

*The
First Class
of
Fulbrighters*

FULBRIGHT
KOMMISSION



The First Class of Fulbrighters

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Welcome

A LOT HAS CHANGED since the first group of German-American Fulbrighters—about 200 graduate students and teachers, and a handful of senior scholars from each side of the Atlantic—set sail in 1953. At that time the world—and Germany—was sharply divided into two ideologically-opposed camps. The U.N. was just ending a police action in Korea that left that peninsula similarly separated. The need to bring about, in Senator Fulbright's words, "a little more knowledge, a little more reason, and a little more compassion into world affairs" was never more evident than at that moment.

The opportunity to participate in a German-American Fulbright exchange was a radically different proposition then than it is today. Americans coming to Germany encountered a country still recovering from the effects of a devastating war and searching for a new national identity. For German Fulbrighters, travel outside of Germany was a novelty in itself, and the chance to spend time in the U.S. on a Fulbright exchange program was something that few of their countrymen could even dream about. Today's Fulbrighters face a completely different situation. Germany is a reunited, solidly democratic nation with a well-developed economy and is a leading member of an expanding European Union. Germans travel frequently outside of their country and so German Fulbrighters are usually aware of many aspects of the U.S., its culture, society, and political system before starting their Fulbright program.

Although the situations Fulbrighters in 1953 encountered may be radically different than those faced today, the benefits of participating in the Fulbright Program have remained constant for both Germans and Americans: a greater appreciation of the other country's point of view and way of solving problems, a willingness to serve as an "ambassador" between cultures, and a commitment to bringing about the goals Senator Fulbright envisioned for the program. Today, 50 years after the first group of German-American Fulbright participants started out on an often life-altering journey, let us rededicate ourselves to the Fulbright vision.



Dr. Richard J. Schmierer, Chairman of the Board of the Fulbright Commission, Minister Counselor for Public Affairs at the U.S. Embassy, Berlin

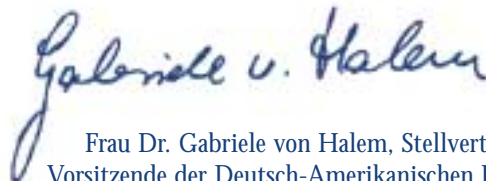
Grußwort

„**CLASS OF 53-54**“ läßt mich an die Tradition denken, die im Auswärtigen Amt noch heute gelebt wird. Die Jahrgänge der alljährlich im Auswärtigen Amt neu eingestellten jungen Diplomatinen und Diplomaten werden hier zwar „*crews*“ statt „*classes*“ genannt. Hinter beiden Begriffen steckt aber letztlich das Gleiche: die „*class*“ oder die „*crew*“ schafft die Klammer zwischen Menschen, die im Leben und im Beruf eine gemeinsame Basis und gemeinsame Ziele haben und die über die Jahre hinweg den Kontakt untereinander pflegen.

Eine gemeinsame Basis der „*Class of 53-54*“ ist nicht nur der deutsch-amerikanische Austausch unter dem „Fulbright-Dach“, sondern auch vor allem die Tatsache, dass wir es hier sozusagen mit den Gründern der deutsch-amerikanischen Fulbright-Familie zu tun haben. Die Mitglieder der „*Class of 53-54*“ haben schon frühzeitig einen wichtigen Beitrag zu der weiteren Vertiefung der transatlantischen Beziehungen geleistet, aus denen sich später die deutsch-amerikanische Freundschaft entwickelte. Damals also waren sie schon Multiplikatoren eines besseren gegenseitigen Verständnisses. Dabei müssen wir uns vor Augen führen: der Zweite Weltkrieg lag noch keine zehn Jahre zurück!

Berichte von „Ehemaligen“ der „*Class 53-54*“ zeugen von großem Interesse am Gastland, akademischer Ernsthaftigkeit und zuweilen auch Erstaunen vor der manchmal unerwarteten, im Vergleich zum Herkunftsland als vollkommen anders empfundenen Lebenswirklichkeit des anderen Landes. Dieses Erstaunen ist trotz des gewachsenen Verständnisses zwischen unseren Völkern in den letzten Jahrzehnten auch heute noch möglich, und es ist eine Chance, die wir uns nicht entgehen lassen sollten. Gewiss, wir haben uns angewöhnt, die deutsch-amerikanische Freundschaft, unabhängig von gelegentlichen politischen Turbulenzen, als selbstverständlich zu erleben. Aber diese Selbstverständlichkeit darf uns nicht dazu verleiten, uns in zufriedener Passivität zurückzulehnen. Denn die Lebenswirklichkeiten ändern sich; das heißt, die Kenntnisse übereinander und das Verständnis füreinander wollen ständig ergänzt und erneuert werden.

Die Vision von Senator Fulbright bleibt demnach aktuell. Ich bin überzeugt, dass sie auch in den kommenden „*classes*“ weiterlebt und von ihnen in die Zukunft unserer Länder hineingetragen wird.



Frau Dr. Gabriele von Halem, Stellvertretende Vorsitzende der Deutsch-Amerikanischen Fulbright-Kommission, Leiterin der Kultur- und Bildungsabteilung des Auswärtigen Amtes, Berlin



The Beginning of the German-American Fulbright Program 1952

by James F. Tent



German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer (right) and U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy (center) sign the Fulbright Agreement, July 18, 1952.

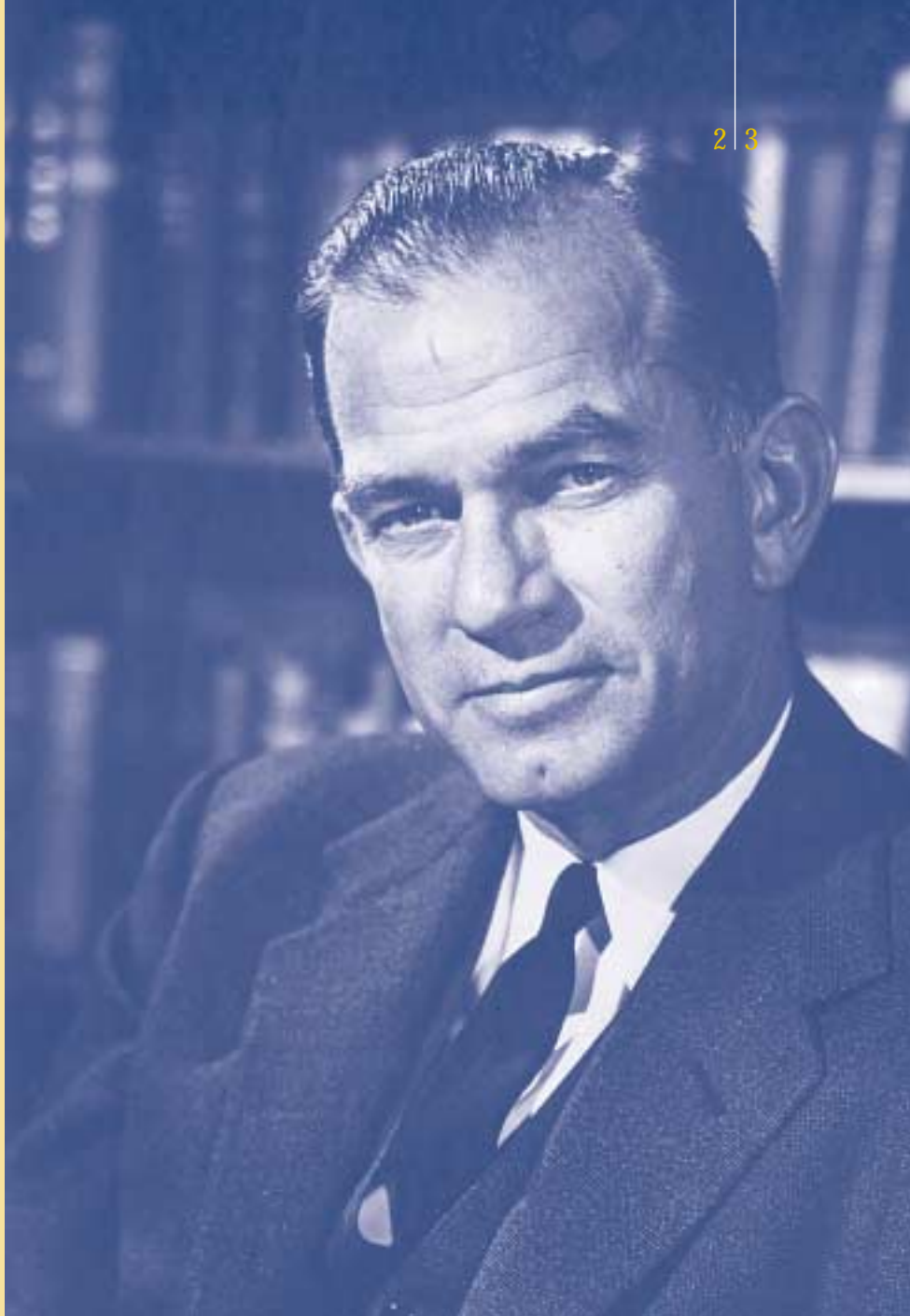
HEADQUARTERED IN BERLIN SINCE 1998, the German-American Fulbright Program has developed into one of the most active and influential of the binational educational exchange programs operating under the Fulbright umbrella. Every year it sends hundreds of German students, scholars, and educators to the United States and hosts an equally large and distinguished group of American students, scholars, and educators at Germany's institutions of higher learning. The prominence of the German-American Fulbright Program in the world of scholarly exchange is intimately tied to modern German history.

Following World War II, when the United States joined in occupying a defeated Germany, officials in its Office of Military Government (OMGUS) discovered that most Ger-

man citizens had been isolated from the rest of the world for at least half a generation. Starting with the notion of "re-education" of a former enemy, followed by a gentler "re-orientation" concept a few years later, OMGUS and U.S. State Department officials conceived a foreign policy program for sending Germans, especially civic leaders open to democratic ideals and possessing leadership potential, to the United States at public expense to witness democracy in action. This exchange program was launched in 1947, and within six years nearly 10,000 young Germans "experienced" the United States, many of them attending universities there. Upon returning to Germany, many went on to build prominent careers in the public and private sectors.

AT VIRTUALLY THE SAME TIME, a freshman senator from Arkansas, J. William Fulbright, initiated a new program in the United States intended to bring Americans out of their own brand of cultural isolation and to connect students and scholars worldwide on a basis of equality. A Rhodes Scholar worried that so few Americans had studied abroad or experienced foreign cultures, Fulbright, who was profoundly moved by the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, conceived of an imaginative new use of the obscure War Surplus Property Act of 1944. His idea was to use a portion of the monetary credits derived from war surplus overseas to send young scholars abroad with the twin goals of advancing knowledge and furthering mutual understanding. A convincing advocate and skilled political strategist, Fulbright won over the initially hesitant Congress, Treasury, and State Department, and on August 1, 1946 President Truman signed off on the P.L. 584 Amendment. Using State Department infrastructure for support, the program set up an independent Board of Foreign Scholarships (renamed the J. William Fulbright Foreign Scholarship Board in 1991) so that participating nations could select qualified scholars and educators to visit the U.S. while the BFS would choose young scholars to send abroad.

KNOWN AS THE FULBRIGHT ACT, the program was destined in Germany's case to overtake the exchange program in the American Zone, elevating the underlying purpose of the exchange from postwar re-orientation to genuine partnership. The Fulbright Exchange Program began operation in 1948, first targeting former Allied nations that were recovering most rapidly from the war. The possibility of creating a German Fulbright Program was first addressed in 1949 after the establishment of the Federal Republic of Germany. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy entered into lengthy negotiations, but because the Federal Republic had



Senator J. William Fulbright

not yet attained full sovereignty and because of funding intricacies and legal issues delays ensued. The United States signed the (Fulbright) Executive Agreement with the Federal Republic on July 18, 1952, and the binational Fulbright Commission came into existence.

Beginning with the academic year 1953-54, approximately 200 American graduate students, twenty teachers, and a handful of senior scholars arrived in Germany, while a comparable group of German students, teachers, and senior scholars traveled to the United States. From its inception, the program was a great success, as evidenced by the summary reports submitted by participants at the conclusion of their year-long programs.. On both sides, the participants found their *Weltanschauung* and their understanding of people (as distinct from nations) immeasurably widened, just as Senator Fulbright had so fervently wished.

- James Tent is a professor for German history at the University of Alabama at Birmingham.

No Dollar, No Bed

von Werner Freiesleben

IM JULI 1953 traf ich mit ca. 170 weiteren deutschen Fulbright-Stipendiaten nach einem 24-stündigen Flug ab Düsseldorf mit Zwischenlandungen in Kopenhagen, Glasgow, Shannon, Neufundland und Boston in New York ein und verbrachte dort in einem Hotel in der 57. Straße vier aufregende Tage. Wegen der beachtlichen Hitze waren im Hotel (das noch keine Klimaanlage hatte) sämtliche Türen offen gehalten durch ein mit der Sperrkette eingeklemmtes New Yorker Telefonbuch.

Dann ging's in's *orientation center* an die Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. Dort waren Stipendiaten aus ca. 40 Nationen zusammengekommen. Prof. Hanson leitete das Programm. Wir besuchten im damals noch durch *segregation* abgetrennten Schwarzenviertel von Durham unter anderem auch einen Gottesdienst, der mir deshalb in Erinnerung blieb, weil auf den (sehr) notwendigen Papierfächern das Vaterunser abgedruckt war.

Ein anderer Ausflug führte uns nach Oak Ridge, Tennessee, wo wir das American Museum of Atomic Energy besuchen konnten. Bei einem Zwischenstop an einer riesigen Schleuse der Tennessee River Valley Authority bewegten die Zuständigen das gewaltige Schleusentor – nur um uns ausländischen Studenten zu zeigen, wie das geht – und verbrauchten dabei eine elektrische Energie, die eine deutsche Kleinstadt einen Monat lang beleuchtet hätte. Die Großzügigkeit und Gastfreundschaft, die uns überall begegneten, war tief beeindruckend.

EINE AUFSCHLUSSREICHE EPISODE erlebte ich noch in der Cherokee Indian Reservation. Dort fand ich einen Laden mit der Aufschrift „*Original Indian Handcraft*“. Es gab hübsche bemalte Totempfähle und dergleichen. Wie ich einen davon in die Hand nahm und umdrehte, las ich auf einem Boden den Stempel „*Made in Japan*“. Damit ging ich zum würdigen Häuptling, der in seinem Federschmuck das Geschehen mit halb geöffneten Augen verfolgte. Ich meinte: „*How come? Original Indian handcraft made in Japan?*“ Er musterte mich ruhig und entgegnete: „*We are here only 600 Indians but 4 million visitors come each year. What do you want?*“ Ich zog ab und widmete mich in der Freizeit – zurück in Durham – wieder dem Sammeln von Volksliedern aus den verschiedenen Nationen.

Auf dem neugotischen Turm der Duke University hatte der dorthin ausgewanderte Sohn des Organisten der Kathedrale von Antwerpen ein Carillon eingebaut, ein Instrument, das ich von Holland und Flandern her kannte. Dort durfte ich mehrmals zur Mittagsstunde jeweils eine der Nationalhymnen spielen. Auch unter den amerikanischen

Studenten des Campus fanden sich musizierende Freunde zum häufigen Gang in das *Music Department*, das ca. 2 Kilometer entfernt im *Girls Campus* angesiedelt war.

Vom Taschengeld, das wir am ersten Tag erhielten, hatte ich bis zum Ende des *orientation center* ca. 100 \$ sparen können. Um diesen Betrag zu erhöhen, buchte ich zur Rückfahrt nach New York (ich durfte das Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn – damals eine der besten Chemie-Schulen – für mein Studienjahr wählen) den Greyhound Bus anstelle des zur Verfügung gestellten Pullman *tickets*. In Richmond, Virginia, war in einen Direktbus nach New York über Washington, D.C. zu wechseln. Neben mir saß ein junger Mensch, der ebenfalls nach Manhattan wollte und mit dem ich in ein anregendes Gespräch kam. Im Busbahnhof Washington hielten wir direkt vor einem *men's room*. Ich bat meinen Nachbarn, eine Minute lang auf meine Jacke und meine Tasche (im Gepäcknetz – der Koffer war aufgegeben worden) aufzupassen. Als ich zurückkam, war der junge Mann

mit meiner Jacke, der Tasche und – leider – auch mit Geld und meiner Fahrkarte (beides in der Jacke) verschwunden. Der Busfahrer konnte sich an nichts erinnern, meinte aber er sei noch lange genug da, bis ich den Verlust gemeldet hätte. Der *dispatch officer* nahm meine Meldung sachlich entgegen, als ich jedoch zurückkam, war „mein“ Bus abgefahren und damit auch der Fahrer, der wusste, dass ich bis New York bezahlt hatte. Nur mit Hilfe

des *dispatch officers* nahm mich ein weiterer New Yorker Bus mit und lud mich am Samstag, 4. September 1953, morgens ca. 4.00 Uhr im Busbahnhof Manhattan, 38. Straße, ab. Nur in Hemd und Hose hatte ich nicht einmal einen *dime*, um die einzige Adresse, die ich in New York kannte, anzurufen.

Über den Busbahnhof an der 52. Straße, wo auch nichts abgegeben oder gefunden worden war, lief ich zu meiner Adresse an der 110. Straße West. Dort war niemand anzutreffen. Nachbarn sagten mir, es sei *Labor Day Weekend* (inklusive Montag) und fast alle seien verreist.

IN ERINNERUNG HATTE ICH, dass ich die ersten beiden Nächte bis Semesterbeginn im YMCA Brooklyn verbringen sollte und machte mich dorthin (hungrig) auf den Weg. Angekommen gegen 19.00 Uhr verlangte man 2 \$ für die erste Nacht. Hatte ich nicht. „*No Dollar, no bed*“ endete die Anfrage.

Meine nun einsetzenden Versuche, einen Job zu finden, scheiterten bis gegen 21.30 Uhr am Fehlen einer *Social Security Card*. Dann erst fand ich Arbeit: Müll schaufeln für 1,25 \$ / Stunde, vier Stunden lang in einem 24 Stunden



Dr. Werner Freiesleben wurde 1929 in Augsburg geboren. Er studierte 1949-53 in München Chemie. Sein Fulbright-Jahr verbrachte er in New York City. Danach promovierte er in physikalischer Chemie 1958 an der Universität Basel. Er arbeitete bei Wacker Chemie GmbH, München (1958-88) wo er, u.a. 14 Patente geforscht hat und u.a. in Indien, Mexiko, und Brasilien tätig war. 1978 übernahm er den Vorsitz in der Geschäftsführung der Chemitronics GmbH (bis 1988), gründete 1978 die Siltronic Corp. in Portland, Oregon, und 1983 die Wacker Chemicals East Asia Ltd. in Tokyo. 1988-93 verbrachte er in Brüssel als Director des European Council of Vinyl Manufacturers. 1993 wechselte er zur Treuhand Anstalt, Berlin als Vorsitzender der Geschäftsleitung der Freiburger Elektronik-Werstoffe GmbH, die er bis 1996 erfolgreich sanieren und privatisieren konnte. Im Lauf seiner Tätigkeiten hat er mehrere Bücher geschrieben und wurde 1984 mit dem Bundesverdienstkreuz ausgezeichnet.

In seiner freien Zeit sammelte Freiesleben Volkslieder. Hier versucht eine Kommilitonin ihm die Indische Nationalhymne beizubringen.

offenen Lokal. Erst dann gab es Essen und YMCA mit Dusche. Am Sonntag abend durfte ich wiederkommen, vier Stunden zu 5 \$ insgesamt. Das half mir über den *Labor Day* am 6. September.

Am Dienstag war endlich das Institute for International Education auf und ich konnte meine Geschichte berichten. Mit großem Bedauern wurde ich getröstet, man kümmerte sich um meine verlorenen Habseligkeiten, die sich auch fanden (ohne Geld) und ein Direktor des Instituts fragte mich, ob ich mit ihm und seiner Familie bis zum Studienbeginn nach Mount Kisko in sein Feriendomizil fahren wolle, wo ich seiner ältesten Tochter, die zum Studium in die Schweiz sollte, Deutschunterricht erteilen könnte. Tief dankbar nahm ich das Angebot an, und fand mich so nach zwei Tagen in einer luxuriösen Villa in Connecticut als Hauslehrer für Deutsch mit eigenem Zimmer, Bad und allem Komfort.

Das war der Beginn meines Fulbright-Jahres 1953-54. Mit meiner damaligen Schülerin bin ich immer noch sehr freundschaftlich verbunden.

Das Glück ausgewählt worden zu sein

von *Weddig Fricke*

DIE ZEIT ALS FULBRIGHT-STIPENDIAT ist für mich ein Meilenstein der Erinnerung. Damals war ich 23 Jahre alt mit gerade abgeschlossenem Jurastudium an der Freiburger Albert-Ludwigs-Universität, heute bin ich 73 und Seniorpartner bei meiner eigenen Anwaltskanzlei Dr. Fricke & Partner.

Ich berichte – im Rahmen der vorgegebenen Länge des Erinnerungsbeitrags – nicht eigentlich über meine Studienzeit in den USA, sondern über einige Vorkommnisse und Kuriositäten im Zusammenhang mit dem Stipendium, von denen ich meine, dass sie sich als Besonderheiten speziell „meines Falles“ darstellen.

Unvergessen ist der Moment, als der AStA-Vorsitzende mir – es sei mit Verlaub gesagt – auf der Herrentoilette der Freiburger Mensa, zufällig „neben mir stehend“, zu meiner Wahl gratulierte. Da hält man vor freudiger Überraschung „spontan inne“. Ich konnte es nicht fassen, dass von ursprünglich einmal ca. 400 Bewerbern die Wahl ausgerechnet auf mich (neben 5 anderen) gefallen war. Dass die juristische Fakultät – dies war die erste Hürde – mich empfohlen hatte, war objektiv nicht gerechtfertigt,

denn meine Durchschnittsnoten waren nur „befriedigend“. Hier muss wohl ein mir besonders wohlgesonnener Professor seine Hand im Spiel gehabt haben. Den Sprachtest – zweite Hürde – hatte ich nur wegen Übermüdung des amerikanischen Offiziers, der die Prüfung vornahm, bestanden: Auf der Schule hatte ich kein Englisch gehabt. Als ausgesprochene Blamage schließlich hatte ich – dritte Hürde – meinen Auftritt vor der Auswahl-Kommission empfunden. Jeweils zu dritt wurden wir (inzwischen waren noch ca. 80 Bewerber im Rennen geblieben) aufgerufen, um vor einen erlauchten Kreis, bestehend aus Universitätsprofessoren, Vertretern des öffentlichen Lebens, der Industrie- und Handelskammer, der örtlichen Angestelltengewerkschaft und des AStA-Vorsitzenden, Rede und Antwort zu stehen. Während die beiden anderen Kandidaten rechts und links neben mir sich durch Eloquenz und Wissen auszeichneten, kam ich mir wie ein Stotterer vor, der die gestellten Fragen meistens verneinte oder keine Antwort darauf wusste. Nicht einmal die Frage, ob ich an einem Seminar über Fragen der Jugendkriminalität teilgenommen habe, konnte ich bejahen, obwohl ich diese Rechtssparte in dem Fragebogen als besonderes Interessengebiet vermerkt hatte. Bis heute weiß ich nicht, was das gestrenge Gremium bewogen hat, mich den anderen vorzuziehen. Vielleicht hatte ihnen meine Kühnheit imponiert, dass ich mich überhaupt

Und dann New York.
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beworben hatte. Oder es war schlichtes Mitleid, das – verwandelt in Sympathie – einem Hilflosen bekanntlich oft entgegengebracht wird. Diese Vermutung reimt sich allerdings nicht mit der seinerzeit – Krieg und Nazi-herrschaft waren erst seit acht Jahren vorbei – prononciert herausgestellten Maxime, dass ein Fulbright-Stipendiat aus der Bundesrepublik Deutschland in den USA als ein besonders würdiger Repräsentant der deutschen Nachkriegsgeneration in Erscheinung treten müsse.

ZU DEM GLÜCK, überhaupt ausgewählt worden zu sein, kamen noch zwei weitere Überraschungen: Erstens war die Universität, der ich zugewiesen wurde, vom Ort und Klang ihres Namens her die schönste, die man sich erträumen konnte: USC (University of Southern California in Los Angeles). Die zweite freudige Überraschung war die, dass ich zu einer Gruppe Stipendiaten gehörte, welche die Schiffsreise von Genua aus antrat, und zwar auf der legendären ‚Andrea Doria‘. Natürlich war es nur die Touristenklasse, in der wir untergebracht waren, auf der ‚Andrea Doria‘ aber war auch die Touristenklasse traumhaft. Und dann New York,

die Einfahrt in den Hafen, als der Morgen dämmerte und anschließend die Sonne aufging: Die Freiheitsstatue, die Silhouette der Wolkenkratzer ... Man kann eine Ankunft von heute nicht im entferntesten vergleichen mit einer Ankunft im Jahre 1953.

Ab New York allerdings gab es dann nicht mehr die Geborgenheit der Gruppe, nicht mehr die Gemeinsamkeit

des Erlebens. Da war man plötzlich auf sich allein gestellt. Eine gewisse Beklemmung blieb nicht aus. Die fehlenden Sprachkenntnisse machten mir zu schaffen. Denn ich wusste nicht viel mehr, als dass Hotel auf Englisch auch „*hotel*“ heißt und dass das Wort Bett auf Englisch fast genauso klingt wie auf Deutsch. Ich kann es – rückblickend – nur auf die Unbekümmertheit der Jugend zurückführen, dass ich auf der zweitägigen Besichtigungstour durch New York doch vollen Genuss empfand, ich beispielsweise im *lift* des Empire State Buildings keine Schwierigkeiten hatte und auch mühelos zum New Yorker Hauptbahnhof fand, wo ich die Fahrkarte nach Los Angeles zu kaufen hatte. Über die ganz ungewohnten und unglaublichen Entfernungen in diesem Land machte ich mir keine näheren Gedanken. Ab Chicago fuhr ich mit dem Pullman-Zug „Baltimore-Ohio“, die Fahrt bis Los Angeles dauerte drei oder gar vier Tage. Was mir von dieser Fahrt in amüsanten Erinnerung ist, ist die Tatsache, dass die Reisenden mitunter über längere Zeit hinweg, mitunter auch nur für eine halbe Stunde, keine

alkoholischen Getränke bestellen konnten, weil der Zug gerade durch einen „trockenen“ Bundesstaat fuhr oder nur durch den Zipfel eines solchen Staates.

Die Situation an der USC, speziell an dem mir zugewiesenen Institute for Juvenile Justice and Delinquency gestaltete sich für mich eigenartig, es war mehr eine Polizisten-Ausbildung, Hundeführung und Umgang mit Schusswaffen gehörten dazu. Vor allem aber Besuche von diversen Straf-anstalten, sowohl für Jugendliche als auch für Erwachsene. In San Quentin bekam ich die Gelegenheit, die Gaskammer zu besichtigen, und es wurden mir die mit einer Hinrichtung verbundenen Einzelheiten, insbesondere der Geschehensablauf, erläutert. Ich bekam sogar die Einladung, bei einer Hinrichtung im Oktober 1954 dabei zu sein. Der Delinquent hieß Caryl Chessman, der seinerzeit wohl prominenteste Todeskandidat in Amerika. Er war, in der Todeszelle an die 10 Jahre auf seine Hinrichtung wartend, literarisch in Erscheinung getreten und hatte als Autor großen Erfolg gehabt. Die Einladung zu seinem letzten Gang freilich habe ich höflich abgelehnt. Ich war damals schon entschiedener Gegner der Todesstrafe. (Tatsächlich wurde Chessman auch erst 1960 hingerichtet.)

NATÜRLICH HABE ICH mich während des Studienaufenthalts auch ernsthaften Dingen zugewandt, habe, wie es erwartet wurde, auch ein *master's degree* erworben. Die Magisterarbeit hatte das deutsche Scheidungsrecht zum Gegenstand, sie wurde lektoriert und auszugsweise sogar veröffentlicht in the *American Journal of Comparative Law*. Auch habe ich gute Fortschritte im Erlernen der englischen Sprache gemacht, von der ich in grenzenloser Selbstüberschätzung meinte, ich spräche sie ohne jeden Akzent, und wenn Akzent, dann den von Kalifornien.

