

Peter M. Witt.

1993

IV.

Cello.

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SKETCHES FROM MY MEMORY. Volume 4.

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A concert by Pablo Casals on the cello in the Berlin Philharmonic may have influenced me. I went there as a little boy with my maternal grandfather, Franz von Mendelssohn, in the early 1920s; and I remember clearly how we two sat in the center of the first row of the grand concert hall. The small, broad-shouldered, already bald Casals put his long arms around his delicate instrument and brought forth so clear and beautiful tones, that I imagine I can still hear and enjoy them. His play is unique and characteristic for him; I heard his many times thereafter on records and live, - last as a conductor, in Marlborough, Vermont.

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1623 Park Drive, 27605

Liebste Müsel:

Hier ist wohl der letzte Band meiner Erinnerungen auf Englisch. Obwohl ich noch allerhand schreibe, wird es kaum noch ein Band werden, und man kann dann später eine zusätzliche Seite einheften. Ich hoffe, daß Du Dich damit amüsiert und vielleicht auch einiges Interessante findest.

Gerade bekamen wir 4 Bände der Erinnerungen von Hansi Haimberger, die mich sehr interessierten und unterhielten. Ein Mal sind Häuser und Leute drin, die mir auch gute bekannt sind, wie das Haus von Haimbergers in Grunewald, das gerade um die Ecke von unserem stand. Dann kommen Leute vor, die ich gut kenne, aber inzwischen beinahe vergessen habe, wie Onkel Dorl, der Vater von Mimi, Hansi, Nora, Franz und Momi, der früh an einem Magengeschwür starb, aber besonders nett auch mit uns Kindern war. Er plante, wie Wäuchen später, herrliche Abenteuer wie eine Höhle im Garten bei Haimbergers, in der wir sogar ein Mal übernachten durften. Es machte enormen Spaß.

Dann kommt der Krieg und die Nazi Zeit, bei der wir beide verschiedene Wege gingen, aber doch zu gleicher Zeit und im gleichen Lande. Darüber haben wir uns nie unterhalten, und das Meiste ist mir neu. Es kommt dann wieder eine Überschneidung unserer Leben, als ich für Aurikel mit Tochter Daniela eine Einladung nach Canada suchte, damit sie auswandern konnte. Als sie dort ankam, schrieb sie mir den ersten Brief als "Aurikel von Haimberger", da sie Hansi kurz nach der Ankunft in Canada heirathete. Nun hoffen wir sie in ihrer Normalumgebung im Sommer zu sehen, wenn wir unsere Fahrkarte vom vorigen Jahr dazu benutzen wollen, um nach Vancouver zu fliegen. Du kennst ja wenigstens Poodle, der ein gutes Beispiel der freundlichen Familie ist, und den ich von Berlin in nettester Erinnerung habe.

Nun beginnt es sich im Garten zu regen, gerade wenn man beinahe die Hoffnung aufgegeben hat. Die Camilien haben dicke Knospen, die Schneeglöckchen fangen an zu blühen, und Narzissen und Crocus kommen heraus;- hoffentlich auch bei Dir. Der Frühling ist doch immer sehr aufregend! Besonders gerne beobachte ich das Staudenbeet, wo dies Jahr sehr viele Pflanzen, besonders Malven (hollyhock) herauskommen. Wir werden ja mit unseren Bauunternehmen sicher noch etwa ein Jahr hier wohnen und Alles genießen können.

Fred ist nach Neu Mexiko abgeflogen, wo er eine Woche in der Wüste meditieren will, und wir haben das Planen etwas unterbrochen. Inzwischen bringt Richard uns die herrlichsten Cataloge von Kücheneinrichtungen, wo einem wirklich das Wasser im Mund zusammenläuft. Es macht mir Spaß zu denken, daß wir im Alter noch eine neue Küche kennenlernen. In 3 Tagen erwarten wir Mümple und Rick, und dasrauf freuen wir

uns auch enorm. Wir hoffen von ihnen Gedanken für den Neubau zu bekommen. Und in kurzer Zeitr wirst Du hier sein!!! Ganz herrlich!!!

Der kleine Robi rief heute an, und es scheint in Deutschland mit der Erbschaft gut voranzugehen, wenn es auch noch ein paar Wochen dauern wird, bis das Geld kommt. Ich mische mich nicht ein, weil so Viele bereits ungeduldig sind und sich in meinem Sinne einmischen. Und der unglückliche Rechtsanwalt von Onkel Robi, der an der Quelle sitzt, an schneller Erledigung interessiert ist, da er bisher Alles umsonst mit Hoffnung auf Belohnung gemacht hat, wenn das Geld kommt. Es scheinen tausende von Anträgen und Auszahlungen in Deutschland vor sich zu gehen, und die Behörden kommen nicht mehr hinterher. Ich wünschte es wäre schon Alles vorbei. Jeder gibt bereits Geld aus, das er noch nicht hat, und Robi regt sich auf, daß er eine einmalige Handschrift eines Componisten bei einer Auktion nicht kaufen kann, weil das Geld noch nicht da ist.

Vor drei Tagen nahm ich Bodenproben auf dem neuen Grundstück, sodaß wir den Boden richtig corrigieren können, wenn die Zeit kommt. Ich fand viele Steine im Untergrund, aber ein Nachbar, der Sachverständig ist, sagt daß man es ohne Schwierigkeiten ausgraben kann, wenn die Fundamente gelegt werden. Wir wollen auf die leere Wiese viele Büsche und Bäume aus der Knightdaler Baumschule pflanzen.

Am Sonntag war eine Ausstellung mit Stichen von drei Damen, eine Frau Reuer, die mit einer neuen Technik wirklich sehr schöne Sachen macht. Nachher war ein Buffet bei Marsdens, die gerade um die Ecke wohnen, und es war besonders nett und gutschmeckend. Ein Herr Johnson, der im großen weissen Haus um die Ecke wohnt, interviewte mich über Kochen. Er ist besonders an Kräutern interessiert, will mir einen Lorbeerbaum verkaufen. Sie gaben uns vor 3 Jahren gute Empfehlungen nach Ägypten und sind überhaupt sehr nett.

Hoffentlich heizt Dein Häuschen bei der Kälte sich gut und Du genießt Dein Leben. Ich freue mich schon auf baldige "gebildete Unterhaltungen!" Auf baldiges Wiedersehen, tausend Grüße und gute Wünsche, Dein

Pete.

Cello.

During 65 of my 73 years,- with interruptions during the Second World War,- I have played the cello. It has played a part in all the ups and downs of my life; it has been a constant source of joy. The instruments, the teachers, and the people I played with have changed several times; but after I had started the cello after 3 years of piano lessons, I did not want to play anything else. The cello, its size, range and sound became so important to me, that I hear the cello part distinctly out of any orchestral music; its range has become the range in which I hear best. The practice in the ~~left~~ ^{right} hand, which presses on the strings, and in the ~~right~~ ^{left} hand, which moves the bow, have lead to different developments of muscles and nerves in both hands.

I remember that we all four Witt children started piano lessons early, and we participated in recitals. My first piano teacher was a Miss Steinmetz in Berlin, whom I rather liked. At home we practiced under the supervision of a governess. At the frequent recitals in Miss Steinmetz' apartment in West Berlin, I met friends and cousins of mine; and on the sofa in the corner of the old-fashioned living room sat Miss Steinmetz' revered mother. She poured tea for everybody, and we greeted her with a bow, or the girls with a curtsy. Once a year all we children played for my grandfather in his music room. We were usually about 10 grandchildren; and we as well as our teachers were judged by him. When he was satisfied, he gave each one a silver 5 Mark coin,- for us a large present

From the beginning of the music lessons it had been made clear to us that the piano was only a first step. One day we would be allowed to choose the instrument we wanted to play. My oldest sister Motte and my younger brother Detlef soon dropped out. Sister Enole stayed with the piano and added singing, in both of which she performed beautifully throughout her short life. I decided at about 8 years of age that I wanted to play the cello. It was one of many firm decisions, which I made without much knowledge, and which proved to be lasting and right.

A concert by Pablo Casals on the cello in the Berlin Philharmonie may have influenced me. I went there as a little boy with my maternal grandfather, Franz von Mendelssohn, in the early 1920s; and I remember clearly how we two sat in the center of the first row of the grand concert hall. The small, broad shouldered, already bald Casals put his long arms around his delicate instrument and brought forth so clear and beautiful tones, that I imagine I can still hear and enjoy them. His play is unique and characteristic for him; I heard him many times thereafter on records and live,- last as a conductor, in Marlborough in Vermont.

The first cello teacher was a small man with a crown of hair like a wreath around a bald top; his name was Ewel Stegmann. I rented a cello of three quarter size, a beautiful old instrument with inlaid mother of pearl roses. My hands were still too small to play a full-sized instrument. I never became a very skilled player or anything close to professional, but I never got tired of hearing the low tones of the cello and to play, mostly with others, trio or quartet. Much of the fun consisted in learning new pieces, and of following one of the great composers through the ups and downs of their compositions. I believe that I would not have enjoyed concerts as much as I did, if I had not explored music by way of playing it myself.

Mr. Stegmann's teaching ended suddenly. When we played one year as usual with my cousins for my grandfather, he criticized something I did, - I do not remember what it was. It may have just been that I beat the rhythm with my foot, which many players do when they practice. It was strictly forbidden in our family. It seems in retrospect that Mr. Stegmann contradicted my grandfather, and an argument ensued. We did not hear the end, because either we were asked to leave the room, or the two elders left. I never learned about the further discussion. But I am quite certain that as a consequence of the argument Mr. Stegmann was asked to leave, and not to teach me any further. Another teacher was hired.

As far as I remember my next teacher was a white-haired lady called Mrs. Premyslav-Stoltz. She had lived for a long time with her husband in South Africa and had just returned to Berlin. She had written a textbook for the cello-pupil, where numbered measures introduced the pupil to ever increasing skills. She was very systematic, and I had every week one or two new measures to practice; at the end of the week she would listen to the results. One was only permitted to go on, when one had mastered the last measure; usually one proceeded each week through one or two new measures. This sounds very boring, but I liked the method and practiced conscientiously every week. I believe that, when one had reached the last of several hundred measures, one would be expected to have become an accomplished player. This never happened to me. I liked the gentle old lady and would have gone on like that for a long time, but the lessons ended, either because she left Germany (as many Germans did in the 30s), or I left for my new school in the Black Forest (see chapter "Schools").

What I had learned on the piano as a small child stayed with me for the rest of my life. I had never played the piano very well; but notes appeared in my visual memory as black and white piano keys,- never as positions on a string. This experience is not unique, and I have heard from others that they have similar inner visual pictures.

When I entered the boarding school of Birklehof in the Black Forest, I found that music played an important part in the life of the school. Once a week a cello teacher, Mr. Edelstein, came by train from Freiburg and gave lessons to a number of pupils. After a while Mr. Edelstein disappeared, probably because of Hitler's increasing antisemitism. I hope that he arrived well in some country away from Germany; I never heard again from him. A room-mate for one trimester and friend, Heiner Westphal, played the cello skilful and very beautiful; I never reached the height of his accomplishment. Recently I learnt in a telephone conversation with him in Germany that he still plays.

Between lessons we practiced in special, sound-proofed rooms. Some of us played together trios or quartets, and we all were members of the school orchestra. I enjoyed playing with the orchestra, as little as I enjoy listening to orchestral music. Probably my ear is more geared toward melodic lines, rather than to the great harmonies. Chamber music was always my great source of joy, to play as well as to listen to. It was particularly nice to be one of a small group of players, and the few instruments together sounded better than mine alone. Now, nearly 60 years later, I still attend every chamber music concert.

While the school encouraged our playing, they never exerted pressure; and I liked to play even during the vacations in Berlin. I met with Wolfgang Klingler, an accomplished piano player and distant cousin by marriage, in his parents' house in Berlin, and with him on the piano and his sister with the violin, we played among others many of the Haydn trios. I remembered them well, when we started to play the same pieces now again with a friend from Durham, North Carolina. One of my oldest friends, Sigi von Buch, played the violin with me then, and again recently, and my cousin Marthchen Kempner, now Camfield, joined our group for a while.

I had now a different instrument from the one I had started with. When I outgrew the 3/4 cello, I was given on loan a very beautiful French cello, which my grandfather had originally bought for his son Robert von Mendelssohn to learn. Whether Robert ever played, I do not know; I never heard him on the cello. I was given to understand that the good instrument was a loan, which could stay with me as long as I wished. The cello had a grand sound, which was not easy to produce, and it was probably meant to be used for concert performances. To play it well required a special effort; but when treated right, it filled a large room with a clear, pure sound.

The French cello is now played by a niece, who is a professional cellist and a student of Janos Starker, the cello virtuoso who is known for his strong tone.

The box which protects the instrument and which is used to carry the cello around, is always important. This cello had a light box of bent plywood, decorated with labels from hotels and railroads from all over the world. I was fond of box and instrument, and I had gotten accustomed to both.

After the war, in the late 1940s, my much younger cousin Enole von Haimberger, called Mommi, had started to play the cello. She was keen on playing this particular instrument, and following her wish, I left it with her.- I had observed in her the onset of multiple sclerosis at around 18 years of her age, and this together with other considerations moved me to leave the cello in Tübingen with her. When I went to America for good in 1956, her disease had gotten so bad that there was no hope that she would ever play the cello again. Reluctantly she asked me to take it to America; we agreed that she could ask for it back, whenever she felt better and wanted it.

In Manlius, where we lived first when we came to the United States in 1956, I learned one day that a young cellist and teacher, Frederic Miller, had moved with his family into the house across the street from ours. One day I walked over, introduced myself to Fred, and asked him whether he would give me lessons. This was the beginning of several years of friendship and, for me, new enthusiasm for playing the cello. Inge and I played regularly trio and quartett, either with Charlie and Trudy Reed, who played both the recorder, or with Marcel Wellner, who was an accomplished player of the alto recorder. The various evenings and Sunday afternoons of playing mainly baroque chamber music, were most enjoyable. We became so accustomed to each other's play, that I felt that I could foresee, how each of the others would interpret a specific passage.

As the only player, who had his mouth free to speak, I was in the habit of counting at the start, and of helping others when they had lost their place. Though my skills were relatively primitive, I held my own in chamber music combinations. To make music gave me great pleasure. I also enjoyed becoming familiar with many composers through playing their music. Inge and I established a habit of playing the two of us together, mostly sonatas by Beethoven Mendelssohn and many others,- something which we still pursue.

Suddenly I received a letter from my dying cousin in Germany, that she had decided to give the cello to a niece, who wanted to study to become a professional cellist. I wrote a long letter back, in which I pointed out that in all these years I had become accustomed to this cello and liked to play it; it would be difficult for me to handle a new instrument. I would like to keep it and buy a new cello for her niece, which she could select. The answer to that was short and clear: "Send the cello back to Germany immediately!" I said good bye to the instrument with a heavy heart. It was shipped air mail for about \$ 1,000.-, and I heard nothing further.

Years later I met the instrument again, when in 1987 my cousin Robi Bohnke celebrated his 60th birthday in Tübingen. Our niece, who now had become a professional cellist, played it for Robi, and its tone sounded immediately familiar to me. I felt excited about meeting it again. The young lady was rather bored when I told her how much I enjoyed hearing the familiar sounds. But she seemed to like playing it and used the loud, open tone to fill the hall with the great sound, which she had learned to produce from her teacher Janos Starker. It was obviously appreciated.

For me arose the question, how to get a new cello, if I wanted to continue to play. A friend of ours, Wolfgang Fuchs, a professor of mathematics in Ithaca, N.Y., offered me the loan of a lovely instrument, which he had inherited from his father, and he did not use. According to him it was an old German instrument from Mittenwald, a town well-known for its string instrument makers. It contained a label with date and name of the maker, and he regarded it as quite valuable. It was easy to play and made a gentle and beautiful sound. A special attraction was a magnificent leather case, which, though heavy to carry, made travel with it low risk. After having played it for a while and getting accustomed to it, the Fuchs' offered to sell it to me.

Inge and I thought it a good idea to buy the cello, but we wanted to make sure that the Fuchs' got their money's worth. Without telling anybody, I travelled with the cello to New York. There I consulted a well-known cello maker and dealer, Mr. Français. He took one look at the instrument and said: "This is a copy of an old German cello. It has no great monetary value, even if it is good to play, because the price is mainly determined by its history and name. The leather box would be more valuable than the instrument, if one considered selling both."

I felt that I could not tell the Fuchs' about the disappointing value of their cello;- rather told them that I could get another one easily. Instruments which François in New York had to sell, and which were nice to play and had a good tone, cost \$ 7,000.- and more; they were out of my reach. I still wanted a cello of my own, which I would be able to play and enjoy for years to come. When I discussed this with the head of the music department of Syracuse University, who played the violin, he advised me to look whether I could not find a good modern cello. It would cost little, and in his experience there were several very good ones around. After calling François in New York again, I travelled there to inspect a selection of brandnew celli, which he had assembled.

First I played two beautiful old celli, which I really enjoyed to play. It surprised me again how strongly I felt the quality of the instrument. I am convinced that I am not very musical, but years of playing had made me sensitive to differences between instruments. Then I tried a new , Portuguese cello, just made a year ago by Antonio Capella and never owned or played by anybody, and it felt immediately right to me. It did not have a great tone; but as I do not play oñ stage, that did not matter. But the tone was warm and clear and sounded wonderful to me. The lower notes did not sound, but my cello teacher, Frederick Miller in Syracuse, informed me that this was usual in new instruments, and the range would extend soon. By now I have played this cello for over 30 years, and it sounds beautiful and I like it very much.

At that time one had learned to bend fibre glass into all kinds of shape. A fibre glass box is not only strong, but it is also very light. I was able to buy a fibre glass case for the new cello in New York; this made transport easy from now on.

The Syracuse music professor, who had advised me to look at a new cello, had also recommended that I spend money on a very good bow. Such a bow would make playing relatively easy, and would help in the production of a good sound. A Mr. Vidoudez in Geneva was known as seller of particularly good bows, and I used the summer in Switzerland (see "travels") to visit him several times. He was an old acquaintance of my mother's family. I had written him in advance, and I used the opportunity of my stay in Charnex to go and see his bows.

Inge and I arrived in Geneva and went to our appointment with Vidoudez. His was an elegant shop, and we could see and handle many good looking bows, some with lovely ornaments of flowers, inlaid in mother-of-perl. He told us that Pablo Casals, my idol, had just left after having his cello repaired. This lent an extra magic to the moment.

