen ist.

Eine andere kleine Eintragung aus Mutti's Tagebuchnotizen

22.V.1981. Anlässlich des Professorentages, Zusammenkunft und fröhlicher Heuriger im Schottenhof in Nussdorf.

Am drauf folgenden Samstag, grosser Professorentag im Festsaal der Techn. Universität, der 1. seit 12 Jahren. Hans nimmt mich mit in die Technik am Getreidemarkt und hören wir dort 3 Vorträge, dazu grosses Buffet.

Am Sonntag danach treffen wir Villards in der Augustinerkirche; dort grosse etwas zu lärmende Messe, dann gemeinsames Mittagessen im Mailbergerhof.

In der folgenden Woche nimmt mich Hans mit in die Nationalbibliothek zu einer Feier für die Byzantinischen Schriften. Ein Byzantinischer Chor singt verschiedene Weisen sehr hübsch. Dadurch, dass man länger in dem Saal sitzt, kommt einem die wunderbare Architektur voll zum Bewusstsein. Hans sagt, das Hauptwerk Fischer v. Erlach.

Die unglückliche Grazer Reise

Für den 12. Juni war eine Rotarier Distriktskonferenz in Graz angesagt. Schon länger vorher hatten uns Kary Rokitansky und seine Frau eingeladen, bei unserem nächsten Grazer Besuch bei ihnen in der Liebiggasse zu wohnen. Marceline nahm die Idee nach Graz zu der Rotariertagung zu fahren gerne auf und freute sich besonders darüber auf dieses Wohnen bei Rokitansky.

Am 12.VI. früh führen wir mit dem altgewohnten Triumph über den Wechsel nach Graz. Nach Ankunft führten wir die Rokitanskys zum Essen im Gasthaus Olmina/Maria Trost. Abends im Steyrerhof, Samstag Vormittag bei Rotarier Eröffnung; Dann mit Mutti zu Frau Sieder; schöner Spaziergang Max Mell Allee. Abends Feier im Schönen Saal.

Sonntag mit den Rokitansky in Domkirche; dann Trennung; zuerst nach Stübing; Spaziergang, ca 1 Stunde im Freilichtmuseum; dann im Kinderdorf.

Wie oft sind wir früher bei Stübing vorbeigefahren und ich habe immer mit grosser Achtung gesagt: „Das ist Palffy'scher Besitz. 1939 ist er aber in die Hände der Familie Fattinger gekommen und 1965 hat es Herr Fattinger an Gmeiner zum Aufbau eines Kinderdorfes abgetreten.

Es war eine nette Feier und Mutti und ich hatten die Schlussfeier der heutigen Grazer Distriktskonferenz dort gerne mitgemacht und geschätzt. Nach der Feier – etwa um 12 Uhr – sind wir mit dem Auto gegen Wien abgefahren.

Es war eine unglückselige Fahrt, denn dabei ist – etwa in der Gegend von Krieglach, die liebe Mutti etwa um 1 Uhr einem Autounfall - das Auto kam ins Schleudern – zum Opfer gefallen und am Abend noch im Spital von Mürzzuschlag gestorben.

Ich selber erinnere mich an wenig; wir sind über Kindberg hinaus gefahren; es war kein starker Verkehr aber es war recht schwül. Bald nach Feistritz sagte ich Mutti wohl 2 mal nacheinander: „Ich bin recht müde, schau nach einem Baum, wo ich mich in den Schatten stellen kann, so dass wir dort ½ oder 1 Stunde rasten können“. Mutti antwortete aber nicht und machte einen etwas gestörten Eindruck. Wenige Zeit später merkte ich, dass Mutti anscheinend ihre Jacke oder den Shawl ausziehen will und sich dazu abgehängt hatte, obwohl sie beim Wegfahren sehr nachdrücklich mich zum Anhängen an den Sicherheitsgurt ermahnt hatte. Dabei kam es zum Herausschleudern des Autos aus der Fahrspur – zuerst nachrechts um beim Rücklenken stärker nach links. Wenn ich die Erinnerung richtig behalten habe, war ich etwas betroffen, dass der Wagen in die Fahrtrichtung nicht mehr zum Einfügen kam, sondern mit viel Schwung nach links ausschwang und über die Böschung kollerte.

Habe ich dabei schon das Bewusstsein verloren? Ich habe seither mich mehrere Male gewundert, dass ich nicht schärfer reagiert habe! Warum? War ich doch sehr stark ermüdet oder vielleicht halb eingeschlafen?

Irgend einmal später bin ich in meinem Spitalsbett aufgewacht – es war in Mürzzuschlag und dunkel – erinnere ich mich, dass nur ein Arzt – der Primararzt? sagte, wo ich wäre und das Mutti schwere Verletzungen am Becken und Kopf hätte, sodass sie kaum überleben könnte.

Warum hat sie sich abgehängt? Warum bin ich nicht ohne Baum gleich stehengeblieben, als ich, die zwei Bemerkungen machte, wir sollten beim nächsten Baum ausrasten? Ist es nicht heute, rückdenkend, naheliegend zu erkennen, bei grosser Müdigkeit hat man keine klare Entscheidungskraft und, wie man in eine solche Lage kommt, soll man ausschalten.

Am Montag war ich im Mürzzuschlager Spital meist bewusstlos; ich hatte das Gefühl, Mutti wäre dauernd um mich.

Am Dienstag habe ich den traurigen Sachverhalt erst richtig verstanden und dann sind auch schon die Kinder: Otto mit Stephen, und dann Ursula, Elisabeth und Ulrich eben mit Marceline gekommen.

Am Samstag sind wir nach Wien zurück; am Montag den 22.VI. war um 9 Uhr früh das Begräbnis in Stammersdorf, im Mautner'schen Grab, das dort der Schwiegervater für sich hat machen lassen und wo heute auch Omi und Gustav beigesetzt sind. Ich war etwas entsetzt, als der Sarg mit der lieben Mazzi in halber Höhe hängen gelassen wurde; ihm gegenüber waren in einer Nische 2 brennende Kerzen und ein Kruzifix.

Dann brachte mich Otto zurück auf den Franziskanerplatz. Viel gedacht habe ich nicht, nur ungefähr klang es im Kopf: „Eine schöne, lange Lebensphase - über 53 Jahre – ist zu Ende“.

Vor einigen Jahren habe ich einige Male schon mir gesagt: „Ewig dauert nichts hier, freu' Dich über jeden Tag, den Du die nette Frau neben Dir haben kannst, und dank Gott für so eine Gnade“. Einige Male habe ich's auch getan, aber nicht oft genug. Und ein anderer Gedanke war: „Mutti ist nicht mehr so fest wie früher, Gott gib, dass ich sie überlebe, denn sie allein würde sich ohne mich schwer tun“. So mag es jetzt am Platz sein, Gott zu danken für die vielen schönen gemeinsamen Lebenstage und zu bitten, die restliche Zeit im guten Sinn für die Mitmenschen und, vor allem, die Kinder anzuwenden. Mehrere Male hat Mutti in den letzten Wochen gesagt: „Wie dankbar dürfen wir sein, das alle unsere Kinder gut verheiratet sind, sie auf eigenen Füßen stehen und glücklich leben“.

25.VI. Donnerstag nachmittags; zu Mittag war Abschluss des Rotarierjahrs – Präsident Haindl und Einsetzung des neuen Päsidenten für 1981/1982, Dr. Petrowitz, von Freytag und Berndt. Haindl hat sehr nett über die Grazer Distriktstagung der Rotarier gesprochen und auf dem traurigen Unfall auf meiner Rückfahrt von Stübing, wo die Schlussfeier im Schloss war, das heute Teil eines Kinderdorfes ist.

Heute – Donnerstag den 25.VI.1981 – ist der Kreis wieder kleiner geworden; am Donnerstag, vorgestern früh, ist Otto mit Stephen zurück nach England gefahren; er hat am Abend aus Koblenz angerufen und heute schon aus Nottingham Nachricht gegeben, dass er dort mit Stephen gut eingelangt ist. Gestern früh ist Ulrich mit Marci abgefahren, und abends hat Marci aus Limburg angefrufen, sie wären dort gut eingelangt. Nun erwarte ich Emy aus Canada,

die um den 2ten hier eintreffen will. Ganz allmählich klingt wieder der Lauf des täglichen, gewöhnlichen Lebens an.

Sehr nett war Prof. Paschke bei mir gewesen und hat 2 mal angedeutet, das ich in der kommenden Zeit öfters auf die Technische Universität³⁹ kommen sollte, da man mich dort, speziell bei der Mitterauerschen Ionen-Emission-Arbeiten brauchen könnte. So will ich diesen Abschnitt schliessen mit der Feststellung: „Herrgott lass mich das Rechte erkennen und tun und mache es nicht schwerer, als ich es schaffen kann“.

Jetzt werden die verschiedenen Abschnitte, die ich im Inhaltsverzeichnis „Mutti und unsere gemeinsames Leben“ angedeutet habe, wohl auch viel leichter zu erfassen sein, als dieser erste Übergang in die neue Phase „Allein, ohne Mutti, aber für die Familie und für Österreich“

Ich dachte mehrmals zurück. Die zweimalige Frage nach einem Baum mit Schatten ist mir sehr gegenwärtig. Wenn ich nicht so müde gewesen wäre, hätte ich mich ohne Frage zum Rasten entscheiden müssen. Hat Mutti geantwortet? Ich weiss nicht, nur an das erinnere ich mich, dass sie den Gurt aufgemacht und etwas unruhig den Shawl oder Pullover abzustreifen versucht hat. Hat sie nicht gehört, oder hat sie nicht auch durch die Hitze nur im halben Bewusstsein gehandelt?

Da bin ich ins Schleudern gekommen, zuerst nach rechts, wohl weil eine Rille in der Fahrbahn war, dann stark nach links und da ist es zum Hinunterfliegen über die Böschung gekommen.

Das war alles wie ein Traum, ich wundere mich heute, dass ich nicht richtiger reagiert habe, es scheint doch ein Halbschlaf durch die grosse Hitze gewesen zu sein und leider nicht eine normale Reaktion: war die grosse Schwüle nicht vielleicht doch die Hauptursache? Und war Mutti nicht auch dadurch betroffen? All das werde ich hier im Leben nicht klären können!

Eines tut mir sehr leid: Mutti hat immer zu mir und meinem Fahren grosses Zutrauen gehabt und gerade bei mir ist das Unglück gekommen.

Wenn ich an die gemeinsame Zeit mit Marceline zurückdenke, kommt mir immer stärker der Gedanke, dass, was sie jetzt von mir erwartet, ist mich um die Kinder und ihre Familien zu kümmern; bisher war das ja ihr richtiges Gebiet, wo sie gedacht, geschrieben und eingeteilt hat. Über die Kinder, deren Familien und überhaupt deren erfreuliche Lage im Leben hat sie öfters nachgedacht. Einmal, garnicht lange her, hat sie gesagt: „Weisst Du, ich habe eigentlich immer

³⁹ Frühere Technische Hochschule

nach Deinen Vorstellungen gehandelt, auch wenn sie mir oft zu streng erschienen sind, aber jetzt, rückblickend, sehe ich, dass es richtig und gesund war. War das nicht sehr nett und lieb, es so zu sagen?

