

Writing something ...



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In his memoir *Aus meiner Kindheit und Jugendzeit* (*From my childhood and Adolescence*) Albert Schweitzer (1875 - 1965) recalled the scene, certainly it was told him when he grew up, when he was just a new-born baby being held in his mother's arms. The visiting women from the neighbourhood came to visit. They caught sight of a baby with a small yellowish face and he was in weak health. Apparently they were somehow taken aback, because they "ergingen sich alle in verlegenen Redensarten", i.e. all of them started chattering in voices high and low and what they talked about were full of platitudes that made the mother feel really awkward.