

DISPATCHES

from the Past &
Recent Present

“Gestern war toll, Morgen wird noch besser.”

June 18, 2026

Vol I Number 1

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1.00



SS United States on her North Atlantic crossing
in 1967

We dock in Le Havre tomorrow morning. Tonight is the fifth and final night of our crossing. I passed the time outside on the upper deck of the old ocean liner. Up here on the ship's deck, exposed to the sky and the sea, there was no one except for a small group at the bar and a solitary woman, perhaps thirty years old, sitting in one of the last rows of deck chairs, three or four chairs from the aisle.

Our eyes met, and she gestured for me to come over and sit next to her for some shipboard small talk. As she did so, she placed her fair, slightly freckled hand on the wooden armrest of the deck chair beside her.

"I much prefer sea voyages to airplanes. People on ships are always talking. Shall we?"

This was new to me, but quite easy, since someone else took the initiative.

When she learned that I would be spending a year abroad learning German, she effortlessly switched from accent-free English to very clear, standard German.

"Innsbruck? Goodness! I live in Solbad Hall, just a few tram stops from Maria-Theresien-Straße."

Lotte was Austrian and traveled to New York every year, where her brother and two uncles lived. They had moved there during the war, she told me, for better opportunities.

Lotte was born in 1938 and too young to remember much from that time. She spent the war years in seclusion with her mother on her grandfather's farm in the Carinthian Alps, far from the chaos of war.

We spent the late afternoon in lively conversation. "Sie" (formal "you") quickly became "du" (informal "you"), and so on.

Finally, I told her I'd better go downstairs and dress for dinner.

"Of course," she said, smiling. "When you're in Innsbruck, give me a call."

Then she handed me a small white card with the raised black lettering:

L. Schartner
Ebberstraße 9, 7026 Innsbruck,
Solbad Hall
058 6234 55063

„Lotta, ich danke dir. Aufwiedersehen!“
„Tschüss, Herr Tim!“

1.01



Vine Valley, NY - 1958

Other ships sailed in the summer and fall of 1967. Oldest brother Dan returned to medical school

in St. Louis. Brother Bill, already in the Navy, was on board the USS Forrestal aircraft carrier as an E-5 Machinist Mate. Molly was off to Michigan for her freshman year of college. The two youngest, Theresa and Michael, walked each morning up the Boulevard to Irondequoit High School.

In July of 1967 the USS Forrestal, the largest carrier in the US fleet, accidentally caught fire in the Gulf of Tonkin off North Viet Nam. Ordinance and jet fuel tanks exploded. Over 160 crew members were lost and scores of others were injured.

Bill told Mom how, after the fires were out, the carrier's captain had hundreds of aluminum lawn chairs brought on board. On the now silent flight deck off-duty crew could rest quietly in the sun after the terrible ordeal was over. The ship was immediately pushed back to Virginia for repairs.

Bill survived with no injuries. Only time would tell how he would do otherwise. For the past twenty years our second oldest brother, now eighty years old, has lived alone with his three German Shepherds in a house on a mountainside in a rural area of Guatemala. There he makes due comfortably on a modest pension from the Veterans Administration.

1.02



Schloss Klessheim
Salzburg, Austria

The University of Notre Dame's Innsbruck Study Abroad Program, established in 1964 as their first foreign program, included a summer language school (Sprachschule) at Schloss Klessheim Palace in Salzburg, Austria. Students took classes and lived in the former stables of Klessheim, engaging in intensive language study and regional culture courses.

Herr Professor Dr. Dr. Otto Hietsch (1924–2010) was a prominent Austrian-German linguist and professor of English philology, best known for his work in cultural linguistics and an exhaustive documentation of the Bavarian dialect. Hietsch held chairs in English and Germanic philology at the Universities at Padua and Braunschweig. In 1968 he would initiate the program for German and English language studies at the University of Regensburg.

In 1967 Herr Dr. Dr. Hietsch headed N.D.'s summer school in Austria. He conducted inspiring seminars, and had many informal and spontaneous encounters with his young American students at the Klessheim Sommersprachschule. His commanding presence, good humor and sincerity made the German language a lasting companion for a number of the students at Klessheim that August.