Erinnerungen an Mutti Guildford 18.VII.1981

Mutti's Charakter: Mutti's Mitfreuden an Leistungen und Erfolgen ihres Mannes waren ihr viel mehr als über Auswirkungen ihres Anstammens aus einer bedeutenden Familie. Dafür einige Beispiele:

- a) In England eigene IEE Vorträge und nachfolgendes Ausführen in Wien.
- b) Einladungen zu Festlichkeiten auf TU im Festsaal
- c) Teilnahme an Ionisations-Konferenz; Begleitung auf Reisen nach Krakau, Agram, Budapest.
- d) Rotary (Mazel) Vorführung von besonderen Handschriften aus byzantinischen Kreis und Eröffnung der Byzantinischen Ausstellungen Nationalbibliothek
- e) Mutti war ein Beispiel für richtige innere Feinheit (in der Art den Mitmenschen und den Fragen des Lebens gegenüber zu treten), nie plump eigenes persönliches Übergewicht – geistig oder materiell den anderen unter die Nase zu reiben.
- f) Nicht vergessen soll ich hier, wie gelegentlich, bei richtiger Ruhe, das Zusammensein mit Mutti allein eine innere Befriedigung gebracht hat: Es war wohl das Gefühl, da ist neben Dir jemand, der es gut mit mir meint. So hat auch Mutti wohl das stille Nebeneinander zu diesem gefühlt und sich darin zufrieden und glücklich gefühlt.
- g) Freude über die Einladung vom Rektor für Professoren und deren Frauen. Freude über alle Spaziergänge in den Prater. Essen im Jägerhaus, beim Berger und beim Lundmayer. Freude über Besuche oder Einladungen von Christl.

Irgendeinmal nach 1970, entschloss sich Mutti das Frühstück im Bett zu nehmen. Ich meinte mit vielen Enkeln können Grosseltern das sich leisten. Nachher war ich sehr betroffen, dass Mutti jeden Tag pünktlich zwischen ½ 7 und 7 Uhr immer das Frühstück schön gemacht hat, obwohl sie nach dem Frühstück gerne länger bis 9 Uhr oder mehr im Bett geblieben ist.

Irgendwie nebenher erinnerte ich mich an den guten Duft der Haare von Mutti, betörend manchmal, ein Duft der aber verschwand und nicht mehr kam sei sie in die 50er Jahre gekommen war.

Dazu kam ganz bloss die Erinnerung an einige wenige Augenblicke, wo sie feenhaft schön, fast verklärt neben mir gesessen. Ein- oder zweimal war es in Konzerten, einige Male beim Zusammensitzen am Tisch des *Coin du feu* z.B., wenn ich ihr ungarische Geschichten vorgelesen habe und hie und da auf Ausflügen und Spaziergängen. Da konnte Mutti so wunderbar fein und fernab und unberührt von allen Kleinigkeiten der Umwelt da sein, entrückt von den Kleinigkeiten und Nebensächlichkeiten und sich ganz der Tiefe des Lebens hingeben. An diese wenigen Momente denke ich immer stärker zurück und an den Zauber, der damals von Mutti ausstrahlte. Wie soll man es nennen? Vielleicht „die Heiligkeit des wahren Lebens“.

Für diese schöne Gabe, auch in der Erinnerung noch immer schön und nachwirkend, soll ich Gott dankbar sein; in diesen Momenten hat sich die Tiefe von Mutti geoffenbart, genau so wie damals auf der Fahrt zum Flughafen wie ich nach USA unterwegs gewesen bin, wo sie recht ernst war und auf meine Frage warum, da antwortete sie: „Man ist doch bewegt, wenn das Liebste was man hat, sich den Ungewissheiten einer grossen Fahrt hingibt“.

Auch wie Frau Resi in den letzten Tagen einigemal erwähnt hat: Mutti hat oft tief über unsere Gemeinsamkeit gedacht und gefühlt. Das war Gottes Gabe.

Besonders nette Bemerkungen

„Gehen wir nochmal auf Urlaub nach Korfu; es war der schönste Urlaub, den wir gehabt haben.“

„Wenn mein Mann nur das neue Uhrenbuch fertigbringt; er strengt sich sehr damit an.“

.....

In den letzten Jahren hatte sie Kümmernis über die Schwechatrückgänge⁴⁰; war verärgert über den unfreundlichen Empfang in Porto Ronco, als wir wegen schlechtem

⁴⁰ Sie war tatsächlich etwas betrübt darüber, zwar glaube ich, dass Baba ihr die Lage – in so fern auf was sie betraf –, wesentlich schwärzer mahlte, als sie war, wenn man denkt an das bedeutende Kapital, das sie auch sonst noch

Wetter und Strassen später als erwartet angekommen. Mir tut es leid, ihr öfters über die knappe Geldsituation erzählt zu haben und dabei hinzuweisen, dass es im Wesentlichen das Einkommen von der Technik...

Ein wenig Besorgnis hat es mir gegeben, dass Mutti so schwer Stiegen abwärts gegangen und solches möglichst vermieden hat. Sie ist in den letzten Monaten auch oft vorgebeugt gegangen; hat sie schlecht gehört oder war sie etwas abseits? Auf jeden Fall manchmal habe ich mich über das offensichtliche, zeitweises Nachlassen gesorgt und dabei gedacht, wenn nur ich nicht von ihr von der Erde weggehe, damit sie nicht zu allein bleibt. So habe ich mehr als einmal gebetet: „Herr, lass mich sie überleben, damit ich Zeit meines Lebens ihr zur Seite stehen kann“. Liesl und Marci haben das Nachlassen auch öfters bemerkt und Otto sagte auch: „Du hast noch andere Interessen, die Dich beschäftigen. Umgekehrt war es viel schlechter. Mutti hatte nur Dich, das ihr von Bedeutung war“.

22.VII.1981. a) Nachsehen ob in Graz jemand Geschichte der Post verfolgt hat; Was waren ca 1760 die Aufgaben eines Postmeisters (z.B. in Cilli?). Welche Regeln gab es damals? Gibt es offizielle Notizen über Casp. Andreas Jacomini (in Cilli und später in Graz)?

b) Wie hat die Abschaffung der Leibeigenschaft 1848 ausgesehen (zeitgenössische Stellungnahmen)?

c) Was kann man über die älteren Adels- und Magnatenfamilien finden? Wie haben bei diesen die Anfänge ausgesehen?

hatten. Jedenfalls, Mutti, auf ihre liebe, ganz eigentümliche Art, sagte einmal in der letzten Zeit zu mir: „Es wird sich aber immer jemand finden, der mir ein Breierl gibt“. (UBA).

Erinnerungen seit 21. XII 1981 (für Leben allein)

Aufgeschrieben in Madrid, am 31.V.1982

Am 21.XII.1981 per Flugzeug nach England. Uly holt mich in Heathrow ab, nimmt mich zu sich nach Cranleigh – Lorne House, nette Weihnachten; bis 5.I.? Vorher nette Einladung von Charles Allix und Mr.... bei Uly.

Am 3.I zu Otto per Bahn; schneller Zug. Bis 19.I in Norton; per Otto nach London.

Empfang bei Elisabeth in Albion Street für Nicki und deren Mann; ca 50/60 Gäste. Am 24. I. ? nach Wien per Flugzeug. Vorher eine nette Autofahrt mit Afzel. Kauf des Buches *Holy Grail, holy blood*, wegen mehrfachen Zeitungsartikeln. Buch eine grosse Enttäuschung: sehr Christusfeindlich, hinwerfen von böartigen Behauptungen, keine historischen Fakten.

Ab 24 I.1982 in Wien. Weiterarbeiten an Familienchronik mit Kapitel „Uhren für Öffentlichkeit“ für Uhren II. Zunächst kleine Einfügungen entworfen und in die Maschine gebracht; draufgekommen, dass nötig, bald nach Schreiben durchzusehen, um Schreib- und Verständnisfehler richtig zu stellen. Liegenlassen sehr erschwerend für Weiterarbeit, wenn erst später aufgegriffen, aber bald auch erkannt, dass ein häufiges Durchlesen grösserer Abschnitte wichtig, um den Zusammenhang zu kapieren. Das muss ich in der nächsten Zeit noch viel stärker betreiben.

Im Februar sehr netter 3-Tage Besuch von Colin am Weg nach Sri Lanka und zu den Maldiven; war eigens früher abgefahren, um sich etwas um den alleinigen Schwiegervater zu kümmern.

Dann kam Marceline auf ca 1 Woche. (Einladungen bei Christl, Louise Roth mit (Gustav); sehr nett.

Im März ca 10 Tage für Vorwort zu *Tome III /Tardy, Europe Centrale* und ca 10 Tage für Beurteilung der Dissertation von Herr Hoffmann.

Dann war Uly mit Julia und den 4 Kindern in Österreich bei mir, sehr lieb. Ostern in Gaaden, einmal in Apetlon. Dann kam Otto mit Monica auf über 1 Woche. Fahrt nach Feldenhofen, Marburg, Lüttenberg. Traurig die vielen Häuser um Feldenhofen: hörte im Geist Momo sagen:“Das hätte ich nie erlaubt“. Otto meinte, in 10 Jahren werden die

Leute sagen: Das alte, schlecht erhaltene Haus nimmt Platz für neue Einfamilienhäuser, so weg damit“.

Ähnlich traurig war Besuch im Heimatmuseum Floridsdorf, dem seinerzeitigen Elternhaus von Marceline. Fette Gemeinderatsporträts auf der Stiege, ein Durcheinander von unbeschriebenen Bodenkrum, ihrer Bedeutung als ...im Museum, d.h. dem altensehr bewusster Angestellter zeugte auch: *Tempora mutantur*.

Dann kam am 3.V.82 Ucki; und Ottos in Gaaden und Thallern; dann am 13.V. Flug nach Madrid.

Spanienbericht

13.V. Flug Wien/Madrid. Abholen durch José. Breite Strassen, grosse Häuserblocks; sehr modern.

14.V. Im botanischen Garten.

16.V. Im Autoclub zu Mittag

17.V. Am Abend von José's Cousin (alter General) im Offiziersclub zum Ende vom Int. Springurnier, wo König Preis vergibt.

18.V. Rotary

19.V. Aranjuez und Rückfahrt über Chinchón.. Am Hauptplatz werden Stierkämpfe abgehalten. Abend.... Einladung in Forschungszentrum.

23.V. Im Autoclub zu Mittag. Einen Stierkampf im Fernsehen betrachtet.

24.V. Über Lerma von Ursula chauffiert nach Mezalde. Schon alles hergerichtet.

25.V. Zwei Spaziergänge. Schönes Wetter, am Nachmittag heiss.

