

My dear Giulia!

Sewing, knitting, making beds, cleaning and dishes. This is my fate for ten days (vacation from school). Until now I actually enjoyed it. With this wonderful weather we are having, mother and I go out every afternoon to sit under the large pear tree, knitting up a storm while grandma is reading to us from a nice book. Isn't this just wonderful? But I am afraid that after a while, and should the weather change, I will start to get bored and then vacation will seem unpleasant- ugh. And how are you, dear Tschull? I want to believe the best. So far I still haven't been able to get any certain news (from hospital).

Good bye for today with most friendly greetings from Margrit.

Sept.4th Hi Tschull! Remember when you had asked me for my account of the (school) excursion and whether you may read it? Of course you should have it dear Tschull. I am sure you will understand that if I am sending it to you now it is not to seem important or such, no, only because you had been asking for it - only because I wanted to give you some small pleasure.

Here it is: Hiking trip to Berniese Alps, vacation 1941. Monday, Aug. 4th. Early morning 5:30 much to do at the train station. We are leaving today with heavy backpacks, with walking cane and mountain boots, a little band of gay hikers (Wandervegel). Soon we board the express train to carry us out of our hometown -out into an uncertain morning. How will the weather behave? Fine mist is covering the meadows. The forest appear darkly but we are in good spirits full of expectations. Zurich! Change trains! On we go down to Aargau to Baden-Aarau-Olten. There is singing a fast accordion. Our fun songs are shortening the trip considerably as well as the jokes: "Do you know why Mr. Fischer (music teacher) is shaving his head? He is advertising the Shiny Mountain (Schynige Platte) - said Mr. Wiederkehr (homeroom teacher), "but in a week he will already have again some Grindelwald (Wald=forest). We all laughed.

This first part is a little short and meager but continuation will follow soon. Time to go to bed.

Bye bye Margrit.