1.03



The Franciskanner Kirke towers over the Old City
in Salzburg, Austria

The Franciscan Church in Salzburg is distinguished by its unique floor plan, which combines a low dark, Romanesque nave with a bright, soaring Late Gothic chancel.

The Romanesque Nave (West Section): The entrance leads into a lower, darker nave built during the 13th century (c. 1208–1221). It is the oldest part of the building.

Late Gothic Chancel (East Section): Adjoining the nave is a significantly taller and brighter Gothic chancel, built between 1408 and 1450 by Master Hans von Burghausen. This area is characterized by slender, crimson stone columns, tall windows and a star-shaped ribbed vaulting high above the floor.

Baroque Ambulatory/Chapels: A chancel ambulatory with nine chapel niches, added in the 18th century according to a design by Johann Bernhard Fischer von Erlach, surrounds the chancel.

High Altar: Located in the center of the chancel, was also designed by Fischer von Erlach with a winged marble altarpiece and a late Gothic Madonna statue by Michael Pacher.

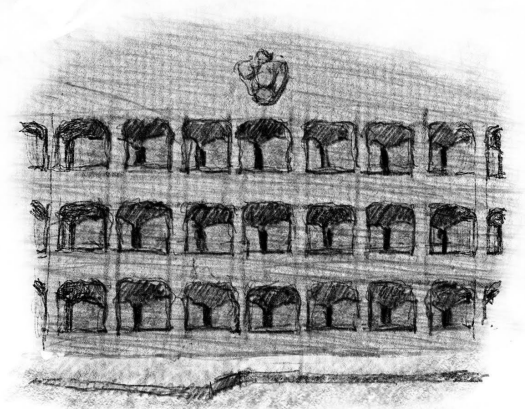
Elements from the 13th Century: A remarkable Romanesque marble lion, once part of an older building, is embedded in the steps of the pulpit.

The building was originally dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and its design reflects a unique combination of Romanesque, Gothic, and Baroque elements from different stylistic phases of the 13th through the 18th Centuries.

The Franciscan Church is also known in Salzburg as the “Volkskirche.” Here the faithful can pray and attend Mass quietly in the dim medieval nave pews while facing the bright and silent chancel.

1.04

One late afternoon that August, Father Bristol herded his thirty-six whippersnappers through the gates of Schloss Klessheim to the bus stop at the west end of Klessheimer Allee. We all then “fahren” to the center of Salzburg's old town on the left bank of the Salzach River.



Ninety-six rock-hewn arcades were carved into the Mönchsberg mountain in 1694. The tall rock cliff is now the backdrop for performances at the Felsenreiterschule in Salzburg, Austria.

In sport coats and penny loafers we joined the parade of gowns, high heels, cummerbunds and dinner jackets down the narrow cobbled streets past the Festspielhaus to the front doors of the Felsenreiterschule, the venue for the Salzburg Festival's evening performance of *Ein Sommernachtstraum mit Musik von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*.

The Midsummer Night's Dream we experienced there was the 1830s German translation by August Wilhelm Schlegel of Shakespeare's 1595 play with incidental music composed by Felix Mendelssohn in 1843.

We listened to the almost inaudible, so faint was the start of the Mendelssohn's solo violin scherzo (No. 1 in Op. 61). The beautiful piece is famous for its virtuosic, fairy-tale-like character, jumping notes, major and minor keys that ascend to the crescendo, a spectacular high G, and a lasting memory.

1.05



Brotzeit

Four of us were together one afternoon on a Gasthof terrace high above the valley in the sun and fresh air. On a small wooden table with checkered linen the waitress served up a Brotzeit, the traditional Austrian plate of fresh bread, cured meats, cheeses, and, in season, fruits. This rustic, cold meal was enjoyed mid-morning or as an afternoon snack, served with mineral water, beer, or wine.

Our Fraulein served the Brotzeit not on our table, but the one next to us, belonging to a young couple enjoying an afternoon outing. The Brotzeit order would have cost every bit of a one-hundred-shilling note plus service, much too steep for four students who had to make their spending money last another ten months. Poor us, we each had to settle for a half-liter or two of Bier at 7.5 shillings a glass. The exchange rate back then was one dollar for twenty-five Austrian shillings or \$0.04 a shilling.