26.V- Über Burgos (Kathedrale, Castrojeriz, Frómista, Carrion, Villalcázar de Sirga / Polychrom gräber, Sahagún, León, Astorga. Motel Pradorrey-

27.V. Motel Pradorrey. Ponferrada/ Templerruine. Villafranca / Parador mit Wein von Bierzo; Cebrero, Passo Poya, Puerto Marin (Pilger ein Stück mitegenommen), Villars de Donas! Santiago / Hotel Compostelle. Abends Spaziergang.

28.V. Hotel Compostelle. Spaziergang Piazza de la Platería. Santiago Cathedrale Innen prächtige romanische Bogen, sehr eindrucksvoll Pórtico de la Gloria; Mittag in Tasca (Maiskuchen mit Muscheln. Viño Verde Octopus (pulpo). Nachmittag José von Flughafen geholt. Abend in Fischrestaurant Las Villars.

29.V. Ca 9.45 ab von Santiago; Villars de Donas. Lugo (röm. Stadtmauer mit Halbrundtürmen / ca 2 km Inag. Samos. Passo Piedrafitta. Mittag im Hospiz von Cebrero. Villafranca. Die Burg in Ponferrada.von den Templern gegrünmdet.. León / Hotel (Parador) San Marcos. Schones Abendessen. Prächtiges Zimmer. Blick auf den Hof mit Buchs!

30.V. Pfingstsonntag. Leon angesehen. Messe in San Isidoro. Pantheon / 1070/1150. 11 Könige, 20 Könniginnen, 30 Prinzessinnen u .?; Kathedrale (sehr schöne alte Glasfenster, schöner Raum. 2 Bauten von Gaudi (modern; über Medina, Valladolid, Segovia (Aqueduct, Burg!) und über Puerto de Navacerrada nach Madrid (ca 19 Uhr.)

Mein 80er Geburtstag (2. VII)

Vorgratulationen begonnen Dienstag den 28ten VI bei der Generalversammlung Brau AG in Linz; Gen. Dir. Beurle tat dies am Ende seiner Tischrede.

Am Donnerstag 30. VI am Abend war das junge Paar Kromholz da, wir besprachen sein MS über frühe gewichtsgetriebene Wanduhren und die Aussicht ein Buch darüber bei Klinkhardt und Bierman herauszubringen, nachdem der neue Verlagsleiter Hasing mir sein Interesse mitgeteilt. Kromholz brachten 4 Fl. Wein und ein Buch über Italien.

Am Freitag Vormittag kam Fee Engel, die langjährige Sekretärin der öst. Botschaft in London – mit einer Dose Gansleber von Liesl; dann ½ 12 Uhr die Reste meiner Elin Mitarbeiter (1938) Rudi Chorinsky, Hofrat Penkler und Dr. Wagner; dann kam noch Francis, Frau von Gustav MM mit Tochter und ehem Botschafter Bolibof? u. Tochter die Uhren anschauen. Nachmittag, 15 Uhr war der von mir seinerzeit angeregten....(unleserlich)...; nette Reden von Dekan Stimmer, Prof. Paschke, Ruppert Patzelt und Rektor, etwas später noch mein Nachfolger Thim. Sehr nett, wie die kleinen Ergebnisse meiner 16 Jahre gar nicht erwähnt (Anzahl Diplome, Doktorate; ...Publikationen) nur die bleibenden Sachen (Strahlgruppe, Dünnschicht, ...freundliche Menschenzusammenführung). Nachher Mittag bei Homa u. Klaus in Argentinierstr.

Am Samstag 2. VII , als Erste am Vormittag, kommt Homa mit Pistazien. Zu Mittag mit in Nordsee. Um 17 Uhr holt Marius MM nach Gaaden. Einladung von Peter und Almuth ca 85/90 Leute zur Feier meines 80en, dazu Rudi Gittlers 70er, der vor 2 Wochen war, mit Thea Thonet-Meystrik. Schönes Wetter nach schlechtem Morgen. Gute kühle Luft in Gaaden. Im Hof 6 Tische mit Kirschen und Käsebackerei. Autos auf Wiesen um Haus; nichts im Hof. Nach 6 Uhr kommen Gäste, bringen viel Geburtstagsgaben für mich. Christl MM hatte vorher telefoniert: „Nimm grosse Tasche, Du wirst viel kriegen.“ Es war viel mehr; Pakete und Schachteln und Plastiksäcke; viel guter Wein. Sehr schönes Büffet im Speisezimmer; sehr gute Sachen. Ich sitze im Wohnzimmer am Haupttisch; zuerst nur Damen um mich. Um 10 Uhr nimmt mich Christl MM, die Frau vom Marius mit meinen Sachen nach Wien Zurück. Unter den vielen Gästen gemerkt: die Kriesten von Apetlon; Urbansky Hansi u. Frau. Thea Thonet

mit neuem Gatten Meystrik das junge Paar Traun (Tochter von Elli Weiss). ...Piffel und 1 Sohn und Schwester; Georg MM mit Trixi und viele andere.

Samstag vormittag viele nette Telefonanrufe. zuerst Luise Roth mit Rat, aus dem Geschenkpaket mit Christl MM die heiklen guten Sachen in den Eiskasten zu geben; dann Ursula aus Madrid; Christl MM, dann Otto aus Norton, etwas später Elisabeth aus London, weiters Marci aus Guildford, Uly aus Cranleigh und nachmittags, gerade als wir knapp vor 5 Uhr hinunter zum Eck der Seilerstätte gehen wollten, wo uns Marius MM nach Gaaden abholen wollte, Colin aus Montreal mit der Bemerkung, er wäre gerade aus dem fernen Osten zurückgekommen und hatte er sich erinnert, dass es der Tag des 80 Geburtstags von mir wäre. So hatten sie angerufen und Emy und Bo wünschten auch ihrerseits.

Am 3.VII noch eine Geburtstagsfeier mit Gretl Frischherz (die auch am 2. VII geboren war) wie schon mehrere Male vorher mit ...und bei Heinz, meinem Patenkind in Klosterneuburg. Er holte mich und so ging ich noch in die 10 Uhr Messe. Er fuhr über die Höhenstrasse; $\frac{1}{4}$ Wein beim Friseur-Müller in Neustift und nachher schöner geruhssamer Nachmittag und abend in Heinzens Garten; es war wirklich ausspannend, auch das Heim bringen.

Ausflüge in Spanien / Mai 1984⁴¹

19.V. Madrid – Talavera (Aschenbecher von Oropesa mitgenommen als Andenken. (Mit Andreas Habsburg und Eva Plettenberg). Dann im Berghaus letzteres oberhalb Candeleda, weiter nach Jarandilla (Parador Carlos V.

20.V. Frühstück im Zimmer, ca 11 Uhr nach Cuacos de Yuste; ca 2 km schöner Wald nach Kloster San Yuste. kleiner Palast für Carl V. (eindrucksvoll) 12 Uhr Messe. ca 13.30 Uhr zurück. Mittag in Villanueva (recht gut); Paprikadose⁴². Dann über Oropesa zurück. Bald nach 17.30 Uhr in Madrid (Espalter).

30-V. Ursula führt mich in ihrem Wagen von Mezalde (ab ca $\frac{3}{4}$ 11 Uhr) über Urruchua, Durango – schöne Autobahn, 8 Tunnel, viele tiefe Einschnitte – San Sebastián, Irún, Hendaye. Von dort nach Bayonne, wo ca 1807 Napoleon mit dem Span. Königspaar Durchmarsch (und darauf Besetzung) erreicht habe, um Portugal zur Blockade von England zu zwingen. In Bayonne schöne gotische Kirche (sehr dunkel); gutes Mittagessen im Restaurant BELUGA (Muschel-Karottensuppe!). Weiter nach Biarritz, schönes Wetter, schöner Blick auf See, grosses Kasino dann über Corniche mit vielen Blicken aufs Meer zurück.

In Hendaye wieder auf Autobahn; gute Heimfahrt, um $\frac{3}{4}$ 7 Uhr in Mezalde. Hatte vorher Ursula um Fahrt nach Frankreich gebeten und Unkosten übernommen. Hat zugesagt. Fahrt war sehr angenehm, Ursula sehr nett. Im Baskenland viel Industrie, Berge steil und hoch, Landschaft ernst, viele Hochhäuser und die Industrien; Frankreich offen, freundlich, Häuser sehr gut gehalten nur kam Eindruck eines Gebietes zum angenehmen Leben nicht auf...

4.VI Zurück in Madrid. Mittag in Gure Etxea; Baskenrestaurant. Vorspeise Piperade; gute Seespinnen, baskischer Milchreis. (Habe Ursula und José eingeladen).

Alexandre de Castellane (Franzose) will *L'empire éclate* schicken.⁴³

⁴¹ Letzte Eintragung von Baba, noch in Madrid gemacht

⁴² Vera de Jarandilla ist berühmt für seinen milden Paprika, Pimentón auf sp.

⁴³ Am Abend des 4.VI war eine kleine Gesellschaft für Baba bei einer Freundin von mir, Lily Mayer-Hohenwill. Es war interessant und unterhaltsam, Baba angeregt und ganz im Mittelpunkt. Alle sehr von ihm beeindruckt. Der anwesende Alexandre de Castellane schickte ihm auch tatsächlich noch das Buch. (UBA).

Mein technisch-wissenschaftliches Leben

Set dem Abschluss des Studiums auf der TH Wien, im Frühjahr 1927, habe ich ein technisch und forschend inhaltreiches Leben führen können, woraus die bemerkenswerten akademischen, und die berufliche Position betreffenden Merkmale im Anhang I zusammengestellt sind, während kurze Überblicke über einzelne, berufliche Aktivitäten hier in den Abschnitten A, B, C und D wiedergegeben sind.

Die Ergebnisse der verschiedenen Arbeitsgebiete, an denen ich forschend und entwicklungsartig Anteil genommen habe, sind vielfach Gegenstand zahlreicher Publikationen (Veröffentlichungen) in Fachzeitschriften, Büchern und Vorträgen bei Konferenzen, vor Fachvereinigungen und bei Rotary geworden. Ihre Titel sind in den angeschlossenen Anhängen II/ 1 bis II/4 – namentlich geordnet – angeführt. Es sind insgesamt 85 Vorträge, 68 technisch-elektronische, sowie 60 historisch-horologische Untersuchungen und Berichte, sowie 6 Bücher, von denen eines in 3 Fremdsprachen übersetzt wurde und ein sechsteiliges Sammelwerk mit eigenen und zahlreichen Mitarbeiterbeiträgen über die elektrische Impulstechnik.

Die verschiedenen beruflichen Positionen: (A)ELIN-AG/Wien. Eintritt im April 1927. Zuerst hatte ich die gute Gelegenheit, Arbeiten am selektiven Netzschutz des Wiener Hochspannungsnetzes unter der Leitung von Dr. W. Gauster durchzuführen, wozu ich für eine etwa einwöchentliche Information zu der Fa. Dr. Paul Meyer AG nach Berlin geschickt worden war. Der Selektivschutz war damals eine bedeutende, technische Neuerung, um bei den immer ausgedehnter werdenden Verteilssystemen für elektrische Energie, die nun auch vermascht wurden, so dass die Energielieferung von mehr als einer Seite stattfinden konnte, die Betriebssicherheit bei den unvermeidlichen Netzstörungen durch Kurzschlüsse möglichst hoch zu halten. Mit besonderen Hilfseinrichtungen – den Selektivrelais – wurden die den Störstellen am nächsten liegenden Schutzschalter in der

kürzesten Zeit zur Auslösung gebracht, so dass automatisch die heilen Netzteile ungestört weiter arbeiten konnten.