Berichtenswert könnte sein, wie ein aus Deutschland kommender Student seinerzeit davon beeindruckt war, dass praktisch jeder amerikanische Student sein eigenes Auto besass – und wie herrlich und glitzernd diese Autos waren! In Deutschland besass ein Student allenfalls ein Fahrrad. Der Wunsch, ebenfalls Autobesitzer zu werden und nicht als armes Würstchen zu erscheinen, steigerte sich in regelrechte Gier. Aber woher das Geld nehmen? Von zu Hause hatte ich nichts zu erwarten, meine Eltern lebten in der DDR. Und was man von der amerikanischen Regierung im Rahmen des Stipendiums zur Bestreitung des Lebensunterhalts bekam, war so knapp bemessen, dass man nur bei äußerster Sparsamkeit damit auskam. Ich meine mich zu erinnern, dass es im Monat 150 Dollar waren, aber da kann ich mich irren. Die Studentenbude, immerhin ausgestattet mit Dusche und Kühlschrank, kostete 30 Dollar, allerdings nicht gerade in einer guten Wohngegend gelegen. So also nahm ich eine Arbeit an als *stockboy* bei Bullocks Downtown, Abteilung Damenoberbekleidung, wobei es meine Aufgabe war, die Kleidungsstücke, die den Kundinnen gezeigt worden waren, wieder auf die Bügel zu hängen. Meine Chefin (so eine Art Oberverkäuferin in der Abteilung) konnte oder wollte sich meinen Namen nicht merken und bekundete mir, sie werde mich „Fritz“ nennen. Ich verdiente 1 Dollar die Stunde, wenig Geld für körperlich leichte und geistig noch leichtere Arbeit, aber die Arbeitsbescheinigung half mir, bei einer Bank einen 500-Dollar-Kredit zu bekommen,

wofür ich mein Traumauto erstand: ein Chevrolet Cabriolet, Automatik mit Weißwandreifen, Baujahr 1949. Nie wieder habe ich mich über ein Auto so sehr gefreut wie über dieses Auto. Ich bin manchmal aus dem Bett aufgestanden, um es mir auf der Straße bei nächtlicher Beleuchtung anzusehen.

In besonders schöner Erinnerung habe ich die zahlreichen Parties, zu denen vor allem wohlhabende amerikanische Familien Studenten aus aller Herren Länder einzuladen pflegten. In der Regel waren es – im sonnendurchfluteten Südkalifornien – Grillparties. Üblich war es, dass im Laufe eines solchen Abends einer der eingeladenen Studenten das Wort ergriff und sich im Namen aller Gäste bei den Gastgebern bedankte. Als ich damit einmal an der Reihe war, passierte es mir, dass ich statt für die entgegengebrachte *hospitality* für die entgegengebrachte *hostility* dankte. Peinlich, peinlich. Nur leider habe ich diese Geschichte auch mal von jemand anderem, dem sie passiert sein soll, erzählt bekommen. Seither habe ich Zweifel, ob meine Geschichte stimmt. Ich berichte sie aber *bona fide*.

Dr. Weddig Fricke studierte Jura an der Freiburger Albert-Ludwigs-Universität, bevor er 1953 in die USA ging, um mit einem Fulbright-Stipendium an der University of Southern California zu studieren. Vor 43 Jahren hat er die Anwaltskanzlei Dr. Fricke & Partner in Freiburg mit Büros in Dresden und Straßburg gegründet und ist jetzt dort Senior Partner. Schwerpunktmäßig ist die Kanzlei auf das Familien- und Erbrecht ausgerichtet. Auf diesen Rechtsgebieten ist er publizistisch in Erscheinung getreten (Verlag Karl Alber, Freiburg), ferner auf dem Gebiet des Rechts der offenen Vermögensfragen (Verlag C.H. Beck, München). Näheres ist im Internet unter www.dr-fricke-partner.de.

Nach Ablauf des einjährigen Stipendiums wurde meine Aufenthaltserlaubnis noch um vier Monate verlängert. Ich bekam eine Anstellung als sogenannter *counselor* beim YMCA (Christlicher Verein Junger Männer) in Whittier, der Geburtsstadt des späteren Präsidenten Richard Nixon, etwa 50 Meilen nordöstlich von Los Angeles. Die Gruppe, die ich anfangs zu betreuen hatte, bestand aus ca. 20 fünf- bis sechsjährigen Jungen. Meine Fächer waren *swimming* und *Indian dancing*. So übte ich Indianertänze ein, erst für mich selbst und dann mit den Kindern. Besonders eindrucksvoll waren die „Tänze auf dem Kriegspfad“, die mit einem kleinen Holzbeil in der Hand getanzt wurden. Man mußte darauf achten, dass die Kommantschen anders tanzten als die Apachen, und die Sioux tanzten noch wieder anders.

Kaum zu begreifen, dass ich doch wieder glücklich war, als das Schiff – dieses Mal war es die ‚Saturnia‘, ein alter italienischer Dampfer aus dem Jahre 1929 – von New York in Richtung Europa ablegte. Ich hatte plötzlich Sehnsucht nach dem Krähen eines Hahnes am frühen Morgen oder nach einer typisch deutschen kleinen Stadt und trat meine erste Referendarstation beim Amtsgericht in Überlingen (Bodensee) an.

Wie das Fulbright Stipendium mein Leben beeinflusste

von Hellmut Golde

DAS JAHR WAR 1953. Ich stand kurz vor dem Abschluss als Diplom Ingenieur der Elektrotechnik an der Technischen Hochschule München und wusste nicht so recht, wie mein Leben weiter gehen sollte. Ich hatte mir durch Zeitungsverkauf auf den Straßen Münchens das Studium ermöglicht und sollte mich eigentlich nach einer festen Arbeit umschauen. Da sah ich einen Anschlag an der TH, das man sich um ein Fulbright Stipendium in den USA bewerben konnte und ich schickte kurz entschlossen meine Bewerbung ein. Zunächst kam ich auf die Warteliste, aber dann klappte es doch: ich bekam ein Reisestipendium und außerdem eine bezahlte Stelle als Assistent im Mikrowellenlabor der Stanford University.

Heute klingt das vielleicht seltsam, aber ich hatte damals nie etwas von dieser Universität gehört, aber Kalifornien als Aufenthaltsort war doch sehr ansprechend. An der Universität war mir vieles ungewohnt: Mit Hausarbeiten und Prüfungen gleich nach Abschluss einer Vorlesung sah die Universität zunächst wie eine deutsche Oberschule aus. Auf dem Campus war Alkoholverbot, die Geschlechter waren in den Studentenhäusern streng getrennt, und Studentinnen mussten abends zu einer bestimmten Zeit in ihren Studentenheimen sein.

Im Mikrowellenlabor lernte ich schnell sehr viel, und schloss dort meine ersten Freundschaften. Auch der *Cosmopolitan Club*, in dem sich amerikanische und ausländische Studenten trafen, half mir beim Einleben in Stanford. Mit anderen ausländischen Studenten machte ich mehrere Reisen im Westen der USA und schloss auch viele Freundschaften in meinem Wohnheim.

Obwohl mein Aufenthalt für ein Jahr geplant war, konnte ich meine Assistentenstelle um ein Jahr verlängern, und schloss dann mit dem *master of science* ab. Auch lernte ich in Stanford meine zukünftige Frau kennen, die auch Studentin in Stanford war, wenn auch damals eine Ehe nicht auf dem Programm stand.

1955 GING ES DANN WIEDER NACH DEUTSCHLAND ZURÜCK. Zunächst arbeitete ich im Betrieb meines Vaters, der nach dem zweiten Weltkrieg eine Plastik-Verarbeitung gegründet hatte. Ich hatte den Wunsch zu promovieren, aber das war damals nicht so leicht, denn bezahlte Assistentenstellen gab es an deutschen Hochschulen kaum. Stellungen in meinem Fach in der Industrie gab es schon, ich bekam auch ein oder zwei Angebote, aber es war nichts, was mich wirklich interessierte.

So wanderte ich 1956 in die USA ein, was nicht allzu schwierig war. Damals gab es Länderquoten, und die

deutsche Quote war nicht ausgefüllt. Eine Familie in der Nähe von Stanford, mit der ich mich sehr angefreundet hatte, wurden meine Sponsoren, Stanford gab mir wieder eine Assistentenstelle im Mikrowellenlabor, und so fing ich im Herbst 1956 mit dem Doktorandenstudium an. Ende der fünfziger Jahre machte ich meine erste Bekanntschaft mit elektronischen Rechenmaschinen, was für meine spätere Laufbahn von Bedeutung wurde. Auch meine Dissertation auf dem Gebiete der Mikrowellenelektronik profitierte von der Auswertung mehrerer komplizierter Formeln.

Im Frühjahr 1957 heiratete ich Marcy Johnson und wir mieteten uns ein kleines Häuschen ganz in der Nähe der Universität. Im Sommer 1959 war ich dann ein frischgebackener „Ph.D.“ und meine Frau und ich machten erst einmal eine längere Europareise.

Ich nahm ein Angebot als *assistant professor* der Elektrotechnik an der Staatsuniversität von Washington an und im Januar 1960 gingen wir nach Seattle, wo wir auch heute noch wohnen.

Heute klingt das vielleicht seltsam, aber ich hatte damals nie etwas von Stanford gehört.

Wenige Jahre nach unserer Ankunft in Seattle, wandelte sich meine Karriere an der Universität. Ich schulte mich langsam selbst auf Informatik um. Ende der sechziger Jahre entwick-

elte eine Gruppe Professoren verschiedener Fachrichtungen ein Graduiertenstudium in Informatik (*master of science and doctor of philosophy*), das sich dann im Laufe der Zeit zu einer der erfolgreichsten Fachrichtungen entwickelte. Ich war bis 1992 voll als Professor der Informatik beim Aufbau dieser Fachrichtung beteiligt, wie auch bei der Entwicklung der Infrastruktur für Rechner und Rechnernetze an der Universität.

MEINE FRAU UND ICH haben uns in Seattle sehr gut eingelebt; unsere drei Kinder sind alle selbständig und uns eine große Freude, wie auch unser zweijähriger Enkelsohn, der bei uns in der Nähe wohnt. Wir reisen öfter nach Deutschland, um Familie und alte Freunde zu besuchen. 1974-75 verbrachten wir ein Jahr als *sabbatical* an der Technischen Universität Karlsruhe.

Ich bin jetzt im Ruhestand, engagiere mich aber ehrenamtlich bei der *retirement association* der Universität. Oft denke ich noch an meine ersten Jahre in Stanford zurück, komme jetzt auch von Zeit zu Zeit dorthin, da meine älteste Tochter in der Bay Area wohnt. So kann ich bei diesen Gelegenheiten auch alte Freunde aus der Studienzeit in Stanford besuchen.

Und ich darf dem deutschen Fulbright-Programm zum 50. Jubiläum noch meinen Dank für mein damaliges Stipendium aussprechen, das ja mein Leben auf eine damals völlig unerwartete und erfolgreiche Bahn lenkte.

Auch nach 50 Jahren – immer noch Danke Amerika

von Hans Karl Kandlbinder

ALS ICH MICH ALS EINUNDZWANZIG-JÄHRIGER mit einigen anderen glücklichen jungen Deutschen am 31. August 1953, ausgestattet mit 25 US Dollar in bar in Genua auf dem damals noch ziemlich neuen Luxusliner ‚Andrea Doria‘ (deren Jungfernfahrt erst kurz vorher stattgefunden hatte) in Richtung Neue Welt einschiffen konnte, war ein Lebenstraum dank US-amerikanischer Stipendien für mich Wirklichkeit geworden. Schon vor dem Abitur (1951) am humanistischen Gymnasium meiner Heimatstadt Passau hatte ich mich vergeblich um einen Schüleraustausch nach den USA bemüht. Auch Bewerbungen für einen USA-Studentenaustausch, die ich aus meinen ersten Semestern von München aus einreichte, blieben erfolglos. So ging ich mit einem innerdeutschen Austauschprogramm im Sommersemester 1953 zur neugegründeten Freien Universität nach Berlin und erlebte dort hautnah den „17. Juni 1953“, als der Volksaufstand in Ostdeutschland gegen die kommunistische Diktatur niedergeschlagen wurde.

Meine USA-Bewerbung hielt ich aufrecht und Mitte Juli 1953 erreichte mich eine interessante Anfrage vom IIE (International Institute of Education) aus New York, wo damals die Stipendienbewerbungen offenbar verwaltungsmäßig zusammengefasst wurden, mit folgendem Inhalt: Wenn ich ein Stipendium nach USA bekäme, könnte es doch sein, dass ich dort gelegentlich zu einem Vortrag eingeladen würde, weshalb man wissen möchte, worüber ich dann reden würde. Das Thema „Der 17. Juni 1953“ mit dem Untertitel „Berlin, die Insel im Roten Meer“ drängte sich geradezu auf und in diesem Sinne antwortete ich auch.

Diese Antwort zündete! Noch im gleichen Monat Juli wurde ich nach Bonn zu einer Vorbereitungstagung eingeladen, wo ich Näheres zu meinen Stipendien erfuhr: Ein *Fulbright Travel Grant* eröffnete mir ein Stipendium des damaligen Rotary Club Districts 278 unter Federführung des Rotary Clubs Durham, North Carolina für das akademische Jahr 1953-54 an der Duke University in Durham, North Carolina wobei ein Duke *scholarship* die schon damals recht teuren Kosten von *tuition and fees* der Privat-Universität deckte. Ich hatte die einzige ‚Verpflichtung‘, die eigentlich eine Freude war, bei Anforderung von Rotary Clubs des Distrikts jeweils einen zwanzigminütigen Vortrag bei entsprechenden Meetings zu dem von mir angegebenen Thema zu halten.

ES WAR DAMALS NICHT LEICHT, innerhalb von vier Wochen alle Impfungen, Papiere und Visa zusammen zu bekommen. Aber als ich einmal wegen dieser kurzen Zeit vorsichtig monierte, replizierte die Dame des US-Generalkonsulats, welche die Stipendienangelegenhei-

ten regelte, schlagfertig: „Seien Sie froh, dass Sie kein Telegramm erhalten haben mit den Worten: Bitte reisen Sie gestern!“ Beim US-Generalkonsulat in München wurde ich dann noch zu einem jungen Konsul allein ins Büro gebeten, der sich zunächst mit mir über meine USA-Erwartungen unterhielt, aber plötzlich sprang er auf, holte eine Kerze aus seinem Schreibtisch heraus, stellte sie auf, zündete die Kerze an und forderte mich auf, die Eidesformel nachzusprechen, wonach ich mich verpflichtete, dieses US-Stipendium niemals dazu zu benutzen, um in die USA einzuwandern. Ich habe diesen Eid sehr ernst genommen und von dieser eidlich beschworenen Verpflichtung immer gleich erzählt, wenn sich zarte Bande zu entwickeln schienen, damit ja keine Hoffnungen bei den Freundinnen aufkommen konnten.

IN MEINER HEIMATSTADT PASSAU stand es natürlich in der Zeitung, dass Hans Kandlbinder ein USA-Stipendium erhalten hatte – aber dies hatte leider nicht nur positive Reaktionen zur Folge: Einer meiner konservativen Gymnasiallehrer, ein langjähriger Duz-Freund meines Vaters, sprach auf offener Straße sichtlich wirsch meinen Vater an: „Karl, Dein Sohn, der spinnt!“ Warum, fragte mein Vater zurück. „Weil er nach Amerika geht zum Studieren; der ist für unsere Kultur verloren!“ Als mein Vater darauf nichts antwortete, schloss sein Freund: „So, Karl, du billigst das auch noch. Dann sind wir zwei geschiedene Freunde!“ Sprach’s, drehte sich um und ging weg – und so lange beide lebten, wechselten sie nie wieder ein Wort miteinander.

„Seien Sie froh, dass Sie kein Telegramm erhalten haben, mit den Worten: ‚Bitte reisen Sie gestern!‘“

Mein Vater hatte mir schon vor meiner Abreise noch im August 1953 von dieser Meinungsäußerung eines immerhin in der Kleinstadt geachteten Intellektuellen erzählt, weshalb ich mit meinen Amerika-Erfahrungen von Anfang an sehr nachdenklich umging und nichts unkritisch rezipierte. Noch heute aber kann ich sagen: Dieses Amerika-Stipendium war der höchste Segen, der mein Leben positiv radikal beeinflusst hat, vor allen mein Demokratieverständnis wurde implantiert, wenn auch naturgemäß weniger Positives nicht fehlte.

Zu diesen wenigen negativen Erlebnissen gehörte folgendes gleich bei der Einschreibung: Dean Weatherspoon gab mir das Einschreibeformular und musste sich gleich die erstaunte Rückfrage gefallen lassen, was ich denn unter der

Rubrik „race“ einsetzen müßte, denn es kann doch hier wohl nicht sein, dass ich wie 1937 als Bub im Turnverein „arisch“ schreiben müsse. „Oh, no,“ meinte Mr. Weatherspoon, „black or white is enough“. Ich setzte „white“ ein, aber brachte Mr. Weatherspoon in nachdenkliche Verlegenheit, als ich ihn fragte: „What is the difference between the question black/white and arian/jewish?“ Heute, das weiß ich inzwischen, darf man auch an der privaten Duke University eine solche Frage nach dem „race“ im Einschreibeformular nicht mehr stellen. Im übrigen bin ich dem Undergraduate College und damit der Oberhoheit von Dean Weatherspoon schnell entkommen,

Dr. Hans Karl Kandlbinder, wurde 1931 in Passau geboren. Nach umfassender Ausbildung in Europa und Amerika (Dipl.-Kfm. und Dr. phil., Universität München, AM, Duke University, Durham, NC) war Kandlbinder stets auf dem Finanzsektor tätig: Bei Deutsche Bank (1958-62), auf Industrieseite (u.a. 12 Jahre Finanzdirektor bei Philips in Hamburg und in Eindhoven) und zuletzt im Vorstand einer Münchener Lebensversicherung; seit 1985 ist Kandlbinder mit seiner Investment-Beratung für institutionelle Anleger als Fondsspezialist international tätig. Er gilt als einer der Väter des Anlagemediums Spezialfonds. Jährlich kommentiert Kandlbinder die aktuelle Spezialfonds-Lage. Seit 1998 erscheinen diese Studien jährlich, u.a. unter dem Titel „The Kandlbinder Report“ in englischer Sprache in der Zeitschrift „Investment & Pensions Europe“. Als Lehrbeauftragter für Betriebswirtschaftslehre / Finanzwirtschaft dozierte Dr. Kandlbinder 6 Jahre an der Universität Münster und 5 Jahre an der Universität Passau.

denn nach einem Gutachten des Germanistik-Professors der Duke University Dr. Vollmer wurde ich gemäß meinem Antrag sofort in der Graduate School of Arts and Sciences zugelassen, obwohl ich mein Zimmer im *undergraduate* Wohntrakt behalten durfte.

ES GELANG MIR DANN an der Duke University im akademischen Jahr 1953-54 in Prof. Dr. Robert Samuel Rogers einen Magistervater zu finden, bei dem ich eine *thesis* zu Gnaeus Maenius Volso, dem römischen Konsul des Jahres 189 vor Christus abliefern sollte. Diese *thesis* baute ich später weiter aus und sie wurde dann in deutscher Sprache meine Dissertation zum Dr. phil. an der Ludwig Maximilians Universität zu München bei Prof. Dr. Alexander Graf Schenk von Staffenberg. Auch wissenschaftlich-akademisch ist mein Jahr in den USA auf diese Weise mehr als fruchtbar gewesen, denn die Möglichkeiten des wissenschaftlichen Arbeitens in den Bibliotheksräumen der Duke University waren unvergleichlich besser als in München. In München durfte man damals noch nicht direkt an die Regale der großen Bibliotheken gehen, die zudem noch stark durch Kriegseinwirkung beeinträchtigt waren (z.B. durch Auslagerungen, Brandverluste und dergleichen). Während man in München für jedes Buch, das man ausleihen wollte, einen Leihschein dreifach ausfüllen musste, bekam man an der Duke University, wenn man ein Thema wissenschaftlich bearbeitete, in der Bibliothek und zwar in

der Etage wo die betreffenden Fachbücher standen, einen sogenannten *carrel* (d.h. einen kleinen Raum mit Schreibtisch und offenen Regalen) zugewiesen, wo man bis zu gut 100 Bücher aus der Bibliothek hinstellen durfte, ohne auch nur einen Zettel ausfüllen zu müssen; in dem *carrel* konnte man sich in aller Ruhe aus den Büchern handschriftlich exerzieren, was man brauchte.

ZU DEN UR-ERFAHRUNGEN eines amerikanischen Demokratie-Erlebnisses gehört in meinen besten Erinnerungen folgender Vorgang: Zu *Thanksgiving* 1953 leistete ich mir einen Besuch der Metropolitan Opera in New York, wohin ich aus Kostengründen mit dem Greyhoundbus gefahren bin; die Rückfahrt führte den Bus über Nacht durch verschiedene Bundesstaaten, in denen jeweils andere Verkehrsgesetze galten. Überquerte der Bus eine Bundesstaatsgrenze, hielt der Fahrer an und verkündete, wie sich die Fahrgäste (z.B. Farbige) ab jetzt (nach den gesetzlichen Bestimmungen) zu setzen hätten (vorne oder hinten); als Abschluss fügte er jene Worte hinzu, die mich zurecht so beeindruckten: „Please, cooperate with the law!“. Und ohne Murren setzten sich die betroffenen Fahrgäste um. Aus dem römischen und noch mehr aus dem deutschen Rechtskreis hatte ich noch gelernt, dass man Gesetzen „gehorsam“ müsse. Der Gedanke des „Please, cooperate with the law“ wird mich mein Leben lang faszinieren.

Ein Erlebnis der besonderen Art bescherte mir der Musikdirektor der Duke University, Mr. Barnes, der gleichzeitig das Glockenspiel der Duke Kathedrale schlug. Bei Mr. Barnes hatte ich mich in dessen Chor vorgestellt, da ich als ehemaliger Regensburger Domspatz eine gewisse musikalische Vorbildung hatte. Mr. Barnes lud mich dann als erstes ein, mit ihm den Duke Turm zu besteigen und ihm beim Schlagen des Glockenspiels zuzuschauen. Plötzlich bedeutete er mir durch Gesten, dass er etwas für mich spielen wollte und es erklang weit schallend in die Umgebung – ich konnte es kaum glauben, denn immerhin war der Zweite Weltkrieg erst acht Jahre vergangen – „Deutschland, Deutschland über alles ...“ Mr. Barnes hatte das Lied natürlich bewusst gewählt, freute sich über meine Reaktion und schob mir zwischen den Schlägen auf die Tasten des Glockenspiels das Gesangsbuch der methodistischen Kirche zu, wobei er auf eine Seite hindeutete: „Glorious things of thee are spoken, Christ the Lord ...“, Melodie Haydn – dies war des Rätsels Lösung, aber ich habe mich trotzdem über die deutschfreundliche Geste von Mr. Barnes gefreut.

DEN VORTRAG ÜBER DIE „BERLIN REVOLUTION 1953“ habe ich dann tatsächlich nicht nur beim Rotary Club Durham gehalten, sondern auch bei anderen Rotary Clubs in North Carolina sowie in Alabama, Florida und Kalifornien, wohin ich zum Abschluss des akademischen Jahres mit einem *99-dollar-ticket* eine für mich sagenhafte Rundreise machte – sogar mit Abstechern nach Mexiko und Kanada. Auch lokale Organisationen der American Legion, also der Kriegsveteranen holten mich zu meinem stets mit Überzeugung präsentierten Standardvortrag, denn mit diesem Thema war ich ein gefragter Antikalter-Krieger auf der Seite der Freiheit.

Einmal erlebte ich eine echt mutige Beamtenzivil-

courage, wie das in Deutschland nie möglich gewesen wäre: Ich hatte, wie damals üblich, ein USA-Visum für eine einmalige Einreise in plus einmalige Ausreise aus den USA. Die Versuchung war zu groß, in San Antonio, Texas den Rio Grande mit der Straßenbahn zu überqueren und dann in Ciudad Juarez in der Provinz Chihuahua sagen zu können: „Ich bin auch in Mexiko gewesen“. Allein bei der Rückfahrt holte mich auf der Brücke eine Streife aus der Straßenbahn und brachte mich zur Befragung in ein gefängnis-ähnliches Gebäude. Dort wies ich meinen Förderausweis als Austauschstudent vor und erzählte von meinem Status als Rotary Austauschstudent. Für den Beamten war dies das Stichwort, da er erklärte, dass der derzeitige Präsident des Rotary Clubs San Antonio ein Freund von ihm sei. Obwohl es schon Samstag abend war, rief der Beamte seinen Freund Howard James an, der auch innerhalb kürzester Zeit persönlich erschien. Beiden musste ich nochmals meine *story* erzählen und am Ende sagte der Grenzwächter sinngemäß folgendes: Wir glauben das alles, aber eigentlich müßte ich Sie jetzt hier festnehmen und ein Telegramm nach Washington schicken. Das Telegramm würde sicherlich erst am Dienstag beantwortet werden können und die Antwort

würde sicher lauten, mich wieder in die USA einreisen zu lassen – und diese Entscheidung kann ich sofort auch treffen, sprach's und Howard James fuhr mich in seinem Auto noch in das bescheidene Hotel, wo ich wohnte. Aber noch viele Jahre habe ich Howard Jones wenigstens *season's greetings* gesandt, um mich bei ihm und seinem Beamtenfreund zu bedanken. Jedenfalls einen solchen *civic spirit* hätte kaum ein deutscher Beamter je aufgebracht. Auch darin wurde Amerika für mich Vorbild, wie in vielen anderen Lebensbereichen.

Deshalb bin ich den amerikanischen Mäzenen dankbar, so lange ich lebe. Selbst wenn meine Eltern Geld gehabt hätten, hätte ich damals nicht im Ausland studieren können, denn in den fünfziger Jahren herrschte ja noch Devisenbewirtschaftung (selbst für die eingangs erwähnten 25 Dollar Taschengeld hatte ich eine Sondergenehmigung der damaligen Bank Deutscher Länder)! Meiner alma Mater Dukiana diene ich seit Jahrzehnten als Chairman of the Alumni Admission Advisory Commission for Germany.

The Quest for the Real Gatsby

by Horst Kruse

NOT SURPRISINGLY, my year as a Fulbright student in the United States from 1953 to 1954 turned out to be an important stepping stone towards a university career in American literature at a time when such a career was rather difficult to plan. In my application I had indicated an interest in F. Scott Fitzgerald and the writers of the so-called “Lost Generation.” When I found myself at Cornell University, I was pleased with my good fortune. Arthur Mizener had joined the English Department just two years earlier. In 1951 he had published *The Far Side of Paradise: A Biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, and I now realize that the publicity surrounding this best-selling book must have been responsible for the Institute of International Education’s decision to send me to Cornell rather than a different university.

I recall my first visit to Mizener’s office on September 22, 1953. I walked through the open door and found him in his swivel chair with his legs up on his desk, as in the then popular advertisement for Camel cigarettes. He got up and walked behind me to open the door, which I had closed automatically upon entering, and after this object lesson in American academic traditions we began to talk about Fitzgerald. Regulations being what they were, I never actually got to attend any of his classes, nor did he become my official advisor when I had managed to change my status as a graduate student from a non-degree candi-

date to degree candidate and begun to work on a master’s thesis on Fitzgerald and his contemporaries. But Mizener freely gave advice and told me where in New York City to look for the less available texts of the so-called novels of “flaming youth” that had been popular in the twenties but not made it onto the shelves of the university libraries. Having completed my studies and obtained my degree (Robert E. Elias having served as advisor), I went up to his office to thank him and say goodbye, and wisely refused his offer to buy from me the rare volumes that were to become the foundation of my Fitzgerald collection.

THE BENEFITS of a Fulbright scholarship are many and varied, not the least of them being that of making friends. At Cornell I met Matthew J. Bruccoli, who has since become the world’s foremost Fitzgerald scholar and a publisher of scholarly reference tools, as well as other work. I came away from Cornell with one unresolved question in particular, and it was that question, along with an abiding interest in Scott Fitzgerald and books, that has kept us talking for fifty years. In a footnote in *The Far Side of Paradise* Mizener indicated that according to Fitzgerald’s wife, Jay Gatsby, the protagonists of *The Great Gatsby*, “the major literary character of the United States in the twentieth century” (Harold Bloom), was based on “a Teutonic-featured man named von Guerlach” who was “in trouble over bootlegging.” Because of its specific ethnic implica-

tions, the information registered with me, and I continued to keep it in the back of my mind, hoping eventually to be able to find more evidence. Bruccoli, for his part, also decided to pursue the question. In 1975 he was able to publish a note about a man named Max Gerlach who probably gave Fitzgerald the idea for using the term “old sport” as, what he calls, Gatsby’s “defining expression” and who, moreover, was referred to as a “wealthy yachtsman,” a contemporary euphemism for bootlegger. Bruccoli’s additional statement that considerable searching had “revealed little more about this Gerlach or von Gerlach” merely served to stimulate our interest in the matter. Our exchange of information continued, and eventually I learned that Bruccoli had been able to establish additional facts in Gerlach’s biography: his suicide attempt in 1939, his death in 1958, his service in the Ordnance Division of the American Army in World War One, as well as definite references to him, which use the nobility predicate “von Gerlach.” Since much of what pertains to this Max (von) Gerlach prior to 1924, the year in which the bulk of *The Great Gatsby* was written, is directly or indirectly reflected in the text of the novel, a renewed all-out search was called for.

AVAILING MYSELF OF INTERVIEWS AND THE INTERNET as well as many archival and library resources in Germany and the United States (including a return to Olin, Kroch and Uris Libraries at Cornell), and relying on the support of the Bruccoli Collection and Bruccoli’s expertise, I was able to fill in gaps in Gerlach’s biography and validate surmises about his person. Interviews with the German von Gerlach families established that he did not emigrate from Europe. Ellis Island archives record three arrivals of May Stork Gerlach, a U.S. citizen, and establish that he was born on 12 October 1886 in Yonkers, NY. Volume 8 of the 9-volume set of “Ordnance Officers called to duty in World War I” in the National Archives II at College Park, MD, show him to have served as first lieutenant from August 15, 1918, to October 31, 1919. Military Intelligence Records in the same archives provide a curriculum vitae that covers the whole period from his boyhood to 1918 and indicate that he was born of German parents. Most importantly, it appears that he did not begin to call himself “von Gerlach” until after the war, an “ennobling” name change that may well be reflected in the change of James Gatz into Jay Gatsby in Fitzgerald’s novel. “Von Gerlach” also is the version of his name in one of the two U.S. District Court records that testify to his activity as a bootlegger. While some of the data suggest the need for further research, enough solid facts have emerged to indicate beyond doubt that Gerlach is the very man whom Fitzgerald himself knew and whom, without ever actually using his name, he referred to several times as the person who served as an inspiration for his protagonist. But Fitzgerald also indicated that in the process of writing his novel Gerlach eventually failed him in his usefulness as a model.

