

a glance into the class-room I saw that you were not yet there. So I waited in the corridor in front of the classroom. The windows were wide open and the air was filled with the smell of spring, with the laughter and talk of girls of all ages.

And there you came looking lovely as always. The moment we saw each other, we both started to run into each other's arms. We were unable to speak, but looked at each other and your big eyes filled with tears- an unusual sight- they were always so full of merriment. I too could not help crying and for a moment we stood embraced like that. Then we took our hankies, dried our ~~tear~~ eyes, blew our noses and went into the classroom. The girls looked at us curiously, probably thinking us mad to be affected so much by the election of a Reichspräsident, whom we did not like!

This minute when we stood embraced, silently crying, has become for me the picture of ^{our} friendship, of any ~~our~~ friendship. There was no necessity of talk: Hindenburg as Reichspräsident meant the destruction of all our hopes for Germany, a deep disappointment, an overwhelming sense of shame filled us.

In this moment we had unclear and dim-a vision of the time to come. We knew beyond doubt, though we forgot it later, that Germany had entered the road to her own destruction and disgrace. And dimly we felt too, that our own lives would be affected, terribly affected, by Germany's fate. We forgot it later but this moment was profound knowledge.

And in spite of the great unhappiness and misery, we experienced the ~~extreme~~ ~~exquisite~~ ecstasy of friendship, felt the solace of sharing our grief. We felt the supreme elation of ~~being~~ being one in an emotion which was greater than ourselves.