Dr. Gauster hatte die Wichtigkeit dieser neuen Schutzideen rasch erkannt und bei der Elin entsprechende Vorbereitungen mit der damals besonders erfolgreichen Berliner Firma eingeleitet.

Dann war ich Projektant in der Zentralen-Abteilung und anschliessend wurde ich von Dr. Gauster 1929 mit Aufbau und Leitung der Quecksilber-Gleichrichter-Vertriebsabteilung betraut; schliesslich wurde ich 1933 zusätzlich Vorstand und Prokurist der Studiengesellschaft ELACT für Elektrochemische Prozesse.

Meine Hauptanstrengungen wurden aber bei der ELIN der Entwicklung des HG-Stromrichtergeschäftes zugewendet. Am Anfang der 20iger Jahre begannen Quecksilberdampfgleichrichter in die Praxis der Elektrotechnik in breitem Umfang einzudringen, nachdem in den vorangegangenen Jahrzehnten das Schwergewicht der Elektrotechnik zunächst auf Gleichstromerzeuger und Motoren, dann aber auf Wechselstrom-generatoren und Transformatoren und den für die Verteilung der elektrischen Energie notwendigen Leitungs- und Kabelsystemen, sowie den entsprechenden Schaltern gelegen war.

Die entwicklungstechnischen Anfänge der Quecksilbergleichrichter waren in den USA durch P.C. Hewitt erfolgt und für die so mögliche direkte Umformung von Wechselstrom in Gleichstrom ohne mechanisch bewegte Zwischenelemente propagiert worden. Anfänglich wurde diese Methodik in Europa mehr als sonderliche Spielerei, denn für die wirkliche Praxis ernstzunehmende Technik angesehen. Im Lauf aber von etwas mehr als 10 Jahren gelang es, die zuerst nur für geringe Leistungen von max. einigen 100 Watt geeigneten, kleinen Entladungsgefässe aus Glas durch geschickte, glasbläserische Handwerkstechnik und neue Formationserfahrungen zu vergrössern und für höhere Leistungen geeignet zu machen, und damit die Möglichkeit zu bieten, aus den verteilungsmässig vorteilhaften, dauernd grössere Verbreitung findenden Wechselstromsystemen überall dort auf einfachste Weise Gleichstrom zu erhalten, wo Gleichstrom aus betrieblichen Erfordernissen unerlässlich war.

Die fabrikationsmässige Herstellung der hiezu notwendigen Gleichrichtergefässe war eine damals kaum bekannte, schwierige Kunst und so war es eine wichtige – die

kommende Zukunftsentwicklung richtig voraussehende – Tat von Dr. Gauster, eine kleine, gute Glasgleichrichtergefäßfabrikation in der Schweiz, die AGG, 1927/28 für die Elin zu erwerben und nach Österreich zu übersiedeln. Der Gefäßbau wurde in einem der Elin gehörigen Werksgebäude in Inzersdorf eingerichtet und dort nach kurzer Zeit der aus der Schweiz mitgebrachte Leiter, Dr. Pahnke durch den sich in Kürze als besonders geschickt erweisenden Dipl. Ing. Franz Geyer ersetzt.

Damals begannen die Hg-Dampfgleichrichter sich rasch in die elektronische Praxis einzuführen, umsomehr als in zunehmenden Mass neben die Vacuum-Glassgefässe vacuumdichte Eisengefässe traten. Die verschiedenen grossen elektrotechnischen Unternehmen, wie Siemens, AEG und BWC versuchten alle, in diesem neuen elektronischen Gebieten Erfolge zu erreichen.

Das für mich zunächst vordringliche Moment war eine Steigerung der sicher erzielbaren Dauerleistung der vorhandenen Glasgleichrichter-Gefässe. Dies wurde mit Hilfe umfangreicher Rückstrom-Untersuchungen erreicht, wobei eine neue von Dipl. Ing. Franz Geyer ausgedachte Schaltung den Rückstrommittelwert bei verschiedenen Belastungen leicht zu messen ermöglichte.

Die Bedeutung des Rückstromverlaufes während der Sperrphase für jede einzelne Anode zum Erkennen der zulässigen Maximalbelastung wurde Ende der 20iger Jahre von Dr. v. Issendorff bei Siemens in Berlin angedeutet; Issendorff's Messungen haben aber eine komplizierte, und für das zu untersuchende Gefäss riskante Schaltung verlangt.

Bei unseren gemeinsamen Besprechungen über wichtige Gleichrichterprobleme zusammen mit Herrn Geyer habe ich öfters darauf hingewiesen, wie peinlich es ist, dass es kein verlässliches Verfahren gibt, um das Mass der wirklichen Beanspruchung der Glasgleichrichter-Gefässe festzustellen und daraus vertrauenswürdige Dauer- und Überlast-Beanspruchungswerte festzulegen. Wir haben auch mehrfach Issendorff's oschillographische Messungen erörtert und dabei aus seinem Oscillogram erkannt, dass man dabei zwei verschiedene Grundformen erkennen könne, einerseits ein Abklingen des Rückstromes innerhalb der Sperr-Phase, was auf eine gute Endionisierung des Anodenraumes in der Sperr-phase schliessen lässt, das aber anderseits manchmal auch der Rückstrom während der Sperr-phase bestehen blieb, bzw. sogar anwuchs, was uns auf das Einsetzen einer zusätzlichen, eigenständigen Entladung deutete.

Auf Grund solcher Überlegungen entwickelte Geyer zum Schluss die Ansicht, dass auch der Rückstrom-Mittelwertverlauf ein Unterscheiden dieser beiden möglichen Rückstrom-Phasen erlauben sollte und erfand dazu die nach ihm genannte einfache Rückstrommessschaltung; die wohl nicht den oscillographischen zeitlichen Verlauf des Rückstromwertes, sondern nur dessen Mittelwert feststellen liess, die aber schaltungsmässig einfach und sicher durchführbar war und die sich bald für ein Studium der Belastungsgrenzen von HG-Stromrichtergefässen als sehr wirksam erwiesen; ich habe sie in vielen Messreihen im Weizer-Prüffeld angewendet und mit Geyer's Schaltung oft in grossem Umfang und mit hohen Leistungen im Prüffeld der ELIN-werke in Weiz solche Rückstrommessungen durchgeführt. Ich habe dabei auch den wesentlichen Einfluss der Verteilung der Kühlluft erkennen können und auf Grund dieser Erkenntnis schliesslich – dank entsprechender Vorsicht ohne jeden finanziellen Schaden – die mit Sicherheit erreichbaren Leistungsgrenzen der vorhandenen Gefässe stark hinauschieben können.

Die wesentliche Erkenntnis hiezu war: der Kühlluftstrom hat auf den Kondenskolben konzentriert zu werden, was durch Auswahl geeigneter Ventilatorfügel und richtige Anordnung derselben gegenüber dem Kolben erzielt werden konnte; da vor allem das Anodengebiet warmgehalten werden muss, war es unerlässlich, Luftströmungen vom eigentlichen Anodengebiet ferne zu halten. Speziell bei höheren Spannungen war es zweckmässig, den Anodenhinterraum zusätzlich zu bandagieren, um dort einen Wärmestau zu erreichen; bei sehr hohen Spannungen hat sich die Einführung einer eigenen Anodenheizung als hilfreich erwiesen.

Durch die angedeuteten Massnahmen ist es bereits am Anfang der 30iger Jahre gelungen, die ELIN-Glasgleichrichter auf billige und einfache Weise weit über die von der Konkurrenz bei gleichen Gefässgrössen erreichten Leistungen hinauszubringen und damit die ELIN-Glasgleichrichter konkurrenzmassig beträchtlich über das damals übliche Niveau voranzubringen. Wir konnten damals bei gleicher Gefässgrösse sicher ca 25 bis 30 % mehr Dauerleistung bieten. Im Jahr 1933 war es in England bei einigen Gleichrichter-Unterstationen der Southern Railway, die von der English Electric gebaut waren, zu grösseren Störungen gekommen, weil die Siemens-Glasgleichrichtergefässe die garantierten Überlastungen nicht erfüllen konnten.

Als es mir gelungen, mit den Elinkolben und den von uns bei der Elin dazu entwickelten besonderen Ventilatoren die Unterstationen bei der Southern Railway in Gang zu bringen, war es eine weitere Folge, dass die Elin über ihre englische Vertretung Carbon & Electric Equipment & Co als Gleichrichterkolbenlieferant bei der English Electric an Stelle von Siemens getreten ist und so der englische Siemens-Gleichrichtervertrag nicht weiterwirkte.

Theoretische Gründe für die erzielten Erfolge waren die Tatsachen, dass einerseits bei kaltem Anodengebiet Kondensationsströmungen zusätzliche Restionisation aus dem Kathodengebiet und Kondensraumeinschleppen, und dass andererseits – was ich damals als erster erkannte – überdies ein Temperaturgefälle von der Anode weg die Endionisation des Anodenraumes beschleunigt. Die Feststellung dieses Effektes war die gefühlsmässige Vorahnung der Thermodiffusion, eines Phänomens, das später von Chapman als ein wichtiges physikalisches Phänomen erkannt worden ist. Chapman hat theoretisch nachgewiesen, dass bei einer nicht einheitlichen Temperatur des Volumens die Difussion so erfolgt, dass sich die schwereren Atome, bzw. Moleküle, bevorzugt von der höheren zur niedrigeren Temperatur bewegen.

Am 13⁴⁴ März 1938 habe ich in einem Vortrag im Ausseninstitut der technischen Hochschule Wien in der Gusshausstrasse die von uns entwickelten neuen Vorstellungen über die das Leistungsvermögen von Glasgleichrichtern bestimmenden technischen Momente vorgetragen; als meine technischen Ausführungen gerade die kritischen Momente zu beschreiben versuchten, begann das Publikum in grösserer Menge den Saal zu verlassen, was mich einen Moment beunruhigt hat; als der Pedell aber sagte: „Herr Dokort, wissen Sie, dass der Hitler eben in Österreich inmarschiert ist?“ hat uns diese Auskunft das Verlassen des Grossteils der Hörschaft verständlich gemacht.

Durch die hier angedeutete differenzierte Gefässkühlung waren die Glasgleichrichter der ELIN viele Jahre hindurch der Konkurrenz überlegen, was sich in starken Umsatzsteigerungen auswirkte; um diesen gut nachkommen zu können, kam es

⁴⁴ Es war am 12 März, ein Samstag. Am 9 März hatte Schuschigg überraschend in einer Rede in Innsbruck eine Volkisabstimmung über die Unabhängigkeit Öst. für den folgenden Sonntag, 13ten März, angekündigt. Am Morgen des 12 März beginnt der Einmarsch deutscher Truppen in Öst. Am Nachmittag trifft Hitler in seinem Geburtsort Braunau am Inn ein, abends tritt er in Linz auf und verkündet den Anschluss seiner Heimat an das deutsche Reich.(UBA)..