Given the details that have been recovered, we can now determine just how Fitzgerald managed to combine expe-

rience and creativity; and we can see more clearly just how his creative imagination worked. This will not affect the appreciation of his novel by the average reader. But it is of great interest to the literary scholar. An exhaustive account of the findings and their assessment in terms of the genesis and the interpretation of *The Great Gatsby* will appear in the first number of the new *F. Scott Fitzgerald Review*, which should be available by July 2003—just about fifty years after my Fulbright grant for a period of study at Cornell gave a scholarly turn to my interest in F. Scott Fitzgerald and suggested the quest that has now come to a conclusion.

IN A MOVEABLE FEAST, Hemingway has a line of praise for the Leipzig publisher Bernhard Tauchnitz, whose name had come to stand for a most successful ven-

ture in the continental distribution of the work of English and American authors and the implicit promotion of international understanding: “God Bless Tauchnitz.” In a similar way, the name of J. William Fulbright, U.S. Senator from Arkansas, has come to stand for a most successful venture in the field of international education devoted to the promotion of mutual understanding and cooperation. His work and his legacy certainly deserve the same kind of praise: “God Bless Fulbright.”

Fitzgerald managed to combine experience and creativity.

Prof. Dr. Horst H. Kruse attended Kiel University before his Fulbright grant took him to Cornell University in 1953-54. He earned an M.A. degree in American literature and returned to Kiel to complete his doctorate. From 1962-64 he held a Fellowship of the American Council of Learned Societies for research at the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard University, and the University of California at Berkeley. In 1970 Kruse completed his habilitation at Kiel. In 1972 he was appointed to a chair in the English Department at the Universität Münster, where he served as Head of American Studies. A Professor Emeritus since 1994, he continues to be a frequent visitor to American libraries and research archives. Kruse has published numerous books and articles on English and American literature in Germany and the United States. He is an honorary member of the Mark Twain Circle of America and an editorial board member of the F. Scott Fitzgerald Review. He is married and has two daughters.

Das Athen von Ohio

von Manfred Kulesa

OB DER ALTE SENATOR JEMALS GEWUSST HAT, dass sein Name für uns ein gutes Omen war? Das Fulbright-Jahr 1953-54 lebt in meiner Erinnerung in der Tat als eine Zeit der Öffnung neuer Horizonte voller Helligkeit. Das fing schon mit dem flotten und gewinnenden *management* von Heinrich Pfeiffer an und setzte sich während des ganzen Jahres in den USA fort. Nach der Enge der Flüchtlings- und Nachkriegszeit war das eine befreiende und motivierende Erfahrung.

Ohio University in Athens: eine kleine Hochschule in einer Stadt, die fast nur aus einem Campus bestand. Man fand sich dort bald zurecht und sah sich sofort in das aktive *college*-Leben einbezogen. Als *special student* ohne Abschlussambitionen konnte ich meinen Studienplan ganz nach eigenen Bildungsinteressen gestalten. So belegte ich vor allen Dingen Vorlesungen und Seminare, die sich mit amerikanischer Politik und Kultur befassten. Der Bogen reichte von dem Studium der US-Verfassung und der Geschichte des Wolkenkratzers bis zur Interpretation von T.S. Eliots „Vier Quartetten“, die mich viele Jahre begleitet haben.

Erst später stellte sich heraus, dass zwei Hochschullehrer sozusagen vom Rande her entscheidend prägenden Einfluss hatten. John F. Cady war ein „*old Asia hand*“ von solidem Kaliber. Ihm verdanke ich die Asien-Orientierung, die mich ein ganzes Leben lang begleitet hat. Mein *paper* über ein Indonesienthema gefiel ihm, und ich fand mich in sein Seminar einbezogen. Damals besuchte uns z.B. Ngo Dinh Diem, um sich als Hoffnungsträger vorzustellen, was ihm auch gelang – bei allen außer unserem vietnamesischen Kommilitonen Le Tuan Anh. Jedenfalls wurde bei Cady die Zeitgeschichte Südasiens faszinierend konkret und lebendig.

Dagegen wusste Leonard Pinsky, ein junger Philosoph und mitreißend gescheiter Intellektueller, seinen Freundeskreis auf soziale Fragen der unmittelbaren Umwelt hinzuweisen. So besuchte er mit uns Hotels, Restaurants oder Friseursalons, um das manifeste Übel zu diskutieren, dass Schwarze (selbst in einem Nordstaat und eindeutig verfassungswidrig) dort nicht bedient wurden – auch nicht unsere Kommilitonen oder ihre Eltern. Für mich war das eine unvergessliche Einführung in die friedliche Menschenrechtsarbeit, wenn auch leider mit wenig unmittelbarem Erfolg: Die Lokale blieben den Schwarzen verschlossen, und Pinskys Berufung wurde nicht erneuert. (Ich vermute übrigens, dass ich seinetwegen der einzige ausländische Student blieb, der dem konservativen Vice Chancellor nicht vorgestellt wurde.)

IM ÜBRIGEN fühlte ich mich gut aufgenommen, ständig von Mitstudenten und Dozenten eingeladen, häufig auch nach Hause zu den Eltern oder zu Ausflügen. Diese Leute in Ohio, meist wohlmeinende Mittelständler, begegneten mir freundlich und aufmerksam. Ich hatte immer das

Dr. Manfred Kulesa wurde im 1932 geboren. Er machte 1951 in Wetzlar Abitur und studierte Jura und Geschichte in Marburg, Ohio University in Athens (Fulbright-Jahr), und Frankfurt am Main. Er promovierte zum Dr. jur. mit einer rechtshistorischen Dissertation. Seine Tätigkeiten sind in den Bereichen Studentenförderung, akademischem Austausch, und Ökumene und Entwicklungszusammenarbeit u.a. Er war Geschäftsführer des Deutschen Entwicklungsdienstes, Direktor im Entwicklungsprogramm der Vereinten Nationen und arbeitete in Indien, Türkei, Nepal, New York und China. Danach engagierte er sich ein Management. Er war als Dozent (St. Gallen) und Gutachter und Berater von VN und Regierungen tätig. Zur Zeit ist Kulesa Honorarkonsul von Bhutan. Er ist verheiratet und hat drei Kinder.

Gefühl, beliebt und geschätzt zu sein. Als am Beginn des Winters deutlich wurde, dass ich keine warme Kleidung hatte, ließ mir ein besorgter Freund anonym einen Kamelhaarmantel zuschicken. Ich weiß bis heute nicht, wer sich damals mit dieser liebevollen Geste als mein Nächster bekannt hat.

Außerdem gab es viel Unterhaltung, auch den *prom*, den ich mit einer reizenden Griechin besuchte, und dann natürlich den Sport. Ich trainierte alles mögliche und unmögliche, gewann Hochschulmeisterschaften in Tischtennis und Schach, und als Deutscher musste ich natürlich auch in der Fußballmannschaft mitspielen, was mit Reisen zu den anderen 14 Hochschulen des Landes verbunden war. Mit manchen Freunden blieb ich lange in Kontakt, einige haben mich später sogar in Deutschland besucht.

AM ENDE HAT MIR DIE WELTGESCHICHTE NOCH FAST EINEN BÖSEN STREICH GESPIELT. Im Vertrauen auf einen Ferienjob an der Westküste hatte ich mich für ein Sommerlager in Kalifornien angemeldet. Als das vorbei war, stellte sich heraus, dass mit dem Koreakrieg auch der Boom zu Ende gegangen war und keine Jobs zu finden waren. Mir aber fehlte das Geld für die Rückreise nach New York. Die Rettung kam in letzter Minute und ganz unamerikanisch vom Arbeitsamt: Im Archivkeller der Bank of America durfte ich fünf Wochen an einer Studie mitarbeiten. Das reichte, zusammen mit dem Verkauf von Kamera und Fußballschuhen, noch gerade für einen Mitfahrerplatz im Studentenauto. So schaffte ich doch noch den Anschluss an ‚SS Constitution‘ und die Rückkehr in die alte Heimat.

Eine Leidenschaft für das Land

von Werner Landschütz

TAUSEND WORTE, eine Kurzbiographie und ein Bild waren die Vorgabe der Fulbright-Kommission Berlin. Eine leichte Aufgabe - scheinbar. Ich ließ Revue passieren, die seinerzeitige Auswahl, das Treffen in Bad Godesberg, der mühelose Flug über den Atlantik, die lange Eisenbahnfahrt durch das riesige vielgestaltige Land von New York über Chicago nach Los Angeles, unvergleichliche sechs Wochen in Claremont, Kalifornien mit Studenten aus allen Teilen dieser Erde, die Woche mit meinem Austauschlehrer Lillie in San Franzisko, die ersten turbulenten Tage am Oregon State College in Corvallis, die Aufnahme des Studienbetriebs, Erfolge und Fehlschläge, die zahlreichen Exkursionen und praktischen Übungen in den umliegenden Wäldern und Sägewerken, die erlebnisreichen Bergwanderungen mit dem Akademischen Alpenklub, die lustige Volkstanzgruppe, der urige Fernhoppersklub der Forststudenten und sein großes Jahresfest mit Abordnungen mehrerer Forstschulen des

Beim Flug über den Atlantik dachte ich an die Auswanderer, die in zerbrechlichen Segelschiffen wochenlang dem Wind und den Wellen ausgesetzt waren.

Westens, die Fahrten zu Weihnachten und Ostern in den weiten Landschaften des Westens, dreizehn Wochen Einsatz im Waldbrandschutz in Sweethome, Oregon und die sechswöchige Rückreise nach New York über Yellowstone, Bryce, Zion, die Carlsbader Höhlen, Florida, Washington D.C. mit seinem reichhaltigen Naturkundemuseum, New York mit dem unvergesslichen Metropolitan Museum und mehreren weiteren privaten Kunstsammlungen und letztendlich die Rückfahrt mit der ‚MS Gripsholm‘ nach Bremerhaven. Wahrlich ein buntes Kaleidoskop mit vielen Facetten breitet sich vor mir aus. Welche soll ich herausgreifen? Ich fokussiere meine Gedanken auf wenige Punkte, so schmerzlich dies auch sein mag.

Aber vorab ein wichtiges persönliches Anliegen. Ich danke allen Menschen, denen ich begegnet bin, für die guten Gespräche, die selbstlose Hilfe, die zum Teil rührende Anteilnahme und bitte alle, deren Erwartungen ich möglicherweise nicht entsprochen habe, um Nachsicht. Dankbar bin ich auch, dass mir nie eine Gefälligkeitsaussage nahegelegt wurde. Ich kam als Europäer, durfte in den Vereinigten Staaten viel Neues und Unbekanntes erfahren und kehrte wieder nach Europa zurück.

BEIM FLUG ÜBER DEN WEITEN ATLANTIK dachte ich an die Millionen von Auswanderern, die in zerbrechlichen Segelschiffen wochenlang dem Wind und den Wellen ausgesetzt waren. Viele darbtten, einige wurden krank, manch einer starb bereits bei der Überfahrt. An Land gekommen, galt es, eine Existenz aufzubauen. Manch einer ist verschollen, manch einer unter die Räder gekommen, erschlagen, erschossen, verhungert, erfroren, verdurstet. Diese Gedanken gingen mir durch den Kopf, während ich mühelos über die Wolken schwebte oder im Pullmanwagen dem Westen zutrieb. Bei aller freudigen Aufregung über soviel Neues war ich bedrückt, fühlte mich irgendwie schuldig.

IN CLAREMONT, KALIFORNIEN waren die Begegnungen mit Studenten aus aller Welt überaus beeindruckend. Sechs Wochen sind eine lange Zeit in dieser Lebensphase junger Menschen. Wahrlich ein faszinierendes Forum. Noch nie zuvor hatte ich einen leibhaftigen Maori oder einen Philippino oder einen Japaner gesehen. Was gab es da nicht alles zu erfahren und berichten. Und erst die exotischen Mädchen und jungen Frauen aus Südostasien.

In San Franzisko war ich eine Woche lang mit meinem früheren Austauschlehrer zusammen. Er zeigte mir die Stadt, den Fischereihafen, die Golden Gate Brücke, die Redwood Groves, den Fischereihafen und seine Alma Mater Stanford mit seinem damals geheimnisumwitterten Turm. Mr. Lillie war so ganz und gar mit meinen Wünschen vertraut. Dies war wohlthuend. Vor dem Krieg war Herr Lillie als Austauschstudent in Königsberg und muss eine unbeschwertere Zeit mitten unter seinen deutschen Kommilitonen erlebt haben. Sein zweiter Aufenthalt 1952-53 in Deutschland verlief anders. Er wirkte auf seine Umgebung ruhig, fast emotionslos, zurückhaltend, und hätte nichts sehnlicher gewünscht, als wenn jemand unbefangen und froh auf ihn zugegangen wäre. Doch dazu kam es nicht. Das Lehrerkollegium war wohl zu sehr mit sich selbst beschäftigt. Außer einigen Englisch-Freiwilligen-Kursen war er nicht weiter in den Lehrbetrieb eingebunden. Dort kannte er seine Schüler genau und nahm an ihren Freuden, Hoffnungen und Sorgen aufrichtig Anteil. Sein Abschied aus Rastatt war geräuschlos, wie ich später in der Ferne erfuhr.

Aus dem Studienbetrieb greife ich vier Dinge heraus: das Ehrensysteem, die Gruppenleistung, die Kürze und Prägnanz von Statements sowie das Verhalten vor und nach einer Entscheidung. Bei der ersten schriftlichen Prüfung bald nach Aufnahme des Vorlesungsbetriebs spickte ich nach rechts und links wie ein Weltmeister. Meine Kommilitonen ließen



Dr. Werner Landschütz machte 1953 Abitur. Er studierte 1953 bis 1958 Forstwissenschaft u.a. am Oregon State College in Corvallis und absolvierte zwischen durch Praktika in den USA, Schweden und Jugoslawien. In 1968 promovierte Landschütz als Dr. rer. nat. Von 1968 bis 1972 arbeitete er bei der Forstschule Cap Estérias in Gabun, wo ihn Dienstreisen in die Zentralafrikanische Republik, nach Kamerun, Elfenbeinküste, Kaukasus, und Südafrika führten. Von 1972-77 war er bei der Landesforstverwaltung Baden-Württemberg tätig und erstellte E-Hilfe-Gutachten für Lesotho und Algerien. In Zypern war er von 1977-79 Regierungsberater der Staatsforstverwaltung und von 1979-98 arbeitete er als Ausbilder am Forstlichen Ausbildungszentrum Mattenhof in Gengenbach u.a. bei der Betreuung von Algeriern. In 1999 ging er zurück in den USA um einen Vortrag an der Mississippi State University über Forstwirtschaft in Baden-Württemberg zu halten.

Landschütz (links) mit seinem ehemaligen Austauschlehrer Raymond Lillie

mich gewähren, machten mir aber nach der Prüfung klar, dass sie mein Verhalten verabscheuten und sich dem Ehrensystem verbunden fühlten, welches ein solches Fehlverhalten nicht zuließ. Ich schwor dem Spicken ab und war wieder unter den Ehrbaren.

Noch nie hatte ich an einer Gruppenarbeit teilgenommen, mir war auch unklar, wie sie bewertet wird. Die Gruppe, der ich zufiel, hatte die Aufgabe, das verwertbare Holz eines konkreten Waldbestandes zu ermitteln und darzustellen. In der gegebenen Zeit und auf Grund der Technik war diese Arbeit von einem einzelnen nicht zu bewältigen. Also musste die Gruppe zielsicher bestimmen, wer welche Arbeiten macht. Zuerst mussten die Daten im Wald erhoben und anschließend am Tisch ausgewertet und dargestellt werden. Das ganze lief wie ein Uhrwerk, jeder musste sich auf den anderen verlassen. Ich habe dieses Verfahren später immer wieder angewandt, obwohl es offiziell nicht vorgesehen war.

IN DER KÜRZE UND PRÄGNANZ sind die Amerikaner nicht zu schlagen. Vielleicht liegt es auch an der Sprache, oder vielleicht doch an den Beteiligten. Das Verhalten vor und nach einer Entscheidung war für mich immer Vorbild. Vor der Entscheidung werden die unterschiedlichen Argumente vorgetragen und respektiert. Nach der Entscheidung ordnet sich jeder ein, gleichgültig, ob seine Vorstellungen durchschlugen oder nicht. Diese Bedenkenträger, wie man sie hierzulande antrifft, habe ich in den Vereinigten Staaten in der Häufigkeit nicht bemerkt.

In Corvallis, Oregon gab es am College einen Alpenklub. Das war genau das Richtige für mich. Wir bestiegen die Vulkanberge der Kaskaden und waren bestens vorbereitet zum Biwakieren im Freien. Der Schlafsack, den ich mir damals zulegte, begleitete mich noch weitere zwei Jahrzehnte auf meinen Reisen und Jagdfahrten. In die Jahre gekommen und nicht mehr ansehnlich, ging er den Weg alles Irdischen – nicht ungern gesehen von meiner späteren Frau. Gelegentlich träume ich noch heute, wie er ohne Zelt Kälte, Schnee und Regen trotzte. Mit dem Präsidenten des Alpenklub, Jerry Cone, verband mich eine herzliche Freundschaft. In den Achtzigern besuchte er mich zweimal in Deutschland, es war auch ein Treffen in Kalifornien abgemacht, doch dazu kam es nicht. Spurlos ist er verschwunden, Nachforschungen von mehreren Seiten verliefen

im Sande. Unerklärlich und bedrückend zugleich.

In Sweethome, Oregon konnte ich, wie schon erwähnt, im Waldbrandschutz arbeiten. Das ganze bestand aus einem Hauptquartier mit einem potenten Sender, einer Bodenmannschaft mit kleinem Lkw sowie mehreren Waldbrandwachtürmen. Ich war der Bodenmannschaft zugeteilt.

BEMERKENSWERT WAR, dass während der ganzen Zeit kein Waldbrand zu bekämpfen war außer einem kleinen Feuer gegen Ende meiner Zeit. Dies nutzte mein Chef, ein Hüne von Mann, der während des Zweiten Weltkriegs Bootsmann bei der Amerikanischen Kriegsmarine im Pazifik war, um mich zu Vorträgen über Deutschland in diesem kleinen verträumten Provinznest zu bitten. In den anschließenden Gesprächen wurde die Erschütterung spürbar, die das geheimnisumwitterte Abtauchen unseres obersten Verfassungshüters John in Ostberlin auslöste, und die Befürchtungen, die durch Zeitungsartikel wie „conquerors conquered by the conquered“ geschürt wurden. Als nun tatsächlich mal ein Feuer zu löschen war, traf die Bodenmannschaft mit vier Stunden Verspätung am Brandort ein. Das hatte Folgen. Die gesamte Bodenmannschaft wurde gefeuert mit Ausnahme meiner Person. Bis zu meinem regulären Ausscheiden verbrachte ich noch einige Tage in der Zentrale, erhielt ein glänzendes Zeugnis und das Angebot, nächstes Jahr eine besser bezahlte und anspruchsvollere Tätigkeit mit eigenem Häuschen im Walde und nahegelegenen Forellenbach auszufüllen. Zum Abschied gab man mir noch ein kleines Stück Papier mit und machte mich darauf aufmerksam, es sorgfältig aufzubewahren. Dieses Kärtchen überstand die Jahrzehnte und bessert meine Rente auf. Was damals keiner ahnte ist die später eingeführte Regelung, diesen Betrag von der Pension wieder abzuziehen. So nah liegt Freud und Leid beisammen.

Bei meiner Rückreise hatte ich reichlich Muße, herrliche Landschaften und faszinierende Sammlungen anzuschauen. Doch beschlich mich mit der Zeit auch das Gefühl, dass das Dasein eines Profi-Globetrotters gar nicht so leicht sei. Auch nagte das Heimweh, so dass das Hupen der Schiffs-sirene beim Auslaufen aus dem Hafen von New York Abschied und Aufbruch zugleich war. Ich hätte gerne noch weiteres vorgetragen, doch meine Zeit ist abgelaufen.

Instructor aus Versehen, Professor für das Leben

von *Helmut Sauer*

IM HERBST 1952 hatte ich mich für ein Studium in den USA um ein Fulbright-Stipendium beworben. Ich kann mich noch gut an die einzelnen Stationen des Bewerbungsprozesses erinnern. Prof. Heise, den ich um eines der geforderten Gutachten bat, sagte zu meiner Verwirrung, ich möge bitte das Gutachten über mich selber schreiben und ihm vorlegen. Als ich den Englischdozenten um Durchsicht meines Eigengutachtens bat, lernte ich zum ersten Mal etwas über amerikanische Mentalität und Verhaltensweise. An Stellen, an denen ich mich mit „good“ charakterisiert hatte, setzte er immer ein „excellent“. „Good“ wäre in Amerika eher unserem „befriedigend“ gleich zu setzen, außerdem ist man großzügig mit Lob. „Be quick with praise and slow with criticism!“ lautet die Parole. Also für ein Stipendium, das einem Lotteriegewinn gleich kommt, ist nur ein „excellent“ gut genug!

Genau erinnere ich mich an das Interview in der „Brücke“, einem deutsch-englischen Begegnungshaus in Göttingen, wo der einzige PH-Student nach vielen Uni-Studenten ins Kreuzverhör genommen wurde. Die Fragen betrafen meine Aktivitäten und Interessen, und ich konnte tatsächlich alle flott beantworten. Z.B. „Wann waren Sie zum letzten Mal im Theater?“ Antwort: „In der letzten Woche.“ „Was haben Sie gesehen?“ Antwort: „Emilia Galotti.“ „Was halten Sie von dem Stück?“ Antwort: „Nicht mehr zeitgemäß. Ein Vater würde heute seine Tochter nicht opfern.“ „Wie heißen die Abgeordneten Ihrer Heimatstadt in Bonn?“ „.... Als ich nach etwa 20 Minuten den Raum verlassen durfte, war ich fest davon überzeugt, die nehmen mich. Erst später wurde mir klar warum.“

LEBEN OHNE SCHLÜSSEL

Lawrence, Kansas, der Ort der University of Kansas, im Mittleren Westen der USA, wirkte nicht sehr einladend nach dem wunderschönen Madison, Wisconsin, wo ich eine unvergessliche *orientation period* erlebt hatte. Im September 1953 war es dort heiß und trocken, der Rasen vor den Häusern war nur dort grün, wo er dauernd bewässert wurde. Alles Organisatorische klappte wieder vorzüglich. Amerikaner überlassen nichts dem Zufall. Mit Hilfe des Büros des *foreign student advisor*, William Butler, fand ich eine Unterkunft. Ich konnte mich entscheiden zwischen einem *organized house on campus*, was man gern wollte oder einem privaten Zimmer *off campus*. Da ich meine *privacy* wollte, plädierte ich für das private Zimmer. Es wurde ein Zimmer im Keller des Hauses der Familie Richards. Bei

dessen Besichtigung ereignete sich diese von mir oft erzählte Geschichte.

Nachdem ich mit Mrs. Richards über Zimmerpreis usw. einig geworden war, erwartete ich, dass sie mir die Zimmer- und die Hausschlüssel geben würde. Als das nicht geschah, sagte ich etwa: „*Could I have the keys, please.*“ Worauf sie mich überrascht ansah und fragte: „*What do you want the keys for?*“ Was für eine merkwürdige Frage. Man mietet ein Zimmer, möchte selbstverständlich die Schlüssel, um seine neue Wohnung in Besitz zu nehmen, und wird gefragt, wozu man sie haben will. Ich habe verlegen geantwortet, ich könnte ja mal spät nach Hause kommen und wie sollte

ich dann ins Haus kommen. Ihre wahrlich entwaffnende Antwort: „*We do not lock the house, never!*“

Well, so war das damals in Kansas. Die Leute schlossen Haus und Wohnungen nicht ab. Und noch schöner, wenn sie verreisten, machten sie an

der Hintertür die meistens gelbe Lampe an, die soll Mücken nicht so anziehen, so dass jeder wusste, die sind verreist! So habe ich das ganze Jahr weder einen Zimmer- noch einen Hausschlüssel gehabt. Diese Zeiten haben sich leider auch in Lawrence geändert.

DA ICH IN DEUTSCHLAND schon die erste Lehrprüfung bestanden hatte, wurde ich an der University of Kansas als *graduate student* eingestuft, was erhebliche Vorteile hinsichtlich Freizügigkeit und u.a. der Bibliotheksbenutzung hatte, wo ich meinen eigenen Arbeitsplatz bekam. Es bedeutete aber auch zusätzliche Arbeit in einigen Seminaren, z.B. *courses* für *seniors*. An einem der nächsten Tage in der *orientation week* ereignete sich wieder einer dieser Zufälle, die meistens Glücksfälle waren. Otto Suhling, ein anderer deutscher Austauschstudent, machte mich darauf aufmerksam, dass wir am nächsten Tag um 10 Uhr im German Department zu sein hätten. Ich war überrascht, denn davon wusste ich nichts und wunderte mich, warum das wohl so war. Also ging ich mit Otto am nächsten Tag zum German Department, wo wir freundlich als zukünftige Assistenten begrüßt wurden. Merkwürdigerweise kam mir nicht der Gedanke, dass es sich in meinem Falle um ein Missverständnis handeln könnte, es klang alles normal und einsichtig, dass nämlich diese Tätigkeit zu unseren Verpflichtungen als Fulbright-Studenten gehörte. So erhielt ich einen Stundenplan mit Anweisungen für einen regelmäßig zu erteilenden Konversations-Unterricht in Deutsch, der aber – welche Freude – nach der Anzahl der Wochenstunden bezahlt wurde.

Ich freute mich über die zusätzliche Einnahme, von der mir vorher niemand etwas gesagt hatte. Erst einige Wochen später kam heraus, dass ich dazu nicht verpflichtet und eigentlich nicht vorgesehen war, denn ich hatte ein volles, alle Unkosten abdeckendes Stipendium. Otto und andere aber hatten ein kleineres Stipendium, so dass ihre Lebenshaltungskosten erst durch dieses zusätzliche Einkommen gesichert waren. Da ich nun einmal eingeteilt war und das Semester lief, ließ man es dabei und das auch im nächsten Semester, denn inzwischen gehörte ich auch zur *faculty*, dem Lehrkörper, des German Department. So hatte ich ein zusätzliches frei verfügbares Einkommen, und erlebte KU als Student im *T-shirt* und als Assistent in der vorgeschriebenen Krawatte. Es geschah regelmäßig, dass ich mich auf der Toilette vom Assistenten in den Studenten verwandelte oder umgekehrt, die Krawatte umband. Die zusätzliche Arbeitslast war aber auch beträchtlich und wurde durch eine andere Entscheidung noch vermehrt.

MASTER OF SCIENCE IN EDUCATION

Professor Oscar M. Haugh, der mir zugeteilte Tutor, mit dem ich im Rahmen der allgemeinen *orientation week* besprechen musste, welche Kurse ich belegen wollte, hatte andere Vorstellungen als ich, und er überzeugte mich, dass es doch sinnvoll sei, einen *master's degree* anzustreben. Und so geschah es. Also planten wir einen *master of science* in Education zu erwerben mit den Fächern *Education* und *English* und stellten ein entsprechendes Programm zusammen. Bedingung war, dass man in Seminaren mit insgesamt 32 Semester-Wochenstunden ein *B average* erreichte, also eine 2 als Durchschnittsnote. Das bedeutete zunächst, dass ich pro Semester 16 Stunden belegen musste. 15 aber waren nur erlaubt, was ich für unverständlich hielt, da ich nicht wusste, wie stark die Belastung durch *assignments* war, die gestellten Hausaufgaben. Dr. Haugh, er nannte mich Helmut, ich ihn *Doctor*, aber hatte überall gute Beziehungen und er erreichte natürlich eine Ausnahme-Genehmigung für mich. Wenn wir uns begegneten, winkte er mit der Hand und erhobenen Zeigefinger und rief „*Hi Helmut!*“, ich winkte ebenso zurück und rief „*Hi Doctor!*“ Das war der durchaus angenehme *American way of life*.

Die Nebeneinnahme aus Versehen machte mich gegen Ende des zweiten Semesters zusammen mit dem Fulbright-Mitstudenten Dr. med. Ullrich Diesing zum 50%igen Besitzer eines vierjährigen Chevrolets und ermöglichte eine fast zweimonatige Exkursion durch die Staaten. Und der *master of science in education* (M.Sc.Ed.) war sehr hilfreich in meinem späteren Werdegang. So wurde das Fulbright-Studium 1953-54 zu einem prägenden und erfolgreichen Unternehmen.