One bow I liked most, from the first moment when I held it in my hand. It was impossible to say why, but it seemed to me that it was good to hold, and it produced a particularly pleasant sound. Mr. Vidoudez smiled when I showed him what I had selected. He told me that it was a relatively old bow and was made by the famous French bow maker Voirin; he showed me documentation for it. It was the most valuable of all the bows which he had in the shop. I believed him. We agreed on a price, and he handed me the bow in a nice box together with the papers.

Happily I carried the bow home, first to Chernex, and later to the United States. With the exception of a short period of time, when new hair had to be strung, I have played with this bow ever since. I have shown it to professional cellists, and they confirmed my favorable judgement. The combination of the modern, relatively modest cello with the extravagant and glamorous bow has been enjoyed by me ever since.

I have found that, beyond the pleasure of making music, the cello has had other benefits. I use it to get better acquainted with a specific composer, when I play his music. Inge and I have for example explored many Beethoven cello sonatas or the cello concerti by Felix Mendelssohn. Frequently my lacking skill makes me to play slower than intended, but I feel that I have gained insight into the intricacies of a composers mind, if I have practiced his pieces. Concerts evenings have become more exciting, when I "know" the composer.

There is also the joy of playing together in chamber music, when one meets people in a different from the usual way, as in a conversation. I still regard myself as a predominantly visual person, but I have spent long hours with playing and listening to music with great joy. I find making music a good occupation, as I get older; and this seemingly "useless" pursuit with the cello lights up my life in old age.

A Few Memorable Trips.

Only a few of the many trips, which I- like anybody else- took during my lifetime, seem worth a description. Most were taken many years ago; they are still alive in my memory, either through the circumstances or through the places where I went. Many trips were undertaken for the purpose of attending a scientific meeting, or to work on a research project. Each time there was an opportunity to look around, observe country and people, and explore history and art of the place.

Altogether I took two trips to South America, where I had the opportunity to see several countries. A trip which I took in the company of my friend Charlie Reed has left particularly pleasant memories, because we were two together and could exchange observations and ideas, and we could tell each other what we had observed. This particular trip originated with an invitation, which I received from the Instituto Butantan: they planned a meeting at the institute in the outskirts of Sao Paulo in Brazil; I was invited to present a paper at a symposium on animal venoms. I was to summarize the literature on poisonous spiders, while other scientists would report on snakes, toads, insects and sea animals. The spiders, not their venoms, were my field of competence; but I appeared to be the only one who could put together the desired contribution.

The Instituto Butantan had for years specialized in the production of antivenoms, mainly for the treatment of snake bite. They kept many poisonous snakes in special cages; the animals were regularly "milked" of their venom, and the substances were injected into animals like cows and horses, where the antibodies were formed. The serum was sent out over the whole world to treat snake bites.

The sale of serum had become so successful, that one began to look around for other animals, which administered poisonous bites, for which treatment was needed. Spiders, together with insects, toads and sea animals were candidates for the new ventures. I was invited to review the relevant literature; the invitation was based on my knowledge of spiders and experience with drugs, -, but as everybody else I knew very little about spider venoms. The invitation came together with a check for a honorarium, which would make it possible for me to undertake the trip.

Charlie Reed and I flew to Rio de Janeiro, where we stayed for 2 days. I had always been told, that this was one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and I was anxious to see it. We walked along the elegant Copacabana beach on the white sand in front of modern apartment houses; the sidewalks were inlaid with mosaic stones. From the hotel window we could observe samples of the Brazilian national pastime, football.

We swam from the wide beaches, which surround the city on many sides. Striking for visitors from North America, - where the integration had only just begun, - was the way the people in Brazil were unaware of differences between black and white. All sat together at the beach, and I assume that, if one had asked somebody whether his or her companion was black or white, they would have to look first. I was told that this went back over 100 years, when a Brazilian-Portuguese queen had decreed that there was to be no discrimination for color of skin. - We stayed only briefly in Rio, because another plane was to bring us soon to Sao Paulo.

The symposium in Sao Paulo was only one of the places we intended to visit. I spent a short time at the institute, and what I saw was very interesting. The people I met were mostly unusual, studying rather unpopular fields or were concerned with rare animals like toads, special fish and insects. I find it always particularly refreshing to talk to these scientists, who study unpopular subjects. It was nice to have a chance to look around the institute. I met a former German, who worked with spiders and had been in Brazil for many years; we had much in common about what to talk about. With a somewhat bad conscience I skipped several days of the symposium, so that Charlie and I could take an excursion to the sea side.

We rented a car for a day and drove down from the high plane to the sea. We passed Santos, the harbor town, from which much of the coffee is shipped. Along the way we saw banana plantations, and I learned something about growing bananas. I found out that the large, tree-like plants are cut back, after they have blossomed and borne fruit. In about a year a new tree grows from the root. - We went to a large, sandy beach and spent there most of the day, swimming, enjoying the sun, picknicking. On our return to Sao Paulo that evening we got into the rush hour, and it took hours to get to the downtown garage to turn in the car.

Through an exchange of letters over several months I had secured an invitation to a coffee plantation near Rolandia, in the center of the continent. Rolandia is a small town near Londrina, West of Sao Paulo, far away from the coast. This German settlement has a fascinating history: In the early 1930s, after Hitler came to power in Germany, many liberal democrats and jews were eager to leave their homes and emigrate. However, barriers had been created, which prvented transfer of German money abroad. An enterprising Scottish land company had bought large tracts of land in the middle of Brazil, and they offered some kind of deal to enterprising fleeing Germans.

For a relatively high price German emigrants could acquire Brazilian land and pay in German marks. One of the most prominent emigrants, who took advantage of the deal, was a former democratic government minister, Mr. Koch-Weser. There were also several Frankfurt Jewish families, friends of Inge's family, who had invested their money in Brazilian land. We were specifically invited by two families named Meier and Kaphan. He, Meier, had been a lawyer, she a gardener, and they had teamed up with the Kaphans, who had been large landowners and farmers in Pommern in North Germany. They had formed a partnership, in which the knowledge and skills of both couples were pooled in the establishment of a coffee plantation and coffee processing business.

To everybody's surprise they and several other families succeeded beyond all expectations,- after difficult beginnings,- and were now wealthy plantation owners living around Rolandia. We had been invited to visit the plantations.

When we arrived by airplane from Sao Paulo in Londrina, Mrs. Meier in a chauffeur driven car picked us up. We drove around the small town, saw the Roland statue in the market place, a copy of the one in Bremen, and other highpoints like the German school and theatre. We learned that there were many German speaking institutions, like a German library and movie house. Many years after the initial success, at the time we visited, there had arisen a problem with the younger generation: they had been born and were brought up in the middle of Brazil and felt foolish, when they were taught to behave and speak like Germans. We learned about this and met several young people,- but this did not interfere with our pleasure in the warm hospitality and interesting conversation of our hosts.

The house of the Meiers, where we arrived after a bumpy drive of about 2 hours, was a beautiful, one-story high, long structure, surrounded by large terraces and balconies. It stood in the middle of lush tropical growth. I was most impressed by the neat vegetable and fruit garden, which Mrs. Meier, the professional gardener, had designed.

I remember that we sat once on a bench under a huge avocado tree; we were told that some "pears" ripened all year round. In an orange grove different kind of oranges, grape fruit and lemon were planted, so that one could choose which taste one wanted to harvest on a specific day. Over the gate of the vegetable garden climbed a Maréchal Niel rose, a plant which I had before only seen in greenhouses. When I called this "the most beautiful garden in the world", Mrs. Meier was very pleased.

Special preparations for tea were made in the afternoon. We learned that Mrs. Koch-Weser, the widow of the founder, had announced her visit,- probably to inspect the strangers from abroad. She sat surrounded by children and grandchildren, and she appeared to us as a benevolent queen, who received a foreign delegation to her kingdom. We had a chance to observe in her family some of the tension between the generations.

The next morning the neighbor and partner of Mr. Meier and an experienced farmer from Pommern, took us in a jeep on an inspection tour of the plantations. At great speed we went up and down steep hills; the narrow road was lined by coffee bushes, which were higher than the car. The plants resembled North Carolina camellia bushes. We saw beans ripening on the plant, and were shown processing and washing of fruit, drying in the sun with regular turning by rake,- and the collection of prepared beans in large bags. The enterprising partners did not only roast the coffee, but they had also built a large plant, where they prepared instant coffee. In this way they could earn the extra money by selling the ready product directly to the supermarkets.

The whole impressed us as an efficient and productive operation. Maybe there was some tension caused by a lack of understanding between the workers and the owners. The former lived in large houses in comparative luxury, while the latter stayed with the whole family in one-room huts. For us it was interesting to see,- and any moral judgment from me would be presumptuous.

The last breakfast on the terrace in front of the Meier's house is unforgettable. Our breakfasting group was surrounded by humming birds in all colors, who had come to drink from glass bottles with sugar water, which hung from the roof. We ate fresh passion fruit, oranges, avocados and German bread and butter and drank the local coffee. Mrs. Meier gave me a passion fruit as a present to take home to Inge: she could eat it and sow the seeds in North Carolina. This would give Inge a chance to enjoy the delicious fruit too. However, I remember with dismay how the fruit was discovered at the customs inspection in New York; it was taken away, and I was severely reprimanded.

On the return trip to the Londrina airport we were accompanied by a Dr. Moritz Manasse, a brother of Mrs. Kaphan and professor of philosophy in Durham. He was a most interesting person to talk to, and this became the beginning of a lasting friendship with the Manasse family, which has held now for about 30 years.

The flight back to North America was uneventful, and the community of German expatriates in the Brazilian tropical forest soon became a pleasant memory. I never went back there, and by now it may have changed very much; most of the people we met have died.- Only a few years before did I have an opportunity for another, very different visit to South America,- and particularly to Brazil,- and I will describe that trip in the following pages.

It was around the year 1960 that an international congress was announced: the meeting was to be in Buenos Aires in Argentina. The preliminary program contained many interesting subjects, which attracted me in spite of my aversion to such large meetings; if I participated, I would have an opportunity to present some of my work to a large audience of scientists. I wrote to the National Science Foundation, whether they would support my travel, and I got a prompt affirmative answer. This was followed by a special stroke of luck: an airline advertised a \$ 200.- reduction in fare to South America, if the traveller would visit 5 different countries; it was an action to bolster tourism on the continent. On inquiry I learned that the foundation would support me for the full fare, so that there would be \$ 200.- extra for me to pay for accomodations.

Preparations for the trip began immediately. In particular I started to read about the history of the countries I was to visit, particularly about the conquest of Peru and about its treasures. The Inca and pre-Inca culture together with the Spanish architecture after the conquest seemed attractive to explore. For help I contacted a cousin of Inge's, who lived with her large family of husband, children and grandchildren in Lima. I received a friendly invitation. At the time of departure from New York my ticket permitted me to stop in Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Peru and Ecuador.

It was an interesting flight South over vast stretches of South America. There were mostly rain forests, but also a mountain range near the East coast, which was reminiscent of the Adirondacks and Blue Ridge, which I knew so well. There were many tempting places to stop along the way, but I preferred to stay longer in less places.

The first stop occurred in Rio de Janeiro. At my arrival at the hotel I was told, that a Dr. Castro was waiting for me. He was a scientist, who had done interesting experimental work with rats, and science administrators in Washington had asked me to take a look at his laboratories and report back. Were his procedures trustworthy? I had promised to visit him and report back. We met soon in the hotel lobby.

Dr. Castro had planned to show me the city, and his car stood ready outside the hotel. It was a most interesting sight-seeing trip, and I could observe without effort spectacular places in Rio. We went up the mountain to the enormous statue of Christ, which overlooked the city from the mountain top with its bays, hills and beaches. One observed the contrast between the luxury apartments on Condado beach, the suburban gardens and villas, and the shanty towns, which were built on steep slopes which threatened to disintegrate. Garbage was piled up next to the living quarters.

Throughout the tour I repeated the wish to see the laboratory,- but all I saw was a white speck in the distance, to be observed from the mountain top, and which he showed me as his place of work. I stayed hopeful until we arrived back at the hotel, and Dr. Castro disclosed that he had to hurry home, because his wife was sick. I never found out whether he followed a deliberate plan not to show his laboratory or whether he had failed to understand me.

The rest of the short stay in Rio was spent in walks around the city. There were many beautiful sites; and some parts looked like any European city. It seemed much too short a stay, when I had to go back to the airport to fly to Uruguay.

After a long flight and many delays I landed 9 hours late in Montevideo in Uruguay. The couple which expected me there had waited all the time, and I thought highly of their kindness and hospitality. What would I have done if they had left?

The names of the two acquaintances in Uruguay were Hans-Georg and Beatrice Tzschirner-von Ernest. She,- always called Bici,- was the sister of my old schoolfriend Joachim Adelsheim-von Ernest and the daughter of our beloved Tante Leni von Ernest. During my school years in the Black Forest Bici had been in her Twenties, and she had been active in the BDM, the Hitler organization for young girls. After World War II she found it advantageous to leave Germany together with a new husband, a former German officer. He had been a farmer before the war and had lost a leg in the shooting. They had both been opportunists, but as far as I know not Nazis, and they had never shown signs of antisemitic feelings. South America, and especially Uruguay, was at that time sympathetic to German immigrants. The Ernest family helped them to buy a farm in Uruguay, and the couple moved there around 1946 to start a new life devoted to agriculture. They did not see many visitors from the Northern hemisphere, and I had received a very cordial invitation to stay with them.

We greeted each other at the airport, and they recommended sightseeing in Montevideo now, because the farm was a four-hour drive away; later there would be little opportunity to go back from the farm into town. We did some sightseeing, particularly of the elegant hotels and residences along the fashionable beaches.

We visited a shop which sold precious stones. I wanted to find special semi-precious stones for Inge's jewelry making. The establishment, where I found what I was looking for, was in a busy downtown street, one floor up. It was supposed to have a large stone collection and an honest owner. Velvet covered trays were laid onto the counter, each tray containing many radiantly sparkling stones. They were separated into groups of similar size and value. I was particularly interested in amethysts with a cabuchon cut. I found and bought several good-looking stones of the right kind.

After that the seller told me to look at least at a few extraordinary amethysts of particular fire and clarity. These were impressive stones, and I decided to buy one as a special present. The price was high; I had it put together with the stones I had already bought.- To anticipate, when I came home a few weeks later I was unable to distinguish the special stone from the cheaper cousins. Had I just fallen for a dealer's suggestion? Or had the stone been secretly exchanged? I never found out. They now look all lovely to me, as they are set in a golden bracelet, which Inge made.

The drive to the farm, El Candil, was long and bumpy. I had begun to suffer from stomach upset, presumably as a consequence of eating unaccustomed food in Rio. During the ride it became pretty bad. A wonderful meal had been prepared for my arrival at El Candil; during the following days this was followed by other carefully planned treats from the farm: sausages, bread, vegetables, cheeses and fruit. A special program had been designed for a sequence of culinary treats during my stay. On the second day I had to announce that I was sick, and could take nothing but dry bread and unsweetened tea; the hosts were as disappointed as I, as we could not proceed according to the prepared program.

All other aspects of the visit were very enjoyable. The farm was well-run, and I admired the cattle, the pastures and fields, the pigs and poultry. Along the pastures wire fences were strung at some distance from the road; this prevented cattle from escaping, as it was moved along the road. I was told that land could be legally taken away from the owners, if it was not properly fenced. Everybody was forced to fence his property or lose it,- for the common good.

On the fence posts were bird nests built from a cement like material. Each nest contained two rooms, which I interpreted as bed- and living room.- I saw for the first of many times the grey shapes of the American ostrich (rhea Americana) mingling with the cattle. Years later I got better acquainted with them, when I kept them on my Knightdale farm.

The way of life of the Tzschirner couple was a mixture of European tradition and contemporary South American ways. The farm was partially run like a hacienda, and there were many German features like the treatment of the products: milk, cheese, meat (sausages) and bread. They invested in local real estate, for example showed me an apartment house nearby which they partially owned; and socially they met with many of the former Germans and Austrians, who had fled from the old world. I was taken to a dinner, where only German was spoken, and people addressed each other as "your highness" and "your grace" or "your reverence": references to old titles, which had been eliminated in Austria at the end of the First World War, more than half a century earlier. I felt comfortable with the kindness shown to me, but also somewhat strange among that outdated group.

After about a week in Uruguay, a plane brought me from Montevideo up along the La Plata river to Buenos Aires. The trip took about an hour. On arrival I was immediately surrounded by the bustle of the international congress. I talked with old acquaintances and met new people, who worked in mine and related fields. I remember small meals with interesting people, where, as a North American, I was always served beef, whatever I ordered in my shaky Spanish.

One day I found a surprise announcement: there would be a talk that evening, not on the official congress program, in which a physician from California would discuss spider webs and drugs. There seemed to be a good reason, that the talk was not on the program: slides of webs were shown, through which flies had flown and had left holes. The speaker interpreted these as drug effects. At the end of the discussion period, I identified myself, and asked a few questions. This seemed to embarrass the speaker briefly, but he recovered quickly. Afterwards we had a long talk together, and I stayed in touch for several years. However, no publications or further findings did ever appear. It confirmed previous experiences, namely that findings which would clarify the chemical basis of mental diseases would be so important, that people got carried away in seeing results, where none were.

The stay in Buenos Aires was made more pleasant for me through a Mrs. Louise Hertz, a former Berlin jeweller and aunt of Inge. She invited me to her house for a dinner for two, while her husband was travelling in Europe. The table was elegantly laid with large silver bowls and ornaments, which she had, according to her story, fetched from the bank safe for the time of the visit. Her timidity and instinct for preservation of the Berlin possessions was further demonstrated, when she showed me a cabbage, which was planted in front of the good-sized villa to demonstrate to passers-by, that they were poorer, than the house suggested.

Mrs. Hertz took me to a magnificent concert in an enormous hall, where the arriving people looked like ants crawling in at the bottom of the sky-high columns. This was the time of the dictator Peron, who had like Mussolini and Hitler a taste for overwhelming size. I found that just crossing one of the large boulevards in Buenos Aires as a pedestrian resembled an extended walk. The aunt also counseled me when I bought an antelope leather jacket for Inge; the well-cut and soft jacket is still worn with pleasure 30 years later. I talked with several North American colleagues, who complained bitterly about their unheated hotel rooms in the South American winter.

As soon as the congress was over, I continued my five-stop roundtrip with a flight from Buenos Aires on the East coast to Lima on the Pacific coast. We looked for hours down on enormous planes, until just before we reached the West coast the Andes mountains rose steeply to great heights. There was just a narrow strip of coastal land between the sea and the steeply rising, high mountains: the land where the Inkas had their long, narrow empire. On the plane were several scientists from North America, who followed a schedule similar to mine, and we agreed to travel together later from Peru to Ecuador.