1.10



Erlenstrasse 13
Innsbruck, Austria
1967-68

Our residence for the school year 1967-68 was in a Wohnpalast at Erlenstraße 13 near the Old City in Innsbruck.

A savings bank occupied the ground floor. Pension Bauhofer was on the fourth floor.

The old building had been constructed in the 19th century in the elegant Biedmeier style.

Frau Bauhoffer's kitchen and apartment were located to the rear of the building off the hallway. Spider and Nuss also lived in a back room.

Pat, he slept in a closet!

Mischa and Chris B. had the corner room with bright, sunny bay windows.

Dave and Steve lived next door. Ben and Celzic were next to them facing the street.

And finally, Brad, Rudi, and Wheat had a room with two large casement windows and a magnificent views of the Patscherkofel mountain to the south.

1.11

In Memory of
Univ. Prof. Dr. Reinhard Kamitz
Philosopher
1939 - 2022

Reinhard Kamitz, son of the Austrian Finance Minister of the same name, studied mathematics, psychology, and philosophy at the University of Innsbruck, where he received his doctorate in 1961 with a dissertation on "Franz Brentano's Doctrine of True Judgment." He completed his habilitation in 1965 with a study of the Kantian question of the possibility of a scientific metaphysics.

After several years of academic travel, which took him to various American universities. Kamitz began his teaching career at the University of Innsbruck in 1961.

From 1966 to 1971, he was a lecturer in philosophy at the University of Innsbruck (which included weekly lectures to the US students enrolled in the Notre Dame Innsbruck Program).

From 1971 to 1984, he was Professor of Logic and Philosophy of Science at the Department of Economics at the Free University of Berlin.

From 1984 until his retirement, he was Professor of Logic and Systematic Philosophy at the Institute of Philosophy at the University of Graz.

He continued to teach in Graz even after his retirement in 2008.

As a philosopher, Kamitz was committed to the empiricist principles of scientific philosophy.

He strove for the greatest possible clarity and valued its democratic potential.

One of his most important publications is entitled "Positivism: Liberation from Dogma" (1973).

His last major publication, a two-volume textbook on logic (2007), bears the subtitle "The Fascination of Clarity."

Kamitz taught that philosophy and logic should not be hermetic "secret sciences" for a select circle of initiates, but accessible to everyone who is willing to use their mind.

It is only logical that Kamitz's life's work lies not in the least in the field of university teaching.

For decades, he taught "Formal Logic" to philosophy students at the Karl-Franzens University of Graz.

Due to its relationship to mathematics, formal logic was and still is, generally unpopular with typical first-year philosophy students, often causing much anxiety.

However, it was a matter close to Kamitz' heart to provide all undergraduate students with a solid foundation in this subject.

No one should be able to evade it, but no one should fail because of it either.

Therefore, he ensured that logic was firmly anchored in the curriculum as a compulsory subject in the first semesters of study, with a significant number of hours allocated to it.

He was an outstanding teacher, and thus he succeeded in quickly dispelling emotional resistance and anxieties in almost all students.

He was able to infect quite a few former math skeptics with his enthusiasm for this completely ideology-free science. But he was also able to convey that "ideology-free" is by no means synonymous with "socio-politically irrelevant," quite the contrary.

He summed up the emancipatory power of logically trained thinking with the formula: "An argument is an argument" regardless of who makes it, in what context, or with what intention.

This message has certainly lost none of its relevance since Kamitz' time as an active university lecturer. Kamitz never taught ethics or political philosophy. But he exemplified the importance of values in a completely unobtrusive and natural way.

An early riser Kamitz scheduled his introductory lectures on Mondays at 8 am This hour was an imposition for many students.

Unlike most of his fellow professors, he didn't arrive five minutes late to the lecture hall; rather, he would usually be pacing briskly in front of the classroom building a quarter of an hour beforehand, always with a friendly smile and a cheerful greeting for the students who were shuffling in, not always fully awake.

One couldn't hold his punctuality against Dr Kamitz. He devoted a considerable portion of his working time, week after week, to marking problem sets. He always marked exams, hundreds every semester, personally.

Kamitz did not treat students in a chummy way, but always with respect and goodwill. He was generous with praise and recognition towards students, whom he valued, regardless of their social background, gender, or political views.