EINE BEGEGNUNG MIT FULBRIGHT

1988 gehörte ich zu einer internationalen Gruppe „Fulbrighter“, die den berühmten Senator J. William Fulbright (1905-1995) persönlich kennen lernen konnten. Das Treffen fand in einem historischen Restaurant in Alexandria bei Washington D.C. statt.

In einer temperamentvoll und sehr selbstbewusst vorgebrachten Tischrede kam der Senator der Bitte nach, darüber zu berichten, wie die Idee zu dem später sogenannten Fulbright-Austausch-Programm entstanden ist. Es war im August 1945, Amerika war durch den Abwurf der Atombomben auf Japan zur stärksten Weltmacht geworden und stand damit vor neuen dramatischen Aufgaben, die es zu bewältigen galt. Amerika würde in Zukunft in der Lage sein müssen, die Rolle der führenden Weltmacht erfolgreich ausfüllen zu können. Dazu war professionelles Weltwissen notwendig, woran es in den USA mangelte, wie er aus seiner Erfahrung als Oxfordstudent und als Politiker wusste. So entstand die Idee, Amerikaner in die Welt zu schicken: „*My primary purpose was to teach the Americans about the world! That was the main purpose.*“ Der radikal demokratische Senator Fulbright dachte zuerst als engagierter amerikanischer Patriot! Der zweite Gedanke war dann der der Erhaltung des Weltfriedens im Zeitalter der atomaren Bedrohung, und dazu gehörte das gegenseitige Kennenlernen, der Austausch von Studierenden und Führungskräften in vielen Bereichen.

Ich hatte die Ehre und das Vergnügen der Tischnachbar des Senators zu sein. Er erzählte unter anderem, dass er deutsche Vorfahren habe. Sie seien schon im 18. Jahrhundert aus der Gegend um Berlin nach Amerika ausgewandert. Ihr Name war Vollbrecht! Bei ihm klang es eher wie „Fullprecht“. Sie anglisierten ihren Namen zu Fulbright und wurden sehr patriotische Amerikaner. So gab es in der Familie später George Washington Fulbrights, Andrew Jackson Fulbrights, Martin van Buren Fulbrights. Eine amerikanische Mode, die es noch immer gibt, wofür William Jefferson Clinton ein schönes Beispiel ist.

Als sich das Essen durch ein Versehen des Restaurants stark verzögerte, wurde der Senator ungehalten, er wollte nicht so spät zu Abend essen. Ich eilte zu dem verantwortlichen Professor der New York University und die Bedienung brachte bald ein großes *steak* mit den Zutaten nur für den hohen Gast. Dem missfiel, dass er alleine essen sollte. Er schnitt das *steak* in zwei Teile und schob mir die Hälfte auf meinen schon bereit stehenden Teller. So genossen der Senator und sein deutscher Tischnachbar ein Essen mit vielen Zuschauern! Eine unvergessliche Episode für den Gast aus *Germany*.

Dr. Helmut Alfred Sauer wurde 1929 in Breslau geboren. Er ist Dr. phil., M.Sc.Ed., und em. Prof. für Englische Sprache und ihre Didaktik an der Universität Dortmund. 1951-53 hat er an der Pädagogischen Hochschule Göttingen studiert. Sein Jahr als Fulbrighter (1953-54) verbrachte er an der University of Kansas (M.Sc.Ed.). Er promovierte 1967 an der Universität Göttingen. Seit 1953 war Sauer Lehrer an Volks-, Real-, Fachschulen, der Pädagogische Hochschule sowie in Göttingen und der University of Kansas. 1971 war er Professor an der Pädagogischen Hochschule Ruhr und seit 1980 an der Universität Dortmund. Er ist Autor von mehreren Büchern, u.a.: Fremdsprachen in der Volksschule; Englisch auf der Primarstufe; Englischunterricht für alle; Der historische deutsche Osten und der Zeitgeist; Fremdsprachenlernen in Grundschulen; und Mitherausgeber der Zeitschrift Primary English. Sauer ist mit Ilse-Maria (geb. Riedel) verheiratet und sie haben drei Kinder.

Ein kalifornisches Jahr

von Wolfgang Stedtfeld

IN MEINER FREIBURGER STUDENTENBUDE öffnete ich im Juli 1953 einen Brief, dessen erste Zeile mich jubeln ließ: „*I am pleased to inform you of your selection ...*“ Dass James B. Conant, der damalige U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, ihn persönlich unterzeichnet hatte, beeindruckte mich besonders. Ein Studienjahr in Amerika! Welchen Gefühlsüberschwang das auslöste, ist heute, da Aufenthalte in aller Welt tagtäglich geworden sind, kaum zu ermessen. Damals war es meiner Heimatzeitung bedeutungsvoll genug, mehrmals darüber zu berichten. Welches Glück mir zudem mit dem Studienort Stanford zugefallen war, wurde mir erst auf der viertägigen Bahnfahrt von New York ins Traumland Kalifornien offenbar. Eine mitreisende Amerikanerin ließ mich anerkennend wissen, ich sei auf dem Wege zum Harvard of the West.

Claremont, ein Collegestädtchen im Los Angeles County, war der reizvolle Ort meines sechswöchigen *orientation course*. Vor Beginn des Studiums sollten hier 42 Studenten aus 23 Ländern an die neuen Lebensumstände herangeführt werden, Einblicke gewinnen in die andere akademische Welt, in die amerikanische Gesellschaft und Kultur. Allein das Zusammensein mit so vielen Kommilitonen unterschiedlicher Nationalität und fachlicher Ausrichtung wäre Programm genug gewesen, um Wochen mit Gesprächen auszufüllen. Unter ihnen Deutscher zu sein, führte nie dazu, als ein an der jüngeren Vergangenheit Mitschuldiger angegriffen zu werden. Man trug mir sogar auf, bei unserer Abschiedsfeier mit vielen amerikanischen Gästen im Namen aller Kursteilnehmer zu sprechen.

Ich lebte eine erfahrungsreiche, zugleich unbeschwertere Zeit in prächtiger Umgebung. Die zum Teil klassizistischen Gebäude des uns beherbergenden *graduate college*, die komfortablen *dormitories*, Tennisplätze, Swimmingpools lagen wie in einem großen Park an mit Palmen bestandenen Straßen. Veranstaltet wurden Vorlesungen, Übungen, *field trips*, Besuche bei amerikanischen Familien, *square dance*-Abende. Auf dem Programm standen der Umgang mit dem Waschautomat und Telefon ebenso wie *McCarthyism* oder die Erörterung der Frage, ob die amerikanische Gesellschaft matriarchalische Züge trage. Den stärksten Eindruck hinterließen die unmittelbaren Begegnungen mit dem Land und seinen Bewohnern: die rücksichtsvollen Autofahrer, die vor Fußgängern anhielten; die Straßenkreuzer der Bauarbeiter an ihrer Arbeitsstelle; die weißhaarigen Damen eines Seniorenclubs, die sich mir mit „*I'm Mary, I'm Catherine ...*“ vorstellten; der Pastor, den wir sonntags predigen hörten und der uns tags darauf im Hawaiihemd aus seinem Cabrio zuwinkte; der Professor im *overalls* bei Reparaturarbeiten auf dem Schindeldach seines Hauses; die Tausende, die leger gekleidet, teils essend, trinkend, rauchend der von Otto Klemperer im Hollywood Bowl dirigierten Neunten Symphonie lauschten. – Wahrnehmungen von Verhal-

tensweisen, Gegebenheiten, die dem Deutschen damals ungewohnt waren, und heute größtenteils nicht mehr fremd sind.

Claremont, dann Stanford, 1891 von Senator Stanford gegründet und nach seinem früh verstorbenen Sohn Leland Stanford Junior benannt. „Die Luft der Freiheit weht“ (Ulrich von Hutten) lautet das Motto dieser Universität. Als trügerisch erwies sich jedoch meine Erwartung, im freien Amerika sei die akademische Freiheit noch größer als bei uns. Größer war der Leistungsanspruch, und Leistung wurde, insbesondere bei den *undergraduates*, konsequent kontrolliert, am Ende eines jeden *quarter* in einem *grade report* bewertet. Das setzte einem ungebundenen Studentenleben Grenzen. *Scholastic deficiency* konnte zur Relegation führen. Herausragende Leistungen wurden in vielfältiger Weise anerkannt, auch unter Studenten. „*What's your average?*“ war eine nicht unübliche Frage. Leistung wurde durch hervorragende Studienbedingungen gefördert: kleine Klassen, sehr gute Bibliotheken, zugängliche Professoren. In der Regel standen die Türen ihrer Arbeitszimmer offen, die titellose Anrede beseitigte Barrieren, Einladungen in ihre Häuser waren keine Seltenheit.

IM ERSTEN QUARTER belegte ich literaturwissenschaftliche Kurse mit gewaltigem Lesepensum, schrieb die erforderlichen Hausarbeiten, unterzog mich den jeweils mehrstündigen Klausuren der *midterms* und *finals*. Dann widmete ich mich ganz der Arbeit an dem mitgebrachten Dissertationsthema, das amerikanische Literaturkritik betraf. Stanford ließ mich durch Professor Yvor Winters, einem prominenten Literaturkritiker, einen unproblematischen Einstieg finden. Er vermittelte mir Einsichten, die mich vor Irrwegen und Zeitverlust bewahrten. Einen Teil der grundlegenden Literatur schenkte oder lieh er mir. Der Zufall wollte es, dass Yvor Winters für das dritte Quartal des Studienjahres das Seminar „*American Critics*“ anbot. Es fanden sich nur acht Teilnehmer. Ich präsentierte ein umfangreiches *paper*, konnte mich unter allerbesten Voraussetzungen mit meinem Gegenstand beschäftigen.

Also Stanford = Arbeit? Durchaus, doch nicht allein. Sie vollzog sich in einer Umgebung, auf einem Campus, dessen Großzügigkeit und Schönheit mich begeisterten. Sie vollzog sich unter Menschen, deren Freundlichkeit und Hilfsbereitschaft beglückten und unter denen ich Freunde fand. Der Stanford Campus umfasst ein weites, vom benachbarten Palo Alto deutlich separiertes Areal. Er ist geprägt durch seine sandsteinbraunen Gebäude und den alles überragenden Turm der Hoover-Library. Sie liegen eingebettet in weite, mit Palmen, Pappeln und Zypressen bestandene Rasenflächen. Sportstätten aller Art gehören dazu, einschließlich eines 90.000 Zuschauer fassenden Stadions, das nicht zu groß war für den Besucherandrang beim Football. In diesem Stadion erlebte ich einen Sinneswandel. Das

Aus der Kreisstadt

49 SEITUNGEN IM FRÜHJAHRE

Wolfgang Stedtfeld in Kalifornien eingetroffen

Im Schlafwagen durch Amerika — Vom deutschen Generalkonsul empfangen

Herford. Gest. pfl. Wolfgang Stedtfeld aus Herford, den wir kürzlich berichtet, aus der Regierung der USA zum Vorsteher der Bundesregierung ein Stipendium für ein dreijähriges Studium in Kalifornien erhalten wurde, ist in Kalifornien eingetroffen. Die Reise verlief ohne Zwischenfälle und wurde von der Bundesregierung...

Die Vorbereitungen sind mit Vorwissen von Dienstleistungen und anschließenden Leistungen erfüllt. Die Teilnehmer aller Institute sind einer dreijährigen Ausbildung unterworfen. Nach dem Abschluss werden die Teilnehmer für ein Jahr in die Umgebung der Westküste in die Umgebung von San Francisco, Los Angeles und San Diego geschickt. Auch die Reise wird von der Bundesregierung...

6. März 1953

AUS DER KREISSTADT

Wolfgang kaufte sich ein Auto für 95 Dollar

Herford. Gest. pfl. Wolfgang Stedtfeld aus Herford ist in Kalifornien eingetroffen. Die Reise verlief ohne Zwischenfälle und wurde von der Bundesregierung...

Wolfgang Stedtfeld hat sich ein Auto für 95 Dollar gekauft. Die Reise verlief ohne Zwischenfälle und wurde von der Bundesregierung...



Die Reise verlief ohne Zwischenfälle und wurde von der Bundesregierung... Wolfgang Stedtfeld hat sich ein Auto für 95 Dollar gekauft...

„Wünsche ein genußreiches Studium“

Conant gratuliert Wolfgang Stedtfeld zur Reise in die USA

Herrf. Ich wünsche Ihnen ein genußreiches und nutzbringendes Studium und beglückwünsche Sie zu dem Aufenthalt in den Vereinigten Staaten... Conant gratuliert Wolfgang Stedtfeld zur Reise in die USA

Der junge Student der Freiburger Universität, der 1947 im Ravensberger Gymnasium sein Abitur machte, freut sich sehr. Er wählte von der Bundesregierung und der Universität Freiburg, wo er Englisch und Latein studiert und die Englische Fachschaft leitet, vorgeschlagen und aus einem großen Kreis von Bewerbern ausgewählt.



Kantstraße 8. Sohn eines Lehrers an der hiesigen Realschule, der am Sonnabend in die Vereinigten Staaten fliegt, um ein Jahr lang an der Universität Stanford in Kalifornien zu studieren.

Ganz besonders freut sich Wolfgang Stedtfeld, der auf Studienreisen bereits England, Frankreich und die Schweiz kennenlernte, daß sein Wunsch, in Kalifornien zu studieren, erfüllt worden ist. In Kalifornien hat der Amerikaner Verwandte. Eine Tante, die als Missionarschülerin im Haus Weddigen in Herford wohnte, hat jetzt ihren Wohnsitz in Los Angeles. Ein weiterer Verwandter ist als Geschäftsmann in der Nähe von San Francisco tätig und wohnte bis kurz nach dem Ende des ersten Weltkrieges in der Hochstraße.

Beste führt Wolfgang zu einem dreitägigen Vorbereitungskurs in die Sportschule Honner, wo auch Hochkommissar Conant die Studenten begrüßen wird. Am Sonnabend beginnt ein amerikanisches Verkehrsflugzeug die glücklichen Amerikaner von Amsterdam aus in den neuen Kontinent. Herzlichen Glückwunsches, Wolfgang Stedtfeld!

Zu Hause folgen die Zeitungen Stedtfeld.

Stedtfeld und Fulbrighter Dierk Clausen in Claremont, Kalifornien, 1953



Prof. Dr. Wolfgang Stedtfeld wurde 1927 geboren. Sein 16. und 17. Lebensjahr verbrachte er als Luftwaffenhelfer, Soldat und dann Kriegsgefangener. 1947 machte er Abitur und begann 1949 mit seinem Studium in Freiburg (Englisch, Latein, und Philosophie). 1953 wurde er Fulbright Stipendiat an der Stanford University in Kalifornien. Nach Promotion, und Erstem und Zweitem Staatsexamen war er als Lehrer am altsprachlichen Gymnasium tätig. 1970 war er Akademischer Oberrat an der Pädagogischen Hochschule Westfalen-Lippe, Abt. Bielefeld, die 1980 in die Universität Bielefeld integriert wurde. 1979 wurde er Professor für Englische Sprache und Literatur und ihre Didaktik. Seine Publikationen liegen vornehmlich auf dem Gebiete der Fremdsprachendidaktik, Schwerpunkt in der Literaturwissenschaft: die amerikanische Short Story. 1992 endet sein Berufsleben. Stedtfeld ist mit einer Zahnärztin verheiratet, sie haben zwei verheiratete Töchter und zwei Enkelkinder.

Drumherum des Spiels war mir anfangs befremdlich: die *Stanford Band* in Uniformen, die an Zirkusmusiker erinnerten, die *pom pom girls*, die Gesänge und skandierten Anfeuerungsrufe erschienen mir „unakademisch“. Doch es dauerte nicht lange, bis auch mich diese Seite des Stanford *spirit* gepackt hatte und ich mich begeistert anschloss. Football war immer eine Attraktion, zum großen Fest wurde das gegen den Erzrivalen Berkeley ausgetragene *big game*. In Stanford wurde vieles gefeiert.

DAS GROSSZÜGIGE STIPENDIUM, durch gelegentliche Jobs weiter angehoben, ermöglichte mir in vieler Hinsicht einen anderen Lebensstil als den zu Hause üblichen. So konnte ich komfortabler wohnen und meine Garderobe deutlich aufbessern. Besonders hatten es mir Nylonhemden und -socken angetan. Erst vor ein paar Tagen erinnerte mich ein Freund daran, dass ich ihm 1954 von Stanford solche Socken zum Geburtstag schickte mit dem Kommentar: „...leicht zu waschen und noch nach Monaten ohne das kleinste Loch“. Zum veränderten Lebensstil zählte auch mein 37er Studebaker. Er erleichterte die Ausdehnung meiner Aktivitäten über Stanford hinaus, begünstigte auch meine *dating*-Chancen. Er trug mich in die Sierra Nevada, den Yosemite Park, auf dem Highway 1 nach Los Angeles, nach Reno und viele Male nach San Francisco. Gelegentlich versagte er seine Dienste, ließ mich nach einem Ampelstopp nicht vom Fleck kommen. Dann fand sich immer ein hilfsbereiter Mensch, der mich ohne Aufhebens *bumper-to-bumper* flott machte und mit einer grüßenden Handbewegung wieder verschwand.

Mit den beeindruckenden *commencement exercises* endete das akademische Jahr im Juni und damit auch mein Stipendium. Ich blieb noch bis Mitte September in Kalifornien, wohnte bei Verwandten in Stockton, arbeitete auf einer Farm und zur Zeit der Pfirsichernte in einer *cannery*, was nicht möglich gewesen wäre ohne den vorherigen Beitritt zur „International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers“. So lernte ich nach dem privilegierten Leben an einer elitären Universität auch eine andere Seite Amerikas kennen einschließlich der *skid rows* mancher Städte mit ihren heruntergekommenen bettelnden Gestalten.

RÜCKFAHRT NACH NEW YORK WIEDER AUF RÄDERN, dieses Mal denen von Greyhound-Bussen und mit vielen Zwischenstopps. Wie vor mehr als einem Jahr die Bahnfahrt nach Kalifornien führte auch diese Reise die großartige Vielfalt des Landes vor Augen. Die zehntägige Seefahrt nach Bremerhaven auf der ‚Grips-holm‘, dem ersten vom Norddeutschen Lloyd nach dem Krieg in Dienst gestellten Passagierschiff, wurde eine fröhliche Fulbright-Party, zu der sich Heimkehrer und viele amerikanische Studentinnen und Studenten auf dem Wege nach Deutschland trafen.

Das kalifornische Jahr war eine Zeit, für die ich sehr dankbar bin. Es hat meine persönliche und berufliche Entwicklung deutlich beeinflusst. Meine für Amerika empfundene Zuneigung blieb trotz gelegentlicher Irritationen bis heute erhalten.

Die Chemie einer lebenslangen Beziehung

von Gerhard Wellenreuther

ES WAR EIN ERHEBENDES GEFÜHL BESONDERER ART, als ich im Frühjahr 1953, wo die Narben des Zweiten Weltkrieges noch lange nicht verheilt waren, von der Fulbright-Kommission in Bad Godesberg einen Brief erhielt und daraus entnehmen durfte, dass mir ein Stipendium für ein einjähriges Studium in den USA zugesprochen wurde. Das monatelange angespannte Abwarten, ob die mit dem Bewerbungsverfahren verbundenen Vorstellungsgespräche in München und Nürnberg letztendlich zum Erfolg führen würden oder aber nicht, kam so zu einem erfreulichen Ende. Es begann für mich damit nicht nur einer der ereignisreichsten Abschnitte meines Lebens, sondern auch einer, der mein weiteres Leben in sehr starkem Maße beeinflusste und prägte.

Die Abreise nach den USA im Juli des gleichen Jahres begann mit einer Einführungsveranstaltung in Bad Honnef

zusammen mit ca. 50 anderen Stipendiaten. Von dort ging es mit einer viermotorigen Propellermaschine der Scandinavian Airlines ab Flughafen Düsseldorf über Kopenhagen, Prestwick (Schottland), und Gander (Neufundland) nach New York. Die Flugreise war meine erste und dauerte – wie damals üblich – nahezu 24 Stunden.

Nach einigen Tagen im turbulenten New York, wo völlig Neuartiges und Superlative aller Art von allen Seiten auf mich einströmten, fuhr ich mit dem Zug nach Durham, North Carolina, um an der Duke University zusammen mit 37 Fulbright-Stipendiaten aus 16 Ländern an einem mehrwöchigen Orientierungsprogramm teilzunehmen – ein interessantes Erlebnis. Im Anschluss daran fuhr ich dann, ebenfalls wieder mit dem Zug, nach Rochester, New York, um an der Graduate School der dortigen Universität mein Chemie-Studium für die Dauer von zwei Semestern fortzusetzen.

DER STUDIENAUFENTHALT IN ROCHESTER

war für mich sehr gewinnbringend und hat sich auch auf meine nachfolgenden Studienjahre sehr positiv ausgewirkt, da der Lehrstoff, insbesondere auf dem Gebiet der Theoretischen Chemie, in den USA seinerzeit fortschrittlicher war als in Deutschland. Auch außerhalb meines Fachstudiums war mein Aufenthalt durch eine Fülle neuer Begegnungen und Freundschaften sowie Reisen in die nähere und weitere Umgebung außerordentlich erlebnis- und lehrreich.

Nach Beendigung des akademischen Jahres in Rochester und einer anschließenden sechswöchigen Autoreise mit einem amerikanischen Freund zu den *national parks* im Westen bis nach Kalifornien bin ich im Sommer 1954 mit der MS Berlin wieder nach Hause zurückgekehrt. Ich ging nicht ungern wieder nach Hause, denn meine Bindungen zu meiner Familie, zu alten Freunden und zur eigenen Kultur waren stark geblieben. Dennoch hat mir nach meiner Rückkehr vieles in der alten Heimat nicht mehr gefallen und die Sehnsucht nach den USA ist immer wieder aufgeflackert. Durch meinen Amerikaaufenthalt und Begegnungen mit so vielen Menschen aus verschiedenen Kulturkreisen hatte ich gelernt, mein eigenes Land auch von anderen Perspektiven aus zu sehen, und mein Auge war für das Erkennen von Kritikwürdigem sehr geschärft worden. Als vorteilhaft empfand ich auch die bei meinem Amerikaaufenthalt gewonnene Erkenntnis, dass man in den USA – wohl geprägt durch das angelsächsische Erbe – in manchem anders denkt als bei uns, und dass die dort häufig praktizierten andersartigen Denkansätze und dadurch

bedingte Verhaltensweisen sich dadurch auch bei sich selbst als nützlich erweisen können.

ALS ICH ENDE DER 60ER JAHRE in dem Unternehmen, in welchem ich nach meiner Hochschulzeit berufstätig wurde, die Gelegenheit erhielt, erneut in die USA zu gehen, um dort am Bau einer neuen großen Industrieanlage mitzuwirken, ergriff ich diese Herausforderung sehr gerne und zog mit Sack und Pack, Frau und Kindern (meine beiden Töchter waren damals 5 und 7 Jahre alt) nach South Carolina. Ich schuf dort für mich und meine Familie für die Dauer von 4 Jahren eine wunderschöne neue Heimat mit neuen und guten Freunden, für meine Firma eine gut funktionierende technische Anlage und wirkte maßgeblich daran mit, der Stadt, in der sich dies abspielte, eine zusätzliche Prosperität mit über 1000 neuen Arbeitsplätzen zu bringen. Die Erfahrungen mit Land und Leuten und natürlich auch die Sprachkenntnisse, die ich mir während meines Fulbright-Jahres erworben hatte, kamen mir dabei sehr zustatten. Ich möchte nicht unerwähnt lassen, dass ich bei meinem beruflichen Wirken in South Carolina mein Augenmerk oft und gerne auch darauf ausrichtete, mich für all das dankbar zu erweisen, was mir als Fulbright-Stipendiat ca. 2 Jahrzehnte zuvor ermöglicht wurde.

Ich wünsche, dass noch viele junge Menschen aus Deutschland die Gelegenheit erhalten werden, mit einem Fulbright-Stipendium einen Studienaufenthalt in den USA zu verbringen, um damit die großartige Bereicherung zu erfahren, die mir vor 50 Jahren selbst zuteil wurde.



Eine internationale Gruppe nahm an den Einführungstagen bei Duke University teil. Hier Wellenreuther (rechts) mit Fulbright Stipendiaten aus Ägypten und Indien.

Dr. Gerhard Wellenreuther wurde 1929 in Mannheim geboren. Verzögert durch den Krieg legte Wellenreuther 1949 die Abiturprüfung ab. Im Anschluss daran begann er sein Chemiestudium an der Universität Würzburg. 1953 erhielt er ein Fulbright-Stipendium für ein einjähriges Studium an der University of Rochester, NY. Nach seiner Rückkehr setzte er sein Chemiestudium an der Universität Heidelberg fort und promovierte dort im Mai 1958 zum Doktor der Naturwissenschaften. Er blieb noch für weitere zwei Jahre an der Universität als wissenschaftlicher Assistent und trat im Mai 1960 in die BASF-Aktiengesellschaft ein. Er blieb dort nahezu 34 Jahre beschäftigt. Während seiner Dienstzeit bei BASF verbrachte er als Delegierter bei einer amerikanischen Tochtergesellschaft vier Jahre in den USA. Seit Ende 1993 lebt er im Ruhestand. Wellenreuther ist verheiratet und hat zwei Töchter.

Überall in den USA verteilt: 104 StudentInnen, 28 ProfessorInnen und ForscherInnen, und 8 LehrerInnen zählten zum ersten Fulbright-Jahrgang, 1953-54.



Nix wie weg! Die Fulbrighters flogen im Herbst 1953 von Düsseldorf, über Kopenhagen, Glasgow, Shannon, Neufundland, und Boston, nach New York. Der Flug dauerte circa 24 Stunden.



StipendiatInnen Dierk Clausen und Charlotte Heiss, beide Studenten an der University of Washington.



Auf dem Heimweg: die heimkehrenden deutschen StipendiatInnen reisen auf dem Schiff 'MS Gripsholm' mit dem amerikanischen Jahrgang 1954-55 nach Deutschland.

Deutsche Fulbright Stipendiaten

STUDENTINNEN

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Die Deutschen StipendiatInnen wurden überall in den USA verteilt und nahmen an regionalen Einführungstagungen mit Fulbrighters aus aller Welt teil. Hier, Fulbrighters bei der Einführungstagung an der Duke University in Durham, North Carolina.



Edward N. (Ted) Adourian was born in Philadelphia, PA in 1930. He received a B.A. at Dickinson College, 1953; was a Fulbright Scholar at the Free University Berlin, 1953-54; and then received a M.A. from Fletcher School of Law & Diplomacy, 1955. Later, he served in the U.S. Army, 1955-1958; and then received an L.L.B. from the University of Pennsylvania, 1961. Adourian worked 40 years as a trial lawyer in southern New Jersey. He is past President of the Camden County Bar Association, Fellow in the American College of Trial Lawyers, and Adjunct Professor of Trial Advocacy, Rutgers/Camden Law School. He is also currently "of counsel" to a law firm in Cherry Hill, NJ and a pro bono lawyer with the Jesuit Urban Social Team in Camden, NJ. He has been married since 1957 to Ritva Luikko of Finland. Together they have two children.

Edward Adourian in 1953

Berlin, between Art and Reality

by Edward N. Adourian, Jr.

I ARRIVED IN BERLIN at the beginning of October 1953, several months after Soviet tanks had crushed the June 17th revolt of the Stalinallee construction workers against increased work norms. At the time, there was no Wall, no Checkpoint Charlie, and the U-Bahn and the S-Bahn ran unhindered through all sectors of the city.

After registering at the Free University, I found a small room for 40 DM a month in the third floor flat of two elderly sisters in an old, onetime upper-middle-class house in Grunewald: Schleinitzstrasse 6a. Before the war, the younger sister worked for the S. Fischer Verlag. The elder sister had emigrated to pre-revolutionary Russia as the young bride of a Russian oil executive. There, she experienced the last years of Imperial Russia, WWI, the Revolution, and the subsequent advent and consolidation of Soviet communism. She was living as a widow in Kiev when the German army occupied the city and accompanied it when it retreated from Russia. She was in Berlin when the Russian army took the city. I learned more from these two wonderful old ladies than from all my professors at university. Moreover, neither sister spoke much English, which helped my efforts to learn German.

From a *Haltestelle* along Bismarckallee I took Autobus A10 to the *Uni* in Dahlem, where I attended lectures at the Meinecke Institute. For a change of pace, however, I occasionally went downtown to catch a lecture by Otto Suhr at the Hochschule für Politik. Unlike at my small Pennsylvania college, attendance at the Free University was never taken. Consequently, I very often took the A10 in the opposite direction into Stadtmitte, and from there, to all parts of the city. Almost every day and night I was somewhere interesting—the opera, a theater, a *Kino*¹, or just along Ku'damm.

BEFORE BERLIN, I had never attended an opera.