As I disembarked from the plane in Lima, I heard my name announced over the loudspeaker. Three generations of a whole family, lead by Marianne Roessinck, Inge's cousin, had driven to the airport to see me. In her candid way, which I soon learned to know better, she announced that they had only come to take a preliminary look at me, - nothing else. The "look" must have come out favorably, because they took me in their large, chauffeur-driven limousine to the hotel and issued an invitation for dinner the next day.

The chauffeur of the limousine turned out to be Marianne's 2. husband, to whom I was introduced only later. I liked him immediately and felt some pity. The pity was probably misplaced, as I observed later that he was completely reconciled to her ways, and he stayed faithfully with her until his recent death in Spain. He was an international trader in cotton, and, judging from their life-style, he appeared quite successful.

Now began for me a time of exploration. I had spent many months with the reading of the history of Peru. There were not only the times of the Inka empire from about 1300 to the Spanish conquest in 1533, but also earlier civilizations, which thrived along the coast.

I visited the pottery museum several times. There were many thousand vessels, depicting the lives and activities of people of the old civilizations in an artistically surprising way. There was the "black and white" pottery of the Chankay period, which was distinctly different from the colorful Nazca pots. It was possible to tie what I saw together with what I had read about the pre-Inca period. In commuting from the hotel to the museum, I became aware of the small size of Peruvians. Once, when I walked through a rush hour crowd I felt like a giant in the land of the dwarfs.

The daily rhythm of Peru,- and probably throughout South America,- was very different from the one to which I was accustomed. When I was invited to a midnight dinner at Marianne Roessinck's, I went at 6 in the afternoon to a hamburger restaurant opposite the hotel, to satisfy my hunger. The late dinners, which I attended, were agreeable and interesting, with lively conversation of family and guests around the table in German and English. Marianne and her sister offered to take me wherever I was particularly interested to go, and I mentioned my reading and fascination with pre-Inca culture. They promptly arranged an excursion by car along the coastal highway to the North for the following day.

This excursion remains in my memory as a highpoint of the whole trip. It made me feel like a mixture between an archaeologist and a grave-robber, when we finally arrived at the burial ground of Chankay, a pre-Inca settlement. Along the coast it is very dry, because the rain comes down either in the mountains or over the sea water. And only once every few hundred years it rains along the coast. The highway has to be freed of sand twice every day with huge machines. In the absence of water nothing rots, and materials and pottery are preserved over hundreds of years. Our experienced guides took us to a modern village, where we succeeded in hiring two diggers with their tools. They turned out to be quite knowledgeable. For 85 cents a day they worked hard to locate a grave and dig up the content. Long iron bars were pushed vertically into the sandy ground; whenever they met resistance, there could be something buried. Through excavation we unearthed a crouched, dried-up figure of a man, around whom at a certain distance large and small pots were located. To take out pots made me uncomfortable, but I decided to retain two especially interesting looking small pots and leave the rest. The pots are now in the Fine Arts Museum in Raleigh.

Near the place where we dug, we heard shouts and clatter; it was an American couple, who came over and looked longingly at our finds. They had discovered nothing. Later I found out, that they had haggled with the diggers to bring the low price for a day's work further down. This was probably not done to save money, but because the guide books warned never to accept the first price. I suspected that the diggers had been deeply offended, and had sworn that they would not find a grave. Out of pity I offered the couple a beautiful, large vessel, on which small frogs in relief ascended on all sides. They gladly accepted the present. It was too large for me to take in the airplane, and it seemed the right thing to do. However, I remembered the lesson later, when the time came for me to negotiate a price for other things.

After I had returned to my hotel in Lima, I sat down in the full bathtub with the two pots. Slowly and carefully I rubbed with the toothbrush the caked sand from the ornaments: one pot appeared now as a little flute player, the other showed decorations with two faces, one white, one black. Nobody has been able to explain the two faces to me.

I decided to take the two pots together with a third, which I had received as a present from Marianne, with me to the United States. The third pot had two spouts, one of which whistled when one poured water. I was told that there was no law at that time which prevented export of antiques from Peru; but it would be wise not to show them openly. Under Marianne's guidance I also purchased several silver items; later I was sorry that I did not acquire more.

I took one other excursion from Lima. It is a very usual one, but it impressed me deeply. Books have been written about Cuzco, the old Inka capital, and nearby Macho Picchu, - but being there is still surprising. I got there in a small plane. The city lies in a valley, and to get there one has to cross high mountains. The air pressure over the mountains is so low, that every passenger in the non-pressurized cabin is advised to breathe deeply through an oxygen hose, which is supplied. This avoids the shock of low oxygen pressure at the great heights.

After arriving in Cuzco, the body is still under special stress, particularly if one exerts oneself. I had been warned to observe a 24 hour acclimatization period, during which no physical exertions should occur. On the first day in Cuzco I just sat on my little balcony in front of the hotel room and watched people go by in the street. The natives, who circulate mainly in the morning and evening hours, can be seen to move always in small, running steps, which contrasted with the wide steps of the visitors. I also ventured as far as the large central square, where I listened to the open-air concert of the fire brigade.

It was nice to have some time to get a feel for the strange city. I could observe the unique mixture of Inka- and Spanish building techniques and styles, which somehow blend together in the present streets.- A physiologist from Rochester, N.Y., whom I had known before, did not want to "waste" precious hours with resting; he booked a tour into the surroundings on the first day. He proved a good demonstration of the wisdom of our advisors: he developed after the excursion such a severe headache, that he had to stay in bed for the rest of his stay in Cuzco.

After the calm first day, I booked a trip to the much described Macho Picchu the next day. By bus and train we went up and down to the Urubamba valley, where one could imagine that the water one saw went via the Amazon river all the way across Brazil to the Pacific ocean, falling only a few meters. There was much to see from the train, but when we ascended in the bus the steeply rising hairpin curves on the mountain side, it became rather scary. The now dead city was discovered in 1911 by the North American Hiram Bingham, and it is believed that up there a small contingent of Inkas had survived undiscovered long after the Spaniards had conquered the land and killed most of its original inhabitants.

The city is now an extensive array of foundation walls and terraces on the narrow top of a steep mountain. A guide took us around, and interpreted the shape of the stone walls as former buildings with various functions in the original city. The steeply falling slopes on all sides made me dizzy; I was touched and grateful when the guide quietly came up to my side, and shielded me from the abyss. The visit to Macho Picchu is certainly most worthwhile, and I have a clear visual memory of the spectacular place.

After my return to Cuzco, I still had some time left to explore the city and its past. One recognized the Inka foundations of many houses by the seamless masonry, which contained no mortar. It was said that one could not even insert a knife blade into the joints. Frequently on top were ornate Spanish baroque buildings. In the case of the old temple of the sun in the middle of town I learned, that an earthquake completely eliminated the Spanish part, while the old foundations stood as before.

A seamless wall of much larger stones formed the foundation of the fortress Sacsayhuaman, just outside, overlooking the city. I walked up there by myself, spent a quiet morning, and watched the rows of Llamas, as they descended from the mountains, guided by one or two natives. On their backs were bags of merchandise, and each animal's head was tied to the tail of its predecessor. This observation may have laid the foundation of my later enthusiasm, when I bred Llamas on the farm in Knightdale.

From Cuzco I flew back to Lima, and after a short stop on to Quito in Ecuador. The Philadelphia physiologist and his party, whom I had met earlier, greeted me enthusiastically at the airport. He was curious to see the two pots which I had unearthed. I did not want to show them openly near customs, because it was not quite clear whether I could transport them out of the country legally, and so they were kept hidden in two inside pockets of my spacious raincoat. We laughed because it made me look like a pregnant woman. But there were no questions from officials, and in the end I brought the pots home successfully. I became quite friendly with the Pennsylvania Quakers-scientists, and a year later I received through them an invitation to deliver in Philadelphia the Nathan Lewis Hatfield lecture on "Tranquilizers".

Quito turned out to be a large city. I had selected it for my itinerary, because I found it interesting to stay in Ecuador, directly on the equator. I learned that there were a minimum of seasonal changes; I saw a rose in blossom in the middle of "winter", and I was told that they blossomed all year round. I was tempted to descend from the city in the mountains to the tropical forests along the coast, and possibly to go by boat out to the Galapagos islands. However, in the interest of economy I spent the few days left to explore the city.

There were a number of large churches and monasteries, built in the ornate Spanish baroque style. Especially striking were inside the churches the many small and large mirrors, which served as ornaments. There came all kinds of psychological interpretations to my mind to explain this phenomenon. However, when I asked an Indian guide for the reason for all the mirrors, he said: "Indians like mirrors". I found that as good an explanation as any I could think of.

As we left one of the large churches,- the physiologist and his party and I,- we had an interesting experience. A monk appeared from one of the side doors and tried to pull us into the adjoining monastery. We hesitated, particularly as the ladies in the party were not allowed to come along, but were finally persuaded to follow him. We were shown around, and found nothing remarkable to see. When we finally tried forcefully to escape, he dragged us into rooms, which he promised to be of particular interest. These rooms turned out to be the treasure chambers of the monastery. Small chambers were filled from bottom to top with anything which can be regarded as valuable: old furniture, materials like velvet and silk, jewelry, and precious stones set in gold and silver, paintings and sculptures, in short anything that was of monetary value. These things had been left to the monastery over the years by dying believers. It all amounted after centuries of accumulation probably to considerable value. There was no doubt of the pride, with which the monk showed us these treasures, and no doubt about the lack of understanding, which we protestants and quakers felt.

In summary, it was a strange contrast for me to see the man of god in his seemingly innocent joy and the display, which seemed inspired by worldly greed.

From Quito I flew home. At a stopover in Central America we experienced a delay, because the plane had to avoid a storm. This would today probably be unnecessary because one flies much higher. The whole trip with its colorful experiences of strange landscapes, foreign peoples and personal encounters is deeply imprinted in my memory, and it has greatly enriched my knowledge of the world.

There was another, rather prolonged trip in the early 1960s, which I remember still very lively. I took this trip together with my whole family, - my wife Inge and two daughters, Elise and Mary, - and with the Reed family from Philadelphia. As in all my travels, it was preceded by a prolonged period of planning and exploration. The purpose of the trip was to carry out a study of the effects of tranquilizers and other psychoactive drugs on human subjects. The effects of the drugs were to be recorded and measured with several methods, which my friends and colleagues Professor Hans Heimann in Lausanne, Charles Reed in Philadelphia and I had developed.

We wanted to record and measure the effects of a few drugs on healthy human subjects, and we intended to compare the drugs with each other, as well as test our new methods. Hans Heimann worked at that time in the psychiatric clinic (Hôpital de Céry), and he taught at the University of Lausanne. The hospital had generously offered to provide rooms; and students from the university volunteered to serve as subjects in return for a small fee. We also had several very efficient and experienced helpers at our disposal.

The first preparatory task was to obtain a 3-months' leave of absence with full pay from the State University of New York for myself. I went directly to the president of the university and explained to him what we intended to do. He generously granted the leave. Then I wrote to Swiss pharmaceutical firms, whose research scientists I knew from my work at Bern university. They agreed to partially support the project financially. The support was confirmed when I visited Basel at the beginning of the research period. It was in the interest of the industry to gain data on the effects of their drugs, as well as in my interest to obtain the data and test the new methods.

The greatest problem consisted of finding living quarters at a reasonable price for 7 people for one summer. In and around Lausanne and along Lake Geneva lies a well-known resort area, where some of the wealthy people of the world usually spend their summers. Inge had written to the local housing authority; but what was available was either too small or by far too expensive. I remember the offer of a castle with stables near the lake, which would have been far too grand for our small party.

Finally I had decided on a small, modern house, directly at the edge of the water. It lay across the lake from Lausanne, and it came together with a motorboat. I envisaged for Charlie Reed and myself to cross the lake by boat every morning and park in the harbor of Ouchy, directly below Lausanne. One would have to go by funicular up to Lausanne and from the railroad station by bus or car to the hospital, which was located outside the city; it was a long way to go twice a day. Nothing better seemed available.

About a month before our departure we visited my cousin Franziska Morris and family in Ithaca, N.Y. They had a visitor called Zumthor, a Swiss native with Dutch relations. When I told him about our predicament, he mentioned that his Dutch friends owned a chalet above Lake Geneva, not far from Lausanne, which might be free that summer; he would contact them. The offer was not taken serious by me, until a telegram from Holland arrived about a week later, which offered us the house for rent. I accepted immediately.

When we finally departed from the United States, we knew only that we had at our disposal a chalet named Georges Maurice in Chernex above Montreux, a house with 3-4 bedrooms and a caretaker-cook, at a reasonable price. Madame Ruchet, the caretaker, was in charge of everything, and we were supposed to let her know the exact time of our arrival.-

After that Mr. Zumthor turned up only one more time, just before I departed from Chernex at the end of the summer. I was alone, after everybody else had left, and I put the house in order and returned borrowed apparatus to the Universities of Geneva and Lausanne, when a telephone call announced the visit of Mr. Zumthor. This was so surprising and mysterious, that we started to assume that Zumthor was really an angel from heaven, who was sent down to help us with housing, only to depart forever afterwards.

In May, when the holidays started in Syracuse, Inge and I flew to Switzerland with little Elise and Mary. I stayed a short time in Basel, to visit pharmaceutical supporters. From there we took the railway to Montreux. According to my preceding explorations we had to board a small mountain train from Montreux directly to the station in Chernex, a train which later became familiar to us and which we loved on first sight. The train climbed in steep curves from the lake through a beautiful landscape, and arrived in about half-an-hour in the tiny village of Chernex.

At the station we were greeted by Madame Ruchet, who had brought along an elderly gentleman with a wheelbarrow, to transport our luggage to the house. Only about 200 meters from the station we entered the garden of our summer residence along a small strawberry field and noted a loaded cherry tree next to the house. A spectacular view from the house across the lake into the mountains of the Haute Savoy immediately surprised and delighted us. We would become familiar with the everchanging colours of that view.

The house was a typical 1900 chalet, covered outside with darkly stained wood. There were several balconies. The "salon" downstairs was furnished in the 1900 style, and many books stood on built-in shelves along the wall. Among other books was a complete edition of Charles Dickens' writings, and I read much Dickens that summer. There was a dining room and next to it a terrace, over which an awning could be lowered. Upstairs were the bedrooms and bathroom, and from each bedroom one had access to one of the balconies. There was an abundance of lovely flowers in the garden, surrounding a lawn. A shrubbery and several grand old trees fitted the house into the landscape. From nearly everywhere one had the grandios view of Lake Geneva with its sailboats and white excursion boats. Across the lake was the view of mountains, sometimes clear, and hazy at other times. It was truly a place where one could live comfortably and happy.

At the time of our arrival Madame Ruchet let us know, that she had already prepared a dinner with chicken in the assumption that we would be hungry from the trip. There was fresh fruit from the garden. And soon Trudy Reed and Inge had found the baker and made sure that fresh rolls were delivered every morning. Everybody specialized on one kind of roll, hard or soft, salty or sweet, and the orders for morning delivery went out accordingly. This delivery of fresh bread in the morning was something we had missed in the United States.

A short time after our arrival several relatives and friends joined us. We found rooms for rent nearby, where visitors could stay. Many old friends from Bern and Fribourg showed up on weekends. My sister Motte's son Gordon arrived from Paris and stayed around until our very last day at George Maurice. My younger brother, at that time called father Gregor, came from his monastery in Beuron in the Danube valley; he lived comfortably in a rented room nearby. Motte's second daughter Nina with husband Helmar Nielsen started their European trip in Chernex. Trudy Reed's parents and an uncle and aunt rented apartments in a house close by. I do not remember all the visitors, and it would go too far to enumerate them all. Suffice it to say that there was a most pleasant coming and going throughout our stay in this house. Inge and I enjoyed to see old friends again, and Elise and Mary must have felt, that some of their roots lay in Europe, particularly in Switzerland.

Charlie Reed and I went to work in the Hopital de Céry in Lausanne every morning, and we had two ways to get there. We could drive with the Reeds' Volkswagen the narrow, winding road from Chernex down to Montreux, and from there along the lake to Lausanne; from Lausanne one would drive up through the city and out to the psychiatric hospital, - altogether about a 30 to 60 minute way. Along the road there was ample opportunity to enjoy the wonderful scenery.

When we did not have a car, we could take the little train from Chernex down to Montreux, where one could change into the fast train to Lausanne. From the station in Lausanne there was a bus, or a taxi, or sometimes a private car out to the clinic. I remember a rather wild assistant of Hans Heimann of Hungarian origin, who raced with his little deux-chevaux Citroën across the city out to the Hôpital de Céry; at each corner, which he took at rapid speed, one was afraid that the car would turn over. But nothing ever happened.

In the huge, old hospital we were assigned a number of well-furnished, light rooms, where every day in the morning another group of student-subjects appeared, ready to undergo repeated tests and drug treatment. The young volunteers, who had been recruited in the psyshiatric lectures during the semester, were a group of particularly nice, friendly, intelligent students. Striking, - and characteristic for Lausanne, - was their origin from all over the world. I remember a stately, beautiful girl from Sweden, several Arabs from North Africa, and various Swiss, English, German, French and other European students. They were genuinely interested in what we were trying to do, and cooperated in every way.

Each of us three, Hans Heimann, Charlie Reed and I had developed objective, quantitative measurements of bodily functions, which reflected psychic changes. By repeating these measurements throughout the day, before and after drug application, we tried to get objective assessments of certain functions, as they changed throughout the day and under various drugs. All methods had already proved promising for assessing subtle psychological changes.

Hans Heimann worked with a movie camera, which was carefully set up so that the face of the subject could be seen without distortion. Later the distances of special points in the face from each other could be measured on the projected film. There are fixed points, like the inner corner of the eye, which would vary in distance from the outer corners of the mouth, for example. Not only these distances, but also a comparison between the right and left side of the face over time was of potential interest.

During the same time a battery of other tests, like pattern recognition, cancellation test, word fluency, arm-hand steadiness etc. was recorded.

Charly Reed recorded eye movements with a photocell, which was sensitive to differences in reflection of light from different parts of the eye, as the eye moved. This had proven useful in evaluating disturbed children.

I had for some time developed a drawing test, which could be computer evaluated with the spider web program. A model figure, consisting of straight lines radiating out from a central point, overlaid by an equidistant spiral, was placed before the subject, and the person was told to copy the model as closely as possible. The eye-hand coordination, which was measured in that way, varied from person to person in terms of regularity, size and fine structure, and it showed changes with increasing fatigue and under stress. There were already many data collected on Syracuse students, and the Lausanne subjects could be evaluated in comparison.

After two test sessions each morning, we would give the drug (an antidepressant or a tranquilizer) or a placebo, and repeat the tests throughout the day. In addition we observed the person, talked with him or her, and asked everybody to describe what they felt. Many notes were taken.