1934 zum Bau eines Glasgleichrichterwerkes in England, an dessen Planung und Vorbereitung ich wesentlich beteiligt war.

Ein späterer, wichtiger Schritt war die Erfindung der Spannungs-Staffelung, d.h. der Anordnung von Zwischenelektroden zwischen Anode und Kathode, mit von aussen über ein Potentiometer aufgezwungenen Teilpotentialen. Dieses Prinzip hat die Spannungsfestigkeit von Hg-Gleichrichtern stark erhöht. Es ist heute die Grundlage aller Gas-Entladungsgefässe für Höchstspannungs-Gleichstromübertragungen. Hier ist darauf hinzuweisen, dass die Idee der Spannungsstaffelung – praktisch gleichzeitig und unabhängig – auch von Dr. Lamm der ASEA in Schweden ausgedacht wurde und das wegen der praktischen Gleichzeitigkeit der Patentanmeldungen es schliesslich zu einem recht weitgehenden Patentreuevertrag zwischen der ELIN und ASEA gekommen ist.

Schliesslich gelang es mir auch bei der ELIN das Auftreten von gefährlichen Überspannungsschwingungen bei der durch Gittersteuerung bewirkten Zündverzögerung festzustellen und Wege zur Herabsetzung dieses, u.Ü. sehr störenden Einflusses auf die Spannungsfestigkeit der Anoden zu finden. Das Erkennen des Auftretens von Spannungsschwingungen bei Zündverzögerung durch Gittersteuerung als Ursache für das Zusammenbrechen der Ventilwirkung – d.h. des Auftretens von Rückzündungen - war ein wichtiger Schritt bei der Steigerung der Gleichrichter-Betriebssicherheit. Gemeinsam mit Dr. A. Hochrainer wurde der experimentale Nachweis des Auftretens der von mir als „Parasitär“ bezeichneten Schaltschwingungen bei gesteuerten Hochspannungs-Stromrichteranlagen erbracht und gezeigt, dass dieselben durch relativ einfache Dämpfkreise praktisch eliminiert werden können.

Die Bereitstellung von solchen Dämpfungssystemen ist heute für den Bau und sicheren Betrieb von Höchstspannungs-Gleichstromübertragungen (HGÜ) von entscheidender Bedeutung. Die erste diesbezügliche Veröffentlichung ist erst später – zusammen mit Dr. Wasserrab – erfolgt.

Siemens/Berlin.

Dort übernahm ich ab 1.X.1938 zunächst die Leitung der Konstruktionsabteilungen für Stromrichter im Röhrenwerk als Nachfolger von Dr. A. Siemens; bald wurde ich zusätzlich Vorstand der Stromrichter-Entwicklungslaboratorien.

In dieser Zeit wurden von mir folgende technische Fortschritte durchgeführt: (a) die Einführung der Druckglas-Einschmelzung bei Eisengleichrichter-Gefässen, eine technologische interessante Entwicklung des Dr. Schwarz-Bergkampff an Stelle der bis dahin bei Siemens üblichen Weichlot-Keramikverbindungen, ein Schritt, der die kleinen und mittleren Siemens-Mehrphaseneingleichrichter-Gefässe in grossem Umfang in die Praxis gebracht hat. (b) die Entwicklung des Excitronprinzips als Ausgang für die Siemens-Einanodengefässentwicklung, das sind erregte Einanodengefässe mit nur einer Anode pro Quecksilberkathode, die einzeln oder parallel für jede Phase in Mehrphasensystemen angeordnet wurden, eine umfangreiche Entwicklungsarbeit, über die ich eingehend 1950 bei der IEE in London berichtete. Leider waren die Kathodenverbindungen nur weich gelötet und erschwerten daher die Gefässentgasung beträchtlich; um die so nur unzureichende Gefässentgasung und die damit etwas niedriger liegende Leistungsgrenze zu verbessern, wurde von mir die zusätzliche Verwendung von Kathodenfleckfixierungen für diese Einanodengefässe in Aussicht genommen und hiezu Dr. Steenbeck an Vorversuche für die Entwicklung genügend grosser Fixierungssysteme gegangen; dabei wurden an Glassgefässen interessante, positive Versuchsreihen mit innenwassergekühlten Fixiersystemen aus Wolfram durchgeführt, Arbeiten, die aber nicht zeitgerecht abgeschlossen werden konnten, um die Einanodengefässe für die in Ausführung befindlichen grossen Aluminiumanlagen in Deutschland und in Österreich ganz betriebssicher zu machen; so waren die Betriebsergebnisse wegen der nicht ausreichenden Entgasung nur mittelmässig. Bei den Kathodenfleckfixierungen ist mir einmal die interessante Beobachtung möglich gewesen, dass die Linienemission an der Benetzungsgrenze des Quecksilbers mit dem Wolfram plötzlich in eine flächenhafte Emission auf die gesamte aus dem Quecksilber herausragende Metallfläche übergegangen ist, eine Beobachtung, die später zu wichtigen, weiteren Forschungsarbeiten in England und der Entdeckung der Filmemission geführt hat.

1941 erhielt ich die Leitung des bisher von Herrn Ing. Baudisch geführten zentralen Stromrichter-Entwicklungs- und Plangungsbüro AIE, wo ich für die Projektierung und Überwachung des gesamten Stromrichterbaues von Siemens verantwortlich war; dort wurden neben der Planung der vorgenannten grossen Einanoden-Gleichrichteranlagen auch die von Dr. Rolf entwickelten

Kontaktstromrichteranlagen für zahlreiche verschiedene Elektrolyseanlagen durchgeführt. Unter die interessanten Elektrolyse-Speisesysteme sind mir besonders die für die Schwerwasserherstellung in Norwegen bestimmten in Erinnerung. Daran knüpft sich die Episode, dass unmittelbar nach der durch eine englische Torpedierung erfolgten Zerstörung dieser Anlage schon am nächsten Tag ein SA-Mann beim Zahnarzt in Berlin über diesen sehr kritischen Schadensfall berichtete, obwohl die Nachrichten bei Siemens als höchst vertraulich mir durchgegeben waren; der Zahnarzt-Tratsch wurde mir beim Mittagstisch bei Siemens von Dr. Göschl erzählt, eine Nachricht, die ich wegen meiner Verschwiegenheitspflicht nur als undiskutabel bezeichnen konnte.

Nicht vergessen werden soll, dass in diesen Jahren auch eine aktive Mitarbeit an den Trockengleichrichtern in Zusammenwirken mit Prof. Dr. A. Schottky fällt.

Anfang 1943 wurde ich – anscheinend wegen verschiedener guter Erfolge bei der Planung und Durchführung der grossen Elektrolyseanlagen – zusammen mit Prof. Dr. Gustav Hertz mit der Leitung der Marine-Geheimwaffenabteilung betraut. Dort war die Bekämpfung der magnetischen Minen durch zusätzliche Magnetfelder auf den Kriegsschiffen eine Hauptaufgabe; des weiteren wurde die Ausrüstung ferngelenkter Torpedos behandelt und schliesslich der gesteuerte Einsatz der Schallausbreitung im Wasser zur Minenauslösung und damit zur Minenbekämpfung studiert, wobei die Wasserschallausbreitung speziell bei tiefen Frequenzen vor allem von Dr. E. Spenke studiert wurde.

So waren 2 Jahre voll ausgefüllt mit dem Eindringen in die für mich ganz neuen Probleme der Ausbreitung von magnetischen und akustischen Feldern, wie sie von Schiffen durch ihren eisernen Bau und die Maschinen ausgesandt werden, Phänomene, die zum Auslösen (Ansprechen) der feindlichen Minen ausgenützt wurden und mit den technischen Massnahmen von den Schiffen solche auslösende Zusatzfelder in die Weite vor dem Schiff einzurichten, die die Minen schon in ungefährlicher Distanz auslösen.

Die Einrichtungen für das Ausbilden starker Magnetfelder nach vorne vor dem Schiff waren schon weitgehend von Dr. Steenbeck ausgearbeitet worden und verlangten jeweils nach Schiffbauweise für neue Schiffe wesentlich nur projektierende Anpassungsarbeiten, während die erst im Verlauf des Krieges – relativ spät zum Einsatz gelangten Tieftonminen zahlreiche neue Probleme zu lösen gaben, da die von den

Schiffen ausgehenden Schallfelder technisch und physikalisch kaum erforscht waren, weil man überdies erst durch das Erscheinen der neuen Minen erfuhr, dass diese auf die tiefen Töne, d.h. Schallwellen mit einigen wenigen Wechseln pro Sekunde besonders ansprachen und dass die Ausweitung dieser akustischen Wellen sehr niederer Frequenzen – Tiefton genannt – im Wasser anders verläuft, als die Schallwellen höherer Frequenzen. So war reichlich interessanter Stoff für theoretische Überlegungen und für praktische Experimente mit Tieftonpilzen zu deren Ausstrahlung gegeben. Zu praktischem Abschluss und fertig eingerichteten Tieftonstrahl-Minenraumeinrichtungen ist es aber nicht mehr gekommen.

Ein weiteres interessantes Forschungsgebiet in meiner Abteilung waren auch Arbeiten zur Entwicklung neuer, elektrischer Stromquellen, gedacht zum Ersatz für die schweren Bleibatterien. Vor allem waren Primärbatterien in Aussicht genommen, wo die Verwendung von warmer, bzw. heisser Kalilauge erfolgversprechende Aussichten ergab.

(C) NEVELIN Electrical Co. Ltd. Hier began ich im Frühjahr 1947 in einem Werk des LDC Konzerns in Croydon/Surrey in England, wo ich, dank der Hilfe meines Freundes Alan Newing aus der Zeit vor dem 2. Weltkrieg, als technischer Direktor und Vorstandsmitglied eingesetzt wurde mit der Idee, wirkungsvollere Quecksilberdampfentladungsgefäße zu entwickeln und die Verwendung von gittergesteuerten Hg-Gleichrichtern im allgemeinen für Regelantrieben zu forcieren. Zunächst erledigte ich die erfolgreiche Entwicklung statischer Gittersteuerungseinrichtungen für die Regelantriebe mit Hilfe der Verschiebung des Vorsättigungsstroms in magnetischen Systemen, die für Profil-Strumpfwirkmaschinen geplant waren. Für die Entwicklung der von mir angestrebten neuen, gegenüber den bisherigen Dampf-Entladungsventilen dimensionsmässig stark verkleinerte Entladungsgefäße mit Linienfixierung des Kathodenflecks, gab es 2 Probleme zu bewältigen:

1) Molybdänkappen als Kathodenbehälter für das Quecksilber in gut vacuumdichter Ausführung zu beschaffen, eine Technologie, die es damals noch nicht gab; mit Hilfe eines Herrn Lipmann, dem englischen Vertreter der Plansewerke in Reutte, gelang es mir an Dr. Kieffer dort direkt zu kommen. Dieser vermochte mit seinen

grossen technischen Erfahrungen in der Molybdänbearbeitung durch eine besondere Tiefziehtechnik die gewünschten Molybdänkappen für die Kathoden gut vacuumdicht und preiswert herzustellen, eine Technologie, die sich späterhin in breitem Umfang auch für andere Anwendungszwecke bei den Planseewerken sehr rentiert hat.