Berlin had three great houses, one in the West and two in the East. Their combined repertoire went from Monteverdi through Verdi and Wagner to Alben Berg and Werner Egk, and, at least in the West, everything was sung in German, including Verdi, Puccini, Gounod, Bizet, and Mozart's Italian (DaPonte) operas. In my head I can still hear Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's Don Juan sing: "Reich mir die Hand, mein Leben, komm auf mein Schloß zu mir;"² or Sieglinde Wagner's Carmen sing: "Nimm dich in acht!"³ Karl Böhm often conducted as did Wolfgang Sawallisch. (Sawallisch is now in his last year as conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra where my wife and I have a concert series.) Among the

many other memorable singers were Elisabeth Grümmer, Inge Borkh, Ernst Krukowski, Helene Werth, Ludwig Suthau, and Sebastian Hauser. At the time, the West's Städtische Oper was located near Bahnhof Zoo, and before the performances I stopped at Aschinger for a quick *Malzbier und Erbseneintopf*.⁴ On the way home with the A10 there was sometimes another stop at Der Dicke Heinrich for a bratwurst. There was also a Furtwängler Beethoven concert (one of his last) at the Titania Palast in Steglitz and a Beethoven's 9th at the Sportpalast, where also the 6-day bike races were held.

It took some time before my German was good enough for the theater, but better late than never. And what great theater! There was the Schiller Theater, the Schlosspark Theater, the Renaissance Theater, and the Theater am Kurfürstendamm. Nor can I forget the Resi Bar, with its *Lichtspiel*⁵ and *Rohrpost*,⁶ or the Badewanne near Rathaus Schöneberg. I saw Werner Kraus in *Der Hauptmann von Köpenick* and in *Vor Sonnenuntergang*, Walter Franck in *Richard III*, and Werner Finck in *Pygmalion*. There was Büchner's *Woyzeck* on the stage (*Drehbühne*) at the Theater am Kurfürstendamm and many more productions, which I can no longer remember.

An opera at the Staatsoper or the Komische Oper in East Berlin was usually preceded by a stop at the Café Budapest near Stalinallee. Once I stood all day in line in the cold in East Berlin for a ticket to see an aging Galina Ulanova dance *Die Fontäne von Bachtchissarai*. At the time, I didn't know who Ulanova was, but my landladies said I shouldn't miss it. I didn't regret the six plus hours in the cold.

IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER there was a *Berliner Weisse mit Himbeersaft*⁷ on the Ku'damm, or a *Schultheiss*⁸ at a *Biergarten* in a suburb. Then there was canoeing on the Wannsee with a *Krankenschwester*⁹ from Charlottenburg and sailing on the same lake with a *Studentin* from Zehlendorf-West. I also have a memory of the Berliners going wild in early spring 1954 when Germany beat Hungary in the World Cup.

On the radio there was RIAS.¹⁰ In my head I can still hear; "Achtung, Achtung! Hier spricht RIAS Berlin, eine freie Stimme der freien Welt. Wir bringen Ihnen Nachrichten."¹¹

From the beginning, I was in the *Kino* several times a week. Everything was dubbed into German, and it was a great way to learn the language. I especially liked the French films, *Lohn der Angst* and *Kinder des Olymp*, among



Uni or operas, or out for a snack, the A10 takes Adourian everywhere he wants to go.



Music lovers from all over the world cool their heels in the Badewanne.

Slogans, banners, and photos larger than life decorates May Day 1954.



others. *Last year at Marienbad* was a special favorite. There was Fernandel as Don Camillo, and a series of gangster films with Eddie Constantine. There was even Marlon Brando speaking *perfektes Deutsch* in *Faust im Nacken*.

EAST BERLIN MADE ORWELL a reality. On occasion I rode the S-Bahn to Alexanderplatz to, among other things, buy books or phonograph records at Das Gute Buch or at Soviet International Books. At the time I didn't know that *Der Alex* was the venue of the famous Franz Biberkopf.¹² With the student card, and a very favorable rate of exchange for the dollar what Berlin had to offer, and it was much and varied, could be enjoyed very inexpensively. I'll never forget May Day in East Berlin: banners with slogans everywhere, huge pictures of the Communist hagiography—Marx, Engels, Lenin, Pieck, Ulbricht, Liebknecht, and Luxemburg—and marching Vopos¹³ and FDJ.¹⁴ The faces and slogans were different, but the whole scene brought to mind newsreels of the Nürnberg rallies.

Space is too short to mention more than in passing a wonderful 10 days with a group of Berliners in Vorarlberg, Austria, during the Christmas break, with a side trip to occupied Vienna on the way back. I was lucky enough to get a ticket to see Helge Rosvaenge sing *Ein Maskenball* at the Theater an der Wien. During the semester break there was a month and a half in Italy, north of Rome, by motorcycle.

For me, the lasting legacy of my Fubright year in Berlin, for which I am eternally grateful, is my enduring love of Central European language, literature, and culture.

I am now semi-retired, but during my active 40 plus years as a trial lawyer, I would often travel by car to the various venues of my practice in the southern part of New Jersey, and instead of listening to tapes of the latest New Jersey or Federal cases and statutes, I would pop in the tape deck recordings in German of Central European classics—Mann, Musil, Joseph Roth, Böll, Kleist, Hesse, Fontane, and many others, read by such great artists as Will Quadflieg or Gert Westphal. I still have a tape of Quadflieg and Gustav Gründgens doing *Faust*. On one occasion, however, my knowledge of German had a more practical application. In a lawsuit against a large German chemical company, I was able to negotiate a considerable monetary settlement by showing that a warning label on a potentially explosive product had been mistranslated from German into English.

But, first and foremost I can thank the German language for my wife of 46 years. In 1956 I was stationed in Frankfurt, West Germany, with the U.S. Army. In my free time I took some classes at the university where I met a young woman from Finland. I spoke no Finnish, and she spoke almost no English. Our common language was German, which we spoke during courtship and the first years of marriage, until English finally won out.

My memories of Berlin in the early 1950s have provided me with a "movable feast." I was in Berlin for a short time in 1956 on a matter with the army, but I have not been back since. I don't know if I could take today's glitz and glass in Berlin. I think I'll stay with my memories.

1) Movie theater 2) "Give me your hand, my life, come with me to my castle" 3) "Take care!" 4) Malt beer and pea soup 5) Fountain and light show 6) Pneumatic tubes allowing messages to be sent between tables 7) A Berlin specialty, Berlin Weiss beer with a shot of raspberry juice (or liqueur), 8) A brand of Berlin beer 8) nurse 10) Radio in the American Sector, broadcast from 1946-1993 11) Attention! Attention! This is RIAS speaking, a free voice of the free world. We bring you the news 12) Main character in the novel, *Alexanderplatz*, by Alfred Döblin 13) Short for Volkspolizei, the East German police 14) Short for Freie Deutsche Jugend (Free German Youth), the socialist youth organization of the GDR.

A Year Spent Listening

by Delbert Barley

MY INTEREST IN EUROPE arose from an excellent teacher of French in high school, followed by more French and two years of German, plus a major in European history in college. Immediately following the war I made a trip to Gdingen, the port for Danzig, with a shipload of horses for Poland. During the two-week stay a friend and I took a brief look at Warsaw. On the return voyage we stopped in Copenhagen for a week during which a chance acquaintance took us up to the Elsinor castle of Hamlet fame. Back in the States I signed up for a two year term with the AFSC (Quakers) to establish a station for the distribution of relief goods in Freiburg im Breisgau (1946-48). Our first European contact with the project was in Paris in preparation for the work (July-Sept. 1946). In Freiburg I married a student at the *Musikhochschule*. By that time, I was determined to learn more about Europe.

In the States again, I taught history and music for one year in high school. I then decided to pursue graduate studies and attempt to qualify for college teaching. The University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia accepted me; three years followed doing sociology, anthropology, criminology, and demography. During the summer at the end of this period I read in the *New York Times* of the beginning of the Fulbright program for exchange with Germany. I applied immediately and was accepted.

Our plan was in move to my wife's brother-in-law in the Black Forest where I would do field research on the integration of refugees and expellees from the East. In a demography seminar with Dorothy Thomas at Penn I had already written a paper on that subject and had collected considerable literature. Arrangements were made and tickets for passage on the *Arosa Kulm*, a ship primarily for students going to Europe, were secured. We were four with a son and a daughter. We departed in June, 1953, landed and then settled in St. Märgen, a small resort village 25 km from Freiburg at an elevation of 900 m. There, the brother-in-law was *Forstdirektor* of a large area, and the spacious *Forsthaus* provided rooms and access to boarding facilities.

In September there was a meeting of the Fulbright group in Bad Honnef. I remember little of the program apart from a visit to Bonn, where some speeches, introducing the students into Germany, were heard. One of them was given by Staatssekretär Scheidemann, whom we came to know personally many years later during several visits to a community of artists in the Provence. I also remember sitting together in Bonn with three other students during a break. All three were new to Europe, listening intently to my obviously "superior" knowledge of the country and its customs. We ordered some wine and I could demonstrate

my acquaintance with the choice of Rhine wine. To tell the truth that knowledge was anything but well founded!

In St. Märgen my first task was to plan the content of interviews, first with expellees and refugees, and then with a selection of the indigenous population. In the *Gemeindeamt* I was given access to a list of all inhabitants of the *Gemarkung*¹ St. Märgen. According to this list there were 141 individuals identified as expellees. These included family members, so that the number of family units—some of which were single persons—came to 50, all of which I was able to visit and interview during the winter. I took notes during the sessions, leaving details and comments for typewriting in the evening. Since considerable numbers of expellees had been distributed in isolated farms—cramped quarters were the rule—the work involved long walks or, in the winter, skiing.

For many of the expellees I was regarded as a confidant to whom they could say things that the local population did not want to hear. There was general tension, especially for the elderly, who had lost a more or less life-long status in

For many of the expellees I was regarded as a confidant to whom they could say things that the local population did not want to hear.

their previous homelands. With some there was outspoken bitterness. It was a fact that the local population had problems of their own, including providing housing for strangers, and did not want to be burdened with stories of extreme hardship; of being forcibly expelled and then fleeing in the freezing weather of the winter of 1945

from East Prussia, for instance, when some had to cross the Kurische Nehrung on ice in sub-zero temperature. Other refugees were from West Prussia, Silesia, Bessarabia, Transylvania, Croatia, and the Sudetenland. Words and often tears spilled out from overflowing emotion. For many of them, Baden was the end of a series of temporary stops, starting with Hamburg and northern zones of occupation.

I SPENT A SOLID EIGHT HOURS with one elderly couple listening and questioning. They did not want to let me go. It was perhaps the first time in ages that they could "talk." We were in an isolated farmhouse at some distance from St. Märgen and for me only accessible with skis. One elderly woman from Danzig, on the other hand, was a good friend of my wife's sister. She had been a librarian in East Prussia and was an excellent conversationalist with whom we also became friends. Most, if not all, of the expellees were Protestant, now in a conservative Catholic area, adding to their discomforts.

The interviews with local persons, several of whom were also peasants at considerable distance from the village, were less strenuous, often amusing, sometimes condescending, sometimes understanding.

There was a group of expellees from Croatia, younger and Catholic, that had been able to integrate and establish good relationships with the local population. They were



Delbert Barley was born in Froid, Montana, in 1918 and then moved to Minnesota. He received his B.A. from McPherson College in Kansas, 1935-39, and did post-graduate work at Iowa State Teachers College, 1939-40. During WWII, Barley served as a smoke jumper in Montana, and between 1946-48 he worked for Quakerhilfe in Danzig, Paris, and Freiburg. Barley finished his graduate studies at the University of Pennsylvania, 1949-52, and lectured at St. Joseph's College and Muhlenberg College before his Fulbright year near Freiburg in 1953-54. In 1955 Barley became an Assistant Professor of Sociology at Ithaca College, NY, where he was then awarded his Ph.D. He was a professor for sociology and political education at the Evang. Seminar/Fachhochschule für Sozialarbeit, Freiburg, 1958-83; and an Associate Professor of Sociology at State University of New York at Geneseo, 1966-67. Since his retirement in 1983 Barley has lived in Vauluse (Provence) and Waldbronn, Germany.

somehow not regarded as “real” expellees, and, as a matter of fact, they had left more or less under cover of retreating German troops, not literally driven from their homes. I met up with a saying widely known in southern Germany: “*Bis man Wurst gesagt hat, hat der Preus' sie schon gegessen.*”² Little love was lost for strangers from the North and East; they were all Prussians.

IN BETWEEN INTERVIEWS, there were occasional trips by bus to Freiburg, skiing of an unprofessional sort, a bit of practice on the cello I had brought with me and making music together with my wife and the wife of a teacher in a nearby village. The couple lived in a tiny settlement with a less tiny sawmill in a valley within walking distance from St. Märgen. The teacher, who presided over the one-room school, was a singer, a natural scientist, and a most interesting character. We often enjoyed our visits with them, and the hike to and from the village.

Christmas was celebrated in the strict family traditional form. A large *Tannenbaum* was erected in one of the rooms, decorated, and the Christmas gifts were arranged secretly by our host. Each of the children of the host and Barley families had a pile of packages. Christmas songs were sung, our host accompanied on the guitar. It was solemn and impressive.

Sometime in late winter my wife and I went to Loccum (Lower Saxony) to an *Evangelische Akademie*, where the integration of expellees and refugees was being discussed. Dr. Elisabeth Pfeil, a well-known sociologist, whose name was familiar to me through her publications, was one of the speakers. We heard her talk and were able to meet her. (Several years later we invited her to speak at a *Jubiläum*-Year celebration at the Seminar in Freiburg; she accepted, and also accepted a personal invitation from us.) At the same time, we came in contact with someone from Espelkamp (Westfalia), a post-war settlement made up exclusively of expellees and refugees. In Espelkamp was also an *Aufbau-gymnasium* for youth that had been unable to complete their *Abitur* due to flight, primarily from the GDR. Since we were pondering what we would do after the Fulbright year was finished, the idea of a teaching position in the *Gymnasium* or in the area presented itself.

After returning to St. Märgen from Loccum we pursued the idea again of a position in Espelkamp. As a result we moved to that settlement in May (1954). Our living quarters

consisted of a single room in the dormitory complex; we ate in the common dining hall. We came into contact with the director of the *Gymnasium*, and came to know a number of students, some of whom had had dramatic experiences with the GDR authorities, including imprisonment in Bautzen.³

Although my wife was a qualified teacher and might very well have gotten a position, it was important that I return to Penn, complete my dissertation and get my Ph.D. before making any final decisions that could block the way. It was a time of indecision. Memorable about Espelkamp is the night during which a man, probably drunk, approached our open window at ground level and put his hands on the window sill in preparation for entering. My wife heard something and awakened me. The man could not see me, but I could clearly see the contours of his head. I drew back in the dark, lurched forward with all my strength and punched him in the face. He fell grunting to the ground, picked himself up slowly, and waddled away. When we told students about it the next morning they wanted to know why I hadn't gone out and pursue him!

I returned to the U.S. on the *United States* in July 1954 in order to secure a position and a place to dwell. My wife and the two children followed in December. All went well and I received the Ph.D. with my dissertation: “The Integration of Refugees and Expellees in a Rural Black Forest Community.” Apart from libraries, it is to be seen in the Stadtarchiv in Freiburg. The Fulbright year was an important key to my professional life.



Barley and his wife ski near their home in St. Märgen.

1) Roughly equivalent to a township 2) By the time you've said sausage, the Prussian has already eaten it 3) A former East German prison, where many political prisoners were kept.

My Recollections of the First Fulbright Year

by Daniel R. Borg

MOST OF THE FIRST FULBRIGHTERS had vivid memories of the Second World War, and some had fought in it. Even though eight years had passed since 1945, we looked around us with a wary eye, wondering how the usually kind and considerate German people we met could possibly have hailed from the barbarous Third Reich.

This perplexing question and others like it, and the experience of my Fulbright year in West Germany helped me to decide on the academic career that I subsequently followed—that of a modern European historian specializing in German history.

As I recall, the first Fulbrighters crossed the Atlantic together on an ocean liner and arrived in September in Bad Honnef. I was not among them. After graduating from



Daniel R. Borg was born in Tracy, Minnesota, in 1931. He received a B.A. from Gustavus Adolphus College before spending his Fulbright year in Tübingen. Upon returning to the United States, Borg was drafted into the army, which sent him to Stuttgart, where he spent another, quite different, year in West Germany. After an early discharge, Borg received a Danforth fellowship, which enabled him to take a Ph.D. in history from Yale University in 1963. From 1961 until he retired in 2000 he taught modern European history at Clark University in Worcester, MA. Borg and his wife Marjorie have four children.

Gustavus Adolphus College in May 1953, I led a study group of Gustavians to Sweden during most of June. The group then dispersed and fanned out in twos and threes on a grand summer tour of Western Europe. A classmate and I bought a used BMW motorcycle in downtown Hamburg in order to tour Western Europe as far south as Naples. As we traveled through West Germany, the beauty of the landscape impressed us, as well as the care that Germans seemed to lavish on it.

The purchase of a motorcycle was something of a dare. I had to find someone in West Germany to certify that I would not sell the motorcycle outside the *Bundesrepublik*. It dawned on me that the Fulbright office in Bonn might provide this certification. And so it did, to my immense relief. When I arrived, the word spread that a Fulbright student was in the front office. Staff appeared to welcome me and shake my hand. I have since wondered if I was the first Fulbright student they had met—the first student in the first class. Their attention, though gratifying, embarrassed me, since I had appeared in the dingy leather jacket that I wore while motorcycling.

I joined the Fulbright group at its orientation in Bad Honnef in September. There, we were drilled in conversational German. But it was hardly a life of hard work in this pleasant resort village along the Rhine. Most of us had spent the last years in exhausting study. Now we were liberated to embark on a grand adventure without the onerous obligation of paying for it. A festive atmosphere prevailed as we grew familiar with each other, hiked to scenic places, toured the river on its ferries, and frequented a variety of beer and wine establishments. The Fulbright office provided a varied program of talks and discussions and closely attended to our needs.

Some Fulbrighters had trouble renting satisfactory accommodations at their assigned universities. In Tübingen I had the good fortune of being admitted to the Leibniz Kolleg as one of a small number of live-in foreign students. The Kolleg enrolled German graduates from secondary schools who had not yet settled on a course of study in the university. At the Kolleg they lived together and undertook common introductory courses in the various disciplines. Foreign students living among them had a ready-made opportunity to improve their German conversational skills and to meet German students and sometimes their families, socially and informally. I cherished this opportunity.



German lessons in the garden in Bad Honnef. The lessons were part of the routine during orientation.

Understanding lectures at the university, which I attended faithfully, was another matter. I include myself among the large number of Fulbrighters, who had difficulty comprehending lectures during the first semester. But persistence paid off. In the second semester I could usually follow the lectures of my professors in German history and political science. My favorites were Professor Hans Rothfels, who lectured on Bismarck with authority, and Theodor Eschenburg, who could entertain his attentive audience with digressions on the follies of politicians in Central and Eastern Europe. I even ventured to take a seminar on the First World War and to write an extensive paper in German.

THE CONTRAST between a highly cultured Germany and its National Socialist past was still in the back of my mind. I had been conscious of this contrast ever since my father had served as a Protestant chaplain to German war

prisoners at Pine Camp¹ in northern New York State in 1944-45. As it developed, my research interest centered around the interaction of religion and politics. Eventually, in 1984, I published a book, *The Old Prussian Church and the Weimar Republic*, that explored this theme by focusing on the largest of the German Protestant *Landeskirchen*. Here I could explain why the Weimar Republic failed to elicit respect. But the book did not proceed chronologically to explain why Nazism prevailed among many respectable church people, at least during the first years of the Third Reich. That question still boggles my mind.

My Fulbright year drew to a close as the U.S. Army beckoned and as my stipend gave out in the summer of 1954. The year had turned out to be the grand adventure that I had anticipated. I bade farewell to friends in Tübingen, traveled south to Gibraltar, and boarded a waiting ocean liner for home and family.

¹) Now Fort Drum

Family Ties

by *Chalmers MacCormick*

MY JOURNEY TO GERMANY in late summer 1953 was altogether satisfactory, enhanced as it was by the close companionship that I enjoyed with my bride of three months, who was a German by birth. This event was also enhanced by the presence on board the *S.S. Independence* of other Fulbright scholars who constituted the equivalent of a high-grade chamber orchestra. It was a glorious trip. I experienced scarcely any seasickness and my wife had only a little, which turned out, in retrospect, to have been morning sickness!



Lilie and Chalmers MacCormick

*Chalmers MacCormick was born in 1928 in Framingham, Massachusetts. He served in the U.S. Army, 1946-48, attended Bowdoin College 1948-52; received a Danforth Fellow 1952-59; and an A.M. from Harvard University in 1953. Before leaving for Tübingen, where he spent his Fulbright year, MacCormick married Lili Koelln. After their year in Germany, he attended Harvard University 1954-58, receiving his Ph.D. in history and philosophy of religion in 1959. MacCormick served as Professor of Religion at Wells College 1958-1992 and has since been a Professor Emeritus. He is the author of *The Zen Catholicism of Thomas Merton* (1972) and has five children.*

Our arrival and three-week stay in Bad Honnef was for us a boon. We quickly learned that we could get pasteurized milk just a block or two from where we were staying, and didn't have to depend on just wine or beer, as we had initially been told. There were unanticipated bonuses, such as the weekly rehearsals of the local men's *Singverein* outside our room. We heard endless renditions of such songs as "*Einmal am Rhein...*," a composition that has become a staple in our private in-house repertoire.

We were able to visit my wife's family in Hamburg and near Kassel before settling in to Tübingen, which was our main objective and which, happily, did not disappoint.

Four things distinguish the personality and character of Tübingen and its environs. First, it's so photogenic! Second, in having such a fine university it exceeds merely ordinary expectations in regard to higher education generally.

Thirdly, regarding its value to me personally, I will mention a few professors who were outstanding. Helmuth von Glasenapp was and remains one of the leading authorities on Buddhism, especially Theravada Buddhism. In 1953-54 he was past his prime, but even so could provide the impetus—as he did for me—to advance the study of the history of religion in the global context. Whether Helmut Thielicke, the leading light of his day, was truly such, he assuredly commanded the awe and attention of the students. Equally flamboyant, but decidedly more ruffled, was Otto Michel, professor of the New Testament, whose captivating teaching style, my wife once observed, was that of a genial, drunken bear.

Fourthly, it was also special to us that my wife could enroll at the university as a student of Egyptology. Professor Dr. Hellmut Brunner and his wife, Dr. Emma Brunner-Traut, both distinguished Egyptologists, were most gracious and invited us to their home. Their kindness and hospitality remain a shining memory from that year.

OUR LIVING ARRANGEMENTS gave us a window into the lives of ordinary Germans. We sublet a room in the Klostermühle of the Cistercian Monastery at Bebenhausen, three miles south of Tübingen. Our room had meter-thick walls and a genuine Gothic window dating back to 1360 A.D., but no running water or kitchen facilities! In good weather we could bicycle back and forth to the university, and in bad weather we took the bus.

Our year was capped by the birth, on May 25th, of our first child at the *Frauenklinik*, which was connected with the university. Our DM 25 student insurance paid for the delivery and the standard 10-day hospital stay for mother and child!

It was the best year of my life!

A New Perspective

by James E. Turner

GOING TO GERMANY as a Fulbright student to study theoretical physics in Göttingen in 1953-54 was the dream of a lifetime. In the mid-1920s this beautiful city was the birthplace of modern quantum theory, which has so profoundly revolutionized physics and contemporary life. At the university in Göttingen, I attended lectures given by Heisenberg himself, whose signature I proudly have in my *Studienbuch* today.

From the start, and all during the Fulbright year, I felt welcome wherever I was. The professors and students at the university were considerate and helpful. I was very fortunate to find (with great difficulty) a room with one special German family. (Housing in Germany was extremely scarce in 1953. One of the first practical German expressions I learned after arriving in Göttingen was “*schon besetzt!*”¹⁾) The family comprised the parents and three sons about my age and somewhat younger. They took me in and came to treat me like a fourth son. I stayed in touch with my landlady through numerous trips back to Germany until her death some years ago, and I still have contact with one son in the U. S. Spending the year with that family meant a great deal.

My best friend in Göttingen was fellow Fulbright student Jack Waldrip. Jack arranged a blind date for me. I went to the students’ *Faschingball*²⁾ with a visiting German girl—a friend of a friend from out of town. My date and I, of course, had no idea that we were meeting our future life partners. In the ensuing months, Renate and I fell in love, I met her family, and we hoped to get married. I had no money or other resources, nor did she, but we made plans. After the Fulbright year, I would return to Vanderbilt, where I had started as a graduate student. Renate would apply for an immigration visa to the U.S.

AFTER I LEFT GERMANY to return home we were separated for 14 long months. Back then there was no telephoning overseas and mail was very slow. When her papers were finally approved, Renate arrived in New York in October of 1955. We got married soon thereafter, a year before I finished my degree at Vanderbilt. We have raised three kids and will celebrate our 48th anniversary this year.

Incidentally, Jack Waldrip (who had introduced Renate and me) and I lost contact after we left Göttingen and were unable to locate one another in subsequent years. It was only recently through the activities of the Fulbright Commission in the celebration of the 50th anniversary that we located each other again. We met last December for the first time in more than 48 years and took up right where we left off. We thank Bettina Ross from the Fulbright Secretariat for her help!

1) Already occupied! 2) One of a number of pre-Lenten festivities in Catholic parts of Germany

I learned a lot about America in that year, especially in ways that would not have occurred to me otherwise.

AS I LOOK BACK, I can recall an unexpected benefit that the Fulbright year had for me and likely for most of us students. I learned a lot about America, especially in ways that would not have occurred to me otherwise. I formed a different perspective on relationships between people with different cultures, languages, and values. I remember how the German audience laughed at newsreel pictures of the 1953 Army-Navy football game.

Well, it looked silly. But some of our folks take the game seriously. I mention that experience only as a single, trivial example of something that I gave little consideration to before.

Things of importance and even deep concern in one country can be unknown or completely immaterial in another. It is not a matter of one being better than another, but of respect, understanding, and tolerance. I am not offering any great insight by relating what, of course, is so obvious; as a Fulbright student living in a foreign country for the first time this was new to me.

THE FULBRIGHT SCHOLARSHIP also enabled me to learn German, which has been a significant professional and personal asset. Together, Renate and I have translated two German textbooks on radiation and its effects. My grandfather emigrated from Hüttenbusch, near Bremen, to Savannah, Georgia, in 1865 at the age of 17. He was never able to return to Germany. My being able to speak the language greatly facilitated finding the descendants of my grandfather’s sister, still living on the farm that he left. The family living there now has a picture of their great-great grandparents which is the same picture my mother had in Savannah of her grandparents. Our relationship has thus been established definitely as second cousins once removed. We have had several family members from Hüttenbusch visit us in Oak Ridge.

What does being a part of the first German Fulbright class of ‘53 mean to me? As it has turned out, ... almost everything. I am a very grateful member of the Fulbright alumni.



James (Jim) Turner grew up in Savannah, Georgia. He went to Emory, Harvard, Universität Göttingen (Fulbright), and Vanderbilt, where he obtained a Ph.D. in physics in 1956. He taught at Yale before going to the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington. In 1962 Turner joined Oak Ridge National Laboratory and retired as a Corporate Fellow in 1996. He also served as an Adjunct Professor at the University of Tennessee. He has published extensively in the field of radiation physics and has had an active role in research and teaching, both nationally and internationally. He is the author of three textbooks.

Reminiscences on the Fulbright Experience

by Chuck Buntschuh

AS A JUNIOR PHYSICS STUDENT at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), I was fortunate enough to spend the summer working in Germany under a program sponsored by the International Student Association as a technician in the quality control department of the Philips electric light bulb plant in Aachen. Actually, I didn't have much to do—in fact my coworkers teased me when I forgot to turn the page on the calendar, as that was *my* job—so I spent a lot of time working on my language skills, touring the plant with one of the production engineers, who taught me about the processes of light bulb manufacture, and, best of all, getting to know my colleagues. Becoming immersed in a different culture, and learning that it wasn't so terribly different after all,

Those evenings, meals in the dining hall—with a seemingly infinite supply of potatoes—and regular volleyball games in the backyard provided wonderful opportunities to get to know other students.

and the warmth of the associations I formed, were such positive and profound experiences that I just had to go back. Not long after returning to school in the fall, I learned that the Fulbright program was being expanded to Germany. I lost no time in applying and was thrilled to be accepted.

AS A MEMBER of the first Fulbright class in 1953 I matriculated at the Georg-August Universität in Göttingen to study physics. Early on I found a place at the Max Planck Institut für Physik in Göttingen where Werner Heisenberg and Karl Wirtz were co-directors. Professor Wirtz, who led up the experimental physics activities, was my mentor and encouraged me to undertake a project on measuring some properties of neutron diffusion in graphite, a subject related to nuclear reactor physics, a field in which the Institut was heavily engaged.

I was among the fortunate few who applied for and received a one-year extension to my grant, enabling me to complete my laboratory work, write a *Diplomarbeit*, and earn a *Diplomphysiker* degree. Even though my later career took some turns and I moved away from reactor physics, the immediate result was, after returning to the U.S. and beginning my two-year tour of duty in the Air Force, that I was assigned as a nuclear engineer in the project office for the design and construction of a nuclear test reactor. The Göttingen training not only served me well in that position, it was terrific preparation for research and study on returning to grad school after the service.

ALTHOUGH I HAD HAD SEVERAL YEARS OF GERMAN in high school, I had to struggle during the summer in Aachen to become reasonably proficient in the language. One time I went into a shoe shop to purchase some polish for my white bucks. The salesperson asked me, “*Wild- oder Glattleder?*” Without my dictionary, I was lost, and had to return the next day and reply, “*Wild!*” By the end of the summer, however, I was feeling pretty confident. But the following year, in Göttingen, in a university setting, I was virtually blown away by the more sophisticated level of the conversation compared to that of the factory. So much so that it took until about Christmas for me to feel really comfortable.