To anticipate, it took nearly two years afterwards to evaluate all the data and protocols, which we had accumulated in a few short weeks. Maybe the most surprising result was, that the greatest change occurred with the time of day; the second session was always superior in performance compared to the first and to the later ones. Under drugs the data varied extensively, but the efficiency of performance changed relatively little. Even a severely disturbed person performed achievement tests and eye-hand coordination with surprising accuracy. We did not find anything that would have characterized one of the drugs as much different from placebo. The outcome was not sensational, but was of great interest to the scientists.

As planned all along, this was a time with opportunities to explore with our children and friends Switzerland and its languages. Elise and Mary, together with Bruce Reed, went most mornings across the street to mademoiselle Christ for French lessons. They also played with other children, who spoke other languages or another English. We took a weekend trip to Zermatt, where my old mathematics teacher from the Birklehof school in the Black Forest spent his vacations. From there we went with a small mountain train onto Gorner Grat and walked down all the way back. Going the long way down made one feel weak in the knees,- but it presented an opportunity to admire the radiant colours of the small mountain flowers.

A wonderful excursion took us to the Heimanns' summer house at Lake Nâuchâtel. In the reeds along the board of the lake they had built a house on stilts, from where one could see wide across the lake. If one did not want to be disturbed, one raised the ladder and prevented so access from the ground. We sailed and rowed on the large water surface.

During the summer I received invitations to lecture at the nearby universities of Lausanne and Geneva. I welcomed the opportunity to meet students and faculty and several very distinguished older scientists, who lived around Lake Geneva. The lectures were in English, which nearly everybody seemed to understand. However, the discussions were in French, and I wished, - as many times before, - that my French were more fluent. French was the first foreign language we had learned as children in Berlin, when a governess spoke nothing but French with us; and I remember that we were pretty fluent. However, the subsequent years with German and English as daily languages had nearly eliminated my French vocabulary. I still believe that I would get quickly back into it, if I had an opportunity to hear and speak nothing but French, - as seemed the case when we stayed later several times in Paris.

That summer went by at rapid speed. Inge and the girls departed for England, and the Reeds and I brought them to the Geneva airport. Shortly thereafter the Reeds drove North to visit German relatives, and I was left alone in the chalet in Chernex. The house had to be left in the good order in which we had found it; the data and protocols had to be filed and prepared for evaluation in Lausanne, Philadelphia and Syracuse; and there were various apparatus which we had borrowed from Swiss laboratories, which had to be returned.

This was the time when the miracle occurred: Zumthor turned up again. We had heard nothing from him since Ithaca, and we had never had an opportunity to thank him for the finding of the chalet. He and I had a very nice lunch together at the house, during which I learned nothing more about him. He departed, - and that was the last time I saw him in more than 30 years. I am still convinced that he sits attentively in heaven, waiting for the next opportunity to come down and help us or somebody else over a temporary difficulty. It is good to be reassured that miracles still occur.

Memories of the working vacation during a summer in Switzerland makes me recall another set of trips, which was connected with an exotic scientific research project; this was also very enjoyable, and I saw tropical areas and became acquainted with handling monkeys, which would not have happened otherwise.

By that time we had moved in 1966 to Raleigh, North Carolina, and I had renewed my acquaintance with a former graduate student at Harvard Medical School, Louis Harris, who had since been on the faculty of the pharmacology department of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and was now head of the pharmacology department at the medical school of the University of Virginia in Richmond; his laboratory was only about two hours' drive from Raleigh. He was particularly interested in the effects of hashish (Marihuana, cannabinols).

One of my coworkers in the Raleigh Mental Health Research Division was a zoologist, Dr. John Vandenberg, who had experience with handling monkeys. Before he came to us, he had worked with a group of monkeys, which had been released on a small island near the South coast of Puerto Rico. Data had been collected on all members of the group over several years; a government grant supported the maintenance of the rhesus colony. There was no plan to use these animals further for continuation of past research, and the project was now in search of a task. One could study the behavior of these monkeys under experimental conditions, and their similarities to humans would permit conclusions on changed behavior, which could cautiously be transferred to humans; no people would be endangered.

We all, and especially Lou Harris, were interested in the study of drug addiction on human social behavior. Lou had isolated the effective component of hashish, had some of this stored in his laboratory, and this substance was available to us to be injected into animals. We three got together and developed a grant application to the federal government for the support of a project in which the changes would be measured, which drug (hashish) addiction caused in monkey social behavior. Our application was approved, and we received several hundred thousand dollars to spend over a few years on the study. The money was administered by the North Carolina Foundation for Mental Health Research, Inc., of which I was the executive director. In that way it came about that I, as one of the key investigators, committed myself to travel several times a year to Puerto Rico to supervise the project.

To me the whole project had some aspects of a fairy tale, because I had always longed to spend some time in the tropics. I also had just begun to explore with the help of several graduate students the communal behavior of social spiders. We were in the process of developing measures of distances between animals, which could be analyzed as indicators of communality. Our spiders of the species *Mallos gregalis* were related to singly living spiders with cannibalistic tendencies. Their communality consisted in cooperative behavior, for instance in prey catching and raising offspring, - executed by similar looking individuals; the spider behavior was far from the rigidly organized and anatomically subdivided social behavior of ants and bees. This research had led to my general interest in communal behavior, and in ways to measure it.

All senior research scientists, who participated in the project, met regularly at the Virginia-North Carolina border to discuss details. I remember many lively lunches in a small restaurant, where each of us voiced his ideas and proposed procedures. It seemed like a fascinating enterprise.

About every 6 months I had to visit the monkey colony. There was always first the flight to San Juan in Puerto Rico, mostly with a short stay in the city. I took the opportunity to visit an old friend from the university of Bern, who came originally from Spain, and who now directed a neurological research laboratory in the old fortress of San Juan. His name was José del Castillo Nikolau. The neat electrophysiological laboratories in the old building with view onto the sea were wonderful work places, and much neurological research appeared to go on. In the evening we had dinner at José's apartment with a view onto the harbor, or at a nice restaurant. There were also opportunities to explore the city.

Another attraction were excursions from the city to El Yunque, a small piece of virginal rain forest on top of a row of small mountains. I dug up several roots of tree ferns for my green house in Knightdale. And there were interesting spiders to study.

From San Juan one had to fly or drive by car across the whole island to the South/Western tip, to the city of Mayaguez. The Caribbean Primate Research Center at Mayaguez could only be reached from there by car.- The whole way by car across the central mountains and past tiny villages and farms was particularly romantic. Most roads were rather precarious.- Across from the small monkey island stood a small hotel, where one could get rooms and good meals. Not only the visitors lived there, but also our research assistants, who had to stay over long periods of time, and went by boat to the island several times a day.

The research assistants on the spot proved to be a special problem, and they changed several times during the years in which the experiments went on. I had not anticipated that. The main difficulties in staying there appeared to be the remoteness of the place and the exposure to handling drugs of addiction. Only one scientist, who fell in love with, and later married, a female technician, stayed there for over a year. The drugs were carefully controlled with the help of a book-keeping system; but after all, the local researchers were in charge of keeping the books.

One hired helper, a baron Steven Bentinck, proved a complete disaster. I had met him several times before as the son of the baroness Gaby Bentinck, née Thyssen, one of the richest ladies in the world. Inge and I had stayed at her houses in Paris and Ascona, and she had gone out of her way to be hospitable to us. It turned out that she had an ultimate purpose in her hospitality, namely to find somebody who could possibly interest her difficult son in research.

On the small island were two large enclosures, each contained 25 monkeys. All animals had long records of their behavior, family relations and interactions. Single monkeys were trained to climb once a day into a small cage, where they would receive their injection. The drug could be marihuana, morphine, amphetamine or placebo. A camera was fastened on one side, high above the cage, and pictures were taken at regular intervals. Observations were noted in a protocol book.

Single monkeys could be recognized in the photographs. After correcting for camera angle, distances between animals were measured. The monkeys were numbered according to their rank; it was found that 3 to 4 individuals usually formed a subgroup. Protocols, photographs and all other records were sent to Raleigh, where evaluation began.

There was now an embarrassment of riches: the study had so many "directors", that nobody felt alone responsible to do the evaluation. There was also such an abundance of data, that any evaluation would take a long time. At the same time the grant funds ran out, and all participants had started to get involved in other projects.- Looking back over a long career in research, I conclude now that this is a foreseeable shortcoming of large research projects, and should be taken into account from the beginning, when one plans.

As far as I know, there never appeared a comprehensive publication of results by any of us. A number of findings were reported in single papers, and lectures were given by the participants. Maybe most important was the finding ~~that~~ that there are measures like distances between and distribution of animals, which are characteristic for animal species, like for our rhesus monkeys, or spiders, cockroaches etc. The monkeys showed clustering in typical subgroups of 3-4 individuals, in which they stuck close together. This could be measured objectively through nearest neighbor distances. These distributions were significantly different from the distributions of for instance randomly strewn inanimate objects.

Observations indicated that under drugs dominant animals frequently changed their rank downward. A few abnormally behaving individuals (our "chronic drug users") changed the objectively measured distances and distributions of the whole group, i.e. influenced group behavior. The extent of the change was, interestingly enough, not dependent on the number of abnormally behaving animals. During drug withdrawal, all animals drew closer together; again here abnormally behaving individuals had an effect on the whole set. If such findings can be confirmed in human behavior, it would be most interesting, and it would point in one direction in which management of addicts could be developed.- In our case, none of the investigators was willing to continue after all the years of struggle; and I retired at that time from research altogether.

My memory of the project is mostly that of interesting trips with wonderful times on and in the water (I snorkeled off the island), visits to the magical rain forest, exploration of an exotic country, and observation of new species of tropical spiders. I had a chance to admire the tree ferns in El Yunque, and take several roots home with me. They survived a few years in the greenhouse, and reminded me of the magic of Puerto Rico and of the "grandiose" monkey project.

We finally moved into our first own house in Bern Bumpitz at my age 33. It was smaller than the house of the head gardener of my grandparents; this did not detract from my love of it. In my two daughters I observe also a strong desire to own their houses. This is now the story of the four houses, which I and I owned in succession, and which form an important part of my memories: Bumpitz, Manlius, Knightdale and Raleigh.

Following our marriage in 1949, I and I rented a two-room apartment in Bern-Bühnen. We had seen it when it was still under construction as part of a small house, and we liked it from the start. I signed a rental contract, and moved in shortly after our wedding.

The owners, the Messerli, lived on the upper floor, and we had part of the ground floor, next to the office of a neighboring sawmill. The apartment was finished as we, the first occupants wished. It was small, but well laid out: for instance, our house guests could sleep in the living room and/or entrance hall without interfering with our daily life. A small garden was promised for the front, and I looked forward to doing some planting.

Mr. Messerli was building the house as a stockist, that is, as a home for retirement; it was to be rented until the owners reached retirement age. Next to this new little house stood a lovely old one, built several centuries earlier in the old Bern style with a wooden arch in a pointed gable. In it lived Mr. Messerli's elderly unmarried sisters. In the nearly two happy years we lived there, our relation with our landlord was very cordial. Every month, when we paid the rent, we were presented with a box of chocolates. We called it the "rent-chocolate", and it was most welcome.

We were disappointed that the garden plot never materialized, but only began to look around for a larger living space when my mother offered, in 1950, to help with a down-payment on a house that we could own with her. At that time we had only a very low income from the university, and no capital at all; we could only contribute small monthly payments to help retire a mortgage. More will be said about the matter of finances later.

Houseowner.

A house shapes the life of its inhabitants. To own the house in which I live, to select it and reshape it, has always been of particular importance to me. Even if ownership is only partial, and monthly payments to a mortgage company have to be made, it conveys a different feeling from a place where you pay rent. The beautiful houses in which I grew up, - my mother's house in Grunewald, Koenigsallee 18, my mother's farm Sankt Georgenhof on Schwäbische Alp, my father's farm Neue Mühle in Biesenthal near Berlin, - were roomy and beautiful places to live. When we finally moved into our first own house in Bern Bümpliz at my age 33, it was smaller than the house of the head gardener of my grandparents; this did not detract from my love of it. In my two daughters I observe also a strong desire to own their houses. - This is now the story of the four houses, which Inge and I owned in succession, and which form an important part of my memories: Bümpliz, Manlius, Knightdale and Raleigh.

Following our marriage in 1949, Inge and I rented a two-room apartment in Bern-Bethlehem. We had seen it when it was still under construction as part of a small house, and we liked it from the start, signed a rental contract, and moved in shortly after our wedding.

The owners, the Messerlis, lived on the upper floor, and we had part of the ground floor, next to the offices of a neighboring sawmill. The apartment was finished as we, the first occupants wished. It was small, but well laid out: For instance, our house guests could sleep in the living room and/or entrance hall without interfering with our daily life. A small garden was promised for the front; and I looked forward to doing some planting.

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We found something suitable and affordable near Bethlehem, in the adjacent Bern suburb of Bümpliz. This was part of a development that two enterprising young men, a lawyer and an architect, had begun to build near an open field on the very outskirts of the city. Three houses, connected to each other, were finished together: a small one in the middle, and two larger ones at the ends. We were interested in one of the corner properties. As one of the end houses, it had a garden that was relatively large by Swiss standards surrounding the house on three sides. In my mind's eye I saw trees, flower beds and garden paths stretching from the house to the field, though at the time there was only a flat piece of clay land.

The original owner had run out of money, and offered to sell the house to us. Like our apartment, it was still under construction. The foundation had been poured; the two upper floors were in the design-stage. We had a choice between extra structures: garage, porch, coal or oil heater, etc. Inge and I immediately made a few changes in the original floor plan. We eliminated a downstairs wall so we could have one large living room. A wall and roofed porch between the house and the garage became a dining room. It was protected by glass doors facing the garden. A second bathroom was put in the basement, and an extra wash basin in the master bedroom on the second floor. All these changes promised to add beauty and convenience to the house without adding to the projected cost.

During one of our first visits to the construction site a nice-looking man of about my age climbed out of the basement window next door. He introduced himself as the owner of the adjoining property and as an engine driver of the Swiss national railroad. I liked him immediately, and we soon became friends. Forty years later we remain in touch; my two daughters are acquainted with his four now grown children.

As it turned out, my mother's offer came at an opportune time in more than one sense. Both Inge's mother and my mother were part of our plans; the developments that were then occurring require a short digression.

I have described elsewhere the curious arrangement (see Childhood Memories) by which my mother had access- or maybe better, lacked access- to her money. It was never directly available, always administered for her; and her own wishes for spending it were never taken seriously. In part this effect was a matter of custom of the time- women were not likely to be in control of their own funds- and of family tradition. For instance, when my mother divorced my father in the early 1920s, her father gave her the large house in Grunewald in which we lived, and provided a sufficient monthly allowance for her expenses. Similarly, although he left everything to his wife, my grandmother, everything having to do with her expenses was administered by a group of businessmen and friends he had asked to do so.

The political situation in Germany interfered with even this arrangement. All the trustees of my grandmother's estate died or left Germany in rapid succession, leaving as sole trustee Robert von Mendelssohn. He was neither interested in financial management nor had any knowledge of it, and so assigned his responsibilities to his good friend and first cousin (also second cousin and nephew-in-law) Just Boedeker, an orderly, pedantic and mistrustful person but meticulous bookkeeper. Thus came about the absurd situation that we, my grandmother, my mother and my aunts, had to ask this young man for money, or rather for permission to spend our money.

If the question of buying a new car arose, for instance, Just would announce that the Trustee, uncle Robert von Mendelssohn, was of such and such an opinion and had made a decision. We would get a letter in uncle Robi's handwriting so strangely worded that it could only have been copied from a model provided by Just. The car should not be bought because it was beyond our means. No figures, no further information.

The situation was reminiscent of the Dickens story of the lawyer with a hidden partner that nobody had ever seen or would see. The partner would be quoted about whether something could or could not, should or should not, be supported, and no discussion was possible. In the same manner we were referred to a partner, Onkel Robi, as the supposed source of unpleasant decisions.

This time we were lucky. The request for money for downpayment for the house in Bern came at an opportune moment, one in which it would be difficult to decline. Just, who was married to my sister, wanted himself to buy a condominium in Frankfurt. If downpayment could be afforded in Frankfurt, it could not be denied in Bümpliz.

So we were able to become house-owners for the first time: Bern-Bümpliz, Stapfenackerstrasse 106.

The other piece of good fortune made our arrangements for Inge's mother possible. She had just received a sum of money through the so-called "Wiedergutmachung", that is, restitution of property lost because of her forced emigration to England. Her mother, Inge's grandmother, had remained in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, and at her death her daughter inherited a house overlooking the Garmisch valley. It was a large, Bavarian style house, with wooden balconies on every floor. It had been sold for a nominal fee, but Inge's mother never received the money.

After the war, Inge and I drove to Munich, and with the help of an English lawyer and detailed information about the original sale, were able to require the new owners to buy the house a second time with proper payment.

In recollection, I can still see us travelling by car from Switzerland to Munich in 1950, and remember Inge sitting before the judge providing clear testimony on the size, value, history and present state of the house. Years later we met German immigrants in Chicago, old acquaintances from Berlin, who considered it degrading to work on a restitution. That was because these things should be done for them; it was their due. They never recovered anything.

But because we had decided to pursue the matter, it was possible for Inge's mother to make a downpayment on a little house in the same development as ours, only three doors away. Through a combination of good luck and effort, both of our mothers were able to live close by.

My mother's economic dependence on her son-in-law/administrator lasted to the end of her life, but she ended the administration without a quarrel, simply by stating in her will that everything was to be left to her children outright.

I have already told of her flight from Sankt Georgenhof when it became overcrowded with guests. Now she finally had her own living quarters in the largest of the three bedrooms in our new house. There was an extra washbowl in a closet, providing her with independence; and privacy was obtained by special sound insulation between her bedroom and our slightly smaller bedroom next to it. The third bedroom was a guestroom first and later the bedroom of Elise. It was the smallest of the three, but a wallpaper decorated with bundles of roses covered walls and ceiling and made it look larger.

There was a small entrance hall from which stairs led to the upper floor and to the basement; a door opened into the tiny kitchen, and another into the living room. The living room occupied the rest of the first floor, and in spite of the small size of the house, the room appeared spacious. Two large windows looked out into the garden and beyond to a field and the snow mountains of Berner Oberland. Paintings and drawings of Juan Gris, George Braque, Fernand Leger, Pablo Picasso and Vincent van Gogh, all acquired by my mother over the years, made the room particularly elegant.