2) Die Molybdändappen richtig und spannungsfrei mit dem Entladungsglasgefäss zu verschmelzen. Hiezu gelang es mir, den hervorragenden Glas- und Einschmelzungsfachman, Dr. Hermann Adam, den ich im Krieg bei Siemens/Berlin kennengelernt hatte, und der als alter NS-Mann noch ohne Stellung im bayrischen Alpenland lebte, Ende 1947 nach England zu holen. Nach Überwältigung verschiedener Schwierigkeiten gelang es schliesslich, die angestrebten Gefässe erfolgreich herzustellen, eine Type, die mehrere Jahre unter dem Namen Nevitron erfolgreich verkauft werden konnte, bis die danach in Amerika neu entwickelten Halbleiterstromventile – die Thyristoren – die älteren Entladungsgefässe alle uninteressant machten.

Neben der Erledigung von zahlreichen Projektierungs- und Ausführungsaufgaben des normalen Geschäftslebens, gelang es mir damals, auch die Aufklärung der in den einzelnen Fällen sehr störenden Leistungsfaktor-Anomalie von Hg-Stromrichteranlagen durch wesentlich geringere Leistungsfaktorwerte, als die theoretisch zu erwartenden, als Folge einer schrittweisen Abwanderung des Transformator-Magnetisierungsbereiches ausser die symetrische Lage festzustellen und die zur Vermeidung der störenden Einflüsse notwendigen Bedingungen herauszuarbeiten, eine Forschungsarbeit, die später in Wien zusammen mit Dr. Grasl publiziert wurde.

Anschliessend an die Tätigkeit bei der Nevelin, konnte ich Forschungsarbeiten am Imperial College/London durchführen. Nach meinem Ausscheiden von der Nevelin im Frühjahr 1953 war das Interesse an Hg-Gleichrichterentwicklungen im allgemeinen sehr stark zurückgegangen, da die neue Halbleitertechnik sich sehr rasch ausbreitete. Damals hat mir in freundschaftlicher Weise Prof. Dr. Denis Gabor in seinem Labor im Imperial College die Möglichkeit geboten, dort an Wochenenden weitere Emissions-Verankerungsversuche durchzuführen, um die seinerzeit von mir einmal beobachtete Ausweitung der Linenemission an Fleckfixierungssystemen in flächenhafte Emission weiter zu studieren, ein Phänomen, das mich immer innerlich sehr bewegt hat.

Durch etwa 2 ½ Jahre wurde so, dank des besonderen Entgegenkommens von Prof. Gabor – an Samstagen und Sonntagen – im Imperial College bei seinen Mechanikern auf einem guten Vacuumstand mit verschiedenen Konditionen der Fleckfixierung experimentiert, ohne dass es jemals gelungen wäre, auch nur eine Spur einer Ausweitung der linienhaften Emission festzustellen. Schliesslich ist es aber doch einmal mit einem – an ein Wunder gemahnenden Vorgang – gelungen, den richtigen Übergang zu einer flächenhaften Emission nicht nur einmal kurzzeitig zu erreichen, sondern das stationäre, flächenhafte Emitieren reproduzierbar dauernd zu erreichen und die hierzu notwendigen besonderen Bedingungen festzustellen. Dieses neue Ergebnis ist im Juli 1956 gelungen und zwar an jenem Tag, als es die letzte Experimentiermöglichkeit vor den Ferien im Imperial College gegeben hat.

Nachdem ich damals in über 2 Jahre dauernden Experimenten niemals einen Erfolg erzielt hatte, war ich damals zu dem Entschluss gekommen, mit grossem Bedauern meine Idee aufzugeben und an diesem Tag als letzte Möglichkeit nochmals zu experimentieren, wenn es wieder nicht zu dem gewünschten Übergang der Linien zu einer flächenhaften Emission kommen würde, sollten meine diesbezüglichen Anstrengungen die letzten sein.

Am frühen Nachmittag kam es – wie eine Eingebung von oben – an mich: „Du hast die Pumpeneinrichtung und die gesamte Versuchsanlage so gut als möglich entsprechend den alten Erinnerungen eingerichtet; es ist nie der angestrebte Übergang wieder eingetreten; so bete ein Gesetz Rosenkranz – und wenn die Linienemission erfolglos weiterbesteht – dann schliesse die Versuche hier ab, sag, die Ferien sollen beginnen, weil das Bemühen flächenhafte Emission zu erreichen, eine vergebliche Einbildung gewesen ist. Es war wie ein Wunder; nach dem Beten des einen Rosenkranzgesetzes war eine prächtige, über die ganze Molybdänkappe des Kathodenbehälters oberhalb des Quecksilbers ausgebreitete, flächenhafte Emission eingetreten, ein Effekt, den ich später als Filmemission bezeichnet habe. Der nächste Blick auf das Vacuummeter zeigte, dass das Restvacuum plötzlich besser als jemals vorher gewesen ist: der Restgasausdruck im System war unter 10^{-5} gefallen, was vorher noch nie gelungen war. Diese Restgasdruckbedingung hat sich als der entscheidende Faktor für das Auftreten von Filmemission erwiesen.

Bei der nächsten, internationalen Ionisationskonferenz in Uppsala/Schweden 1959 habe ich ein kleines, abgeschmolzenes Glasgefäss vorgeführt, damit Filmemission gezeigt und demonstriert, dass das Gefäss auch umgekehrt, also mit dem Kathodenrfixiersystem weit oberhalb des Quecksilbervorrates arbeiten kann, wenn durch richtige Kühlung dort Quecksilberkondensation stattfindet, und dass es auch unter diesen ungewöhnlichen Verhältnissen flächenhafte, d.h. Filmemission gibt. Nach der offiziellen Vorführung haben die russischen Wissenschaftler mich noch um eine Privatvorführung im kleinen Kreis gebeten und grosses Interesse für das neue Phänomen gezeigt.

Der physikalische Hintergrund des Mechanismus der Filmemission ist leider auch heute noch nicht aufgeklärt, beschäftigt aber am Institut für Industrielle Elektronik an der TU Wien meinen einerzeitigen sehr geschickten Assistenten Dr. Mitterauer.

Zusammenfassung

Fasst man meine Erfahrungen von über 20 Jahren Beschäftigung mit dem praktischen Geräte- und Anlagebau von Stromrichtern zusammen, so muss ich feststellen, dass die wichtigste Voraussetzung für alle Erfolge in der Industriellen Entwicklung und Forschung immer das gute Zusammenspielen mit den Mitarbeitern auf Grund ihres richtigen Zutrauens zur Führung war. Mein besonderes Bemühen hat nämlich immer auf die Entwicklung eines freundschaftlich-vertrauensvollen Zusammenhanges mit allen Beteiligten hingeeilt, so dass sich immer gutes Teamwerk ergeben hat.

Die dabei angefallenen Entwicklungsarbeiten und Ergebnisse der angewandten Forschung sind in zahlreichen Publikationen niedergelegt, wie sie für den Zeitraum zwischen 1930 und 1962 in Anhang 2 zu diesem Abschnitt aufgezeigt sind.

Unter den beschriebenen Stromrichteranlagen gibt es eine Reihe zu ihrer Zeit als Pionierleistungen bezeichnenbare Systeme einerseits für die öffentliche Stromversorgung und andererseits auch für verschiedene industrielle Spezialaufgaben.

Die neuen, vielfach zusammen mit den Mitarbeitern entstandenen Ideen, sind in 69 Grundpatenten mit einer ebenso grossen Anzahl entsprechender Auslandspatente niedergelegt.

D) Lehrfähigkeit. 1952 erfolgte die Habilitierung an der TH-Wien für Stromrichter-Technik; dafür wurde in den darauffolgenden Jahren jedesmal ein konzentriertes, zweiwöchiges Spezialkolleg im Urlaub in Wien abgehalten.

Sehr persönlich ausgerichtete Angriffe gegen die beschriebene, erfolgreiche Nevitron-Entwicklung gaben den Anlass, 1953 mit der industriellen Tätigkeit bei der Nevelin aufzuhören; mit Unterstützung eines seinerzeitigen Mitarbeiters bei der ELIN/Wien, Dr. H. Tropper, der damals am Queen Mary College in London tätig war, gelang es 1954 Lektor an dem der Universität London affilierten Woolwich Polytechnic zu werden; gleichzeitig wurde ich auch Honorary Lecturer for HVDC an der Manchester Faculty of Technology.

Schliesslich erhielt ich Ende 1958 die Berufung an die TH-Wien zunächst als a.o. Professor – mit der Aufgabe, ein neues Institut für Industrielle Elektronik aufzubauen, eine Funktion, die nach dem ersten erfolgreichen Beginnen bald zur Bestellung als ordentlicher Professor geführt hat. Planung und Führung des neuen Institutes für Industrielle Elektronik habe ich im Sinn der nachstehenden skizzierten Prinzipien durchgeführt:

1) Als Grundidee wurde die Notwendigkeit erkannt, vorzugsweise solche Gebiete eingehend zu behandeln, die der österreichischen Industrie und Wirtschaft unmittelbar von Nutzen sein können; an sich interessante, aber praktisch in Österreich kaum auszunützend Probleme nur kurz anzudeuten.

2) Im Vortrag einen möglichst breiten Überblick auf die unbedingten Notwendigkeiten für die einzelnen zu behandelnden Spezialfälle zu bieten, so dass der Student von vornherein das Wesentliche des einzelnen Falles erfährt.

3) Die grosse Bedeutung der Praxis den Studenten durch anschauliche – die Besonderheiten und Eigenheiten der verschieden zu verwendenden Bauelemente hervorhebende – Laborübungen und Seminare nahezubringen.

4) Bei der Darbietung des Stoffes nie ausser Auge zu lassen, dass die Studenten nur in seltenen Fällen die Fähigkeit haben, aus alter vorgebrachter Theorie praktische Konsequenzen zu ziehen, wenn ihnen nicht gezeigt wird, wie die Umsetzung der Theorie in die Praxis durchgeführt werden kann.

5) Die Entwicklung des Interesses der Studenten – vor allem aber jene der Assistenten – zu selbstständiger Industrietätigkeit zu fördern, weil nur dort später erfolgreiche Leistungen erzielbar sind; hiezu ist es zweckmässig, wenn schon an der Hochschule Teilnahme jedes Einzelnen an persönlichen Forschungsaufgaben stattgefunden hat, so dass dort schon die Selbstständigkeit des Bearbeiters sich entwickelt hat.