GÖTTINGEN, A LOVELY UNIVERSITY TOWN of about 80,000 people—today it has over a half a million—was mercifully spared by the Second World War, making it a delightful place to live and study. (Aachen, on the other hand, was working diligently to overcome the devastation of the Battle of the Bulge.) I loved the walk from the Nansen Haus, where I lived, to the lab, which took me through a couple of parks with inspiring statues of famous Göttingen physicists like Gauß and Weber. And, of course, there was the *Konditorei* which Jim Turner and Jack Waldrip, the two other first-year Fulbrighters in Göttingen, and I frequented enough to claim our favorite spot as our *Stammtisch*.

There is a large plaza in front of the Göttinger *Rathaus* in the middle of which is a fountain surmounted by a statue of a young girl and her goose. It is called the *Gänseliesel*. It is supposed to be a tradition that every student has to kiss her before graduating. I'm not sure how many students actually observe this tradition, but shortly before my final oral exams, my friends insisted I had to do it.

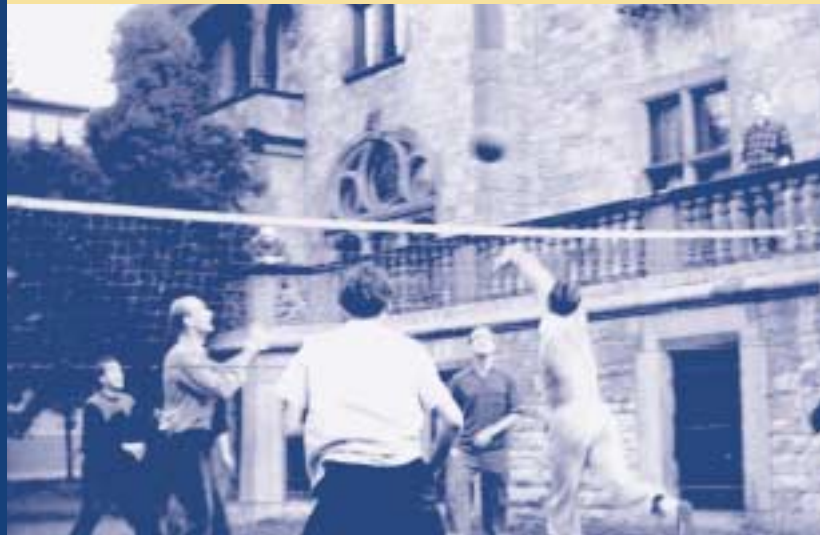
IN GÖTTINGEN, I lived in the Fridtjof Nansen Haus, an international student home founded by Rev. Olav Brennhovd just a year or so earlier. The Nansen Haus housed about 100 students, half German and half from countries all around the world. Probably my fondest reminiscences of Göttingen center around the Nansen Haus and its social life. There were monthly *Hausabende* in which we all gathered in the main hall for a party, often accompanied by some formal presentation or activity. Those evenings, meals in the dining hall—with a seemingly infinite supply of potatoes—and regular impromptu volleyball games in the backyard provided wonderful opportunities to mix with, and get to know, students not in one's smaller circle of friends. For the smaller groups, afternoon tea, trips to the movies, and walks in the nearby woods were always popular. I shall always cherish having lived and interacted with such a diverse and fascinating group of people.



Charles Buntschuh, born in 1931 in New Bedford, MA, attended school on Long Island, NY, and then received a B.S. in physics from MIT in 1953. On his Fulbright grant, he attended Georg-August Universität in Göttingen, where he earned the Diplom-Physiker degree (physics) in 1955. Following two years in the Air Force in Ohio, Buntschuh returned to MIT where he received his Ph.D. in 1964. While completing his degree, he started working as a microwave engineer at Microwave Associates, Inc. in Massachusetts, where he remained until 1980. He continued to be employed as a microwave engineer until retirement in 1998, first at the Narda Microwave Corporation and then at Northrop-Grumman. Buntschuh has four daughters, one of whom moved to Germany in 1985, where she married and has two young daughters being raised bilingually.



Since 1901 the Gänseliesel of Göttingen has smilingly received the kisses of countless fresh Ph.D. graduates from the Georg August Universität.



A rousing game of volleyball in front of the Nansen Haus.



Buntschuh (right) with friends Klaus Biewald and Gunnar Clausen enjoy afternoon tea.

Nach Deutschland mit Frau und Kind

by Sylvan Burgstahler

Sylvan Burgstahler was a professor of mathematics at the University of Minnesota Duluth until his retirement in 1994. He published several papers during his career—most notably on an algorithm that is the best known procedure for solving polynomial equations—but was even more distinguished by his service to his profession. Burgstahler served as Head of the Department of Mathematics at his university from 1963-72, President of the North Central Section of the Mathematical Association of America, 1975-76, and Governor of the Section from 1980-84.

IN THE SPRING OF 1953 I received a letter offering me a Fulbright scholarship to study mathematics at the Universität Göttingen during the 1953-54 academic year. I was then a teaching assistant and master's degree candidate at the University of Minnesota, hence I was probably at about the same level of training and experience in my field as others who received similar scholarship offers that spring. Unlike most of the others, however, I was married and what made my situation even more unusual was that my wife was six months pregnant with our first child when the letter arrived!

Prior to receiving the scholarship offer, I had accepted an internship for the summer of 1953 with Bell Telephone's West Street Labs in New York City. If I accepted the scholarship instead, my wife would have to meet the challenges of our baby's first year without help from family or friends and for much of that time she would also have to manage our household in a country where both customs and language would be unfamiliar to her! As it turned out, the 15 months we were away from Minneapolis were richly rewarding, but my wife couldn't be certain of that outcome in the spring of 1953, so I will forever be grateful to her for encouraging me to accept the scholarship!

A son was born to us on May 2nd, I was awarded my master's degree a month later, and a week after that we set off for New York City on the first leg of what remains the most memorable journey of our lives—even though we have since visited more than 60 countries across the globe.

I FELT READY TO HANDLE academic life in Germany since I had studied German in high school and was confident of my preparation in mathematics. I was also confident of my understanding of European history, geography, and politics because books I had read in my childhood about the 1914-18 war had given me a strong interest in world affairs that deepened further during the 1939-45 war and continued through the post-war years. On the

other hand, I was concerned that my scanty background in the fine arts might lessen the benefits of European travel so I spent much of my free time that summer studying art, sculpture, and architecture. That effort paid huge dividends later, but I should have also studied more history that summer because I later found numerous gaps in my understanding of events in Europe prior to 1900.

On September 4th we boarded the liner, *S.S. Independence*, and set sail for Europe. Within hours I bumped into Barbara Bahe—my German teacher in high school and later a professor of languages at Luther College in Iowa. She was headed for Germany as part of a Fulbright faculty exchange program. Conversations with her enlivened the voyage and so did the process of making friends with other Fulbrighters. Many of them had studied music at the Juilliard Conservatory so the people who showed up a few days later for “Amateur Night” in the First Class lounge were treated to thoroughly professional performances!

THE EUROPEAN PHASE of our adventure began with a walking tour of Lisbon. After disembarking from the ship in Genoa a couple of days later, we traveled by railroad to Bad Honnef am Rhein where we spent three weeks brushing up on German and learning about contemporary life in Germany. While there, my family stayed in a chateau on the shore of the Rhine, about a kilometer south of town. Our room was pleasant enough, but traveling to and from town while pushing our baby in his *kinderwagen* was so tiresome that within days we purchased a used VW to give us greater mobility. That car had been driven hard by several previous owners, but it served us well during our stay in Europe. In fact, it was the main reason we enjoyed our year as much as we did because it helped us visit 10 different countries during times when classes weren't in session. Those travels, and travels in Britain after we left Germany, taught me a great deal about all sorts of human achievements besides those I was studying in my mathematics classes.

The fact that my wife and I conversed in English undoubtedly kept me from learning German as well as I might have if I had been alone in Germany, but in every other respect, having my family with me was beneficial. In particular, my wife and I learned a great deal about family life in Germany by experiencing it and we had no trouble establishing rapport with strangers anywhere in Europe whenever our baby was nearby.

Our need for cooking facilities and for extra living space led us to rent space from three sisters and their elderly mother who lived on the third floor of their large home. We had our own bedroom and sitting room but we shared the bathroom and the kitchen with our landladies. Once



Sometimes you have to ask for directions. The Family Burgstahler stop their VW to ask a Göttingen traffic cop for directions.



The Fulbright year was an adventure for families too. Here Mrs. Burgstahler learns from the landlady how to light the coal stove.



Off to work. Burgstahler kisses his son before heading off to the University.

they warmed up to us, those women taught us a great deal about German customs and traditions, but we learned even more from everyday experiences. For example, for many Fulbrighters, places like open-air markets, butcher shops, and dairies were little more than photo opportunities, but to us they were places where we had to shop almost every single day in order to obtain life's necessities! Similarly, taking our son to a pediatrician for checkups gave us a glimpse of German medical care that few other Fulbrighters had a chance to see.

To this day I cannot decide whether my Fulbright helped or hurt my development as a mathematician because in some respects it did both. Although I profited from the opportunity to take classes from world-renowned scholars like Nobel Laureate Werner Heisenberg, when I returned to Minneapolis to work towards my doctorate, I found that I had fallen behind my cohort of graduate students and in some respects I never quite caught up with them again. On the other hand, the richness of the experiences I had in

Europe served me well when I had to deal with people from different backgrounds during my career. The cultural aspects of those experiences also led me to create courses to help non-majors understand the cultural consequences of mathematical ideas.

Indeed, I taught a course similar to that in my school's University-for-Seniors program after I retired! Although I am proud of the papers I published during my career and take pride in the strengthening of my department that occurred while I headed it, I am equally proud of those cultural courses and of the effort I made throughout my career to foster interactions between mathematics and other disciplines.

In summary, I believe that my year in Europe helped make me a mathematics professor with an unusually wide range of interests. Others will have to decide if that justifies the expense of sending me abroad!

My Germany

by Donald H. Crosby



More common than the rubble heaps were the construction sites. Here workers put the finishing touches on the Munich Bahnhof.

NO DOUBT my fellow grantees of the pioneer class of Fulbright exchange students, 1953-54, will have interesting tales to tell of the “swinging life” on the *S.S. Independence*, the vessel that carried us all from New York to Genoa in the fall of 1953. I, alas, was too busy looking after a seasick wife and a cranky toddler to have very much fun!

Besides, I had other concerns. Being 27 years old at the time, I was aware of the fact that I and my fellow grantees had spent approximately fifteen of our formative years, 1933-1948, in what one can only call an anti-German environment. Our group would therefore be the first, entrusted with the ticklish task of building bridges between the USA and Germany—the country that had not only suffered “bad press” from 1933 onwards, but had been the formal enemy of the USA between 1941 and 1945.

Not until after the Berlin Airlift did Americans begin to read favorable reports on the “spirit” of Berliners, praise which slowly began to be applied to all Germans, who by now were something like our “allies” in the Cold War. Despite some initial skepticism—*Time* magazine had never heard of Konrad Adenauer!—the formation of the Federal Republic was greeted as a hopeful sign of a reborn—and presumably better—Germany. Since the friendship between the U.S. and Germany was both young—it dated from 1949 at the earliest—and fragile, a great responsibility rested on our

shoulders. Our Class of 1953-54, therefore, had had approximately five years—not a long time, historically speaking—to adjust to the “new” Germany—this after fifteen years of unremitting negative propaganda! How *we* comported ourselves in Germany, how *we* would interact with Germans, how Germans might interact with *us*: these were factors with the potential of determining the future of the Fulbright exchange program in Germany.

At this point I should point out that I wasn’t quite representative of the Class of 1953-54, many of whom did not speak German well and had enjoyed only limited contact with German history and culture. By contrast, I was a semi-finished *Germanist* blessed with near-native fluency in German; in addition, I had been immersed in German music since the age of ten. *My Germany*, therefore, was the Germany of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, and Moerike. One can imagine how conflicted I was during the Nazi-years and especially during the war years, when I was torn between my patriotic duty to “hate” the Germans and my heartbreak at reading of the destruction of cities, that to me, were repositories of German history and culture.

Given my preparation for life in Germany, my integration into German life was easier for me than for my classmates, yet even I encountered surprises: “pillboxes” left over

from the war on the road to Bad Honnef; the destruction surrounding the cathedral in Köln; the shabby clothes of many Germans; the prevalence of bicycles in the streets in place of the automobiles Americans were accustomed to seeing; the piles of rubble still visible in every German city I visited; the yawning gaps between buildings; the lack of almost any form of luxury.

MY GREATEST SURPRISES WERE POSITIVE: the absence of any visible anti-American feeling; the lack of recriminations about the destruction American planes had inflicted on the country; the lack of self-pity; and a remarkable objectivity about assessing blame for the general carnage of the war. Only once did I hear a criticism of the American air attack on Germany, and that was in the context of the destruction of Dresden, about which I—a former member of the U.S. Air Force—had previously heard nothing!

As for my fellow grantees, I soon learned that my fears about their reaction to Germany and the Germans had been unfounded. At the end of a typical orientation day, we would usually get together and compare impressions, which were almost invariably favorable. Each of us had anecdotes to relate, many of them humorous, and I recall no condescension towards the Germans we had encountered, even though

most Germans in those days were living under conditions that seemed terribly “primitive” to us spoiled Americans. Likewise, I can recall no instance of hostile or discriminatory behavior towards Americans during our orientation period. On the contrary. Tradesmen and professionals in Bad Honnef, such as the English-speaking couple who owned the Apotheke Willi Sick, went out of their way to assist Americans who needed practical advice but who were still struggling with the German language.

The impressions I had gained at Bad Honnef carried over into my stay at my “home base” of Munich. As an example of tolerance on both sides, I recall that a blatantly anti-Semitic remark passed by a certain professor at the University of Munich was shrugged off by one of our Jewish grantees with the comment, “Oh well, give him some time—he’ll learn!”

Time and space will not permit the inclusion of my first impressions of academic life at the University of Munich in Germany in 1953, except to say that despite freshly erected, wet concrete walls, puddles in corridors, poorly dressed professors and students, woefully inadequate libraries, and freezing lecture halls, the spirit of learning, the spirit of Goethe, Kant, and, yes, Heine, like the Germany itself, had been reborn.

Donald H. Crosby was born in New York City in 1927. He served in the U.S. Air Force between 1945-47. After majoring in English at New York University, Crosby studied German Literature at Princeton University, from which he received a Ph.D. in 1955. As a pre-doctoral student at Princeton, Crosby was awarded a Fulbright fellowship for study at the Universität München from 1953-54. Author of many studies in the area of German literature and music, Crosby taught at Indiana University, the University of Kansas, the City University of New York, and the University of Connecticut, where he is Professor Emeritus of German Studies. Still active as a lecturer for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., Crosby resides in Springfield, Virginia.

Fulbright Memorabilia

by John Fetzer

A FULBRIGHT YEAR IN MUNICH was the decisive turning point of my life and literally the crossroads of my career. After a somewhat rocky ocean crossing on the *U.S. Independence* and a whirlwind train ride from Genoa to Germany, we arrived at the picturesque Rhineland town of Bad Honnef for several weeks of orientation. Our stay at the pension Vater Rhein was memorable—fresh *Brötchen* with delicious German coffee were a gourmet breakfast delight for this American’s taste buds and have remained so to this day. I still take a sentimental journey to this locale whenever I am in the vicinity and recall that first impression of German culture—in spite of the changes a half century has wrought. Our rigorous orientation program in Bad Honnef was a challenge, and the encounter with a melange of students and professors from various disciplines brought a sense of excitement to my parochial heart.

The subsequent year in Munich was magical; Akademiestrasse 21, about two blocks from the university and directly across from the Kunstakademie left an indelible mark on my memory, as did some of the still bomb-damaged streets in the vicinity as well as my landlady, who apparently had little love for Americans.

Vorlesungen, Seminare and *Hauptseminare* ran the gamut from Germanic philology, medieval and modern lyric poetry, and Wagnerian operas, to Shakespearean drama. In short, I enrolled for a full forty hours a week, began my day at 7:30 a.m. and staggered home at 7:00 p.m., exhausted but exhilarated. In crowded lectures, Hans Heinrich Borchert, Arthur Kutscher, Romano Guardini, Friedrich Wentzlaff-Eggebert, Wolfgang Clemens, Helmut Motekat, and some less fabled stars illuminated the academic heavens for me. How strange it felt on one less auspicious occasion, however, to be the only student in a huge hall, when after a few days, all the

others had deserted the course, and the downcast speaker, unable to address me, his lone auditor with the standard “*Meine Damen und Herren*,”³ came up with the designation “*der einzige Treue*.”⁴

And what a contrast it was to wrestle with the incomprehensible Bavarian dialect on the streets after basking in eloquent high German in the Aula! Then, there were the literary colloquia in the evenings with authors such as Leonard Franck reading from their latest works, not to mention the solo recitals with such living legends as Wilhelm Kempff or the concerts of the dynamic Eugen Jochem and the Bavarian State Orchestra.

Literally every evening was spent at either some musical event or at the theater, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, for instance, singing the role of the *Marschallin* in *Rosenkavalier* at the Prinzregenten or at the Kleine Komödie, where the German premiere of Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot* was being performed. And we enjoyed all of this at student prices—three Marks or so for very good seats purchased at the very last minute (the exchange rate at the time being 4.20 DM to the dollar!).

What treasures were housed at the Haus der Kunst or at the Alte Pinakothek. Never before or since have my days been so replete with cultural icons. Of course, there were also the less highbrow, yet unforgettable, evenings at a Schwabing *Bierstube* or the hours spent strolling along the Isar, down Ludwigstrasse, around the Königsplatz, or through the English Garden. The atmosphere in Munich was saturated with art and culture, and I was the sponge that never ceased to soak it all up.

To be sure, there were moments of personal disappointment, such as the day when I was seated in a large lecture hall and a student approached me and asked: “*Ist der Platz neben Ihnen frei?*” I nodded and replied with a single word: “*Ja*,” to which he responded—much to my dismay—“*Oh, Sie sind Amerikaner.*”⁶ My as yet unpolished German had been exposed by a single monosyllable, and over the years I have pondered exactly how this happened, but no definitive answer was forthcoming. Was the “a” in “*Ja*” perhaps too short or too Anglicized?



John Fetzer in 1953

*John Fetzer’s twenty-eight-year career at UC Davis (1965–93) consisted of two stints as Chairman of the Department, two visiting professorships (Dartmouth in 1976, the University of Exeter, England, 1990–91), the Directorship of a Summer Institute for German Language and Culture in Santa Barbara (1987–92), as well as a plethora of graduate and undergraduate courses in German culture, literature, and music. Fetzer is also the author of two books on Clemens Brentano and two on Thomas Mann, as well as approximately fifty articles and essays (his colleagues honored him with a *Festschrift* in 1996). In addition to several research grants from the university, Fetzer also received fellowships from the American Philosophical Society, the Guggenheim Foundation, and then, “squaring the circle,” as it were, two more Fulbright awards: a summer seminar in Bonn–Berlin and a travel grant in conjunction with the Exeter visiting professorship.*

On the other hand, tourist high points of the year consisted of day trips such as an excursion to the Drachenfels, where we had a panoramic view overlooking the sun-drenched Rhine, while sipping wine at a picturesque locale; an ASTA-sponsored, whirlwind tour of Italy and Sicily on a shoestring budget, or, on a grand scale, the Fulbright-sponsored journey to the not yet walled-in, but nevertheless sporadically barb-wired, East Berlin, where a short time before, on June 17, 1953, the workers had shown their disdain for conditions under the current regime, a precursor of trends which, a generation later would, with unbelievable dispatch, culminate in sweeping reforms.

Returning to the U.S. in 1954 gave me somewhat of a reverse cultural shock, but I was now bent on becoming a dyed-in-the-wool Germanist. Graduate studies at Columbia were relatively easy given my comprehensive Munich background and intensive course load. In the midst of an M.A. program, however, the military draft intervened, and even though I pleaded with the Army to be sent to Germany, I had to settle for two years in Georgia. However, my experience at Columbia as a teaching assistant made it possible for me to become an instructor of German in the evening extension division of the University of Georgia in Augusta. During this time I also completed my master’s thesis, writing in the barracks at night and on the weekends, all the while ignoring the teasing comments from my buddies, who had little interest in such an esoteric enterprise.

Then, with my M.A. in hand and the military service behind me, it was off to the University of California, Berkeley for the Ph.D. program (1958–62). Here, among other things, I won the heart of my future bride by tutoring this native German speaker in the rudiments of grammar. Barely escaping the student uprisings of the turbulent 1960s, my wife and I moved on to Northwestern University near Chicago for my first real teaching job (1962–65). However, when the severity of the interminable Lake Michigan winters and the weltering Chicago summers became too much for my wife, who initially had wanted to “experience the seasons again,” we

fled back to the perennial California sunshine and to the Davis Campus of the University of California (which, in those halcyon days for the humanities, had five new positions in German!). Even the offer to become the Head of the German Department at the Chicago Circle Campus of the University of Illinois several years later could not entice us back to the Midwest. Everything came full circle with two more Fulbright awards: a summer seminar in Bonn-Berlin and a travel grant in conjunction with a visiting professorship to the University of Exeter, England. It is symbolically significant that Fulbright should “frame” my entire academic career.

The fiftieth anniversary of the program, a decade after my retirement, gave me occasion to rethink the central and seminal role of the original Fulbright year in my own academic career and personal development. It is no exaggeration to conclude that, because of the unique opportunity to live and learn in Germany with no (or very few) strings attached, I, personally, had a wonderful life. In the final analysis, the program offered the grantees even more than the name “Fulbright” implies: both literally and figuratively we enjoyed “fuller” and “brighter” futures because of this initial impetus.

1) Rolls 2) Different types of German university classes 3) Ladies and gentlemen 4) The only faithful one 5) Schwabing, a district of Munich favored by students. Bierstube, a pub 6) “Is the seat next to you free?” “Yes” “Oh, you are an American.”

Living in Munich

by Ben Freedman

THE COMPOSER PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY had Madam von Meck to be his sponsor, his “angel.” My “angel” was the Fulbright Commission, which, in 1953, awarded me a grant enabling me to live in Munich, study at the Akademie der Bildenden Künste and to experience the culture of Germany.

The complex concerns of a developing young artist such as earning income, having time for studio work, and having time for professional growth and development are collectively difficult problems. The Fulbright grant provided the support for my ambitious plans to paint, to travel, and to do studio research. Living in Munich, painting in classes at the Akademie, attending critiques, and visiting museums and galleries were rich and nourishing experiences needed to achieve my hoped for progress.

At the conclusion of the grant duration, I, indeed, felt successful. I felt completely committed to my life as a striving painter. I gained more energy and determination than ever before. I was able to face my future with great enthusiasm, intensity, and sacred endeavor.

My professor at Washington University in Saint Louis, Carl Holty, had lived in Munich as a young man and encouraged me to seek “the great Munich experience.”

The city’s history, traditions, and its development of modern German art are striking. The city had been to painters, at the turn of the century, what stars represent to professional astronomers. Munich’s history of support and inspiration for painters has deep roots. The local color, as well as the city’s many museums and collections are stimulating. The Blue Rider group and many pioneers of modern European painting have had exciting experience living in the city of beer, art, crafts and bohemians.

Professor Holty had prepared me to admire and comprehend this complex city. I was not disappointed with this fresh new adventure. I enjoyed my work at the Munich

Akademie. The diverse student body, Professor Ernst Geitlinger’s instruction in painting, and exhilarating visits to museums and galleries were added rewards. The art supply shops were splendid. Painters here were given high status and priority. Munich was an artistic Jerusalem for all painters who accepted the challenge. This was the city of Kirchner, Corinth, Nolde, Kokoschka, and Kandinsky. Max Beckmann, who taught at Washington University in Saint Louis, my alma mater, also lived in Munich.

MY EXPECTATIONS were greatly stimulated, my adrenaline was bubbling! I was excited and energized by my new life. I was not at all uncomfortable in my new environment and its challenges. My wife Flo, and I had felt some anxiety at the thought of living in Germany. We are both Jewish. (The end of World War II and the history of the Third Reich were fairly recent.) But, life was going well for us. We were learning, experiencing our new existence, enjoying our new



Benjamin Freedman was born a triplet in 1930, during the Depression. He grew up in Orleans Parish, Louisiana. Even as he attended Fortier High School for boys he was already excited by the visual arts. Freedman attended Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge before transferring to Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, influenced by the fact that artist Max Beckman had taught there. After graduation and marriage in 1953, his wife and he traveled to Munich to attend the Akademie on the sponsorship of the Fulbright program. After spending two years in the U.S. Army, Freedman attended the University of Arizona as a graduate student. In 1957 he joined the faculty at West Virginia University teaching painting, drawing, and design. He retired in 1989 as Professor Emeritus having taught for thirty-two years. He continues to paint, to exhibit, and to collect.

marriage, and encountering the spirited city of Munich. The new changes were uncharted. They were beautiful and inspiring. These are the sketches I bare from my memory.

Flo and I had been married for three months when we left for Germany. We have now been married almost fifty years.

We arrived at the Munich central train station with other Fulbright students from the Rhineland orientation program. Staff members met our train, some from the American Consulate and the Fulbright administration. We were assigned to nearby hotels where we remained until permanent quarters were located.

MUNICH WAS NOISY AND FRANTIC. Reconstruction was a twenty-four hour process. Heavy construction and engineering equipment were everywhere. The city was in a state of transition from war to rebuilding. The ugly

scars of war, bombings, fire, and death were everywhere. The conversion from destruction to restoration was evident. Noise and dust mingled with the aroma of lumber and welding. Flood lamps blazed all night, assisting the construction workers. The heavy odor of freshly poured concrete, wet sand, chemicals, truck emissions, the traffic noise, the cooking of street vendors, all made a strong impression. The smell of sausage, baked goods, cheese, kerosene, and fuel oil added to the mix. The city streets were filled with food and peddlers. The thick smell of beeswax candles in the churches and damp stone streets were unforgettable. Famous beer halls and restaurants and fine specialty shops added to the vivid sensations. They are explicit and express the rich character of this great, Bavarian city. The sting of winters' cold, crowded restaurants, public markets and small shops were memorable, impressive, and unforgettable.



Freedman and several other Fulbrighters studied at the Akademie der Bildenden Künste in Munich.

Dressed for Fasching, the Freedman's attend the Modell Ball in the Haus der Kunst.



Ringling in the New Year in their small Munich apartment.



A toast to the last night in Bad Honnef, Ben (right, standing) and Flo (center) Freedman celebrate with new friends.

A Dream of a Lifetime

by Trudy Gilgenast

AS I REFLECT on the wonderful opportunity I had in 1953, I realize how fortunate I was to have been a member of the first Fulbright class and attend the Universität München. It was an exceptional opportunity that prepared me for a lifetime career teaching German, as well as bringing me a step closer to understanding and learning more about my own heritage. It was the dream of a lifetime!

During that year in München, I witnessed history in the making with visits to Bonn and Berlin. I listened to Chancellor Adenauer speak and heard stories of the horrors of World War II. All had a profound impact on how I viewed this land of my forefathers. The opportunity to study at the Universität Munich with renowned professors of the day, and spend a year touring Germany, getting to know the people, their traditions, foods, and festivals, were all highlights that have greatly influenced my teaching career and my entire life.

The year abroad made an indelible imprint on my teaching approach. I came to understand and appreciate the value of being comfortable in a second language and I wanted to pass this on to my students. I did so during the nine years I taught German in the local public high schools and during 29 years at the University of Delaware. I experimented with various techniques and focused more on the speaking aspect of a foreign language so that eventually many of my classes were conducted entirely in German. Conversation made my classes come alive and students were very enthusiastic. I encouraged them to major in German, to study abroad, or to minor in German as an asset to their chosen careers, as well as for their own edification. Many have gone on to further study, won scholarships and awards, and had successful careers because of their proficiency in the German language.

Early on in my career, I became active in local and national professional organizations and continued to hone my skills through additional summer grants, Fulbright seminars, and further study abroad. In 1957, I earned a master's degree in German from Middlebury College, Vermont. Then in 1970, almost 20 years after my first Fulbright, I was awarded a one year Fulbright teacher exchange grant at the Max-Josef Stift in Munich. Experiencing Germany, now on a professional level, opened new doors and provided opportunities to interact and learn with faculty abroad. I am still in touch with several teachers who have remained close friends. Clearly, the year at the Max-Josef Stift had a strong influence on my teaching as I incorporated several conversation techniques, observed abroad, into my classes at the University of Delaware. Believing strongly in the first-hand experience, I encouraged study abroad and led several student groups to Germany for travel and study during semester and winter sessions. Over the years, I continued to thoroughly enjoy my teaching, enhanced my classroom presentations with many experiences from my Fulbright years, and wrote numerous articles on language teaching methods.

Along the way, I became intrigued in and published an article on the Pennsylvania German broadside. This has grown into a deeper interest and I am currently preparing a manuscript for publication. During a sabbatical semester in 1982 I wrote, *Das Mehl Ist Anders*, a cookbook of German recipes and traditions. Now in its fifth printing, it has proven to be popular with several generations of those with a German background. I recently co-authored a book, *The Saengerbund: A 150 Year History of the German Club in Delaware*, in celebration of its 150th anniversary during 2003.