Our most unusual alteration to the original plan was the room we created in the passageway from the house to the garage, a solid wall toward the street, an eight-piece folding glass door facing the garden. It was mainly a dining room, with the protruding garage wall partly shielding one side. In summer, with the doors open, the room was a porch. In winter it was warmed by a kerosene stove in one corner. In any season, it was a beautiful place to sit, perhaps in conversation with friends on an evening when we could watch the snow mountains begin to appear above the field in the clear air.

The roof of the room had several glass tiles that let light through to our plants. I developed a plan to train a grape vine into the warm porch from its roots outside, to provide the grapes inside with more ripening time even after the frost had killed the fruit outside. It did not work as intended. The inside part of the vine took its cue from the outside rooted part; as soon as it got cold, outside and inside leaves dropped together, and there was no further ripening.

The garden itself was the first that I myself had completely designed. In Grunewald I had to contend with the gardeners and the wishes of my elder. In Sankt Georgenhof an aunt took over and made decisions. So the planning and planting of this garden made it very dear to me. It was on a rectangular piece of land, the width of the house plus verandah and garage, lying slightly below the level of the house. My neighbors had built a little slope from their house to the garden, - one near the house, the other farther out. My slope connected those two slopes obliquely in a way that was quite interesting. At the end of the garden was a field that at that time was still tended by a farmer; we could watch the plowing, seeding and harvesting throughout the year. This rural scene leading to the Alps was wonderful, but most of the time it was too hazy for the mountains to be seen. My sister Enole, who came from time to time from Frankfurt to visit, always seemed to miss the clear days, and declared that she believed the mountains were never to be seen.

From the terrace in front of the porch-room I built descending stone steps, which lead to a path. The path went straight to the end of the garden, and on its right hand side lay a deep herbaceous border. The upkeep of the border required much of our time and effort, but it was worth it. Directly under the living room window stretched a large flower bed, raised above the lawn and therefore well-drained. Dahlias of all sizes and shapes filled it each summer and fall with radiant colours. I still have colour slides which testify to the abundance and beauty of the dahlias. I selected the dahlias in memory of the garden of my childhood and my gardener-friend Kochen (see "Childhood Environment"). They are the predecessors of many other dahlias in later gardens. The harvest of dahlia tubers in fall, after the first frost, is a ceremony, without which I would not like to exist.

There was a need for trees and shrubs on the bare piece of land on three sides of the house. The new neighbor, Franz Urfer, had by now become a friend, and we travelled together to the village from which he originally came, to buy at a reasonable price some good plants.

When I saw all the nice shrubs and trees in the nursery of Mr. Stämpfli in Schüpfen, I got carried away and bought as much as could just be fitted into our small piece of land: an apple and a cherry tree, a walnut and horse chestnuts, plants for a beech hedge at the dividing line with the left neighbor, and various decorative shrubs.

It would take time for plants and shrubs and trees to grow, so we needed a way to have the garden look intimate the first year, as well as a way to separate our land from the field and the neighbors' gardens. The plan was to plant annual sunflowers along the borders for the first year. So seeds were placed into small flower pots, on balcony and window sills of the Bethlehem apartment, and soon a little sunflower emerged in each pot.

But the date for moving had to be pushed back because the new house was not finished. Again and again the date was changed. Spring became summer, and the little sunflowers of course became taller. When the day of moving finally arrived, most of them were well over 3 feet high; some were close to 6 feet. Could they still be transported? Would they break and be destroyed in the moving van?

The movers were scheduled to arrive early, but Inge and I were up long before, after a sleepless night worrying about the sunflowers. The large, heavy men arrived, looked about them, and told us to relax. The transport would be successful, if we left the worrying to them. We had a cup of coffee together, then the big fellows carried each flower pot with its precariously waving flower into the van and fastened it securely. Every sunflower arrived at the new house in excellent shape, was planted, and provided a lovely Autumn sight in the new, unfinished garden.

That was the first of several experiences with movers fondly remembered. Perhaps they are all accustomed to meet customers in critical situations and have learned to deal with them calmly.

It was a good life in the new house. We were happy, and we had many visitors, who felt comfortable. However, less than a year after we had moved in, I received a one-year Rockefeller fellowship to America. We had to travel to Boston, and I was to teach and conduct research in the pharmacology department of Harvard Medical School for twelve months. My mother stayed in the house, - was later joined by my sister Motte, who came from France after her second divorce. They did much planting in the garden and visited back and forth with Inge's mother and her friends, three doors down the street.

When I saw the house in Bümpliz again, it was 12 months later on my return from Boston. It was again a memorable moment. Inge had come back 2 months earlier; she was pregnant and wanted to have her first child in Switzerland. A telegram that was to be delivered on the trans-Atlantic boat missed me, and I stayed a day in Paris not knowing that I had a daughter. As I approached the house, my sister Motte, who was looking out of the window, quickly withdrew. I was alarmed for a moment, but was quickly informed that Elise had been born in the Bern hospital. Motte thought it improper that she should be the bearer of the news.

As far as I remember, I hurried back to the town and hospital, gathering some gifts on the way. Inge received me in the best of spirits, and Elise turned out to be a healthy, charming and completely bald baby. People in the hospital, however, had begun to suspect that no father would appear.

A few days later Inge and Elise came home to the house in Bümpliz. The baby was moved into the small upstairs bedroom, where she was to sleep during the first three years of her life in a beautiful old baby bed, (bought from our cleaning woman, Mrs. Fuhrmann), peacefully playing with her fingers much of the time.

One of the greatest occasions for the house at this time was Elise's christening. The ceremony took place within walking distance of the house, at the very old church of Bümpliz, where Inge and I had been married. There were other strong connections with the past. My maternal grandmother Marie von Mendelssohn came from Sankt Georgenhof, bringing to the christening of her twenty-fifth great-grandchild the lace dress that my great-grandmother from Bordeaux had made for such occasions. Elise, wearing the dress worn by four previous generations, was held in Marie's lap. Looking on were two grandmothers, aunts and uncles, other family members and good friends. All this taking place in the downstairs room of our house, was recorded in photographs and a movie film.

The end of the friendly life came in 1956, when I departed to begin a new job and a new life in Syracuse in Upstate New York. The house had been advertised for sale, and the telephone rang uninterruptedly during the day time, except from 12 noon to 2 p.m., and after 10 in the evening. There were few so low-priced houses on the market in Switzerland at that time. But even in an urgent situation one did not call in the lunch hour.

I accepted the offer of a Mr. Sarbach, a retired school teacher, who lived in a nearby village; he wanted to buy the house for his son, who had just been transferred to Bern. Even after this agreement, I got calls with higher offers, urging me to get out of the previous contract; but I stayed firm. The final transaction for the sale goes together with a story, which sheds some light on Switzerland in 1956.

Mr. Sarbach and I had agreed to meet at the lawyer's office close to our house. He was going to pay for the house, and in return receive the bill of sale, after 8 o'clock one morning. We both arrived exactly on time. I noticed that Mr. Sarbach, who had walked several hours in from the country that morning, wore a suit with strangely bulging pockets. As the closing proceeded, it turned out that the buyer had brought the total amount of money, which was to be paid for the house, in cash in his pockets. He proceeded to count it under our eyes onto the table. It was quite a pile! When I asked, he answered with the statement, that, after thinking it over carefully, he had concluded that I might like it better to get cash, rather than a check. I do not know whether people in Switzerland now, 35 years later and in the age of credit cards, still believe that strongly in ready cash. At that time it was not out of the ordinary.

There was a wonderful farewell party, for which we opened all the doors downstairs, so that the space reached from the living room into the garage. Everything was decorated, so that the little house looked large and festive; we left it reluctantly. We had inhabited it only for a few years, though the insurance appraiser had written: "Life expectancy: not under 200 years!"- Similar to 5 years earlier, we took along as much furniture, paintings and plants as we could; only this time all had to travel across the ocean, and so the plant cuttings were stored in closed tin cans. I can report that most plants survived a two months' transport.

The least costly and easiest way to move household goods from Switzerland to the United States was at that time through a so-called "liftvan". Everything was packed into a large box, the size of a small room, which stood on a truck in front of the house. The box was to be sealed at the house, and it was transported as a whole by truck, boat, railway and truck again to the new house in Upstate New York. We acquired such a liftvan from the Spanish embassy in Bern; it was loaded to capacity in front of the Bern house. I remember that at the end of loading, there was still a narrow space left on top. In a quick decision I pushed my trusted rake, shovel and spade in.- 34 years and three houses later these Swiss garden tools still serve their function in Raleigh.

After loading we were not to see our possessions for three months. The van with the Spanish script on it appeared again in Syracuse on a sunny afternoon. In the presence of a blue and gold uniformed custom official the seal was broken in our driveway, and furniture, paintings, tools and plant cuttings reappeared in our lives. The box was donated to the neighbor as a chicken house, and we could see it standing there for 10 more years.

My mother, Inge, Elise and I went by rail to Paris, where we stayed one night before going to the French coast to take the ship for New York. I believe it was still rare and very expensive to cross by plane.

Elise, who at the age of three had blond, curly hair, was frequently touched on the head by an admiring passenger, usually with the words "little Curly-tops". I remember that she was not particularly fond of that.

My mother spent most of the time on the upper deck, painting water colors of the upper structure of the ship, the waves and the view. When we wanted to find her, we asked the steward whether he had seen the "painting lady". That was how she was known aboard ship. Some of the water colors from this trip still exist.

We left my mother with her sister Marga Kempner in Long Island, and continued by train to Syracuse.

Dr. Alfred Farah, the head of my new department of pharmacology at the State University of New York at Syracuse, came to pick us up at the railroad station;- as we learned later, we had taken the slower of two parallel railroad lines from New York to Syracuse, the Lackawanna railroad; they had difficulty finding us. He brought us to a comfortable house owned by two pharmacologists who were on vacation. The house was to be loaned to us until we found one of our own: a most generous gesture.

My first action was to acquire a car to go house-hunting. I first learned from the real estate agent a linguistic finesse about the difference between "houses" and "homes". A home was a house which cost more than \$30,000 (at that time a large sum). Our first two requirements were a house large enough to provide a separate apartment for my mother, and a second house close by for Inge's mother, who was to follow us. Next we wanted to replace the small size of the house in Bern with a relatively roomy place, hopefully in a country setting, with some land for gardening, maybe even enough space to accomodate an animal or two.

All of these requirements seemed to be met in a large, white clapboard house, built in 1911 and just remodeled. It had three stories and lay in an acre of garden land on the outskirts of the village of Manlius, not far from Syracuse. There was a magnificent view across the valley.

Only the question of payment remained. The rate of exchange from Swiss franken to American dollars was at that time so unfavorable, that the amount we had received from the Bümpliz house seemed rather small. In order to be able to complete the purchase of the Manlius house, we had to be sure that some of my mother's money would be available for the down-payment. My mother and I both wrote to my brother-in-law, the administrator of my mother's estate, explaining our need and asking that funds be transferred. After waiting several weeks for an answer, with the owners of the house becoming restless, I sent a telegram to Germany asking for clarification. A week later a letter arrived, informing me that the money would be sent soon. There was no difficulty in transferring the money; the administrator simply had not found sufficient time to write. I was outraged, but my mother, preferring peace to promptness or even to independence in money matters, asked me to be patient.

Finally we bought the house, and on a sunny day in October 1956 we moved in. The lift-van arrived in front of the house and the seal was broken. I remember one humorous incident on the first evening: As the sun set and it became increasingly dark outside, we tried to light the electric lamps. Particularly in the dining-room we could not find the switches; we were accustomed from Germany and Switzerland to have switches about three feet from the floor, next to the entrance door. We found nothing similar here. In desperation we called the former owners, who had moved out the day before. We were informed that the dining-room light was switched on by turning a little ornament on the chandelier, which was suspended from the ceiling.- After crossing the ocean, we were more puzzled by small differences in daily procedures than by basic human behavior.- this, after all, is rather similar everywhere.

Manlius had been named after a Roman of the time of Hannibal's invasion. Hearing his geese becoming restless in the middle of the night, he had cried: "Hannibal ante portas!", reportedly saving the city from a surprise attack. I learned that the name had been given in the last century by a postmaster with a classical education. At that time the state of New York had several Romes, Berlins, Manchesters... But duplication did not fit the postal service's requirements. At least some of the towns would have to change their names. And that is how it came to be that the road that passed Manlius before our house went to a place called Syracuse, while in the back, across the valley, we could make out the distant rolling hills of Pompey.

The postmaster's importing of Roman names for a new continent appealed to me. I found other things congenial in Manlius, and that was very understandable to a former professor of mine from Bern. He had always found it amusing that we had chosen to live in Bümpliz, a rather out of the way place with a funny name, which was a distortion of its founder's name: the medieval emperor Pipin the Middle-One". After seeing Manlius he declared, "The Bümplizer finds everywhere his Bümpliz!" We had truly found ours.

The large old house had been extensively remodeled by the last owners. Many walls had been taken out, to change a great number of small rooms into a few large, light ones. We had only small changes made, to accomodate my mother in a separate but easily accessible apartment and have a few separate bedrooms. There were now three bathrooms, one for Inge and myself, one for my mother, and an extra one with toilet next to the kitchen. The upper corridor was subdivided with a door to give privacy to the apartment. A busy road passed in front of the house, linking Syracuse to Cazenovia and other resort areas; in the back one looked over a valley; and in the distance one could make out the hills of Pompey, another classical place in the area,- and comparable to the view toward the Alps in Bümpliz.

One of the attractions of the house for children was the existence of two stairs, one in front, one in the back. At childrens' parties it was a special treat to run up on one end and down on the other,- similar to what I remember from my childhood home in Grunewald.- From a large, square porch in the back one looked over the garden and into the valley, which was partially wild and contained a beaver colony. This porch was later remodeled into an apartment for Inge's mother. There was also a small garden house, well insulated and with a heater, which served as an extra living-room or guest apartment. Over the next ten years many visitors stayed there. Ten years later I spent the last night in the garden house, before I departed for North Carolina.

Another "Roman" episode comes to mind, when I think of our early stay in the new country. A friend from Bern visited, and when we dug in the garden, we struck remnants of an old stone wall. We both exclaimed "A Roman Wall!", as something we would have found in Bern. And only then did we realize that we were far away from Europe, and no Roman walls could exist here.

Our upstairs bathtub sat next to a long window that looked across the valley. Always preferring a leisurely hot bath to a hasty shower, we replaced the shallow modern tub with an old, lion-footed, very deep tub that we found on our annual outing with my new boss, professor Farah. We had driven north to the St. Lawrence river and found a row of old tubs standing in front of a 19th century hotel that was being remodeled. We selected the best specimen, paid ten dollars for it, and had the fishing guide Larry bring it to our house in the back of his truck. Thenceforth we enjoyed the view of the Pompey hills not only in summer, but sitting in comfortably warm water watching snow being blown past our window in one of the frequent violent winter storms. We lived, after all, in the American "snow belt".

I enjoyed particularly the one acre garden,- later enlarged through acquisition of another adjoining 1.8 acres,- the fields and an old orchard, woods and a stream, which lay partly on neighboring properties. In the middle of the garden stood an old Baldwin apple tree, which I pruned severely. Before that it had not born any good fruit; now it began to bear delicious apples. This technique of pruning old fruit trees severely has been used by me ever since with success. Together with the neighbors, who moved in a few months later, and who became good friends, I bought a cider press. It could be operated by hand. The annual apple harvest and pressing of cider became an important function in the lives of the growing children from the neighborhood.

The severe Syracuse winter made the dahlia growing season very short. There had to be a way to prolong the season and the blossoming. In a book about medieval herb gardens I found descriptions of a "pulvinus": raised beds surrounded by walls. The soil could be worked (for example by ageing monks) without bending, and the drainage was excellent. I varied the design so that glassed window frames could be laid across the bed from a high back wall to a low front wall. A heating cable warmed the soil. Planting could begin long before the last frost. When the plants grew tall and temperature permitted, the windows were simply removed. The whole space, facing South behind the house, was about 6 feet deep and 50 feet long; it was thenceforth known as the "Wittinus", a colorful dahlia bed that in summer looked like a huge flower basket. In Fall, the windows were put back in place to protect late blossoms from frost.

This structure depended on the laying of several thousand bricks, a process I enjoyed and found relaxing. It required close attention and precision, but not profound thinking. That aspect of the work proved especially welcome on a day in early July 1957 when my younger daughter Mary was expected.

I had brought Inge to the hospital in Syracuse and had returned home to wait for news from the hospital. At that time fathers were not supposed to be present at their childrens' birth. The wait seemed to last forever, though in fact it was only a few hours, and I filled it by brick-laying.

Finally the call came: "Please come immediately!" I asked whether everything was all right, but she only repeated her words. Something terrible must have happened! It seems to me that trained physicians worry even more than other people, because they have learned about all the abnormal circumstances possible at birth. I worried so much on the drive into town that I nearly caused an accident, but all was well at the hospital. It was the nurse's idea of a joke,- not at all funny. All was forgotten when I saw beautiful blackhaired Mary. Still, her arrival will always be linked with work on the Wittinus.

The brick walls looked good in the garden, even when not growing dahlias. They sheltered plants and helped produce glorious blossoms for nine more lengthened summers, all enjoyed immensely.

The one acre garden was soon enlarged by another 1.8 acres that I acquired behind our house: they contained an old orchard and woods and bordered on a stream. The land was acquired through a quick decision, when one morning an alcoholic neighbor called and offered the land for sale. He seemed to need money badly, and I took my opportunity.

There was a field on which ponies could graze. Trees were planted, and we prepared an oval track on which a sulky could be driven in summer and a horse sleigh in winter.

I began raising Nubian milk goats (see chapter "Animals I knew and loved"). My appetite for farm operations was whetted, one of several usefult preparations and anticipations for what was to come later, when we moved to North Carolina.

One of the unconscious rehearsals was the acquiring of a greenhouse. At that time I was aware only that it reminded me of the days in Grunewald in the greenhouses of my mother and my grandparents (see "Childhood Memories"). I choose a prefabricated structure designed to stand against one side of the house.

At the location we chose, at the North wall of the living room, it would not only provide a year-round view of blossoming plants, but would dampen the sound of cars passing on the busy road to Syracuse. It would be particularly attractive to have the delicate colors of flowers all during the long, white Syracuse winters.

Several measures helped to make this successful: There were two entrances to the greenhouse: on one side one could step down from the glassed-in entrance way at the front of the house; on the other side the door led directly into the garden. In winter the gardener could enter the greenhouse from the sheltered entranceway; while through the other door there was an opportunity to bring in fertilizer, soil, pots and much else directly from the garden.

In my childhood I had become acquainted with the climbing Maréchal Niel rose, with its yellow hanging, delicately fragrant blossoms; it was extended through the whole length of my grandparents' greenhouses. The only time I observed it outside was in Brazil in a beautiful garden, which was designed by a botanist, a lady originally from Frankfurt. In Manlius I was able to root a Maréchal Niel rose in the ground and observe closely the hanging blossoms from the raised level of the living room.