Um das Denken über Verbesserungen und die Verwendung neuer Techniken für die österreichische Wirtschaft den Hörern nahezubringen, wurden gleich von Anfang an einige besondere Forschungs- und Entwicklungsgruppen eingerichtet, wozu alle irgendwie nur erreichbaren Hilfsstellungen ausgenützt wurden. Folgende Arbeitsrichtungen sollen besonders erwähnt werden:

- a) Industrie-Automation mit besonderer Betonung der speziellen Datenwandler;
- b) Dünnschichttechnik;
- c) Hochtemperatur-Induktionsplasma;
- d) Ultrahochvacuumtechnik mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Hochstromfilmmission;
- e) Zwangskomutierung in der Stromrichtertechnik;
- f) Hochenergie-Strahltechnik;

Besonders zu betonen ist die Unterstützung durch Prof. Dr. Plöckinger in Bezug auf f), die Hochenergie-Strahltechnik. Dr. Plöckinger war damals Forschungsdirektor der österreichischen Edelstahlindustrie und war bei der Aufstellung einer richtig grossen Industrieanlage auf der Hochschule zur Information des Nachwuchses auf diesem heute so wichtigen Teilgebiet sehr behilflich. Durch Zusammenspiel von Forschungsrat, des Wissenschaftsministeriums, der Nationalbank und schliesslich durch Erreichen besonders günstiger Preiserstellung der Herstellerfirma Steigerwald in München, konnte die Lieferung der heute den Grundstock der betreffenden Arbeitsgruppe des Instituts bildenden Originalmaschine erreicht werden; u.a. wurden auf die dieser Strahlmaschine auch die grundsätzlich aufklärenden Arbeiten über die Elektronenstrahleinwirkung auf das Material von Dr. Schebesta durchgeführt, die Gegenstand einer hervorragenden Doktorarbeit geworden sind.

Besonders erwähnt werden soll auch die Einrichtung eines eigenen Reinraums für die Durchführung der Dünnschichttechnik gegen grosse innere und äussere Hindernisse. Dieser Reinraum stellt heute ein weiteres, sehr wesentliches Hilfsmittel des Instituts für Industrielle Elektronik dar.

So ist in den Jahren seit der Neugründung des Institutes – praktisch beginnend vom Nichts – ein in Europa angesehenes Forschungszentrum dank der Hilfstellung auf breiter Basis durch das Wissenschaftsministerium, den Forschungsrat, die österreichische und ausländische Industrie und Wirtschaft entstanden. Die Bedeutung des Institutes für Industrielle Elektronik zeigt die Tatsache, dass seit der Gründung jedes Jahr ein oder mehrere Stipendiaten von ausländischen Hochschulen und anderen Forschungsstellen, sowohl aus dem Westen als auch aus dem Osten, zur Durchführung von Forschungsarbeiten und zum postgraduate Studium delegiert worden sind.

Die Erfolgsbilanz des Institutes für die Zeit meiner Leitung von 1959-1974 umfasst rund 350 Diplomarbeiten und 37 Dissertationen.

E) Forscherrische Aktivitäten bezüglich der Entwicklungsgeschichte der Zeitmessung. Diese Aktivitäten stellen ein lebenslanges Hobby von mir dar; es umfasst alle damit zusammenhängenden Einrichtungen, Uhren, Instrumente und die Kalenderwissenschaft, wo überall eine Reihe von technisch-entwicklungsgeschichtlich bedeutenden Erkenntnissen gefunden wurden, die folgende Gebiete betreffen:

a) Entdeckung des Prinzips des *Liberamentum Duplice* von Jost Bürgi, von mir als Kreuzschlag bezeichnet. Es handelt sich dabei um das Präzisionszeitmessverfahren, das eine der Grundlagen der Arbeiten von Tycho Brahe, Kepler und Hevelius bildet (1954).

b) Aufklärung und (über?) Missverständnisse bezüglich einer grossen Gruppe angeblicher *perpetua mobilia* des 17. Jahrhunderts als Kugellaufsysteme, die bewusst zu Zeitnormalen höherer Genauigkeit, als die damals verfügbaren Wag- und Foliot-Systeme entwickelt worden waren.

c) Aufklärende Studien über epizyklische und Differential-Getriebe und Entdeckung des ersten praktisch ausgeführten Differentialtriebes (1724) zur

kontinuierlichen Wiedergabe der Zeitgleichung (ein sehr früher mechanischer Computer) durch Joseph Williamson.

d) Agnostierung des ersten mechanischen Selbst-Optimierungs- und Adaptierungs-Systemes der Technik-Geschichte (1789 von A. L. Breguet gebaut).

e) Darstellung der Lösung des Longitudinalproblems.

Anhang I

Akademische und die Position betreffende Entwicklungsmerkmale

- 1927 Ingenieurdiplom der TH-Wien;
- 1931 Technisches Doktorat der TH-Wien;
- 1932 Bevollmächtigter bei der Elin/Wien;
- 1933 Prokurist bei der Elact Studiengesellschaft der Elin;
- 1938 Konstruktionschef im Röhrenwerk Siemens/Berlin;
- 1943 Leiter der Abt. KS 5 (Sonderwaffen);
- 1945 Leitung des Techn. Referates der Unterbürgermeisterei
Berlin-Schmargendorf nach Russenbesetzung (April/Juni);
- 1947 Lehrauftrag TH-Wien für Stromrichtertechnik
- 1947 Member of the Board der Nevelin, Croydon;
- 1948 Associated Member IEE/London;
- 1948/73 Editorial Adviser der Redaktion von DC (Höchstspannungs-
Gleichstromübertragungen);
- 1952 Habilitierung an der TH-Wien für Stromrichtertechnik;
- 1952 Snell-Preis der IEE/London für HGÜ-Arbeiten (gemeinsam
mit R. Tucker);
- 1954 Lektor an dem der Universität London affilierten Woolwich-Polytechnik,
sowie Special Lecturer for HVDC an der Manchester Faculty of
Technology;
- 1955 Fellow of the Institute of Physics/London;
- 1956 Aufsichtsrat der Brauerei Schwechat;
- 1958 Berufung an die TH-Wien als a.o.Prof. zum Aufbau des neuen
Institutes für Industrielle Elektronik;
- 1959 Fellow des Brit. Horolog. Inst., London;
- 1960 Mitglied der Zweiten Staatsprüfungskommission an der TH-Wien;
- 1960 Mitglied des Rotary Clubs Wien-West;
- 1961 Öst. Ingenieurkonsulent für Elektrotechnik;

- 1961 Mitglied des Hauptausschusses des ÖVE;
- 1961 Mitglied des techn. Fachdienstes im Bundeskanzleramt;
- 1962 Vorstand des Ausseninstitutes der TH-Wien;
- 1962 Vorstandsmitglied des Vereines der Freunde des Techn.Mus./Wien;
- 1963 Ernennung zum Ordentlichen Professor an der TH-Wien;
- 1963 Mitglied des Leitungsausschusses der „Freunde des Techn.Museums“
Wien;
- 1964 Mitglied des Präsidiums des Österr. Wissenschaftlichen Forschungs
rates;
- 1965 Vorschlag der USA- und UdSSR-Delegationen bei der Belgrader
Ionisationskonferenz, Acting Chairman für die VIII. Internationale
Ionisationskonferenz in Wien für das Jahr 1967 zu sein;
- 1966/67 Dekan der Fakultät für Maschinenwesen und Elektrotechnik
an der TH-Wien.
- 1967 Mitglied der IUPAP, (Plasma-Subkommission);
- 1968 Mitglied der Öst. UNESCO- Kommission;
- 1970 Fach.-Techn. Mitglied des Obersten Öst. Patent- und Marken
Senates;
- 1972 Grosses Silbernes Ehrenzeichen für Verdienste um die Republik
Österreich;
- 1972 Korrespondierendes Mitglied des Coronelli-Weltbundes;
- 1972 Membre Permanent du Comité de Parrainage: ”Musée
International d’Horlogerie” (La Chaux –de-Fonds);
- 1972 Aufsichtsrat der Vogelbusch Ges.m.b.H.;
- 1973 Mit Erreichen des 70ten Geburtstages am 2.VII. Abschluss der
Aktivität als ordentlicher Professor der Technischen Univerisität
Wien, nunmehr Emeritus;
- 1974 Ernennung zum Ehrenpräsident der Öst. Gesellschaft für Vacuum
Technik (ÖGV);
- 1974 Aufsichtsrat der St. Georg’s Verwaltungs- und Beteiligungs-
Gesellschaft GmbH;

- 1976 Philipp-Matheus Hahn Medaille der Deutschen Gesellschaft für Chronometrie/Stuttgart.
- 1977 Aufsichtsrat der Öst. Brau Holding-AG/Linz;
- 1978 Member IEE/London;
- 1979 Vicepräsident des Int. Coronelli-Bundes.

RC Wien-West

Die drei zerbrochenen Utopien

Vortrag von Rotarier. Hans Bertele-Grenadenberg, 12.6.1980

Gegenstand der heutigen Berichterstattung sind Gedankengänge aus einem Ausblicksbericht von Malcolm Muggeridge in der Jahresschlussnummer 1979 des Sunday Telegraph: „Why we face a decade of lost utopias“.

Der mit dem Wochenbericht angekündigte Titel verlangt somit leichte Verbesserung.

Muggeridge's Artikel hat mir besonders Eindruck gemacht, weil er im Gegensatz zu der mir geläufigen Betrachtung menschlichen Verhaltens nicht Individuen oder Gesellschaftsgruppen behandelt, sondern für ganze Nations- und Ländergruppen charakteristische Eigenschaften, und daraus für die kommende Zeit folgerbare Veränderungen ins Auge fasst.

Ich entschloss mich zum Herausreißen der gegenständlichen 2 Seiten, um diese bei Gelegenheit den Wiener rotarischen Freunden vorzulesen. Dies hätte jedoch viel Zeit und auch eine Übersetzung nötig gemacht und so entschloss ich mich zu einer Kürzung auf die wichtigsten Punkte, die ich – lose eingeordnet – nun zur Sprache bringen möchte.

Muggeridge hat schon 1969 einen vielbeachteten Artikel veröffentlicht: „The Great Liberal Death-Wish“ = Vernichtungsbereitschaft der eigenen Freiheit, weil seinem Eindruck nach damals bereits unter der Maske des Liberalismus die Erosion der westlichen Zivilisation im Gange war: nämlich durch Zersetzung der eigenen Lebensart, durch Anzweifeln der eigenen Wertvorstellungen und durch Abbau unserer Gottgläubigkeit. Motivierung für alle diese Zerstörungen waren

der Wunsch „Gesundheit und Wohlhabenheit für jeden einzelnen der gesamten Menschheit“ zu bieten, neben der Beseitigung aller seelischen Hemmungen und damit zusammenhängender Probleme.

Frühere Zivilisationen wurden durch Eindringen von Barbaren vernichtet, unsere Zivilisation hat das Novum, ihre Zerstörer im Inneren auf Staatskosten grosszuziehen – in einer gefährlich träumen den intellektuellen Übersicht.