Although now a professor emerita, I have continued to pursue my interest in Germany and its people by leading group tours to some of my favorite towns and cities in different parts of the country. For many years, I have been active in our local *Saengerbund* by singing in the chorus and serving on the Culture Committee. This committee supports and encourages programs that share the German language, customs, and traditions with members and the community. High school students of German are invited for a day of workshops and exposure to a "German" atmosphere. Other programs enhance and honor the traditions and keep them alive for each new generation to experience and enjoy.

My enthusiasm was sparked many years ago by an inspiring year abroad as a young girl just out of college. It was a year highlighted by experiences and special memories. Although my energies might be slower today, my enthusiasm has not waned in passing on the torch of German language, customs, traditions, and sharing experiences with family, friends, and other interested people.



*A native of Delaware, Trudy Gilgenast earned a B.A. in Education from the University of Delaware in 1953 and an M.A. in German from Middlebury College, VT in 1957. She was a Fulbright Scholar in Munich in 1953 and had a Fulbright Teacher Scholarship in 1960 to the Max-Josef Stift in Munich. Gilgenast taught German at the University of Delaware and at Conrad and Pierre S. DuPont High Schools. She served as Director of the University's study abroad programs in Vienna, Austria and Bayreuth, Germany. Gilgenast was the recipient of the Certificate of Merit from the Goethe Institute and AATG in 1984 and the Federal Republic of Germany Friendship Award in 1987. She is also the author of *Das Mehl ist Anders* (The Flour is Different), a German-tradition cookbook and co-author of *The Saengerbund, A 150-Year History of the German Club in Delaware*. She is currently preparing a manuscript for publication on Pennsylvania German Broadside.*



"The Gang:" Hildie, Flo, Trudy, Louise, and Loel make an excursion to Assmannshausen during orientation.

Everywhere I Turn, a New Experience is Waiting

by Richard H. Hillsley

I LIVED WITH GERMAN FAMILIES in the summer of 1950 in Soest, Westphalia, under the Experiment in International Living—with the family of Heinz Enneman for the first half of the summer and in the second half with the von Bardelebens.

We lived in the half of the von Bardelebens' beautiful house that had not been destroyed. They gave me a taste of *Goldwasser*; schnapps with the golden flakes. We played ping pong at the local school and I helped harvest wheat in their field just outside the city wall, tying the shocks by hand using some of the wheat as a tie. The family said that after the war, they had to guard the potatoes in the field because people were so hungry; some people got potatoes anyway. We walked on the city wall in the moonlight. We danced the Viennese waltz. Unfortunately, I got worms from eating cherries out of their tree at night and had to be wormed like a puppy. We visited a storage battery factory just after its *Wiederaufbau*.¹ Mr. von Bardeleben was a mining engineer; once he took me in a bucket on an *Eimerfahrt*² to the bottom of his mine.

Walter Gaup was the local teacher in charge of the Experiment group. He took us to visit the local school in session, where the students kidded me by saying, "*Dick ist dick*."³ We competed in a swim meet and went on a bicycle trip along the *Romantische Highway*. We stayed in Rothenburg and Dinkelsbühl in hostels and attended the 1950 Passion Play in Oberammergau. I had one bicycle collision, but that was only hard on the bike. Some of the students rode up the hills by hanging onto the rear of trucks. The coast down into Salzburg was fun and fast. We saw the water fountains and jokes (guest seats, which put water under the guests) of the king. We saw a puppet show to *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*. We toured Mad Ludwig's Castle (Neuschwanstein), saw beautiful Barock churches and climbed to the castle at the mouth of the Neckar. The group never passed up a *Konditorei*.⁴

I LIVED in the Wohnheimsiedlung Massmannplatz in Munich with a wonderful group of German students during my Fulbright year. The meals were *Eintopf*—I learned to spoon quickly.

I took courses in statistics and mechanics. One of my professors was Herr Dr. Foppl, it was his last year. The students in the giant lecture room used to give him a loud foot stomp when he arrived for class. During the time I was at the Technische Hochschule the number of class rooms was doubled in the *Wiederaufbau*, but in the beginning, I had to run to get a place to sit. Many of the students could not buy the texts so the professor wrote much of it on the blackboard. There were two boards and he raised one when he wrote on the other. We had to write quickly and much was

written in German script; I tried to sit beside friends, who would tell me some of the words. Some of the students used opera glasses to see the blackboard.

Since the classes were a little impersonal, I joined an institute at the TH which did experimental stress analysis. Their specialty was *Spannungsoptik*, i.e. making a three dimensional model, stressing it, freezing the stresses in the model, and examining the slices with polarized light to study the stress concentration. My project was a model for the aluminum diving tower to be installed in Nordbad in Munich.

The institute invited me on weekend hikes in the mountains. We saw the Adlerhof and went skiing at Oberammergau. Unfortunately I fell down in wet snow and had to dry everything in front in front of a *Kachelofen*.⁵

I joined the Müncherlbach Choir under director Richter and sang the Bach's mass in *H moll*⁶ in Munich.

Once a week the group I lived with had a *Kegelabend*:⁷ my wooden ball had a swastika on it. My friends once got great pleasure out of getting me to drink beer out of a boot—I got all wet.

IN THOSE DAYS, unsold opera tickets were sold to students for two marks (50 cents) an hour before the performance. Once I got a seat in the *Königsloge*.⁸ If you could not wait in line, the last row in the orchestra was reserved for students and you could buy tickets at the cafeteria. I went twice a week and always bought the libretto. I saw the entire Ring and loved *Tannhäuser* and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, but the march of the *Meistersänger* was the most memorable.⁹ The main opera house in Munich was not rebuilt, but they sang at a beautiful opera house on the main street of Munich. Always, I enjoyed seeing all the people promenading during the intermissions.

The group I lived with went dancing frequently in Schwabing¹⁰ in some wonderful little places where we danced the Viennese waltz and when possible had an *Eierlikör* or *Leberknödelsuppe* or *Glühwein*.¹¹ We always stayed until after the street cars stopped running. We had a long walk home, but it was fun going down the center of the streets with locked arms and singing at the top of our voices.

My roommate was Ernst Windsheimer, a German student from Nürnberg. He invited me to his home. I enjoyed the city wall at night, the Albrecht Dürer house, and the city hall.

The group I lived with went to *Fasching*¹² together. They insisted on a little "liquid preparation" in the dormitory before the event. I had no costume so I cut holes in a burlap bag and went as a slave with sandals. It seemed like we danced everywhere.

WE WENT AS A GROUP to the big beer halls. At the time, the Hofbräuhaus men's room had troughs in the four walls instead of urinals. Unfortunately, some poor fellow didn't find the closest wall and got me in the back of the pants.

I was fond of the *Schuhplattler*¹³ dancing across the street.

One of my friends, Gerhardt Hattel, who lived in the dormitory, had a motorcycle. We took a trip to Venice. I rode on the back of the bike all the way to Italy. I remember he didn't always want to stop when going down hills so that I could take a picture. We had a wonderful trip in spite of the fact that it rained the whole time. I found, though, that the back seat has advantages in the rain.

The cafeteria, which in those days was shared between the TH and the university, arranged trips. During vacation I took a trip to Greece. It was mostly faculty because most of the students could not afford the price, but it was won-

derful to be with such learned people, who could explain some of the history and sights. I did my part by helping the driver lift their bags on to the top of the bus, which was a wonderful new, large Mercedes. Unfortunately, at one point there were two mountains with a bridge between them and the Greek road did not have enough room to turn from the mountain road to the bridge. The driver jacked the heavy bus up and pushed it off the jack to get the rear of the bus around the corner.

I will never forget my departure. The students at the dorm arranged a parade to the Bahnhof. We had two cars, motorcycles and scooters, and about twenty people. They got me a liter of beer and we sang all the way to the *Abteil*.¹⁴ Unfortunately, in all the excitement. It turned out to be on the wrong train. But one of the quieter students noted the problem in time to make the change!

1) The reconstruction (after WWII) 2) A bucket ride 3) Dick is fat 4) Bakery 5) A tall, old-fashioned, tiled stove used for heating 6) G sharp 7) Kegeln is a sport similar to bowling 8) The king's box 9) The *Nibelungenring* series, *Tannhäuser*, and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, all operas by Richard Wagner. 10) A district of Munich favored by students 11) Egg liqueur, liver dumpling soup, hot mulled wine 12) A pre-Lenten celebration in Catholic parts of Germany 13) a dance in which the dancer slaps his shoes 14) compartment

Richard (Dick) Hillsley was raised in Larchmont, NY. He took his undergraduate degree from Cornell University before spending his Fulbright year at the Technische Hochschule München. Later he was awarded a Ph.D. in control engineering from MIT and an MBA from Harvard Business School. In his career as an engineer Hillsley worked for 32 years at IBM (eventually becoming Manager of the Space System Analysis Dept.), four years at Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Laboratory, and four years at Lockheed Martin. Among his accomplishments are the design of the Frequency-Azimuth display in the BQQ5-C sonar system for attack submarines, climbing the tower beside the Saturn rocket, and four test cruises on atomic submarines including the Technical Evaluation Cruise for the BQQ5-C system, and one trip, which circumnavigated the globe. Together with his wife Audrey, Hillsley has "31 children"—6 children, their spouses, and 19 grandchildren.

A Voyage of Discovery

by Stephen Tonsor

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1953 my wife Caroline, our two children, and I lived atop 9,000-foot Rufneck Peak in the Sawtooth wilderness of central Idaho. We were employed by the Forest Service as forest fire "look-outs." We came down off the peak in late August and journeyed to Germany. This was not my first contact with a German-speaking land. After three years of service as a cryptographer in the U.S. Army in New Guinea and the Philippines, I returned to the University of Illinois and then, because Germany was closed, I attended the University of Zürich in Switzerland 1948-1949.

After our orientation program in Bad Godesberg the four of us traveled to Munich where I finished my dissertation on Ignaz von Doellinger, the leader of the anti-infallibilists during the First Vatican Council.

Through Gerda von der Leyden, the daughter of Friedrich von der Leyden, the great authority on medieval German poetry, we rented the country house of the movie actress Heidemarie Hatheyer, then married to Kurt Reiss, a

German Jewish journalist who spent the war years in the U.S. (Heidi Hatheyer had been a star in NS films of the Hitler era.) The house was located in Kirchseeon, a village on the edge of the Ebersberger Wald.

I mention this because, while I completed my doctoral dissertation and heard lectures at the university my understanding of post-war Germany and German society and culture was formed by my experience in Kirchseeon. Frau Gerda and her family, living across the road from us, were a source of constant assistance and pleasure. Her children accompanied us on hikes to surrounding towns and through the forest. An old church, dating back to the Thirty Years' War lay just across the fields. The Rogation Days¹ processions circled through the fields. Many trips and a considerable amount of time spent in the new Germany could not alter the intensity of these first impressions.

LECTURES AT THE UNIVERSITY were especially interesting. As a result of my experience in Switzerland I was familiar with Continental university instruction. To sit



Tonsor with grandson in 2003

*Stephen John Tonsor was born in Jerseyville, Illinois in 1923. He received an A.B. degree from the University of Illinois in 1948, and a Ph.D. in 1955. Tonsor spent his Fulbright year at the Universität München. Upon returning to the U.S. he became Professor of History at the University of Michigan (1954-74). Tonsor was a senior visiting research fellow at the Hoover Institution (1972-73), Consultant to the Presidents Council of Economic Advisors (1969-72) and has been an Associate of the North Central Association since 1971, among other positions. He has been the editor of the quarterly review *Modern Age* since 1970 and has published the book *Tradition and Reform in Education*.*

and listen in the crowded lecture hall where Franz Schnabel² lectured and where every seat was filled and listeners spilled out into the aisles was a defining experience. To attend the smaller and less well attended lectures of Berthold Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg³ was both extraordinary and humbling. Professor von der Leyden was an occasional guest in our house.

The year we were in Germany my wife's stepfather was vice-president of the American Academy in Rome. He made it possible for me to see the fantastic collections of the *Antikensammlung*, which, except for a few choice pieces, was stored away in attics. Other than that, we were able to see the great collections of art only on later visits to Munich.

MY YEAR IN GERMANY enabled me to finish my doctoral dissertation, which I probably would have done anyway, but more importantly it enabled me to understand both pre-NS Germany and the new Germany which was being created before my eyes. My ancestors came from Germany in the 19th century; the Tonsors from Fürstenberg in the 1850s, the Schmidts from Basel and Saxony Gotha in the 1860s and the Blazers from Westphalia in the 1870s. My return to Germany was a voyage of discovery in which I reclaimed an important part of myself.

1) Rogation Days: Days of prayer, and formerly also of fasting, instituted by the Church to appease God's anger at man's transgressions, to ask protection in calamities, and to obtain a good and bountiful harvest 2) Franz Schnabel (1887-1966), professor of history. Forced out of the Technische Universität Karlsruhe in 1936 for opposing the Nazis. Professor of history in Munich 1947-1962 3) Son of Claus Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg, who was executed as part of the plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler.

Developing a Taste for Travel

by John Webster

WHEN I SAW THE POSTER inviting applications for the Fulbright program in Germany, I thought that would be a very interesting experience. Although I had two years of high school German, when I went to the German department to complete the application I was told, "You can't speak German." I told them I needed the form and to write something. It must have been good enough because I was accepted. I joined 250 new Fulbright students and we sailed from New York to Genoa, Italy.

After our train ride from there to the holiday resort of Bad Honnef am Rhein, we were sent to a *Gymnasium* where a woman began speaking to us in German. She said, "If you know German like the mother tongue, go to the first corner." Next she said, "If you can understand what I am saying go to the second corner." Then she switched to English and said, "If you have ever taken German, go to the third corner." (That was me.) Finally she said, "If you have never taken German go to the fourth corner." The vast majority of students went there, presumably singers, artists, writers,

and others who were happy to be in Germany but had no German language skills.

AFTER THREE WEEKS of language instruction we were all off to a good start. Our next adventure was a walk to Königswinter, the next town where they were having a wine festival. I was amazed to see people enjoying the wine spouting out of the village fountain.

When I arrived in München, half the buildings remained destroyed from the war. Housing was scarce. The student housing office at the Universität Munich gave me a list of families who were willing to rent a room. I ventured on a streetcar to find housing and found a family with a son my age. The parents wanted me to speak English to their son to help him with his university studies. The family lived in a second floor cold-water flat with a kitchen, and a single sink and single toilet in the hall. When I wanted to bathe, I went out to the public baths. The parents slept in one room and I shared a room with their son. A featherbed kept me warm during the cold winter months.

The mother took in laundry from the U.S. military base. She heated water on the coal stove, washed the clothes, then dried them on ropes stretching across the alley with the aid of a pulley system. I was charged 25 marks a month for bed, breakfast, and laundry. After the son departed for school I would sit across the table from the parents, who knew no English, and read a phrase from my phrase book. They would laugh, correct my pronunciation, and we would continue for many hours. While they were not educated, they were fine teachers. Within a month we could

When people met me, they knew I was a foreigner because of my accent, but they guessed that I was from Holland or Denmark and were very surprised to learn that I was American.

discuss the finer points of daily life, death, and taxes.

Because classes did not start for a month, I bought a bicycle and rode to youth hostels in Augsburg, Ulm, Stuttgart, Tübingen, Rothenburg, Würzburg, Frankfurt, Idar-Oberstein (they said I was the first American they had seen since the war), Trier, Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and then back to Germany for the train ride back to Munich. Day rooms in youth hostels were a great way to meet people from all over the world.

Back in Munich I studied physics at the university. Another Fulbright student was an opera singer, so we would line up ten minutes before the opera performances, show our student cards and acquire any unsold seats for only two marks. On many weekends the son of my host family took me skiing in the Alps. Chair lifts were too expensive so we would walk up the hills, then ski down.

When the Fulbright Commission sponsored a meeting in Berlin, all 250 Fulbright students rode a train through the Russian zone to Berlin and were able to travel to all Berlin sectors. The music students discovered that they could convert West marks to East marks at a very favorable

exchange. They returned to the East zone and came back loaded with music books.

During a vacation period I discovered that the Turkish Maritime Line would transport students for 25% fare. I boarded at Naples, with stops in Athens, Istanbul, Izmir, Beirut, Alexandria, and Venice. High points were climbing the great pyramid and visiting the Valley of the Kings at Luxor.

The goal of the Fulbright program is to promote international understanding. It really does. One family revealed that they hesitated to offer a room to an American woman because, "American women drink, smoke, and wear lots of makeup, and they didn't want their daughter to be exposed to those kinds of influences." They were pleasantly surprised when their Fulbright scholar was modestly dressed and behaved politely, unlike what they saw in American movies. When people met me, they knew I was a foreigner because of my accent, but they guessed that I was from Holland or Denmark and were very surprised to learn that I was American.

SPENDING A YEAR IN GERMANY really changed my life. I learned how others live, and how they feel about many situations. I was charmed to see children walking to their first day of school carrying a large cornucopia of treats their parents had given them. In Munich during the pre-Lenten *Fasching* festivals there was a ball every night. On Shrove Tuesday they made rounds carrying a coffin and singing "*Fasching* is dead!" Germans were tolerant toward interracial dating in a way that would not have been possible in America in the early 1950s. And they loved the German *Lieder*; some of the Fulbright musicians were requested to sing at women's meetings.

During my Fulbright year, I developed a taste for travel and for learning about other cultures. I have taken every chance I have had to spend time in foreign countries, meeting the people and learning their ways. My family has traveled with me many times (including visiting my German family) and enjoys promoting further international understanding.



John G. Webster received a B.E.E. degree from Cornell University, NY, in 1953, before spending a year at the Universität München on a Fulbright scholarship. He earned M.S.E.E. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Rochester, Rochester, NY, in 1965 and 1967. He is Professor Emeritus of Biomedical Engineering at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. In the field of medical instrumentation he continues to teach undergraduate and graduate courses, and is involved in research on radiofrequency cardiac ablation (heating) to improve cardiac rhythm and hepatic ablation to cure cancer. Webster is the editor of Medical instrumentation: application and design, Third Edition, Encyclopedia of electrical and electronics engineering, and 15 other books. He has been married to his wife Nancy since 1954. They have four children, seven grandchildren and they all enjoy travel.

War ruins greeted Webster upon his arrival in Munich.

Aus dem Leben eines Fulbrighters

by Reinhard Wittke

THE FULBRIGHT GRANT TO MUNICH, Germany was without question a most significant career experience. It was a turning point in my career, providing research for the completion of the dissertation, spice and enhancement for a teaching career, the catalyst for the Europe international travel study program at Eastern Michigan University, which I later introduced, as well as an appreciation and understanding of not only Germany and Germans, but also Europe in general.

The grant was also extra special to me and my wife, Bert. It made possible a return to the land of our birth. Our families emigrated to the States in 1926 when I was five and my Bert was four.

Meeting with the 1953ers and attending the seminars at the 50th anniversary program in Washington D.C. in October 2002 revived many of my memories for this account. My *Tagebuch* and documents provided the details.

How different Germany was for the first Fulbrighters of 1953 and the years immediately following than for the subsequent and more recent grantees. Perhaps even more so for me and my wife. I went as a student grantee, although I already had experience as a teaching assistant and college instructor. My wife and I were no longer “students,” and we were probably older than the average grantee and had lived faculty lives.

The first Fulbrighters arrived in Germany just eight years after the conclusion of World War II. Conditions then contrast starkly with conditions now. The ravages of WWII were still very evident. Cities showed the destruction of mass bombings. Germany was divided into zones and Berlin into sectors. The *Wirtschaftswunder*¹ was in its infancy, the infrastructure just recently in place.

Indeed, it was different from the very beginning. Today one can travel to Germany in a day. In 1953 we boarded the *S.S. Independence* on September 4, arrived in the port of Genoa, Italy, on September 13, and then took the night train from Genoa to Bad Honnef am Rhein, our orientation destination, arriving on September 14.

THE ORIENTATION PROGRAM was perhaps also different. Accommodations were scarce and the Fulbrighters numbered about 190. Bert and I were to be housed in the Bürgerhaus Weis, however, it was not available until two days after we arrived. In the meanwhile, we were placed in a very nice private home in a room with a view of the Drachenfels² and a very friendly and sympathetic landlady, but with no hot water or bathing facilities. After two days we transferred to the Bürgerhaus Weis, a small, pleasant, homey hotel-restaurant. It was splendid. We were wonderfully received and in our seventeen-day stay we were made

to feel like family, even by the dachshund Etzel.

There were entertaining evenings at the *Stammtisch* and we were escorted to numerous sites in the surrounding area.

The orientation program lasted three weeks. There was a daily program of lectures and orientation classes. There were also excursions that took us to the Bayer *Fabrik* in Leverkusen, and a drive through the beautiful valleys of the Ahr and the Mosel, culminating in a wonderful dinner reception and wine party in Cochem sponsored by the *Bürgermeister*.

Our farewell to Bad Honnef, on October 2, was celebrated by a Fulbright sponsored dance and an intimate party given us by the Bürgerhaus Weis.

Now *quo vadis?* Munich, or? Since the winter semester did not begin until late October we decided to visit Bert's relatives in Stuttgart and the Allgäu. In Stuttgart we became the owners of an Opel Kapitän, an auto left over from a prior visit by Bert's family. The vehicle would be both a blessing and a curse. We made every effort to sell it, and finally succeeded in April 1954. However, for the time being we had easier, immediate, and comfortable transportation. That is how we arrived in the Allgäu to visit our relatives.



Reinhard Wittke was born in Drossen, Germany (now Osna Lubice) in 1921. His family emigrated to the United States in 1926 and he was naturalized in 1935. In 1947 he married Berthilda Metzger and they had a daughter Sigrid. Wittke studied at the University of Michigan where he received his A.B. 1943, M.A. 1945, and Ph.D. in medieval history, 1959. In between he spent 1953 in Munich on a Fulbright grant. After earning his Ph.D., he taught public school in Trenton, MI, 1943-45 and Rogers City, MI, 1945 before moving on to Mankato State College, 1949-51, and Eastern Michigan University, 1956-90. Wittke conducted the European Study Program at Eastern Michigan University, 1960-90 and in 1993. He has been honored with the Senior teaching award (1981), the Higher Education Award (1989), and the Eastern Michigan University Board of Regents University Service Award (1989) and is a member of the Michigan Association of Governing Boards.



As part of the orientation, a group of Fulbrighters visited the Leverkusen Bayer factory. Identified are: John Fetzer (top row, 3rd from left), Charles Hoffmann (top row, 3rd from right), Mabel Fetzen, Bert Wittke, Fred Love (bottom row, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th from left).



Bert Wittke, 2003

After a week with the relatives we arrived in Munich but had no place to stay. The Akademische Auslandsstelle would eventually help us, but they had not provided accommodations in advance. Our first night's stay was in the Hotel Germania, we thought it expensive at DM 20. The search for living quarters was on. We were not alone. We bumped into fellow Fulbrighters Ben and Flossie Freedman in downtown Munich. Flossie was in tears. Also no place to stay. Finally, after five frustrating days and several unsatisfactory pensions, 25-watt light bulbs, lack of hot water and heat and without the possibility of preparing meals we finally found living quarters in Untermenzing, 10 km west of the center of Munich. Frau Bauer, a WWII widow, and her two teenage daughters and son Klaus proved to be great landlords and friends and again it was like family.

ADJUSTING TO OUR NEW LIFE IN MUNICH, however, would not be easy. Our accommodations were in a *Neubau* and we had a small apartment. There was a living room-study-kitchen, a bedroom, and a bathroom. The sink had only cold running water. There was no stove on which to cook, so we purchased a one-burner hot plate, a small stove provided heat and required briquettes, low-wattage lighting was the rule. Our bathroom was a plus, but taking a bath became a Saturday ritual. It required considerable time and preparation to heat the tank using wood shavings, paper, and wood or briquettes for the fire. Bert would bathe. On occasion she would invite the Bauer women to bathe. The end result was that I would end up utilizing the public bath at the Bahnhof. In retrospect we were quite well off, I think we knew it at the time as well.

Battling the cold was a challenge. Our small stove, which never achieved a room temperature of over 68-70 degrees, was not installed until the middle of November. Installation was a problem. It was difficult to find someone to do the work. The installer, who finally came very early one morning, had an epileptic seizure. Several days after the installation there was another problem, smoke. It took several days to resolve the problem. The bedroom was not heated. During a cold spell ice formed on the inside walls because the *Neubau* had not had the time to be properly "cured." As a result, Bert moved into the living room and I slept in the "refrigerator."

We learned to live economically. We discovered that life in Munich was expensive. One would ask why, since the ratio of the DM to the dollar was 4.2 to 1. The student stipend

was \$1,000 or DM 4,200. We also had to guarantee another thousand dollars for Bert. But rent was DM 100 per month. *Eierkohlen*⁹ during the winter months was DM 25 per hundred weight, electricity ca. DM 20-25 a month. The Bauers retired early because of the high cost of electricity and could not understand why we stayed up until all hours. Community pressure resulted in us renting a garage for our auto. How could one park a car outside subject to all elements?! Another 25 DM per month. In addition, there was the expense for petrol and maintenance of the "albatross." And, of course, there was the matter of groceries. The prices were high: butter DM 12-16, meat ca. DM 16, coffee DM 12-16. Frau Bauer brought the seriousness home to us when she asked us not to throw out the used coffee grounds, but to give them to her instead. We were fortunate that care packages came from home. Of course, this was Munich. Bad Honnef was undoubtedly cheaper. Our bill for 19 nights in there was DM 133.

There were also incidental expenses such as sending items to the cleaners. Sending an article to the cleaner was expensive, the wait was often very long, and the result could be questionable. At least that was our experience. As an example, I had to have my overcoat cleaned. It required five weeks, was expensive, and my sleeves were half way to the elbows when I finally got it back. This was, of course, indicative of the times. It would not happen today.

The above are not gripes or complaints. That is just the way things were and we did adjust. Indeed, it brought us closer to reality and, I suspect, gave us a better understanding of how the people had to cope and make do. In that respect I believe that the 53ers and those who came immediately after had a different perspective from Fulbrighters in recent years.

The living conditions depicted above constitute only part of the story. The purpose for my being in Germany and Munich was to do research for my doctoral dissertation in medieval history. As a student grantee I was unable to devote full time to research because a student was required to enroll in courses. So I enrolled in courses related to medieval history, medieval Latin, and medieval paleography taught by Professor Dr. Bischoff. I also visited a seminar directed by Professor Dr. Spörl.

I will never forget the initial class with Professor Bischoff. After introducing himself, he minced no words describing the course. He distributed dittoed copies of the



Fulbrighters visit a refugee camp in East Berlin.

As if the apartment weren't cold enough, Wittke and his wife Bert visit Jenner Peak, Austria.



text and immediately asked the first person in the first row to “read and translate.” *Katastrophe!* What to do? I had had Latin, of course. Primarily classical Latin. And now medieval Latin to be read and translated sight unseen into German. I was in the middle row in a class of 21 students. When it came to my turn I requested a reprieve as a Fulbright student until I could adjust. There was a smile and consent. I could sense the feelings of the others: an American student. The following session I was in the last row. Next to me sat a student, Karl Graach, who had had a minimum of seven years of Latin. He became my tutor and good friend. Professor Bischoff was very polite in his approach. He began every session with the student following the last reading and translation. The session almost invariably covered no more than five pages. It was thorough. After a number of weeks and after Karl and I had prepared the requisite number of pages I told Professor Bischoff that I would participate. I knew I was in trouble when I observed his smile. He sped up the reading and translating so that when it came to me I had to do the text sight unseen. I passed. But what an experience!

Most rewarding was my experience with the medieval institute, the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, housed in a building that today accommodates the general management of the Bavarian State Picture Gallery. In 1953 it was a center for art restoration. I have fond memories of Dr. Opitz as director. The work area was small and intimate and we were a small group. Probably because the building housed valuable paintings, security was at a premium. One had to show a pass upon entering as well as leaving. At lunch the greeting was always *Mahlzeit*.

One would be remiss if one were to omit cultural Munich. Munich was a city of music, opera, theater and museums. There was every opportunity to enjoy concerts, opera, and theater as well as visit museums. By joining the *Theatergemeinde* tickets were available at extremely reduced prices. And we did attend opera performances, concerts, and visited museums.

There were also many good restaurants at reasonable prices. One restaurant deserves special mention. We fondly remember the Augustiner restaurant with not only its good food, but the funsters Beppo Franz and his musical group.

We were also able to travel because there was ample time between the winter and summer semesters. The “albatross” now became a chariot. On occasion, the Fetzers, Mabel and John, joined us. We went to Switzerland, the Austrian Tyrol and Arlberg, Salzburg, and Vienna. The highway between

Salzburg and Vienna was strictly controlled. Special permission was required. There were checkpoints en route. We also experienced a Vienna divided into sectors and learned that it was strictly forbidden to enter the Russian sector.

There were also trips to northern Germany and Denmark, the Netherlands and Alsace-Lorraine, and the Schwarzwald. A memorable trip was Italy after Christmas. Fourteen days, demi-pension from Munich to Sicily, and all for the remarkable base cost of \$125 for two.

Berlin was perhaps the most significant place we visited. The Fulbright Commission made possible a visit in June of 1954. We traveled via night train from Frankfurt am Main to the East German border with drawn shades. At the border we cheated, we peeked and saw the heavily armed guards, it was the same when we arrived in Berlin.