Another plant brought back memories of earlier greenhouses in Grunewald, and it anticipated the mild climate in North Carolina: it was a camellia bush. Its pink blossoms appeared in the corner of the greenhouse in early spring.- Benches with pots permitted raising of subtropical plants (I used it as a "cool greenhouse"); such benches were completely abandoned in a later greenhouse.

On the long trip on which I moved goats, a dog, ponies and a donkey to North Carolina in 1966, I took a number of plants along,- some still from cuttings, which I had brought from Switzerland- and originally from Berlin. But probably the most successful replanting involved a pot with a fig tree. The shoemaker in Manlius N.Y., who was of Greek ancestry, had nursed for many years a small fig tree on his window sill in memory of his childhood in Greece. When I left Manlius for the South, he presented Inge with the potted fig and asked her to give her a new home outdoors in the South. In only a few years it became in our garden in North Carolina a large tree, which bore regularly much fruit. Photographs of the tree were sent back to Mr. Fillipelli until his death. A new generation, which descended from cuttings of this tree, lives now at the end of our little garden in Raleigh. I can see three large bearing trees through the window from where I write this.

Another way in which we anticipated life in the South began with the ponies and animals I have already mentioned. As the number of our animals increased, and particularly as the children and our neighbors' children began to ride, we needed space and pasture. A farmer in the Pompey hills, just across the valley, had a piece of land for sale. These were altogether 15 acres, about an hour's walk, or three miles, from our house. There was a flat field of about 10 acres, ideal for growing hay. Behind the field rose a steep hill, and the North slope of the hill up to the very top belonged to the same property. On top of the hill one stood on the highest point of the area and had a magnificent view to the North; all the flat country North of Syracuse with Onondaga and Oneida lakes, lay spread out below, and on clear days one could see at the horizon the silver stripe of lake Ontario. The land was relatively low priced, because it had no direct access to the nearest road. When I finally purchased it, I bought in addition a narrow strip of land, which would eventually become an entrance road. A road builder was called in; he straightened out the surface, covered it with gravel, and dug deep ditches along both sides for drainage.

During the years in which we owned that land,- which was called by the children from the neighborhood "the land",- we spent many happy hours up there. On hot summer days the air in the hills seemed fresher than in Manlius, and I performed healthy outdoor work like plowing, mowing, planting and seeding, after I had spent all week in the laboratory. With a little tractor I drove back and forth over the field. I began to get acquainted with the soil and its variations. I learned about the proper times and proceedings for seeding and harvesting and much more. Together with the neighbors we had something like the Alpine ascent and descent in Switzerland; in spring we would lead the donkey and the ponies, plus sometimes a few goats, up onto the summer pasture,- or we would lead them down to the stables behind the house for the winter. I learned about the variations in growth from year to year, when I harvested one summer 11 bales of hay from the field, which had given us about 150 bales the year before.

There had always been a plan to build one day a house up there,- or even several houses like a guest house, a barn and stables, a house for us etc. And one day we would move into the hills. However, we never got around to do it. We got as far as planting the barren slope of the hill with several hundred tree seedlings, shortly before we left New York state and moved South. The only time we visited "the land" many years later, we saw sizeable trees growing all over the slope. This land was only a tryout before we became real farmers in North Carolina, 1966.

This came about in the following way: I negotiated in 1966 about a new job in Raleigh, N.C. As negotiations progressed, it was suggested that Inge and I come down for a few days, I to become more familiar with the job conditions, Inge to look at life and housing in Raleigh. It was about March 1966, when we left the still very wintry North in Syracuse and flew to the sunny South, where daffodils were already in full bloom.

On the second day in Raleigh, Inge and my ways parted: I went to the Mental Health Research Laboratories, and Inge was taken by potential future colleagues' wives on a tour of houses. The ladies had everything carefully prepared, lining up houses for sale; and after learning about our special interests, they had looked for places with some land, horse pasture or similar layouts.- In order to understand what happened next, one has to realize that we had at that time been married for 17 years, and we had had ample opportunities to find out about our preferences. Inge has always had a special ability to adapt to another person,- especially to me.

As I recall it, we met at the end of the last day in Raleigh at the airport to report on our separate pursuits. I related that the job had been offered to me, and that I was inclined to accept, to begin regular work as director of mental health research in North Carolina on September 1, 1966. Before that time I would have to fly down several times to take care of urgent business. Inge said to me, that she had seen the "house of her dreams"; she had brought along the names and telephone numbers of the present owner and her agent. There was not a moment's doubt in my mind, that we should act quickly. I went to the telephone at the airport and told the agent that we offered to buy the place.

It turned out that this was an eleven year old residence, several outbuildings, plus a small working farm with 35 acres of land. It had already been on the market for a year, probably because the house was too small to satisfy a person, who wanted to live in a stately country home; and for a mere garden behind a small house, there was too much land. As a farm it was very small,- not enough to feed a farm family. The price was high for a mere residence, but low for that amount of land close to the city. The deal was soon closed successfully, and three months later I flew to Raleigh on Mental Health Department business, and I signed the papers for the transfer of the property.

I remember clearly my first trip to the new farm. I drove in a rented car to Knightdale, about 6 miles East of Raleigh, and found the entrance to the property. I slowly drove along the sandy surface of the narrow road to the house. Early in that half-mile drive I saw a group of workers picking cotton in the field; I realized with a start that these were now our fields that were being worked. I left the car and walked across the field to introduce myself to the foreman. I learned that he was Mr. John Marshall, that he lived in the small white house at the driveway entrance, and that he and his family had worked the farm for many years. Later, when we became good friends and could laugh about it, he told me that my behavior showed him immediately that I was the new owner. But I have never found out what he meant by "behavior like an owner".

After I passed the fields in my car, I dipped steeply down into a ravine, crossed a creek, and saw a good sized lake on my left. From there the driveway swung up through a stand of stately pine trees, to end in a courtyard. On one side of this courtyard one could discern the end of a one-story brick house; and a wall of field stones connected the house to a two-story, handsome barn-building, which stood at right angles to the house. The other two sides of the courtyard were bordered by large trees. Though we made many changes later, the layout of the courtyard and surrounding structures was never altered. It impressed me as particularly lovely the first time I saw it.

Inge had inspected the well-built house. She had found it rather small, but with enough chambers to shelter us all. We had decided that we would move in as is and add to the house later, - if necessary. We never did!

The floor plan of the house reflected the peculiarities of the former owners: a couple, who had lived separate at different ends of the house and only met in the central room for dinner. The large living room formed the central bar of a lying H, and at each end was a corridor with two bedrooms and a bathroom on one side, and a bedroom, bathroom, dining room (or study) and kitchen at the other. Each bedroom was in one corner of the house, separated from the next by several walls and bathrooms. The floorplan guaranteed good sound insulation of each bedroom.

The center of the house consisted of a large living room, 30 by 15 feet, with windows on both long sides. On entering this room one had the feeling of harmony, probably because of the simple proportions. We watched many times as visitors entered the living room for the first time: he or she stood still and apparently enjoyed the harmonious proportions.

On the garden side was a big picture window with a view across the lawn and flower garden into the woods. The elegant barn appeared in the right hand corner. Later we could see from there the many animals in the distance, feeding, running, playing.

On the opposite side of the living room one looked through a glass door, flanked by two windows, over a large (30 X 30 foot) porch into woods and down a slope; at the bottom of the slope appeared a lake (Lake Elise), which could only be seen clearly when the leaves had fallen. Years later, when visiting, my brother cut an opening into the forest by felling 18 small and medium sized trees, (now called "Onkel Gregor's Lichtung" = clearing)- and one could actually see the rising fields on the other side of the lake and the end of the farm at the public road. Along the road, as around all sides of the farm, a double row of pines and a rose hedge indicated the borders of the property.

I saw it all several months before we were going to move in, and so we had time for a few changes. In the large central room I realized an old dream, namely a wall of built-in bookshelves; the shelves were to stretch all around the three windows: the lovely view became framed by books.- After we had lived there for a few years, the woods became the home for many animals: one saw mountain sheep (Moufflons), llamas, American ostriches, and emus, even a kangaroo, which moved in the woods across the field of vision in search of food or other pursuits. It always struck me as strange, how busily occupied the animals looked, when they apparently did nothing but roam around.

When we left Syracuse, we received several warnings from the "Northerners" in Upstate New York about life in the South: all houses were supposed to be undermined by termites and were liable to collapse suddenly. People were violent and religious fanatics, who hunted negroes whenever they saw them. The heat and humidity during the long summers would be unbearable. Most of this proved untrue or exaggerated; however, I felt that we should be able to cool the house in the summer. An airconditioner with ducts in the roof and outlets in all ceilings was put in. In combination with warm-water heat in winter this proved most pleasant. A new aluminum roof provided good insulation and protection from storms.

There was ample space, but no proper stables for the animals. In the back of the barn, facing the woods, stretched a long, low roof under which "antiques" like broken bedsteads, iron fire escapes, pipes and other junk had been stored by the former owner, colonel Hutchinson, as provisions for a rainy day. More trash was deposited in the woods, and I found that it looked terrible; it destroyed the serenity of the lovely space under the tall trees. I had trucks come in and remove it all.

The space under the roof seemed ideal for goat-pens. There would be 5-foot high partitions with free, dry air circulating above. The roof would keep out rain, as goats dislike to be exposed even to a few drops. I conceived of the idea of pouring a large, slightly sloping, concrete apron into which upright posts could be sunk. The posts later could be joined by horizontal boards and gates to create goat pens and a milking chamber. The final structure proved its practicality in 21 years of occupation by many generations of goats.

In answer to a question from the contractor about the thickness I wanted the concrete to be, I said casually, "Two feet". That was excessive, and a mistake for another reason. Shortly after we moved into the new house we received notice of a law suit filed by the concrete company. One of their mixing trucks had turned over coming down the steep slope of the driveway at the bridge and had sunk into the adjoining swamp. The concrete had reportedly hardened before it could be removed from the mixer, and so no crane was able to lift the heavy mess out of the mud. The firm claimed a replacement value for the truck of more than \$10,000.

As soon as we had settled in, I drove with a lawyer to the nearby courthouse to testify. As it turned out, none of the other witnesses had actually looked at the site of the accident, but a verbal picture of a rickety, broken-down bridge was produced. With the help of actual photographs I was able to establish that instead of a bridge the driveway crossed a solid dam with a culvert running under it, and there was no chance of a collapse. When it was then brought out that the truck had been very old and its brakes had not been functioning properly, the suit had to be dropped. The judge apologized very nicely to me for the bad experience I had had so shortly after moving to the South.- So much for Southern aggressiveness!

After all preparations were completed, we finally moved. Thanks to generous support from the North Carolina government, my new employer, we could take everything we wanted from one house to the next; possessions were packed into boxes in Manlius and unpacked at the house in Knightdale. However, there were the plants and animals and my mother's paintings, which would have required much special handling and high insurance. I decided to solve the problem and drive these down myself, with the help of two good friends, who could take turns on the long trip. In the meantime Inge and the children flew to Raleigh, where they settled in a nice downtown hotel, the Sir Walter. As a surprise I had a car delivered to the hotel on the day of their arrival, and the girls started immediately to go to the new school.

The previous owner of the trailer,- which we pulled with the Scout from Syracuse to Knightdale,- had prepared stalls for two horses in the rear of the trailer and several compartments for his hunting dogs in the front. In the early morning hours of one the last days of August 1966, David Peakall and I loaded Elise's pony and the donkey into the horse stalls, the goats and our Old English Sheepdog Purcell into the smaller compartments. The paintings rode with us in the back of the car. The first part of the trip would take us to the suburbs of Philadelphia.

When David and I arrived at Bryn Mawr we were able to drive the animals directly to a fenced pasture. David, Charles Reed and I, who had collaborated on a book on spiders' webs, now collaborated in releasing some very happy animals to frolic after their long day of travel in narrow spaces. Trudy Reed had arranged to let us use a farm owned by Bryn Mawr College. It was one of the last times the farm would be put to its traditional uses; it was in the path of a new highway, and was soon to be engulfed.

David flew back to Syracuse that night, and I spent the evening with the Reeds, swimming, eating and talking.

Because the second part of the trip was to cover a longer distance than the first we were anxious to start early. The donkey had other ideas; he had decided that he had enough of the trailer and refused to enter. We spent a good deal of time and energy pushing and pulling the animal up the ramp into his stall.

After that struggle, the drive was easy. At every stop for gas or food we drew a crowd interested in inspecting our strange load. A difficulty arose as the sun began to sink: a breakdown in the electric system prevented our using the car's headlights. For a while we considered stopping for the night somewhere, but provisions for the animals would not have been easy. So by speeding up a bit, we managed to enter the Knightdale driveway just as the sun went down.

John Marshall, of whom I will write more later, was waiting for us, ready to help. Our new neighbor, Wilder, surprised us with a load of dry leaves and pine straw that he had spread in the box stalls for bedding, and into which the apparently happy animals skipped. The plants were watered and brought into the house, and the tired drivers slept on mattresses on the floor of the bedrooms.

The next morning we learned that the furniture van would arrive later in the day. We drove into town early and went to the hotel where Inge and the children were staying. With the help of cooperative waiters, we were already seated in position to surprise the three ladies when they came down to breakfast. That ceremony signalled the successful transfer of all of us- living beings and objects- from Manlius to Knightdale.

When the movers came, I unpacked the books first. As all my favorite books began to fill the wall around the living-room windows I began to feel at home, and to look forward to a long stay. It turned out to be 21 years in a place close to Paradise!

Unlike the original Paradise, it required some work. Perhaps the best illustration is our experience with the driveway, to which ^{we} referred ~~to~~ by a verbatim and senseless translation into German as "Treibweg". It deserves a special discussion.

In contrast to what other farmers in the area did, the previous owners of our farm had built their house in the center of the property of 35 acres, nearly a half mile back from the road. There was only one road to the house. The views along that road were lovely and ever-changing: fields, woods, a lake. It was a joy to drive or walk along a driveway such as this- nearly always.

In our early Knightdale (Ritterthal) days, there were times when we would be unable to get from the house to the road, or worse, from the road to the house. Several times, after a downpour, the part of the driveway that passed close to the pond was completely flooded. The Marchalls, who lived at the beginning of the driveway, had experienced such flooding many times before. The morning after the rain they appeared at our door to carry us across the water on their backs if need be!

The rainy weather problem arose from the shape of the terrain. The driveway crossed three valleys. The rainwater drained through the valleys and across the driveway. Ditches of various depth appeared every time it rained, and of course they became problems for driving. There was a large culvert draining water from the deep valley near the lake, but it was not up to heavy downpour.

One summer a friend of Elise's, a student whom she had met in Holland, was staying with us. Since he was looking for work, I asked him to place a second large concrete pipe to help drain this spot. After the work with backhoe and shovel was finished, I planted several kinds of bamboo along the sides of the way in order to have the help of the plants' roots in holding earth together. In that fashion one of the trouble spots was eliminated.

Near the public road the driveway had two spots always ready to become mudholes. Again it was a matter of getting the water to pass from one side to the other. John Marshall and I laid a small concrete pipe to do that, but shortly after we had placed it, the heavy equipment needed in the refurbishing of the lake crushed it. So we did the work a second time.

The steepness of slope just at the lake valley posed another driveway problem. One rock stuck out prominently and became the destroyer of automobile tailpipes. Long, low cars suffered most; we claimed that visitors with Cadillacs could not reach us unharmed.

A physicist friend of mine said- half malediction and half recommendation- "Blast that rock", but of course neither were appropriate: without the rock the driveway was in danger of washing away. The solution was to have a ready-mix-concrete truck pour just enough support around the rocky nose, so that the tailpipes of cars cleared it. While the concrete was still wet, the children pressed their hands into it and wrote the date of its pouring.

For the rest of our time in Knightdale it was a memorial of a problem solved. Just recently, the concrete apron was crushed by another convoy of heavy trucks, and so the problem reappeared for the new owners. Other alterations we made were far more lasting.

One of the beautiful features of the farm was the pond, soon named Lake Elise, that provided much pleasure but also worry and work. The pond lay directly below the house and had been formed by damming a creek that flowed through a swampy depression. The pond covered nearly two acres, but over the years the L-shaped dam had been weakened by floods and muskrat burrows. In some places the dam was so narrow that a heavy rainfall threatened to collapse it into Ice Pond Creek. It had to be renewed.

I began by building a wall of cinder blocks to support the dam at its highest, narrowest and weakest point. That 6-foot high wall is still standing, after 20 years and many storms. Below the wall were rocks and a small waterfall; a flight of stone steps led down to the running water and to a cool place to sit on hot summer days. Here water could be collected for irrigation of the tobacco fields in dry summers. The fields lay just a little beyond the lake on the side opposite the house.

But changes more radical than these had to be made in order to have a pond in which it would be possible to swim, to float boats and rafts, or to raise fish, ducks and geese. I consulted a specialist from the North Carolina Agriculture Department. From the list of experts in lake remodelling that he provided I selected a highly recommended but small contractor. I bought a book on management of small ponds and read others on the use of lakes. The plan was to begin work in late Fall so that the pond could drain during the winter. Then the dam could be rebuilt, and the pond refilled with the help of the spring rains.

On the other side of the dam, which protected the lower end of the pond, lay a swamp. The water level of the lake was usually about 6 feet higher than this swamp. A narrow ditch was dug across the dam, and the lake-water drained quickly. There was only a small puddle of water left at the deepest point, in which the fish had a chance to survive. One saw from the house now a series of mud-flats, and it stayed so for several months. The contractor postponed his return to finish the job again and again, until I gave up hope that he would ever get it done.

When I hired a new contractor, I went to the opposite extreme and engaged the largest company; they owned much heavy equipment. He claimed that he could do the whole job in two days, i.e. scratch out the mud, reshape the bottom, rebuild the dam, and lay a drainage pipe from the lowest point into the swamp.

One morning soon several huge machines appeared. A sort of crane lowered a bucket-like contraption, which could be manipulated by chains; it was thrown repeatedly into the mud, where it was loaded, then lifted, and finally tipped into a truck. Truck after truck drove up the driveway and dumped the presumably rich mud onto a field near the road. On the return trip the truck brought some solid clay back, which came from another field, and unloaded it so that it would add thickness to the dam..... Special care was taken to form the lake-side of the dam into a gentle slope. I had read that muskrats, which had previously undermined the dam, could only build their burrows in nearly vertical walls. The new slope proved a success, and the rats never appeared again after this.