The self-confidence he cultivated in this way laid the foundation for many varied and successful careers. And, in acute personal crises, he provided efficient support without any fuss.

Kamitz, the son of a high-ranking post-war Austrian politician, was not himself a political "doer," not even within the university system. He

could certainly raise his sonorous voice for causes that were important to him, and he enjoyed respect and authority. But political intrigue was foreign to him, and it was notable that he was not in his element in committee meetings.

Nevertheless, he served the Faculty of Humanities conscientiously and selflessly for several years as Dean (1989–1991, 1995–1997) and the University of Graz as Vice-Rector (1992–1993) until he had to resign from this office for health reasons.

In his final years, he lived a secluded life with his wife Inge in his house at the foot of the Schöckel mountain.

Maria Reicher-Marek (Aachen/Graz)
Johann Marek (Graz)
Wednesday, September 14, 2022

1.12

THE
Critique of
Pure Reason

After Innsbruck and two semesters with Professor Kamitz, I became a fan of Immanuel Kant. He was the team I rooted for. The way to know all about baseball is to become a fan of one team and eventually know the whole league as they play each other over the seasons.

The majors have thirty teams, two leagues, and each league is further divided into an Eastern, Central, and Western division. To know about philosophies, first know a philosopher.

So I chose Emmanuel Kant. How else was I to make some sense of the galaxies of countless philosophers, out-gassing in the cosmos?

Immanuel Kant (1724–1804) was famous as the "Sage of Königsberg." His daily routine never varied. He went for a walk at the exact same time every day. It is said that the inhabitants of his birthplace, Königsberg, East Prussia (now Kaliningrad, Russia), set their clocks by his daily walks.

Why the difficult Kant? Me, a magna cum mediocra, university graduate of an all male Catholic university? What's more, to take him along with me faithfully from student days in the 1960s to retirement in the 2020s?

Kant maintained that human advancement, especially in the sciences, originates in a change in the mode of the thinking of the times, one which elevates the domain of knowledge to the level of an apodictic, that is, a level unable to be denied.



Königsberg castle before the First World War; destroyed in the Second World War, the ruins were demolished in 1968 on the orders of Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev.

In pre 18th Century times, such as change as this had taken place in mathematics and physics, and, after many centuries of groping in the dark, the conditions in 19th Century Königsberg were ripe for a similar turn in the field of philosophy.

The core change in the mode of thinking came in 1781. It was a new understanding of the concept of the object, or objective being (call it reality), and its *relation* to human knowledge. Kant compares this new awareness in thought with the discoveries of Copernicus (1473-1543) in the field of astronomy. Until Copernicus, the earth was seen by

many as fixed in the center of it all with the sun and the stars moving around it.

Philosophers since ancient times believed that human knowledge must fit the structure and features of an object that, like Copernicus’ new sun, had stood independently by itself, and did not depend on the process of human knowledge (thinking). The Kantian revolution abolished the object’s metaphysical independence and made it dependent on the fullness of human knowledge. The structure of the empirical object, the one we empirically say we know, is derived *a priori* (free from sense-experience). This particular Kantian “thinking” connects the multitude of felt sensations into a unity. The modes of this unification are drawn from the primordial unity of the “I think.”

Kant’s bold idea says, that the understanding, in knowing the world, does not copy the basic patterns of its knowledge from the world, but rather the intellect *dictates* these patterns to the world. Doing so is a condition for the existence of an *empirical* world ruled by necessary laws which alone deserve the title of “objective” (Yovel, 2018. Pp 1&2).

In my life as a philosopher *ut est*, I’ve had season tickets in the outfield bleachers and rooted for the misunderstood Emmanuel Kant. He played by his own rules. Seated along the first base line, Prof. Kamitz was much closer to the action. In 1967 and 68, in Innsbruck, he concerned us mostly with Kant, though it would be positivism that he would go on to write about and teach to his students.

Since Innsbruck I slowly and intermittently began to kind of understand Kant. I do not think that the world rises up over me each morning, but that I and others as solitary and near massless free electrons, of our own accord, do make a world happen.

Has the object become the subject? Let me go back, and read further . . .

