

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.