The two days of remodeling felt like days in hell, and the noise and dust seemed never to end. The heavy machines churned up the driveway, and great noise and clouds of dust spread over the once quiet farm. Access from the street to the house became precarious. However, the effort proved worthwhile. The new lake-bed filled up rapidly as the spring rains arrived, and in early summer we could take our first swim, pioneered by daughter Elise. Today, 20 years later, one looks back on many years thereafter, where Lake Elise was a beautiful sight to behold, a daily joy for swimmers in summer; and it became the home of numerous fish and birds. The two days of suffering had been worthwhile.

In the first year during which we lived in Knightdale, we built a raft from 4 barrels; they were held together (and down) by a framed wooden platform. Family members or guests lay in the sun on the raft, or pushed it with a long pole across the pond; a physicist-friend even worked out the angle at which one had to hold the pole to move it straight.- A neighbor told us that he had been given the remnants of a fibre-glass factory, which went into bankruptcy; and he built from those supplies a green row-boat for us. It reminded me of the boat in Grunewald, in which we had spent many hours as children on Herthasee,- the lake between my mother's and grandparents' houses.

A third frequently used water vehicle was a pedal boat, which moved rapidly forward through heavy footwork, and could be steered by means of a handle. We had bought it from two elderly gentlemen. They built regularly by hand such boats and traveled with one from fair to fair during the summer months. At the end of the summer, which happened to coincide with the North Carolina State Fair, they offered it for sale. We bought it and received with it a card with their names and address, so that we could get in touch if repairs were needed. This boat is also still on the pond. On the day of its arrival, Mr. John Marshall, the farmer about whom I will tell more soon, and who never went into the water, pedaled proudly back and forth on Lake Elise.

For a while I considered fish-breeding, but apart from the addition I am about to describe, I did not pursue it. I read that bass and bream, which swim near the surface, could share the lake with mud-eating catfish that would keep the water clear. So Inge and I drove to a fish hatchery east of Raleigh and returned with 100 small catfish. About three years later a very large catfish was brought from our pond to the kitchen.

Probably the most successful fisherman at the lake was a mechanic who serviced my car; he owned a garage and gas station near the hospital where I worked. He told me that he had pulled more than 70 fish from the lake in one day.

The strangest catch was a large eel brought in by my nephew Dieter Boedeker, who was visiting from Germany. He claimed that he was an expert with special methods for catching eels. I argued that eels, who propagate in the Sargasso Sea, could not be in the pond because there was no open connection to the sea. Dieter not only provided the eel, but left instructions in the guest book for catching and cooking eels. He proved his expertise in cooking as well as in catching by preparing a delicious eel dinner for us.

In short, there was good fishing in the lake. Sometimes complete strangers came asking to fish. Some of our visitors caught no fish at all, and blamed the lake. Remembering the success of fishermen such as the mechanic and my nephew, I listened quietly but skeptically to their complaints.

Dieter's instructions- and the postcards we still get from time to time- recall other guest book entries- two volumes in all- that tell of our visitors' delight in the pond and the rooms in which they stayed. Something must now be said about these rooms

The house was just right for us, but had no spare rooms for visitors. Shortly after moving in we began work on two extra rooms in the former barn above the garage. John Marshall, his son Billy and I together replaced a rickety fire escape from the collection of the colonel and former owner with much wider wooden stairs, which ascended on the outside of the building. Outside stairs, which one finds on many Swiss houses, had always been Inge's special delight. I found out that the width of my steps, which I designed according to space available, rather than according to experience, was quite uncomfortable in use. In spite of that there was always lively traffic on the stairs, upwards and downwards. As our daughters grew older, they liked to have parties up there; it was far enough removed from the house to let us sleep in peace.

The bigger of the upstairs rooms was unfinished and had a high ceiling with crossbeams. A builder from Knightdale came in and insulated walls and ceiling, leaving the space above the beams open; the slanted roof was covered with insulation and pine boards on the inside, which gave the feeling of ample head space in a low room.

The end of the larger room was converted into a closet, where we could store extra clothing, and guests could hang up their things. An electric heating and cooling system was installed, so that it was comfortable year round.

We now fulfilled an old plan: to have living space in a separate building that could be turned down and closed off when not needed. It had always bothered me that large ballrooms and other chambers in my grandparents' house stood open and were temperature regulated throughout the year, whether they were in use or not.

Although I always intended to spend a night in that apartment, I never managed to do so.

The living space was further augmented, when a house-trailer was deposited in the circular driveway. It was meant as a home for Inge's mother, Helene Feiler, who wanted independence, but needed some looking-after. She had gotten tired after a short while of every place where she had lived, and I thought that a mobile home, which could be moved on short notice, might solve her location problem. It turned out to be so appropriate, that she lived there for the rest of her independent life.

We bought the smallest possible trailer, and had an inside wall removed, so that there was only one bedroom left with a large closet, and a very large living room. At one end of the living room was a corner kitchen and a dining place.

The entrance to the mobile home was close to the door into our house, but behind trees. A second outside door into the trailer looked toward the lake. A balcony was planned for that door, but was not built until much later. It overlooks Lake Elise. The living room window presented a lovely view, where one looked across tree tops to the lake and over the sloping fields beyond.

Several years later, after Inge's mother had died, it became our second guest house, where particularly my sister Motte felt at home, when she came every Thanksgiving. She began to regard it practically as her own summerhouse. Whenever somebody wanted to use these quarters, one could turn on heat, water and electricity, and it was at once comfortable. There was an airconditioner built in and a nice bathroom. This space turns also frequently up in the praise, which visitors wrote into our guest book. In the very last years of our stay in Knightdale, the trailer became for a short time a cheesery, - more about that later.

The next structure to be described was the most unusual addition we made to the Knightdale land. After the good experience with the first greenhouse in Manlius, where semitropical plants were successfully rooted in the warm soil below, I dreamed up and built an even more magical world of blossoming plants in Knightdale. There was no space near the house, and so the structure had to be freestanding; it had to have special protection from the hot summer sun, and there had to be some extra heat in winter. When I wrote an article on the architecture of spider webs for Interdisciplinary Science Reviews, I became aware of the beauty and expediency of the "Geodesic Dome".

Buckminster Fuller had designed a structure, which consists of a scaffold of strong ribs; these form adjoining triangles, which provide support for clear windows. The structure is light, it can be made transparent, and it is at the same time quite strong. A low wall of cinder blocks, held together with fibre cement, would serve as foundation. The final structure had 8 corners and a diameter of 15 feet. The triangles could be bolted onto the wall. The higher-up triangles are fastened with screws to the lower ones, until all sides come firmly together at the top of the dome.

I cut the ribs of redwood, the cover of translucent fibre glass. Two students from the school of design at the N.C. State University answered my call for help. They were able to do the rather elaborate calculations of angles, and the carpentry for the ribs. We were able to build a large, protected room over a nearly circular ground area. Shrubs, small trees and climbing plants could be rooted in the soil under a protective and transparent dome. Big trees nearby provided protection from the hot sun.

On entering the dome, one could choose from two gravel-covered paths: each ended in a garden seat at opposite sides. Larger plants were set in the center, smaller ones near the outside; and I constructed a broad, wooden ledge all around to accomodate flower pots at the periphery.

One early success came with the blossoming and fruiting of a dwarf banana tree: *Musa nana* Cavendishi. Several Lantana and Plumbago grew as shrubs, bearing colorful blossoms nearly all year round. A dwarf lemon tree bore fruit. Several tree ferns grew to good height, after I had planted small roots from the rain forest in Puerto Rico: El Yunque. A Marechal Nil rose climbed through the eaves and emitted a delicious fragrance,- as in my earlier life in Grunewald and Syracuse.

Much growth took place as a consequence of my digging out three feet of clay and sand at the bottom, and replacing it with a mixture of top soil, peat moss, and aged manure. At regular intervals it became necessary to clear out extra growth. I sat frequently in the middle of the greenhouse, especially in winter, and dreamt that I had traveled to far-off rain forests of the world.

I mentioned earlier that on my first visit to Knightdale I observed people working in our fields. The property was actually a working farm,- registered as such,- and we had annually changing allotments of tobacco, cotton etc.; and there was one field in the "landbank",- an institution which paid the owner for not using some of the land. The work was performed according to a local, well-established system, which had its good and bad sides: one family, the Marshalls, lived free of charge in the little, white house at the entrance to the driveway; they provided most of the labor on the farm, and in return they received 50% of all income from agriculture.

At this point I would like to describe the Marshall family, who lived so long close to us, was somewhat dependent on us, as we depended on them; our relationship with them grew into friendship, which survived our move away from the farm in Knightdsale and into the city of Raleigh in 1986/7.

According to what we were told, Mr. John Marshall had started as a young man work as a tenant farmer for the former owners of our farm, colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson. Mrs. Hutchinson, a kind lady who showed sometimes the mannerisms of a feudal landowner, reported to us that she had ordered John to marry the girl he courted at that time,- now Mrs. Lois Marshall. Both were children of ministers in Dunn, a small city South of Raleigh. The families were of African ancestry and had certainly been slaves for a long time. They were dark-skinned and had thick lips, curly hair and round heads. On meeting them one became immediately aware of their open manner and friendly smiles. Their two children were: an older girl named Jaqueline, and a younger boy named John William junior, called Billy.

When we arrived there was still strict segregation between dark and light skinned citizens, and schools for the Marshall children were separate from the schools where Elise and Mary went.

From the beginning I saw John Marshall frequently to discuss with him matters of farming. As mentioned, traditionally he provided all the labor for the farm, either through his family or with hired helpers, and I paid all expenses, like machinery, seeds and fertilizer etc. and saw to it that he had a place to live with his family free of rent. He also appeared voluntarily every Saturday morning at our house and asked whether I needed help with all the animals, the stables, the house. This was conveniently the day on which I stayed at home.

However, there was also by tradition no contract, either written or oral, between him and me. According to stories I read, a tenant frequently left with his whole family a farm over night, without any advance notice. This usually indicated dissatisfaction with the treatment, or that they had found a better place. Obviously my dependence on him and my financial security as landowner were counterbalanced by his freedom to choose, - to come and go as he wanted. - I describe this for the benefit of people, who believe that the old Southern landowner was a kind of slaveholder, who had all the rights and no duties. It was certainly to my advantage, and it corresponded to my wishes, that I saw to it that the Marshall family would stay in their house at the entrance to the farm. The story of a long and trusting relationship between John and myself illustrates this point.

On one of the first Saturdays, when John came to the house to work and talk, - sometimes the conversation revolved about deep matters like life and death, religion, health, nationalism etc., - I asked him directly whether he planned to stay on this farm and work here. He answered that he had not yet made up his mind. I proposed that he commit himself to one year, - a trial period, - after which we would discuss it again. Without a direct commitment he indicated that this appeared agreeable to him. He told me that, as soon as he had seen me and had talked with me, he knew that I would be the new owner and would stay for a long time. He had felt, from the beginning, that I had behaved like a new farm owner. We both laughed. It seems that mutual trust developed early.

After a year of working together, during which I had felt happy about our relationship and his work, and had counted the days to the promised decision, I asked John again. This time he answered, that he had long assumed that the question was settled. He had no intention to change places. - So much for the dignity of freedom!

In the meantime two events had taken place, which acted in our favor: Inge had asked Mrs. Marshall whether she would clean the house regularly and accept a salary in return. Like her husband, she was at first hesitant to commit herself. After a few weeks we had all gotten accustomed to see Mrs. Marshall every weekday morning walk up the driveway to our house and go to work with broom and sponge. She worked at her own rhythm and at tasks of her own choosing. She did a wonderful job of keeping the house in shape. We liked her more and more, particularly when she would tell about the flowers she had admired in blossom along the driveway, or about the beauty of the sky. She lightened up everybody's day with her radiant smile. We began to suspect, that she actually enjoyed the few hours in the morning away from home, and we observed that she was always specially dressed for these visits. It became also apparent that the income from housework helped her family.

The second progress in our apprenticeship as Southern landowners came with the remodeling of the Marshall's house. An improvement of the building was for us owners in our best interest, and we could use income from the farm for this in a constructive way. I was careful never to inspect the house and observe their life-style. After John had told me, that the growing children had no separate bedrooms, I hired a small-time builder from Knightdale to add space. I discussed the changes with John on our Saturday mornings. There would be a new master bedroom, a good kitchen and bathroom with running hot and cold water. (One wonders why the affluent Hutchinsons had never thought of that!) While I financed the remodeling, John was in charge of making decisions. He turned out to be very economical, and saw to it that not a penny was wasted. 25 years later John, now a widower, lives still in the same house.

Now, 25 years later, his daughter Jackie, in the meantime married and divorced, lives in a trailer next door. Son Billy with wife and sone John W. Marshall III lives next to the trailer in a newly built brickhouse, which he construted on 1.9 acres of land; we gave him the land as a present, when we moved into town. He has finished successfully the study of food sciences at the State University in Raleigh, and works in a supervisory position in a food factory.

One change which occurred in the course of our years together was concerned with the rectifying of the money situation. Traditionally the tenant borrowed money from the owner, which was afterwards deducted from his income at harvest time. It was a continuous cycle of debt and repayment, which I found somewhat embarrassing. After a few years I told John, that I would forgive last year's debt, if he would try to get along with the income, after he had received it. This proved a surprising success. Thereafter he never borrowed money again, and we all suspect that he is by now rather prosperous.

Over the years the tenant farmers turned into warm and dear friends. When Mrs. Lois Marshall died of cancer, about 15 years after we came, we all went to the funeral. The son asked us to sit in church together with the closest relatives. The Southern church service was most moving: it went together with a lot of singing and wailing. I will always remember the words of the minister when he said that we will all now miss Mrs. Marshall's friendly smile.

Even after we had left the farm and moved into the city of Raleigh, the Marshalls came frequently to see us. John always looked around to find out, whether we needed any assistance. He built a nice toolshed in the city garden, improved the woodwork on the terrace, and constructed a jewelry bench for Inge. After an operation on my leg, I had to spend time in bed. John came every day, when Inge went out. He helped me to get around, until I could walk again. I still can hear him saying: You get well much too fast! I believe that he enjoyed to be of help, and that he liked the company. Our grown-up children and we look forward to the Christmas holidays, when we spend time with the Marshalls every year.

I had always had a special interest in farming, particularly in managing a small farm. I had been frustrated when my stepfather made all decisions on my mother's farm, Sankt Georgenhof, and I was convinced that it was run rather poorly. Later a group of uncles, aunts and other relatives persuaded my mother to let them manage Sankt Georgenhof, until I decided to sell it after my mother's death. Now I could try to run my own farm myself.

In our first year in Knightdale, the agriculture of the area revolved around the growing of tobacco, the traditional money-making crop of the area. To the best of my knowledge there are only two regions where cigarette (or Virginia) tobacco of high quality could be grown: Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe and Sambia) and the foothills and coastal plains of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. Special soil, climate and farming methods are found in these regions. Most important, it could be done largely without costly machines on small farms.

The amount of tobacco, which we could plant, was determined by an allotment system. Every year we were told how many acres of the farm could be used for tobacco, and how many pounds of leaf could be sold. If one kept to the rules, the sale and a minimum price were guaranteed. My understanding is that this system developed to help small farmers survive the ups and downs of the world tobacco market. With my outside income, I was not dependent on circumstance as were the local farmers, but in any case, as it turned out, tobacco provided a steady income for John Marshall and me.

The growing and care of the plants ruled the seasons. Planting beds were fumigated in early spring to kill insect pests, then were seeded with tobacco and covered with long, protective sheets. When they were growing densely and the weather was just right, the small plants were set out singly in long rows. Each seedbed produced many more plants than would be needed, but the plants had to be pulled at just the right time. Neighboring farmers came to each other's fields to plant those plants, which had exactly the right size, in a cooperation that to my observation always worked smoothly.

A strange machine was used for planting. John Marshall and his tractor pulled a contraption, on which two people, usually Lois Marshall and her daughter Jackie, sat with their backs to the tractor. They fed plants singly into little shovels fastened to a wheel. As the machine moved forward, the wheel turned and pushed each plant firmly into the ground. Water was squirted into each bundle of newly set roots. The finished, long rows of plants always looked particularly handsome to me.

Once the planting was completed the waiting period- the first stage in what I called "outdoor gambling"- began. There might be too much rain too early. On the other hand, if planting was followed by a long dry spell, most of the plants died and a second planting had to be done. To deal with drought we owned- like everybody else- irrigation pipes and sprinklers. They had to be positioned on the fields and connected to the pump so that water could be sucked out of "Ice Pond Creek" below the dam. It was a strenuous and time consuming job, and after a short time the pipes had to be taken up again, so that the plow could get through between the rows. I remember several times when rain began to fall just after the pipes had been laid out. Fortunately these irrigation emergencies occurred only every few years.

Fertilizer was first used to encourage fast growth, and then withdrawn to produce starvation and the special fragrance of the leaves. The two procedures had to be carefully adjusted to the growth of the plants. In the early summer months I enjoyed observing the rows of growing tobacco plants, comparing the fields on different farms, reaching conclusions on the skill, diligence or luck of each farmer.

The harvest of leaves began in early August. The weather was usually then very hot, and the leaves were always sticky. It was the busiest but most rewarding part of the tobacco-growing year. Pickers working along the rows broke off the bottom leaves with their right hands and tucked the leaves under their left arms.

Wooden sleighs dragged by tractor or by mule were piled with the leaves gathered by each laborer. As the weeks went by, the higher leaves on the plants, which ripened later, got their turn to be picked. It was hard work and quite exhausting. Elise, in order to earn some extra income, chose to help our neighbors with their harvest. I was pleased that she did that, because she became familiar with a basic feature of life in the area in which we lived.

The leaves were tied in bundles on wooden poles. We had two curing barns. The leaves on their poles were laid in several stories across beams in such a way that air could circulate freely. Heat rose from special burners at the bottom of the barn. The tobacco was fermented (cured) for several days. Then the leaves were sorted out by our workers, sitting in a small wooden shed and singing as they worked. Piles of leaves were tied together in large canvas sheets and loaded onto a truck. John Marshall, usually at the end of the week, drove the latest harvest to a nearby auction house. When he returned in the evening he had two checks, one made out to the owner, and the other to him.

As the price fluctuated quite a bit from week to week, it was always exciting to wait for the outcome of the week's "outdoor gambling".

Later, in the late 1960s, farmers began to use more machines and less human labor. The bundles for the poles were no longer tied by hand- we bought a machine to do that. People who picked the leaves now sat on enormous contraptions that moved over the rows of plants. The curing barns were no longer wooden buildings but prefabricated metal boxes that were loaded and emptied by special tractors.

The old tenant system began to vanish. Small farms like ours could not afford the large, new machines, but even the temporary helpers in the harvest were no longer needed. And the Marshalls were reaching an age when such strenuous work was unwise. I decided to abandon the raising of tobacco. As provided by law, I sold my tobacco allotment to a neighbor, who could then plant more than before and so pay off the cost of his machinery.