2018. Yovel, Yirmiyahu. *Kant’s Philosophical Revolution, A Short Guide to the Critique of Pure Reason*, Princeton University Press

1.13



Dresdener Hütte and
The Zuckerhütelberg

The Old City of Innsbruck, at 570 meters above sea level, is on the right bank of the Inn River that flows west to east and eventually into the Danube. Innsbruck is surrounded by high mountain ranges, still snowcapped in April. Nearby peaks reach over 2,000 meters high.

In 1968 Bob and I set out to climb a mountain called the Zuckerhütelberg. It is the tallest mountain in the Stubai mountain range, some 3,500 meters high, and is situated on the border of Austria and Italy.

We stayed overnight in the Dresdener Hütte at the high end of the Muttersberg Valley by the foot of the Stubai Glacier (elev.2,300 meters).

Early the next morning we began our ski-walk to the summit with seal-skin runners strapped to the bottom of our skis. Near the end of the climb, we left the skis behind, and climbed the final short but steep ascent over the rocks to the summit.

Standing in the bright sunshine under the clear blue sky, we enjoyed a more than magnificent view of the snowy mountains all around us.

For the return trek we put away the seal-skin runners and skied down the glacier and over the snow cover to the tree line. Then made our way back to Innsbruck.

The next time we would spend a day on a sunny glacier, we’d be sure to pack face cream and lip balm. However, there was to be no next time for two flatlanders like us. The Zuckerhütelberg adventure was to be a once-in-a-lifetime one.

1.14



Europa 1968

In the spring, Bradley and I made tracks to travel to several capital cities in Europe. Our grand European tour, twenty days on the road, would cost us five dollars a day, one hundred dollars each.

Thanks to hitchhiking on the Autobahn, short train and bus rides, long walks, and no souvenirs, we came close to our budget, and returned to Innsbruck with empty stomachs and empty pockets.

1.14.1

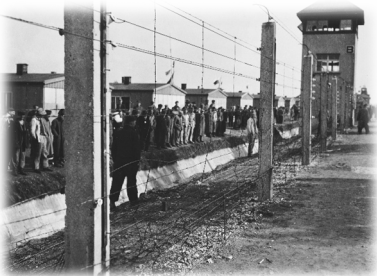


Photo: US Holocaust Memorial Museum,
National Archives and Records
Administration, College Park, MD

Das NS-Regime errichtete 1933 in Dachau eines der ersten Konzentrationslager, bald wurde gefoltert und gemordet. Hatten die Menschen in der Stadt wirklich nichts von den Verbrechen in ihrer Nachbarschaft mitbekommen?

"No citizen of Dachau is without a deep sense that something was wrong, terribly wrong, on the outskirts of their town", wrote the Seventh United States Army's G-2: "Those who really did not give a damn were few. Those who did show opposition should be honored. But it should be pointed out in justice to the others that they were people who could seclude themselves from the community without harming their sources of income." (Ziemke, 1975. P. 252)

1975. Ziemke, Earl F. *The US Army in the Occupation of Germany, 1944-1946.*, Washington DC: Center of Military History, United States Army.

1.15



Bier & Biendl Paint Box

I purchased a box of watercolor paints and sketch book at the Bier & Biendl Art Shop in the fall of '67. The shop still exists on Leopoldstraße in Innsbruck

It would be some years before I would call myself an artist. Now in retirement the artist keeps his pencils, paints, brushes and paper out on the dining room table. He paints and sketches a little bit almost every day.

The old dented Bier & Biendl paint box is in the bottom drawer of his taboret.

1.16



Fr. Broestl C.S.C.

Rev. Lawrence Broestl C.S.C. (1909-1979) was fifty-nine years old when he was assigned by his order to shepherd a group of college sophomores through a year in Austria. He was well prepared for the task.

Now a seasoned priest, as a young seminarian he was well educated at Notre Dame, Holy Cross College and Catholic University in Washington D.C. He studied Theology, German Language Arts and the Classics.

In Innsbruck his education was ever present in his sermons at Mass, in his German literature classes, where next to Goethe’s *Faust* we read German translations of Sophicles’ plays and Tacitus’ Roman histories, and in many conversations over lunches and dinners in the Weisses Kreuz dining rooms on Herozg Freidrich Straße.

Fr. Broestl was a man and a priest with no pretensions. In ways all his own, he lead us and taught us by angelic example.

