

### **Marriage to Daggie**

Slowly it became clear to me that I could not live like that any longer. I needed a family of my own. One night, in my dreams, I heard Marianne say, "Marry Daggie." I had seen Dagmar Franck quite often and was deeply touched by her wonderful kindness and compassion. I therefore went to Opa Franck and asked for her hand.

We had a long walk. Opa warned me of the rising tide of anti-Semitism and the coming of the Nazis, but I told him I had taken my stand as an anti-Nazi and had written a counter-declaration for our Gilde and youth movement. He still believed I was very unwise but let Daggie decide. So your mother and grandmother accepted me. Voted by her class the least likely to marry, she married first and became my beloved wife and companion in the summer of 1930 (see Figures 46 and 47).

My father, my brothers and Olga were first stunned by my marriage to a Jew but then stood by me all the way. My more-distant relatives were scandalized and wanted a family council to intervene. Only the old general, Konrad von Hippel, commander of the army in the Balkans during World War I, wrote me a lovely note and took my side. After a marriage ceremony before a registrar, we escaped to a North Sea Island for a quiet honeymoon; and nine months later our son, Peter, was born (March 31, 1931, see Figure 48).



46. Dagmar and Arthur von Hippel in their car in front of his parents house (1930)



47. Dagmar Franck von Hippel (1930)

48. Dagmar von Hippel with her first  
child (Peter, 1931)