I was relieved to end the tobacco years, even though I had enjoyed the colorful activities, the singing, and the annual rhythm of preparing fields, planting, harvesting and curing. John Marshall now became my employee instead of my tenant, and I began to look for new uses for the farmland. An era had ended and a new one had begun!

Since one of my foremost concerns was the feeding of all the animals that I had acquired and bred, I decided to adapt the farm to the raising of feed. Especially if the herd of milkgoats were to yield healthy milk, good hay, as free of pesticide residues as possible, had to be produced.

As a boy on my mother's farm, Sankt Georgenhof, I had experienced the biologic-dynamic fertilizing methods (see "Childhood Memories I"). Since then I had followed the literature on the raising of crops without chemical fertilizers, and learned how to avoid overuse of pesticides and herbicides. I had even done some laboratory research on the fate of pesticides in the animal body. My friend, David Peakall, had pointed out the damage caused by DDT to egg shells of wild birds. As long as tobacco was raised by John Marshall, I had had no use for such knowledge; there was no substitute for the change from the use of ample fertilizer (and insecticides) to sudden starvation of tobacco plants. Now I began to read more specific, take courses at the university, and I joined an organization of small farmers, which stressed "land stewardship". A young farmer near Chapel Hill, Tandy Jones, became my advisor and friend. He had used some of his family's inheritance to buy land and start organic farming. Like me he was not a fanatic, but rather a thoughtful organic grower.

The fields were now planted with nitrogen binding leguminosae like clover and alfalfa, which improved soil fertility. These plants had to be mowed several times a year. I became dependent on a neighboring farmer for cutting and baling, because we did not have the necessary machines. A close-by tobacco farmer used his free time to do the extra job for me.

This dependence introduced a new element into the outdoor gambling. Now success depended not only on the weather but on my neighbor's schedule. The difference between success and failure was great. A field that in good times produced over 100 bales of hay, in bad times might yield 10 to 20 bales. I began to gain some insight into the plight of small farmers in the US and across the world. I discovered that the support system for agriculture was geared toward the big operators. I, as a small farmer, once received a check for no more than 18.- \$ for land in the landbank; a senator-large farmer received that same year \$ 2,000,000.-. Once again it was clear that it was fortunate not to be dependent on the farm income but to be able, when the crops fell short, to buy extra feed from my professional salary. In good years farm income could be substantial!

My dream of retiring from the state service and spending most of the time outdoors on the farm came true only near the end of the ownership of the farm. To begin to live the dream if only for a few years, I left the North Carolina Mental Health Service at 62 years of age rather than waiting until I was 65.

At that time, given the size of the farm, its facilities and my experience with breeding animals, I decided to make the production of goat cheese the main activity of the farm.

The new enterprise was developed in stages. First I began to increase the size of the herd of milk goats. Instead of selling all the kids every year as I had always done, I kept them. I acquired an exceptionally promising buck with a bloodline different from my herd; it and the bucks I had raised provided me with a choice for breeding.

Using French, German and English books as guides, I experimented with different procedures of cheese-making in the kitchen of the mobile home. It was empty as long as we had no guests. One of the important elements in the selection of method, was to end up with a cheese that would taste and sell well. A taste test would be needed.

The wedding of Mary and Rick Ruggles presented just the opportunity. It was 1981 and about 120 guests were expected. I made ten different kinds of cheese, clearly numbered them and placed them on a wooden shelf that John Marshall had prepared. Next to the cheeses lay knives, bread and ballots. Each guest was invited to taste as many cheeses as possible and rank them on a ballot.

The outcome was clearly significant: a majority of the guests preferred cheese A, which was made with a slightly modified cheddar procedure. Cheese B was second choice, although it received some first-place votes. Production could begin.

Next I had to establish contact with the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, which monitors and licenses all food-production operations. I informed myself about requirements for commercial cheese making and inspection methods. On the inspector's first visit it became clear, that I needed two new rooms and some special equipment. One new room would be a milking chamber with hot and cold running water, washable walls and floor, and location separate from the nearby stables. With my helpers I built a special room under the old roof next to the pens, where the goats could easily enter, and where I could milk under sanitary conditions. Not required by law, but by the goats, was a dry walk from stables to chamber. The chamber contained a bench, onto which the goats jumped to be milked, which I had built with my friend Charlie Reed about 20 years earlier; and the milking stool with a cushion made by Elise stood next.

In the barn-building a room on the lower and one on the upper floor were remodeled: the lower was the cheese-making kitchen, the upper an office for records and books.

The cheese kitchen lay back to back with the milking parlor, and they shared the hot and cold water pipes. Walls and ceiling had to be washable, and a washable concrete floor sloped down toward a drainage hole. I painted the floor of the cheese room and the ceiling of the office a radiant blue, which contrasted pleasantly with all the white of walls and formica covered counters, refrigerators and stove, and the silver of easy-to-clean stainless steel containers. There were a hand-operated British cheese press and an acidity meter; the latter was necessary to monitor production. I could not use commercially available cheese making equipment, because it was all geared toward quantities of milk much larger than I would ever use.

For nearly eight years I spent several hours each day in the cheesery and milking parlor. A friend, Louis Ferdinand Adelsheim, made a video tape depicting the operation. The rest of the day was filled with the business of running the farm, gardening, and walking the goats.

Most of the feed for the animals was now produced on the farm. It was a triumph for our procedures when the state's laboratory could detect no trace of herbicide or pesticide in our milk. Eventually the state's semiannual inspection became more of a social event than occasion for concern. I was the only goat-cheese producer in the area and shared the inspector's time with another "rare" food producer, the "Chapel Hill Smoked Fish Company". The inspector never failed to carry greetings between us, from one small business to another. We both wondered what a full-time inspector did with the rest of his time,- but we never found out.

My cheese was made with non-pasteurized milk. In such milk, bacteria stay alive, the cheese ages steadily (after 60 days any pathogenic bacteria, if ever present, are gone), and the taste changes from fresh and bland to old and odorous. Hence it was important to get the cheese to the consumer's table at just the right moment.

There was no problem for the round white hard cheeses I stored in my cheesery refrigerator and sold directly from the farm. People learned about it and drove over to buy a few pounds. It gave them an opportunity for a visit and a look at the goats. Sometimes there were many customers, sometimes few. Because it proved difficult to adjust supply to demand I occasionally brought cheeses for sale to the Raleigh Cooperative. To my dismay, I found my cherished cheeses sometimes displayed in a deteriorated state- the co-op frequently let the cheeses lay on on a back storage-shelf for several weeks. To remedy the situation, I offered to cut and manage cheese supply in the co-op once a week. That helped somewhat.

The many cheese shops in France and Switzerland are aware of the problem, and accordingly regulate supply and sale. Although I tried to further improve the situation by recording the date of production on the cheese labels, the problem remained throughout my cheese-making career.

The labels on each cheese bore the name: "Pete's White Cheese" and the information that it was made from non-pasteurized milk from a health-tested herd (I had regular blood and urine tests performed by a veterinarian). The label was designed by Mary, showing an adult and a young goat on little hills. I had selected the name to indicate that the colorlessness of goat cheese is its distinction rather than an embarrassment. Most goat cheese makers add a yellow dye to the cheese on the supposition that the color makes the cheese more attractive, a supposition I thought incorrect. I did not want to add a chemical.

In any case, the cheese sold well; I had many faithful buyers who came to the farm again and again. My special contribution was a "longitudinal" production process, such as I understand August Thyssen introduced into weapons manufacture. He made millions by owning everything in the production process from coal and iron mines to smelting plants, refineries, machine shops and weapons factories. I produced everything from feed to goats (through breeding), milked and made the cheese, all on the farm. I did not make millions, but I happily added that new experience to my earlier career of research and teaching.

Perhaps this account of farm life is best closed by the additional arrangements made over the years for the animals that shared the land with us. As their nature and number increased, more shelters and enclosures had to be constructed.

A barn for storing bales of hay was built in 1981. Even before it was used for hay, it served as a shell for the dance band at Mary and Rick's wedding. The music sounded across the courtyard, where merry couples danced on the sandy ground.

The goats had their shelter near the house, but separated from it by the barn. Neither noise nor odor could reach the house. (This was similar to the stable arrangements in Sankt Georgenhof). Beneath the large roof box stalls were built between posts set deeply in concrete. Stalls could be assigned to breeding, kidding (giving birth), and raising of young.

When the stables were expanded in anticipation of the cheese-making, I built a special enclosure large enough to hold three bucks. Their shelter and fenced-in runway backed on the chicken house; the bucks were carefully separated from the female goats. Bucks have special odor glands under the eyes; their smell could not only get the females in heat at the wrong time, but might also affect the milk.

Most of the exercise and feeding for the goats came when I took the females for walks through the woods, three or four animals on leashes, the others following. This was such an opportunity for getting acquainted with these individualistic animals and to contemplate nature, that I wrote an article "Walking with Goats", which was much read.

We kept chicken not only for eggs and meat, but because we wanted to look at some of the handsome breeds. Over the years we raised more and more Araucana, a breed presumably of Mexican origin. They are particularly hardy and lay lovely green and blue eggs. Sometimes a hen escaped into the woods; she would return three or four weeks later with a flock of chicks to replenish the population. Several years after the farm has been sold, the new owner brings us from time to time still Araucana eggs into town.

John Marshall built a chicken coop with roosts and a door that could be closed at night. There was a large East window to promote egg-laying by catching the rays of the rising sun. On short winter days the daylight could be extended with electric bulbs at the ceiling. At first the outdoor run was protected only by a high fence, but it proved insufficient. Once the St. Bernard dog jumped over it and in a frenzy killed all the chickens. John and I stretched wire mesh over the whole run; that served to keep out all predators.

Another animal enclosure came into being because of federal agricultural policy. Early in my farming years the government had encouraged farmers to reduce production by putting some fields into a "land bank". Farmers were paid to keep some land out of cultivation. On our small property a field of about 1.8 acres was set aside and so could not be plowed and seeded, but I inquired whether it would break the rules if I were to use the land for grazing South American ostriches (*Rhea Americana*) and a donkey. It did not break the rules, the field was fenced in, and a few animals lived there peacefully for years. In fact, two aging ostriches, who enjoyed the space enough to build nests and lay eggs, lived still there when we left, - together with a donkey.

I fed and checked the animals daily, either on my drive to work or on a walk up the driveway. One day in the seventies, there was a telephone call that a strange big bird had turned up in a nearby trailer park. It was guessed correctly that the animal could only be ours; it could scarcely have come from anywhere else.

When John Marshall and I arrived with a net and ropes, a group of newspaper reporters was already there, called by the trailer inhabitants even before they called me. It was easy to position a ring of wire netting around the animal; after all, she could neither fly nor jump. Finally she was restrained by my seizing her from behind with both my arms: the animals are able to kick their clawed feet only forward. She was back in the enclosure in no time, and seemed relieved to be home.

Wild ducks and geese lived freely on the pond. They looked impressive sailing slowly across the water. On a visit to Konrad Lorenz, the German animal behaviorist, I had learned that the birds would abandon their autumn flights South if ample feed was provided. Although I tried to detain fancy breeds, they did not stay around long; Mallard ducks and Canadian geese prevailed. Mallards like to eat the new shoots of water lilies, so my efforts to grow lilies failed until I built a small fenced-in water-lily pond near the house. There the lilies grew into lovely blossoming plants.

Scarcely less wild than these birds were the animals I kept in a large enclosure in the woods, where they roamed on about 2.5 acres. Twice, to make catching easier, I divided the area with fences, building gates between compartments. When the animals wanted to get from one point to another they had sometimes to take a long roundabout path. I hypothesized that this gave them an illusion of larger space.

Twice a day I went into the enclosure to fill the hayracks and the cribs. It was a wonderful daily experience to walk into the woods and through the gate. The animals came forward from wherever they had been. Some waited close-by, others remained cautiously behind trees, watching from the distance. This caution was especially characteristic of the mountain sheep (Mouflons). Perhaps because of a history of persecution to the point of extinction in their Mediterranean home-island of Corsica, these animals never became very trusting.

The guanacos, wild ancestors of the llama, were great runners, and I frequently wondered what would happen if they ever escaped. I describe in an earlier chapter the one time when all the "wild" animals came out of the enclosure; they followed me peacefully back inside, when I appeared with a feeding pail.

All these reminiscences are only samples from over 20 happy years, which my family and I spent on the Knightdale farm. My two daughters grew up there, and their system of values probably retains many examples of experiences from these times. We remember fondly the beautiful house and land, with all the variety of sites and living beings, which surrounded us. We recall many visitors, who stayed at the guest apartments and enjoyed the farm with us, and made us see through their eyes the uniqueness of the place.

I have neglected to describe the flower garden, the dahlia beds, the fruit trees and berries, old fashioned rose bushes which grew near the house and lake, where the land was fertilized with our own aged manure, and was in the beginning still plowed with a mule,- later by a small machine.

The reminiscences on houses I owned turn to the last chapter,- to the house in which we live now, in 1992,- and where we have lived during the last more than three years. It is probably the last in a series of good homes, which have helped to make my life enjoyable; they all express a life-style, which has developed as a consequence of my upbringing, my gifts and wishes, and the possibilities, and is influenced by memories from my childhood (see "Memories" Vol.1). I report in the following on 1623 Park Drive in Raleigh, North Carolina, a one-story house with a small garden in the center of Cameron Park.

We had lived over 20 years on the farm in Knightdale, when I came home to Inge one day and said, that I had just driven through a section of Raleigh, which one day would be ideal for us to live in. Cameron Park was developed from an old plantation in the 1920s. The hilly, forest covered part of it had become a residential development, where the first houses had been built over 70 years earlier. What had probably been open fields of the plantation, had been turned into a large, nicely laid out shopping center;- we were told that it was one of the earliest and largest shopping centers in the South.

The developers had planned generously: they left small valleys as "mini-parks" between rows of houses. Each house bordered in the back on an alley-way, which permitted pick-up of garbage off the streets. Many old oak trees were left from earlier times, and their crowns formed now a canopy, which stretched nearly uninterruptedly over all the single residences. The houses were built at different times in a variety of styles, and they presented a pleasant and interesting picture to the passing driver. As far as we found out, the inhabitants were of all ages.

At the time we bought our new house, the area had become fashionable, and prices were high. However, in comparison with later built residences for the very affluent, they were still reasonable. The house which we selected was over 60 years old and medium priced. All rooms were on one floor, there was one bathroom, an old-fashioned kitchen, and it looked inconspicuous. Before we moved in, we had work done on kitchen and bathroom.

The idea of moving became serious, when I discovered that it became increasingly difficult for me to lift bags with feed and bales of hay. Inge had discovered the house when she drove by, and she had found that we would have about 6 months to prepare the move. The first builder, whom we hired for remodeling, never came. The second one got advice from Rick and Mary. Their proposals turned out to be so decisive and good, that I began to call Mary the "Taste-Tyrant". Every one of Mary and Rick's proposals was carried out and proved to be right for us.

The kitchen should become lighter, to make it a pleasant dining room: the dark wooden door to the pantry was replaced by a white door with glass windows. The dark brown doors of the kitchen cabinets were exchanged against white, plastic-covered panels, which presented a nice contrast to the brown framework. The long counter in kitchen and pantry was covered with sheets of Dresden blue formica. A simple, red lamp was hung from the ceiling. We had now a pleasant dining room, in which a maximum of 7 diners could be seated. When more guests came, we prepared a buffet in the kitchen and people ate in the living room.

The living room was enlarged by conversion of the former dining room into its extension. The two rooms appeared now as one large area. As a present from our neighbor, modern lighting fixtures were installed in the double room, which helped to illuminate some of the paintings on the walls. A partial wall between both rooms was not eliminated, because that would have involved too much construction.

Two bathrooms appeared a convenient luxury, so that we both could get up independently. The large room in the back, which looks out into the garden, was converted into a study for me, and there would be sufficient space to put a second bathroom into one corner. We ordered a voluminous tub; the arrangement has proven to be practical.

There is a large bedroom, into which we could place our two beds, a cupboard, a chest, and it has wide walls to hang paintings. Another bedroom across the hall became Inge's study, containing her desk and the grand piano. Together with all her files and pictures it looked so crowded that we called it "the cave".

The previous owners had converted a closet in Inge's study into space for a staircase; this lead into an unfinished upstairs chamber with wall to wall carpeting. Mary and Rick converted the attic into a bedroom, where 4 spare beds were ready to accomodate young visitors. It was unsuitable for our contemporaries, because of the steep climb and absence of its own bathroom. However, a close-by hotel was particularly nice for older guests.

The garden had appeared small and charming, when I had first seen it. As we began working in it, it seemed to increase in size; but it is still just manageable. There is only one tree in the backyard, a dogwood; and one tree, a Japanese dwarf maple, in the front. In the gardens all around are so many huge, old trees, that we have the best of both worlds: a sunny garden for growing flowers, and a view into enormous old trees all around.

On a visit to Berlin in 1991 I became again aware of two nice tea houses in my grandparents' garden. They stood at both ends of a long stone wall along the Herta Lake. I remembered friendly summer afternoons in the 1920s, when tea was served there. On our return we began with the help of two very imaginative and experienced architect-neighbors to develop plans for a tea house in Raleigh, complemented by a newly laid out garden. In February 1992 the new design is drawn, and most of it is already realized. There will be a large lawn in the center, at the far end three fig trees, descendants from the Manlius fig, two raised beds (named for their looks "The Sarcophagi"), various flower beds and three red gravel paths to frame the garden. At the far end, surrounded by a trellis for climbing plants, stretches an asymmetric deck, partially overshadowed by the roof of the square modern tea house. Though not yet finished, it looks elegant and lovely.

When the new owner of the Knightdale farm began to plant a tree nursery, we took many of the seedlings of the exceptionally beautiful red maple in town, and transplanted them to Knightdale. There they grow well, and over 100 will soon be ready for sale. The exchange of plants together with regular visits to the Marshalls in Knightdale and their visits here keep us in touch with the past.

Life in downtown Raleigh is quite different from the daily existence in Knightdale. We are surprised about the proximity of places to which we go, - less than 5 minutes drive to concerts. We usually arrive long before curtain time. Shops are just around the corner, and one can easily walk over by foot. There is very little now of our own vegetables and fruit, except for some sour cherries, raspberries and lettuce.

Cameron Park is also a good neighborhood for finding nice and interesting people. We go to small political rallies, neighborhood Christmas parties or other occasions. We just walk over. According to our plan we will stay another few years here, until it becomes too difficult to stay in a house of our own. We expect this to be the last in the row of houses we owned.