1.17

“Credo quid quid dixit dei filius”
(The motto of Aquinas Institute)

In July before we sailed for Europe, I visited my high school German teacher, Fr. Klem, at the priest’s house behind Aquinas Institute on Dewey Avenue. He was a good teacher and got along well with his students. On the scale of loose to tight, though, he was on the tight side; tall, close-cut curly hair, upright, teutonic.

I was anxious to tell him about the upcoming ND sophomore year abroad program.

"Tim, I’m sorry to tell you that you’ll never learn to speak German that way," he told me. "You’re wasting your time! A group of 35 Americans will speak English to each other all year. You must live with native speakers to learn a language."

He put his finger on a soft spot in the program. I knew it too, but was taken aback by the good father’s frankness. When we parted, I don’t recall him wishing me luck. Our visit didn’t go as well as I had expected.

1.18



Seegrube Station & Chairlift to Haflakar
1968

1.19



The Bookworm
by Carl Spitzweg
(1850)

The snows on the lower mountain were turning to slush. Time to ride the cable car back down from the Seegrube rather than take the long run through the Norkette pines.

My speaking German had not improved. I thought of Fr. Klem’s July admonishment. Was I wasting time? I took a week and went to Vienna on my own away from the group. I’d force myself into German conversations.

The weather was grey in Vienna. I looked up Christian, an instructor from last summer’s Klessgheim Sprachschule. He was overly kind and very generous to take a morning off and spend it speaking German with a bumbling loose-ended American language student.

We had coffee and pastry at an authentic, but not over the top, Viennese cafe. Then we walked to the art exhibit at the Albertina Museum. The art exhibit was a temporary one and curated around the theme of "The Biedermeier" with a number of paintings by different artists on view.

The walls of the room were richly paneled, floor to ceiling, in a raised and recessed darkly varnished wood. Generally, the room was dim with each painting individually lit by a small brass wall fixture over the top of its frame. The paintings themselves were not very large.

Christian and I both looked over closely the famous 1850 oil painting by Carl Spitzweg called *The Bookworm*.

1.20



The Wiener Staatsoper was designed by architects August Sicard von Sicardsburg and Eduard van der Nüll. Construction took place from 1861 to 1869

For many memories, their significance lies not so much of what we vaguely remember from back then, but, more so, of what we surely know has happened since.

I remember little of the evening opera performance, at the Vienna State Opera House, I attended with Frau Schumanie, the Director of the

summer school, with whom I became acquainted in August of '67.

I have no recollection of the opera performed that night. The fashionably dressed Frau Schumanie sat in her subscription seat in the orchestra, and I sat high up in a back row of the fifth balcony clad in a ski parka and stocking cap.

After the performance we walked and talked in German for a short while. We crossed the wide Ring Strasse in front of the Staatsoper, then said our good-byes, thank yous and good nights. The lovely, friendly Frau Schumanie from Klessheim Sommersprachschule caught her bus back home.

The significance of our February evening at the opera in Vienna has increased as the years have passed.

1.21



Poison Hemlock
Conium maculatum

The phrase "the unexamined life is not worth living" is attributed to Socrates (c. 470-399 BC) by his student Plato. It means that existing without questioning one's values, and purpose reduces one's life.

Examinations of the lives of others might prove as accurate as examining one's own. How much is lost looking at others? Well, how much do we not see in ourselves?

In the first 4,000 words of these brief memoirs, we've encountered some 50 named individuals, each open, however cursory, to examination. Hey! Socrates. Before you swallow the hemlock, answer this: "Why should one examine only one's self?" Perhaps the golden rule is, "Do unto others as you see them doing unto each other."

The people we are, are those who have acted (insert preferred preposition phrase here) others.

1.22



Old & Rare Books in Rochester, NY

From 1990 until around 2005 I was an active participant in a great books reading and discussion group. Between six and ten of us met on the first Tuesday of each month between 5pm and 7pm in the conference room at John B.'s office in downtown Rochester, NY.