Die Ereignisse der 70er Jahre haben Muggeridge's Vorausschau weitgehend bestätigt und sprechen dafür, dass die auf den intellektuellen Träumen aufgebauten Unternehmungen, für alle Gesundheit und angenehmes, leichtes, problemloses Leben zu schaffen, im Versagen sind. Sie basieren auf der Vorstellung „der Mensch entscheidet sein eigenes Schicksal und ist berufen, seinen eigenen Himmel auf Erden zu schaffen“. Diese Weltanschauung ist im Schwanken und scheint in den kommenden 80er Jahren gänzlich zusammenzubrechen, wobei reine Gewalt, wie in George Orwell's 1984 an deren Stelle zu treten scheint, in einer Weise, wie der Grossinquisitor in den Brüdern Karamasow bei allen von ihm Abhängigen auch den letzten Wunsch auslöscht, frei zu sein.

Heute hat das Fernsehen die Kraft, die universell materialistische Orthodoxie „Einstimmigkeit“ auszubreiten und in allen Bevölkerungsschichten das zu erreichen, was man von ihnen erwartet, also wie der grosse Bruder zu wirken.

UTOPIA ist der Titel eines Buches von Thomas More (1516), das eine Insel mit so hervorragender Reglementierung beschreibt, dass die Menschen dort in ungestörter Annehmlichkeit leben. Der Wunsch nach einem solchen Utopia ist sehr menschlich und seit dem Altertum tauht immer wieder die Vorstellung eines goldenen Zeitalters auf.

Das christliche Mittelalter war sich bewusst, dass auf Erden kein Paradies sein könne und schaute mit Erwartung auf den paradiesischen Himmel nach dem irdischen Tod. Sehr richtig lehrte dazu die Genesis der Bibel, dass der Mensch eine schwache sündhafte Kreatur sei, wohl mit dem Verständnis für Perfektion, aber unfähig soche zu erreichen.

So erscheint als die Fehl-Weichenstellung unserer Epoche das Anhängen an die evolutionistische Vorstellung: „Der Mensch kann aus eigener Kraft irdische Glückseligkeit für alle organisieren“ „Reductio ad absurdum ist Gottes Antwort darauf, nämlich einfach zu zeigen:

Angehäufter Reichtum verwandelt sich durch Inflation in nutzloses Papier;

Superwaffen zur grösstmöglichen Sicherheit können Erde und die Menschen zu Bröseln zerstören;

Drang zu extremer Sinnlichkeit führt zum Stranden in der Wüste des Erotismus;

Hoffnung auf völlige Einsicht durch Wissenschaft endet in der Erkenntnis des allgemeinen Nichtswissen;

Letzter unbegrenzter Freiheitsdrang führt entweder zu Sklaverei unter die eigenen Begierden oder unter einen grossen Diktator.

Muggeridge erwarte für die 80er Jahre die Entscheidung zwischen dem Chaos der eigenen Hemmungslosigkeit oder der Diktatur von aussen, weil die angedeuteten utopischen Entwicklungsgrundlagen sich als unstabil erweisen und offensichtlich im Zusammenbrechen sind.

3 Grundformen scheinen den heute die Menschen verlockenden Utopien zugrunde zu liegen:

1. die Amerikanische: gekennzeichnet durch steigendes Nationalprodukt, steigenden Konsum, zunehmende, verfeinerte Technologie, Anwachsen des Libertinismus im Leben
2. die Englische: gekennzeichnet durch den sozialistischen Wohlfahrtsstaat, eine egalitäre Gesellschaft, das Umsorgen durch eine Bürokratie von der Empfängnis bis zum Begräbnis
3. die Marxistisch-revolutionäre: gekennzeichnet durch die Beherrschung der Welt vom Proletariat dank Eliminierung aller alten, Macht besitzenden Elemente (aristokratische – bourgeoise – kapitalistische), so dass die Schwachen und Armen für immer erhoben sind.

Der Höhepunkt der amerikanischen Utopie zeigte sich bald nach dem letzten Krieg; mit dem besonderen Reichtum und der einmaligen Bewaffnungsüberlegenheit. Truman verteilte damals Geldmittel in breitester Weise zur Verbesserung der Welt, schuf aber damit überall Missgunst und Abneigung. Die US-Bevölkerung machte daraufhin das breite Wohlleben einer Konsumgesellschaft zum eigenen System, „way of life“. Die Ereignisse der 70er Jahre aber bewerten diesen ad absurdum: Howard Hughes, der reichste Mann der Welt, stirbt an Unterernährung, was das Ende des Geheimnisses des Geldes zeigt; dazu bringt die öffentliche Beschäftigung mit Erotik das Ende des Geheimnisses des Sex. So scheint der amerikanische Traum, entblösst von seinen 2 Säulen – Geld und Sex – in den 80er Jahre zu erlöschen.

Muggeridge hat seinerzeit zu den Pionieren des sozialistischen Wohlfahrts-Staatskonzepts gehört. Seit früher Jugend hat er in der Fabian-Gesellschaft mitgearbeitet, den New Statesman gelesen und im engen Kreis von George Bernard Shaw, H.G. Wells und dem Dean Hewlett von Canterbury, deren Ausführungen über die Vorteile grosser Erbschaftssteuern zur Eliminierung der englischen Millionäre, über den wirtschaftlichen Aufschwung durch die

Verstaatlichung von Industrie und Handelsunternehmen dank der nur Unternehmens-orientierten Einstellung der Mitarbeiter und über die Erhöhung der geistigen Interessen bei Ausschaltung niedriger Vernügen durch die verbesserten allgemeinen Bildungsmittel gehört. All dies erschien damals überzeugend einfach.

Die Bilanz des letzten Jahrzehntes für England aber zeigt ein völliges Versagen der Erwartungen: Arbeitslosigkeit, zurückgegangene Qualität der Produktion, Inflation und ein ramponiertes, sozialistisches Parteschiff mit schwachen Führern und einer meuternden Mannschaft, also das Versagen der englischen Wohlfahrtsutopie.

Die marxistisch-revolutionäre Utopie hat mit dem Einschleusen Lenins und einiger anderer Genossen nach Russland am Ende des ersten Weltkrieges durch den deutschen Generalstab seinen Anfang genommen – ein früher Fall der Kriegsführung mit Krankheitserregern. Terrorismus und Beseitigung ganzer Bevölkerungsschichten zugunsten des Proletariats hat in den 30er Jahren nur den Beifall der offiziellen Berichterstatter der westlichen Welt gefunden. Zur gleichen Zeit aber hat Stalin den Hauptgedanken der marxistisch-revolutionären Utopie durch das Beseitigen der alten Revolutionäre verlassen und die panslawistische Ausbreitungspolitik des alten Russland an dessen Stelle gesetzt. So werden dort auch die 80er Jahre nichts mehr mit der alten Utopie zu tun zu haben, sondern rein das Spiel der Macht weiterführen.

Stellt man sich an die Berliner Mauer, so erfährt man greifbar die Konfrontation der Ergebnisse der amerikanischen und marxistisch-revolutionären Utopien. Muggeridge spricht von einem Januskopf mit einem nach Westen und einem nach Osten blickenden Antlitz. Grelle Neonlichter als hedonistische Einladung zum Wohlleben auf der einen Seite, schleichende, ärmliche Fussgänger, VO SPO S-Patrouillen dazwischen, und schlechtbeschiedte Geschäfte auf der anderen. Hier stossen 2 Weltmächte aneinander, der Osten, an den sich in der kommenden

Dekade vielleicht Teile von Afrika und Südamerika anschliessen werden, und der um Amerika gruppierte Westen mit der Europäischen Union, die in ihrer Zerrissenheit an das frühere heilige römische Reich deutscher Nation erinnert. Diese Machtkonfrontation lässt in den 80er Jahren einen Machtkampf als möglich erscheinen, der letzten Endes zu einem Triumph der Gewalt führen kann, die wohl die Menschen in das Eis eines gleichmässigen Materialismus binden wird. In dieser eisigen Masse aber werden die Keime neuen Lichtes entstehen. Gerade an den am wenigsten zu erwartenden Plätzen, im Gulag, wird Freiheit und Hoffnung wieder entdeckt werden, so wie Solzhenizyn schreibt:

It was only when I lay there on rotting prison straw that I sensed within myself the first stirrings of good. Gradually it was disclosed to me that the line separating Good and Evil passes, not through States, nor between classes, nor between political parties, but right through every human heart – and through all human hearts...

And that is why I turn back to the years of my imprisonment and say, sometimes to the astonishment of those about me: “Bless you, prison, for having been in my life!”

Der Artikel Muggeridge's setzt zweifelsohne das Denken in Bewegung, so dass dieser Vortrag wohl am besten den Titel bekommen hätte:

„Bringt das kommende Jahrzehnt 1980/90 den Zusammenbruch der grossen Utopien des 20. Jahrhunderts und was folgt darauf?“

NACHWORT DES HERAUSGEBERS

Schon als wir noch in New York lebten in den Neunzigerjahren, kam mir die Idee das Baba alle die Zutaten besass von dem so urdeutschen Typ, Dr. Faust. Damals, hochhinauswollend, nahm ich mir sogar vor einen Roman zu schreiben, auf Englisch, mit dem Titel „Dr. Petrus of Vienna“. Leider, wie so oft beim Gewimmel in meinem Gehirn, kam davon damals nur das Vorwort zum Vorschein und ist leider bisher bei dem geblieben und - hätte es nur können - wäre es schon längst verblichen. Ich war aber erstaunt es jetzt gerade noch in meinem Computer, in einem Winkel verstaut, zu entdecken. Es ist nun veraltet, denn mein Bruder Otto, (der darin angeklagt wird wegen dem „Dog in the Manger Syndrome“, in diesem Fall, dass er schon so viele Jahre sozusagen auf Babas Manuskript gesessen ist ohne es ab- und ins reine zu schreiben und so für uns alle zugänglich zu machen) hat mir schon, vor langem, die Manuskripte der Chronik überlassen. Also wenn man nun auf den „Dog in the Manger“ der letzten paar Jahre deuten will, so richtet sich der Fingerzeig notgedrungen auf mich. *Mea culpa*, aber dem ist nun auch ein Ende gesetzt.

Jetzt, nach genauer Durchlesung der Bertele Chronik und dass ich sie im Original, auf deutsch, auf dem Computer habe, gibt es mir erneut Lust mit „Dr. Petrus of Vienna weiterzumachen. Denn das Lesen hat meine früher gefasste Meinung über Baba noch äusserst verstärkt. Er war ein wahrer Dr. Faustus des 20ten Jahrhunderts. Im Sinne des Ausrufs von Goethe's Faust:

Der du die weite Welt umschweifst,
Geschäftiger Geist, wie nah fühl ich mich Dir!

Ich sage es mit Bewunderung und Faszination. Baba's Ehrgeiz, Wissensbegier. Leidenschaften, lassen sich doch auf dieselben Quellen zurückleiten, aus denen Faust schöpfte.

„Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meiner Brust...“, seufztse Faust. Ich glaube, es könnten sogar mehrere sein in Baba's Brust.

Madrid, im Oktober 2010