

FRIEDA VOIGT IN MEMORIAM



On September 5, 1973 Professor Frieda Voigt passed away in San Rafael California where she had resided since June, 1971. She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. William Epstein. Prof. Voigt was born Frieda Meyer on January 29, 1899 in Chicago. In 1925 she married Rudolf Voigt (1899-1956), noted German-American poet and writer.

A graduate of the National German Teachers' Seminary in Milwaukee, Frieda Voigt taught English in Nebraska, and was subsequently appointed to the German faculty at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee. She earned her B.A. degree in 1922, and her M.A. from the University of Wisconsin in 1937. A member of the MLA, AAUP, AAUW, Central States MLTA, and the Milwaukee Historical Society, Prof. Voigt helped organize the Wisconsin Chapter of the AATG, and served as third vice-president of the national AATG. She was active in the functions of the National German Teachers' Seminary Alumni Association, the Wisconsin Sprach- und Schulverein, and the Milwaukee Goethe Haus. In 1967, Prof. Voigt retired from her position at the Milwaukee Center of the University of Wisconsin at which she had served as acting chairman of the German Department from 1941 to 1946.

Frieda Voigt was an active supporter of the Society for German-American Studies and of scholarship in the area of German-American culture. A personal acquaintance of numerous German-American poets and writers, Prof. Voigt

authored several scholarly articles which appeared in American and Canadian journals.

Although this editor did not have the privilege to meet Frieda Voigt in person, he did enjoy a short correspondence with her. The warmth and grace of Frieda Voigt's letters reveal some of the traits of a woman of dedication, gentle humor, and devotion to the beauty of nature, of poetry, and of life. Her life has served not only as an inspiration to her students, colleagues, and friends, but also to the poetic art of her talented husband whose beautiful love lyrics represent a memorial to her existence.

R. E. W.

VIELLEICHT KEHRE ICH ZURÜCK

Vielleicht kehre ich zurück
Abends. Leichter wie Vögel
In Träumen schwingend. Azur.
Heimatstadt, Kinderglück —
Verblasste Spur.

Ein Licht wartet verlassen.
Fluss, Gärten, und Wälder —
Hymne im Windakkord.
Mild duftende Felder.

Die Dorfgasse verbleicht.
Die Zigeuner geigen.
Blaue Aster zuletzt,
Verrauscht Sommer in Zweigen.
Wo bist du jetzt...

Anna Krommer
Washington, D. C.