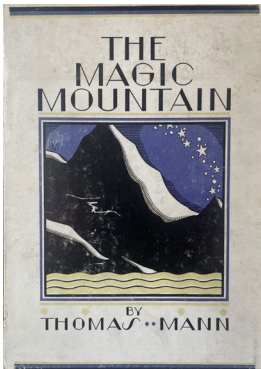
We read the texts and followed the discussion format prescribed by the University of Chicago's Great Books Foundation. Robert Maynard Hutchins, the then-president of The University of Chicago, and Professor Mortimer J. Adler, established the great books curriculum in 1931, and later co-founded the Great Books Foundation in 1947 to expand this text-based, shared-inquiry seminar model to the general public.

One summer we read *The Magic Mountain* by Thomas Mann. I read an English translation from a cloth-bound two-volume boxed set, published in 1938, and purchased from Greenwood Books on East Avenue for \$35 minus Franlee's regular-customer discount.

The story of *The Magic Mountain* resonated. It spoke to the self-absorption I remember experiencing in Austria during the Vietnam war. Mann's protagonist is Hans Castorp, a 23-year-old German engineer and trainee shipbuilder from Hamburg. At the start of the tale he intends to visit his cousin for three weeks at a Swiss alpine sanatorium, and ends up staying for seven years!

cf. 1.19 & 1.20

1.22.1



The Magic Mountain
1927, 1938 ed.

I'll paraphrase Mann's introduction of the Hans Castorp character, early in the book:

A man lives not only his personal life, but also the life of his epoch. He may regard the foundations of his existence as definitely settled and taken for granted, far from assuming a critical attitude toward them. Yet it is conceivable that he may be vaguely conscious of the deficiencies of his epoch and find them prejudicial to his own well-being.

All sorts of personal aims, ends, hopes, prospects hover before the eyes of the individual, and out of these he derives the impulse to ambition and achievement. If the life about him be at bottom empty of such food for his aspirations, if he privately recognizes it to be hopeless, then a certain laming of the personality is bound to occur which may even extend from his spiritual and moral over into his physical and organic part.

In an age that affords no satisfying answer to the eternal question of "Why?" a man who is capable of achievement over and above the average must be equipped either with a moral remoteness or an exceptionally robust vitality. Hans Castorp had neither of these, and thus he must be considered mediocre, though in an entirely honorably sense. (Mann, 1927. 1938 ed. Pp 41&42).

Thomas Mann began to write *The Magic Mountain* in 1914 and finished in the 1920s. The vague deficiency he referred to was, most likely, World War I, its pending doom and its aftermath. Prior to that war, Europe was a paternalistic society ruled by houses of royalty. Sons of the late Victorian era blamed their fathers for sending them off to war.

1927. 1938 ed. Mann, Thomas. *The Magic Mountain*, Alfred A. Knoph, New York.

1.5



Earthrise

This iconic "Earthrise" photograph was taken by NASA astronaut William Anders on December 24, 1968.

He captured the famous image using a modified Hasselblad camera during the Apollo 8 mission, which was the first crewed spacecraft to successfully orbit the Moon.

William Anders comment on "Earthrise:" "We came all this way to explore the moon," and instead "we discovered the earth."

2.00



The Federal Building Rochester, NY
1889

The Federal Building on Church Street in Rochester, NY was designed in the Office of the Supervising Architect of the United States Treasury under Mifflin E. Bell. The Rochester firm of Harvey & Charles Ellis served as the local superintendent of construction which began in 1885 and was completed in 1889.

In September 1970 Mom and Dad dropped me off in the early morning at the Federal Building on Church Street. I'd board a chartered bus with forty others and travel to Buffalo where we'd be inducted into the US Army.

That afternoon we flew to Fort Dix, NJ for six weeks of basic training and testing. The training was a clich  , and an accurate one. Push-ups, drill sergeants, KP, cleaning the barracks, polishing brass buttons and so on. More novel was the testing. The government wanted to know specific things about their new recruits. They learned what they wanted to know by asking a barrage of questions, to which the government already knew the answers. Then the system placed the soldiers in activities best suited to the recruits and the commanders both.

The whys and wherefores of the test questions and were not as obvious as they were later, the usual true and false, identifying shapes and sounds, adding strings of numerals, repeating back patterns of beeps and tweets, etc.

To make a long story short, scores, whatever they were, no one passed or failed these tests, and the ability to speak German, shunted Pvt Forward off to the Signal School at Ft, Monmouth, NJ to learn how to operate and repair line-of-sight microwave radios.