In Berlin one could see first hand the destruction as the result of the bombings and the Russian conquest. The report was that one sixth of all the rubble in Germany was in Berlin. Entire city blocks were nothing but rubble. There were visits to East Berlin, especially Alexanderplatz, and to a refugee camp where we distributed fruit and chocolate to the youngsters. We visited the famed Berlin cabarets and enjoyed Berlin night life. I have been to Berlin many times since, perhaps twenty-five. I have seen Berlin before the Wall, during the Wall, and after the Wall.

A concluding activity was the workshop conference conducted by the Columbus Gesellschaft in conjunction with the American Consulate General and the UNESCO Institute held June 24-25, 1954 in Gauting. It was a good session, summarizing a number of aspects of student life and activities.

One other memory. I happened to be in the area of the University when it was announced that Germany had won the World Cup. The hordes of people in the streets made it almost impossible to get to the Bahnhof. *Wahnsinnig!*

A note on language. The setting: The Kurgarten in Bad Honnef. Sunny afternoon. Beer and wine. Waitresses went from table to table crying “*Käsestengel!*”⁴ One of our Fulbrighters asked why they were paging “Casey Stengel.” He also wanted to know why they kept saying “Danke Fieldmouse.”⁵

In conclusion, I can only repeat and emphasize what was stated in the opening paragraphs. The Fulbright program was perhaps the most important influence in forming our future. I attribute my career in great part to the opportunities made possible by the Fulbright program. For that, many thanks to the late Senator Fulbright, to Mrs. Fulbright, and to the Fulbright Commission.

1) *Economic miracle* 2) *a landmark cliff along the Rhine* 3) *Coal for the stove* 4) *Cheese sticks* 5) *Danke vielmals – thank you very much*

Contributing to the Next Generation

by *Don Ziegler*

ENJOYING LIFELONG GERMAN FRIENDSHIPS extending into the third generation, promoting understanding of German and European history by generations of American students, helping achieve professional fulfillment and scholarly production—these have been the major effects of the Fulbright experience on my life.

When I arrived in Munich in the fall of 1953 I was lonely and ill-prepared to carry on extended conversations in German. Soon, it was my great good fortune to have been taken in by a family of refugees from East Prussia. They needed my board and room money to make ends meet. I needed the understanding and nurture of a family setting, for I was desperately lonely for my wife and young daughter (having been notified about the Fulbright award so late in the summer, my wife felt unable to break her teaching contract). Although the family was headed by the father, a much-traveled engineer, the real force was a motherly, middle-aged woman, who eased my transition into German culture and taught me to speak the language “properly.”

When good fortune brought my wife and daughter to Munich after the first of the year, my guest family insisted that we live with them in their five-room apartment (they also had a sixteen-year-old daughter). Years later, when I won an outstanding teaching award with a monetary stipend from the college where I taught, we brought the mother to visit us in America, a highlight of her life. Although she and her husband are now deceased, our family friendship continues through her daughter, now a grandmother living in Budapest with her Hungarian husband—whom we visited a couple years ago—and their two daughters in Germany, one of whom spent part of a summer with us in America.

After returning home from Munich in 1954 to take my doctorate, I based my dissertation on original research conducted in the Bavarian State Library. So impressed were members of my doctoral committee that they recommended publication by the university, which had the effect of launching me on my professional career. Other publications followed: a two-volume set of translated readings on 19th century Europe with my major professor (I did most of the German translations) and a work on great debates of the Reformation.

WHEN I BECAME A YOUNG HISTORY PROFESSOR at an undergraduate college, students were attracted to my lectures by experiences shared from my Fulbright year along with related insights into the larger European historical context. More than a few went on to take graduate degrees in history. During the 1960s I took several student groups to Germany and countries behind the Iron Curtain in Eastern Europe, always concluding with free time for student travel and my return to Munich to visit old friends.

Subsequently, I moved into academic administration, first to a deanship in Iowa, then as the chief academic officer of Doane College in Nebraska, the liberal arts college from which my wife and I had graduated twenty-five years previously. Among other accomplishments, I was able to help further the college's growing reputation for achieving the most Fulbright scholars of any other higher education institution in Nebraska, including the state university. Today, seventeen years after my retirement, the number of Fulbrighters from Doane (mostly to Germany) approaches fifty. The Fulbright year was indeed a watershed experience in my life. It significantly broadened my understanding of both Germany and Europe, providing insights that I sought to communicate to generations of American students.

*Don Ziegler received a B.A. from Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, in 1950 and an M.A. from the University of Nebraska in 1952, before spending his Fulbright year in Munich. In 1956 he earned a Ph.D. from the University of Nebraska. He was an Assistant Professor of History at Northern State College, Aberdeen, South Dakota (1954-56), Professor of History at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wisconsin (1956-70), Professor of History and Vice President of Academic Affairs at Iowa Wesleyan College, Mt. Pleasant, IA (1970-75) and held the same position at Doane College (1975-86). Ziegler's publications include: *Prelude to Democracy. A Study of Proportional Representation and the Heritage of Weimar Germany, 1871-1920*; *Europe in the Nineteenth Century, 1815-1914. A Documentary Analysis of Change and Conflict*, co-authored with Eugene N. Anderson and Stanley J. Pincetl; *Great Debates of the Reformation*; *A College on a Hill. Life At Doane, 1871-1987*; and *Doane College in Lincoln. The First Twenty Years*.*

Reconciliation

by *Thomas Kapsalis*

I WAS BORN IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, IN 1925. I visited Germany two times in my life. The first time was when I was in the U.S. Army infantry during World War II and fought in the Battle of the Bulge, was wounded, and became a prisoner of war for five months in Neubrandenburg, Germany, at Stalag II A.

The second time was during the year of 1953-1954. I received the Fulbright grant to Stuttgart, Germany, to study with Willi Baumeister and Otto Baum at the Staatliche Akademie der Bildenden Künste, Stuttgart.

When I think back to both experiences I had in Germany, I have mixed feelings. One can imagine the negative feelings I had. On the positive side, it was my good fortune to see the *Deutscher Werkbund* (the Weissenhof Housing Project) in Stuttgart. These buildings were designed by Mies van der Rohe and the best European architects Peter Behrens, Walter Gropius, Le Corbusier and J.J.P. Oud, among others.

I also saw a retrospective exhibition of Willi Baumeister in Stuttgart. I was honored to meet Willi Baumeister and study in his class. I liked his work and learned a great deal about abstract painting.

I visited many art museums in Europe and Germany and I was happy to see the actual painting entitled *Funeral of the Poet Panizza* by George Grosz in the Staatliche Kunstsammlungen in Stuttgart I had only seen it before as reproductions in books. I also bought an original litho-

graph by George Grosz at a gallery in Stuttgart.

After I returned to the States, I was a teacher in the Chicago public high schools for three years and on the faculty at Northwestern University for fourteen years and a professor at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago for over 51 years.

In fact, I am still teaching one day a week at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. I am also a practicing artist. What I like doing more than teaching or exhibiting is doing my work, that is painting, drawing, and sculpture in my own studio.

I have exhibited in Germany and Canada as well as Chicago, New York, Washington D.C., Madison, Omaha, Boston, Philadelphia, Seattle, Cedar City, Houston, Orlando, Anchorage, and Little Rock. The gallery that has my work at the present time is the Robert Henry Adams Fine Art Gallery in Chicago.

IN MY WILDEST DREAMS I never thought I would receive something as wonderful as the Fulbright scholarship. It has affected my life in such a positive way. After coming back to Chicago from the year in Germany, the dean of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago instantly hired me to teach. I met Stella Manos, a wonderful girl that was in art school with me. I married her and had two children and we now live in a nice house on the north side of Chicago.



Thomas H. Kapsalis was born in 1925 in Chicago. He served in the 106th Army Infantry during World War II and was a prisoner of war in Germany from December 1944 to May 1945. In 1949 Kapsalis earned a B.A.E. from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and in 1953 went to Stuttgart on a Fulbright-Hays Fellowship to study at the Staatliche Akademie der Bildenden Kunst. From 1954 until the present Kapsalis has been Associate Professor in the Drawing and Painting Department at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, where in 1957 he earned his M.A.E. Some of the honors Kapsalis has received over the years include: Huntington Hartford Foundation Grants (1956, 1959); Robert Rice Jenkins Prize, 59th Annual Chicago & Vicinity Exhibition (1956); Pauline Palmer Prize, 63rd Annual Chicago & Vicinity Exhibition (1960); Honorable Mention, New Horizons in Sculpture Competition, Chicago (1961); The Mr. and Mrs. Jule F. Brower Prize, 72nd Chicago & Vicinity Exhibition (1969).

Designated an "Entartete Künstler" during the Third Reich Willi Baumeister later taught in Stuttgart. Here, a portrait of the artist taken by Kapsalis.



Beauty in destruction, ruins in Stuttgart.

Thanks for the Memories

by Mathilda Nickel



Born in Ohio, Matilda Nickel began her singing career in Europe with a Fulbright Fellowship for study in Hamburg. She sang extensively across Europe, making her London debut at Wigmore Hall. Since returning to the United States she has sung leading roles with opera companies from coast to coast. Nickel's affinity for American composers has led her to sing in many new works, including the role of Sabrina in the world premiere of Pulitzer Prize-winner Dominick Argento's Colonel Jonathan the Saint. Nickel has also performed such demanding roles as Madam Butterfly, Salome, Leonore in Beethoven's Fidelio and Senta in Wagner's The Flying Dutchman. She now lives in Winston-Salem at teaches at the North Carolina School of the Arts.

IT ALL BEGAN with my very first trip to New York from Ohio in order to board the *S.S. Independence*. I was young and scared to death. When I located my assigned stateroom, which had four double decker bunk beds, the first person in sight was the famous conductor, Robert Shaw, sitting on a lower bunk. He was there to wish bon voyage to a fellow Fulbrighter who had been a member of his chorale. That was enough to get my blood rushing.

The voyage was thrilling. Other Fulbrighters, who were musicians, and I entertained our fellow travelers and we passed Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, finally landing in Italy. The next trip was by rail up to Bad Honnef and our orientation sessions on the banks of the Rhine. Then on to Hamburg where I was to study voice and opera.

Then came the reality of what war can do. I found a place to live in a high-rise apartment building, which had been built to house war survivors. My landlady, the wife of a well-to-do oil company CEO, had lost her husband and her home in the bombing, but she took me, an American

student, in and treated me like a daughter. She fed me and saw to it that my stocking seams (no blue jeans and sneakers in those days) were straight and that my dates passed with her approval.

It was not only my studies at the Hochschule für Musik that were important to me. It was the opportunity to go to the superb Hamburg Opera nearly every night. It was elegant even though they, at the time, played on what formerly had been the stage of their bombed out theater—audience and all. They did not give up!

I didn't learn from my opera studies alone. I learned how to live from these people, who had been through so much.

I remember Christmas Eve of 1953, when a friend and I, another Fulbrighter, went skiing in Hoch Solden, Austria. She skied. What I did can't be called skiing, but I had a great time! We went to midnight mass in a lovely old church. It was so beautiful to come out into the moonlit snow that covered the Alps.

It was friends that I have lost track of, news of whom I read about in places like the *New York Times*—good news as well as the obituary of another Fulbright friend—that made the experience worthwhile.

I learned that I can get homesick, but Thanksgiving dinner at the Consul General's house fixed that—turkey, sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie, and, would you believe, fresh celery!

I learned by work and play. I was with mixed emotions that I got back on the *S.S. Independence* to go home. I would love to go back some day.

Thank you, Senator Fulbright.





Mathilda Nickel (far right) and Fulbrighters Pizarro, Patterson, Schultz, Brown, Roulier, Myers, and Border prepare for a concert during the Bad Honnef orientation.



Nickel buys tickets for the Hamburg Opera

Then as now, public transportation is a staple of German cities. Here Nickel hops a streetcar.



*John B. Payne was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1931. He received a B.A. from Texas Christian University in 1953 before embarking on his Fulbright year at the Universität Heidelberg. Upon returning, he attended Vanderbilt University Divinity School from which he received a bachelor of divinity degree in 1956. Then he received a Ph.D. from Harvard University in the study of religion in 1967. Payne taught religion at Randolph-Macon Woman's College (1960-68), and Bradley University (1968-71), and was professor of church history at Lancaster Theological Seminary (1971-99). His publications include *Erasmus: His Theology of the Sacraments* and the translation and annotation of *The Paraphrases on Romans and Galatians* and *The Annotations on Romans in The Collected Works of Erasmus*. He is the editor of *Reformation Roots*. Payne is ordained with dual ministerial standing in the United Church of Christ and the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ). He and his wife Nancy have three adult children.*

Memories of My Fulbright Year

by John B. Payne

MY YEAR AS A FULBRIGHTER at the beginning of the German program in 1953-54 was most memorable and influential upon my life. It began with a seven-day voyage with all the other Fulbrighters on the *S.S. Independence* from New York via Lisbon and Gibraltar to Genoa and then a trip by train through the Alps to Bad Honnef am Rhein for a three-week orientation session before we departed for our respective universities.

Several of us, who had not received tourist-class dining room tickets when we boarded, lucked out. We were bumped up to the cabin-class dining room. I remember with delight the animated conversation at every meal, although I must confess that I missed some breakfasts because I stayed up so late talking or playing bridge or singing German songs with other Fulbrighters. I remember the excitement, the heightened state of anticipation, the camaraderie as we journeyed together toward a foreign land. My only prior experience in a foreign country was a trip to Canada as a teenager. I suspect this very limited exposure to another culture was true of most of the other Fulbrighters as well.

There was some anxiety about the language—whether, when we reached our respective destinations, we would be able to speak and understand German well enough to get along. Some modest efforts at trying out the language were made on the trip, but it was not until we reached German soil in Bad Honnef that those efforts began in earnest. There, my roommate, Bill Bader, and I contracted to speak only German with one another, a contract to which we did not entirely adhere. Most of us knew that we needed much improvement in language skills. Fortunately, I had received a solid grammatical foundation in college and was rather confident that with sufficient practice the speaking and the understanding would come along. And that proved to be the case.

I remember being favorably impressed by the friendliness and hospitality of the German people already in Bad Honnef—the management and waiters of the Hotel Klein; the citizens of the town; the mayor of Cochem an der Mosel, who greeted us on our bus tour of the Rhine and

Mosel Valley; a pastor in Bad Honnef who invited several of the theological students to his house for coffee and conversation; and a student from Heidelberg who offered his help in finding living quarters there.

For me, the supreme illustration of hospitality was that of the *Familie Lauer*, with whom I lived during my entire period of study in Heidelberg. They were a working-class family who lived in a modest house on the outskirts of Heidelberg in Pfaffengrund. They took me in with open arms. Frau Lauer in particular cared for my every need, including nursing me when I contracted the flu in winter and a kidney stone in summer. Fifteen years later my family and I made a visit to Heidelberg in order to attend the *Stiftungsfest* of the *Heidelberger Kreis*, to which I had belonged during the latter half of my academic year. We stayed with the Lauers, and Frau Lauer cared for the children so that my wife and I could take part in events of the Fest, the ball in the Schwetzingen *Schloss* and the boat trip on the Neckar.

The *Heidelberger Kreis*, “*eine Verbindung, die keine schlafende war*,”¹ afforded me another memorable experience of hospitality as I was warmly received at the meetings and social events by the members who called me “Bürger Payne.” That the original Citizen Paine’s² name was spelled differently, didn’t matter. The meetings, with their lectures and discussions on such topics as the justification for the attempted assassination of Hitler on July 20, 1944, provided much intellectual stimulation.

Even more stimulation and learning took place, however, in the lectures and seminars of the University of Heidelberg, whose theological and philosophical faculties were perhaps, then, at their apex. I was delighted to hear and try to understand the lectures by such prominent scholars and thinkers from the theological faculty such as Gerhard von Rad, Günther Bornkamm, Heinrich Bornkamm and Edmund Schlink and, on the philosophical faculty, Karl Löwith and Hans-Georg Gadamer.

One of the most outstanding learning experiences of the year was the time in Berlin, to which we traveled in June by military train from Frankfurt. We had the oppor-



Payne (center front), Baer (left front) and three other Fulbrighters dine at the captain's table.



Payne (left) and another member of the Heidelberger Kreis.



Payne's host family, the Lauers, took him in with open arms.

tunity to view with our own eyes the conditions in the East sector and compare them with the West. One memorable moment was that of being escorted, along with an African-American Fulbrighter, by a West German, wounded in the war, over to East Berlin. He acted as our guide and obtained tickets for us to the Soviet ballet in the Friedrich-Palast. Of course, those were the days before the Wall, when one could cross from West to East Berlin with no difficulty. Since 1954, I have been to Berlin once after the Wall was built in 1961 and twice after the Wall was torn down in 1989.

In sum, my year as a Fulbrighter in 1953-54 was a life-shaping experience. I developed a love for German and the German people and their history, most especially their religious history. My interest in Martin Luther and the Refor-

mation was first stirred there. At Harvard, Reformation studies became my *Hauptfach* even though I chose to write my dissertation on an erstwhile opponent of Luther, Erasmus of Rotterdam. For the last 28 years of my career I was a professor at Lancaster Theological Seminary, now associated with the United Church of Christ but formerly a theological school of the German Reformed Church in the United States. Our seminary and the United Church of Christ in Pennsylvania through the years have maintained a strong connection with the Church in the Rheinland and the Church in Berlin-Brandenburg. I have also led several seminar groups to Germany. The Fulbright experience was, therefore, the foundation for most of my teaching and scholarly activity.

1) A fraternity, where members do not receive an initiation scar 2) Thomas Paine, a.k.a. Citizen Paine, author of *Common Sense* and *The Rights of Man*

The first group of Fulbrighters were in Germany from the fall of 1953 to the early summer of 1954. They included 192 students, 19 lecturers, 15 researchers, and 13 teachers and were scattered all over West Germany and the western sector of Berlin.



John F. Mead, Executive Secretary of the Fulbright Commission in 1953

Members of the American Class of '53-54 met up in Washington, D.C. in October 2002 at a State Department reception to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the German-American Fulbright Commission. From L to R: Carl Alexius, Charles Buntschuh, Donald Crosby, George Huson, Richard Hillsley, Jack Waldrip, and Reinhard Wittke.



Aboard the U.S. Independence the Freedmans put on life preservers during a fire drill.



A special train took American Fulbrighters from Genoa across the Alps to Bad Honnef am Rhein.

1953-54

Fulbright Grantees to Germany

STUDENTS

Edward N. Adourian · Carl J. Alexius · Ilo E. Allen · Joseph Aloï · Theresa M. Audette · Barbara L. Babcock · William B. Bader · Richard A. Baer, Jr. · John Bageris · Barbara A. Bahe · Mart G. Baldwin · Delbert Barley · Boris W. Batterman · Elfriede Batterman · Robert L. Beamish · Gretchen Anne Bence · Robert L. Benson · Martha E. Blackman · Marcia Blumberg · John E. Blyth · Joseph Boardman · Julia R. Bolas · Jean M. Border · Daniel R. Borg · Valentino Bosetto · Werner E. Braatz · Barbara F. Brill · Beatrice Brown · Harold O.J. Brown · Charles D. Buntschuh · Sylvan D. Burgstahler · Jean K. Cady · Elise M. Cambon · Jay Henry Cerf · Vere C. Chappel · Howard S. Collins · Melvin Croan · Donald H. Crosby · Margaret F. Cross · Lucille G. David · Lovye G. Davis · Samuel E. DeMerit · Karl J. Dlugos · Hildegard Drexler · Margaret H. Driessen · Ruth Dryden · John F. Fetzer · Byrnell W. Figler · Paul T. Fjelstad · Andrew D. Foster · Charles R. Foster · Eleanor P. Foster · Grigg T. Fountain · Ben F. Freedman · Fumi Fujii · Thaddeus R. Gatz · Albert I. Geysler · Panos Ghikas · David A. Gibson · Trudy Gilgenast · John Gilmore · John Gimbel · Jean F. Goodspeed · Donald Gordon · Emogene Gunter · Charles Hauser · Harold D. Haley · William A. Hall · Ronald M. Hals · Geraldine M. Hamburg · Arthur H. Hansen · William M. Hartmann · Lester W. Hauck · Patricia A. Hauser · Mary O. Hartwick · Maurice M. Heidinger · Dorothy A. Hertl · M. Harry Hesse · Richard H. Hillsley · Charles W. Hoffmann · John C. Holden · Helen J. Hood · Barbara Hopkins · John A. Hostetler · Giovanna R. Houtermans · Richard N. Hunt · George R. Huson · Mildred R. Janzen · Earl W. Jennison · Loel A. Kaiser · Stephen J. Kaplowitt · Thomas H. Kapsalis · Richard E. Kear · Sister Mary Timothy Kent R.S.M. · Arthur O. Kesselman · Raymond D. Kimbrough · Warren W. Koenig · Dimitri D. Koovshinoff, Jr. · Joseph P. Kowacic · Robert H. Kreutzer · Arthur F. Kuckes · Robert L. La Hotan · Wolfgang P. Lande · Marcia Landy · Marcus T. Lang · Edward Lewis · Leta J. Lewis · Herbert M. Lobl · Joseph H. Lonas · Frederick R. Love · Chalmers MacCormick · George J. Maltese · Thomas Mayer · Janet K. McCusker · Barry G. McDaniel · Thomas A. McFarland · Raymond T. McNally · Sheila J. McNally · David Michael, Jr. · Mahlon A. Miller · Philip A. Moose · Timothy Murphy · Gordon S. Myers · Robert S. Neumann · Christian B. Newswanger · Matilda A. Nickel · Donald A. Nitz · Kathryn J. Nussbaum · Howard Pasternack · Dudley R. Patterson · Louise C. Payler · John B. Payne · Richard A. Pierce · David A. Pizarro · Honore E. Pommerich · Julia M. Rahaman · Phyllis J. Rappeport · Theresia E. Reimers · Suzanne Richardson · Robert W. Rieke · Phillip Ritzenberg · Gerwin K. Rohrbach · Ralph E. Romann · Bettina Roulier · Alvon S. Rudisill · Arthur K. Satz · Russell P. Saunders · Marvin W. Savering · Donald R. Scavarda · Willard R. Schultz · Alice M. Schwartz · Walter J. Schwerin · John D. Scrimgeour · David A. Sears · Ralph G. Shaffer · David E. Silas · Ellin M. Silverman · Virginia E. Sperling · Herbert J. Spiro · Israel Stein · A. Bartlett Stryker · John A. Sweeney · Patricia A. Taylor · Georg Tennyson · Harold J. Terrill · Adolph G. Thiel · Margaret H. Thuenemann · Herbert K. Tjossem · Jan Peter Toennies · Stephen J. Tonsor · Marie A. Traficante · James E. Turner · Jackson W. Waldrip · Charles J. Warner · John G. Webster · Frederick Weidner · Merylee E. Werthan · William C. Wherette · Donald White · Elizabeth A. Whittington · Lois M. Williams · Reinhard Wittke · Harry E. Yeide · Leslie R. Zacharias · Donald J. Ziegler · Louise D. Zillig · Alex Zwerdling

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RESEARCHERS

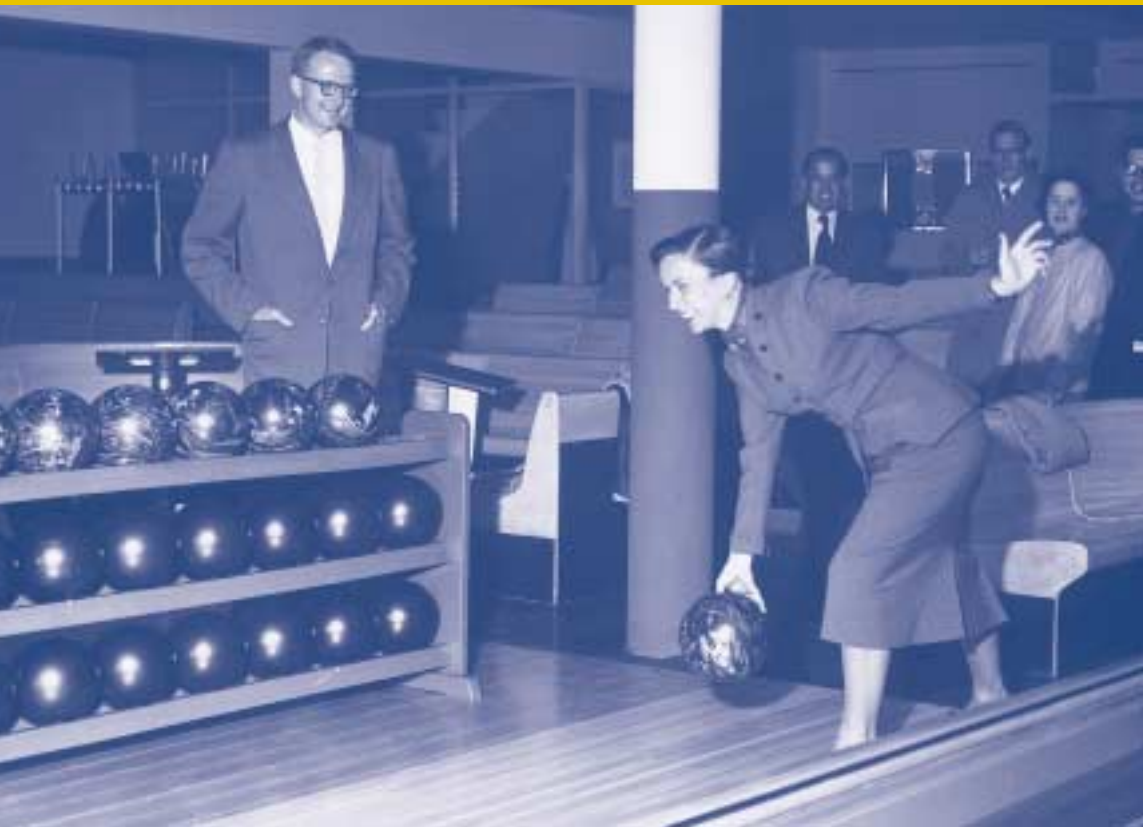
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Snapshots from the Orientation Meeting in Bad Honnef



During a visit to the American housing development in Plittersdorf, Mathilda Nickel tries her hand with a bowling ball, while Charles Haeuser looks on.

Andrew Foster and Sister Mary Albert Schueneman work on their daily German lesson.



The program is new and the press are curious. Here Chicago Daily News correspondent, Mrs. Judy Barden (seated, right) interviews grantees. Standing (left to right): Thomas Kapsalis, Robert Jones, Thaddeus Gatzka, Harry Hesse, Will Schultz, and Charles Haeuser. Sitting: Sisters Mary Tenothy and Mary Albert.

The first class of Fulbrighters is truly a family affair. Many spouses and children accompany the grantees. Some of the wives set up a kindergarten to keep the kids occupied.



Lester Hauch and his wife (left) enjoy a meal with their Bad Honnef landlady, Elisabeth Dierdorf, and her daughter Marie Solzbacher.



The German-American Fulbright Program

implements Senator J. William Fulbright's visionary concept: The promotion of mutual understanding between our two countries through academic and bicultural exchange. The largest and most varied Fulbright program worldwide, the German-American Fulbright Program has sponsored over 30,000 Germans and Americans since its inception in 1952.

The defining characteristic of the program is student exchange. This core program is complemented by academic year programs for professors, teachers, teaching assistants, and journalists; summer internship programs for students; and seminars for experts in university administration and German and American Studies.

The Fulbright Commission is a binational board consisting of the German Foreign Minister and the American Ambassador to Germany, who act as honorary chairmen, and five German and five American members, all of whom are appointed by the honorary chairmen. Guidelines are provided by the J. William Fulbright Foreign Scholarship Board, whose members are appointed by the President of the United States. The program is administered by the Secretariat located in Berlin, Germany; the Secretariat's partner on the American side is the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs in the U.S. Department of State.

Das Deutsch-Amerikanische Fulbright-Programm

verwirklicht die visionäre Idee Senator Fulbrights: Die Förderung von gegenseitigem Verständnis zwischen den beiden Ländern durch akademischen und kulturellen Austausch. Als größtes und vielfältigstes Fulbright-Programm weltweit hat das deutsch-amerikanische Fulbright-Programm seit seiner Entstehung im Jahr 1952 mehr als 30.000 Amerikaner und Deutsche gefördert.

Das besondere Merkmal des deutsch-amerikanischen Fulbright-Programms ist der Studentenaustausch. Dieses Kernprogramm wird ergänzt durch Jahresstipendien für Professoren, Lehrer und Fremdsprachenassistenten sowie durch Fortbildungsseminare für Hochschul-administratoren und Landeskundler.

Die binationale Fulbright-Kommission besteht aus je fünf deutschen und amerikanischen Mitgliedern, die von den Ehrenvorsitzenden, dem deutschen Außenminister und dem amerikanischen Botschafter in Deutschland, benannt werden. Das J. William Fulbright Foreign Scholarship Board, dessen Mitglieder vom amerikanischen Präsidenten ernannt werden, erstellt die Richtlinien für das Fulbright-Programm. Das deutsch-amerikanische Fulbright-Programm wird vom Sekretariat in Berlin verwaltet. Der amerikanische Partner der Fulbright-Kommission ist das Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs in the U.S. Department of State.

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