A microwave radio network had been sending line-of-sight signals back and forth throughout South Vietnam in the late 1960s. It provided troops there with a first-of-its-kind version of direct dial long distance telephone communication within Vietnam.

By 1970, however, the microwave system in Vietnam had been dismantled along with the on-going withdrawal of US ground forces.

After six months at the Signal School in New Jersey, Sp4 Forward was ordered to a company headquarters in Munich, West Germany.

In Europe the radio equipment was not as up-to-date as in Southeast Asia, but the idea was the same. The allied forces had their own somewhat primitive long distance telephone system that connected West Germany with the continental US.

My turn at tuning radios was cut short when, in the winter of 1971, I reported for duty on the ski patrol at the Armed Forces Recreation Center in Berchtesgaden, West Germany.. Poor snowfall that year curtailed the skiing and the need for ski patrolmen. So, I was ordered to a desk job as a clerk typist for an Air Force Lieutenant Colonel at the Recreation Center.

2.01



The Berchtesgadner Hof Hotel
1942

The Berchtesgadener Hof was an historical hotel in the Bavarian Alps in Berchtesgaden. Acquired and remodeled by the Nazis in 1936, it served as a primary guest house for visiting party dignitaries, high-ranking officers, and officials. It became the iconic headquarters for Easy Company ,

(E Company, 2nd Battalion, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division) upon liberating the area in 1945.

Nazi Era: It housed prominent figures visiting Adolf Hitler's Berghof, including Neville Chamberlain and Erwin Rommel. Eva Braun also lived there before moving into the Berghof.

U.S. Occupation: After WWII, it served as a luxury Armed Forces Recreation Center (AFRC) for the U.S. Army for a number of decades until it closed in 1995.

Current Status: The famed hotel building was torn down in 2006 to make way for the Haus der Berge (the Berchtesgaden National Park visitor center).

At the AFRC headquarters building, the office down the hall from the Commanding Officer's office was called Hotel Operations, a suite of three rooms, Captain B's office, a reception and secretary's office and next to that Seargent W's office with three or four NCO desks . . . (to be continued)

2.02

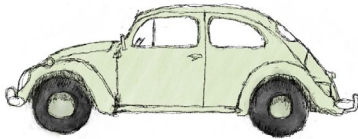


4180 St. Paul Blvd.
2020

The address of our old home in Irondequoit, NY was 4180 St. Paul Boulevard. Living along a four-lane street in the 1950s offered a good spot each fall to sit on the sidewalk and count the new model-year cars, a '57 Fairlane 500, a Chevy Bel-Air, a Silver Hawk (probably a visitor from Syracuse or Buffalo), a Buick Roadmaster and so on. The latest models from Detroit marked the passing year. A week later, after sighting most of the new ones, we went back down to the gully, creek and woods.

It was still September 1956, but Tommy and I understood that the new cars were actually '57s. Acceptance was, back then, the greater part of our understanding of how things worked.

2.03



Volkswagen, c.1955

Among a clerk's duties in the Recreation Area in Berchtesgaden was to fetch the company VW each morning and drive it to headquarters. The German nationals who manned the motor pool kept the old '55 bug, for obvious reasons, in tip-top shape.

Career NCOs and officers at the rec area had their own American cars shipped over from the States. The first Sargent drove a black and yellow Dodge Charger with over-sized rear tires. Major L. had a gun-metal gray Ford LTD Country Squire with faux mahogany side and back panels. The chaplain and his wife tooled around Bavaria in a sky-blue four-door Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham, but only on village roads that were wide enough.

Sp4 Forward was left at HQ as the sole driver of the lime-green Beetle. He made trips to the dry cleaners, weekly visits to the US hotels to empty the penny, nickel, dime and quarter slot machines, and an occasional drive to the train station to check on a general's arrival who might be coming down from Stuttgart for a few days R&R with the family.

2.04



Maria Gern & The Watzman, 1970

On workday lunch hours in the spring and summer Tim & Terry were free to take the VW into the countryside for picnics. A meadow adjacent to the Maria Gern shrine overlooking the Berchtesgaden valley was their favorite spot.

There two fateful companions enjoyed each other's company. They lunched, laughed and launched their life together.



D I S P A T C H E S

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