

Adventures in Turkey

Family and friends brought me to the railroad station and off I went on a day and night trip through Germany and Austria over the Alps to Trieste. There I found the steamship waiting to take me via Venice and Athens to Istanbul. Secretly, I nourished dreams of glory about how I might become a friend of the Gazi Ataturk and ride on a white horse through the mountains of Asia Minor. Some family prehistory linked us to that area. Uncle Konrad v.H. had been the German Army commander on the Balkan front during World War I; and Uncle Georg v.H. had been the captain of the German cruiser, Breslau, which together with the battleship, Goeben, had been sunk by mines in the Dardanelles during World War II.

Crossing the Alps in a glorious sunrise seemed a good omen; and, when I met two very nice colleagues, Professors Heilbronn and Brauner, on the ship in Trieste and bound for the same destination, we enjoyed the trip together. The ship stopped at Venice, crossed the Mediterranean, went through the canal bisecting Greece at the Peloponesus, stopped a day in Athens and, after crossing the Aegean Sea, went through the Dardanelles to land us in Istanbul (formerly Constantinople). All the places known to us from ancient history passed before our eyes.

The world was still in turbulent adjustment after World War I. Practically nobody traveled for fun, so we had St. Mark's Square in Venice, the Acropolis and streets of Athens, and later the sights in Istanbul to ourselves. Arriving in Istanbul, we found quarters in an outlying district in Asia Minor reached by ferryboat where we settled down -- but not for long! Istanbul and its surroundings were plagued by fleas and we had to hunt them down by the dozens before going to sleep.

Checking in at the University we found that its President could only speak French and Turkish, and the Minister of Education -- normally residing in the new

capital, Ankara, in Asia Minor -- spoke only English and Turkish. My American-English sufficed for the latter, but my horrible school French did not for the former. Somehow we managed, with the help of Professor Schwartz, the Swiss who had originally sold the Turks on the idea of a modern university. I inherited a section of the old Sultan's palace as my future laboratory, and the botanists Heilbronn and Brauner were installed in the former Mohammedan seminary.

The nearest route from the waterfront in Galata to our Institutes, which were not far from the War Department and the Serasker Tower, led through the Bazaar, which was at that time a miraculous place of adventure. Since there were not yet many foreigners in town, we became a center of attraction -- initially as prospective buyers of fake antiques. Later we became friends with all kinds of dealers and could prowl around undisturbed.

Our first order of business, after beginning to feel at home, was to find suitable quarters for our families. We succeeded gloriously. Taking a steamer up the Bosphorus, we discovered a newly built apartment house located directly on the Bosphorus in Bebek about 12 miles above Istanbul and reachable by tramway or steamer from Galata. We were able to rent the five available apartments. Professor Heilbronn and I took the top floor; the botanist Brauner, and the mathematician Prager, the middle floor; and the astronomer Freundlich the apartment next to the landlord on the ground floor. Each apartment had a large balcony with a wonderful view across the Bosphorus to Asia Minor. As the building was not yet quite completed, we needed temporary quarters for some weeks -- but our families were now able to come.

Arrival and Settling of the Family

On D-day, our families arrived and we went to the dock to pick them up. Daggie, looking down from the deck with Peter on one hand and Arndt on her other arm, nearly exploded when I innocently asked how she had enjoyed her trip. Subsequently a tale of misery unfolded.

Before I left, we had searched for a maid-companion who would take over household chores and childcare duties. Unfortunately, we had no inkling of the horrors to come. Therefore, instead of taking along a Jewish girlfriend of Daggie's who was happily engaged in the care of animals at the Munich Zoo, we settled on Ditzie, a sister-in-law of Gerd Lüers. Daggie, in her kindness, had Ditzie see the sites in Venice with Professor Igersheimer and planned to take her turn in Athens,

while Ditzie watched the children. However, a storm delayed the ship, causing everyone to get seasick except Daggie. The stop in Athens was therefore cut to one hour and my poor wife arrived exhausted and ready to go to bed immediately. In our temporary quarters in Asia Minor, the fleas went after Arndt as a special delicacy. After catching about forty we gave up and placed him in the center of a big bathtub -- an island of peace the fleas could not reach.

Two nights later we intentionally missed a big festivity given for the foreign professors by the Gazi at the palace in Dolmabadge. We did so for a strange reason. The Gazi had the habit of absconding with any lady he liked especially well and of keeping her for a few days before returning her to her rightful husband. This I did not want to risk. Soon thereafter we moved to our new apartment, where we became close friends of the Heilbrons next door and the Brauners on the floor below, and settled down (see Figure 52).

A Laboratory of Electrophysics in an Old Palace

Taking a little steamer or the streetcar -- frequently after a swim in the Bosphorus in front of our house -- I arrived in Galata. Walking up through the bazaar and the old streets, I was greeted at the Palace Gate by some old men who salaamed* and squatted down again. Entering my rooms, still bare of any useful items, I was found a box showing panoramas of Paris and some taxidermy tools. The former Sultan had evidently delighted in turning the crank of the former and reliving joyful memories of Paris. The stuffing of his hunting trophies had been his special hobby. Next door a French professor had all kinds of motors humming away in a furious display of activity without deeper purpose.

In principle, I had about twenty boxes of useful items waiting on a lighter** in the harbor. In practice, they were out of reach because the custom service -- set up on the Swiss model -- could not understand the rules of the system. I got a practical demonstration of the resulting confusion when I accompanied a friend who had been notified of the arrival of a tea service sent by relatives. The inspector wanted to charge him a large sum for pure silver. My friend said it was a cheap silver alloy called alpaca. The inspector said that had to be proven. He then took a pair of pliers, broke off the snout of the teapot and some other pieces and had us come back a week later. On our return he confirmed that it was not silver and handed over the remains. On a subsequent visit, I complained about my instrument boxes, which were still on the lighter in the harbor and was told to come back in a half

* An oriental greeting made by bowing low with the palm of the right hand placed on the forehead.

** A barge used for unloading larger ships.

hour. On my return I found the office door gone, hidden behind a big cabinet that had been placed in the corridor. There it stayed and the happy official, now incommunicado, apparently gained access to his office by climbing in and out through the window.

About half a year later, I finally got the boxes, but in the meantime my wonderful master mechanic, Rieger, and I had helped ourselves. We had discovered that the bazaar was an inexhaustible supply source for the strangest items. You had only to go to the entrance and ask for the "sword of Alexander the Great" and in five minutes somebody would appear with the "sword of Alexander the Great." We therefore made a "wish-list" and the strangest contraptions appeared -- leftovers from old battleships, etc. -- which we could rework for our purposes.

In addition to Rieger, I wanted my student-friend, Gert Rathenau, from Germany as my assistant, but his visa came along too slowly and he was taken to Holland by a Dutch professor where he made a splendid career. Instead I was given a Turkish assistant, the son of a very rich family, who spoke French. As an auxiliary, I got as a lab servant, the son of a very poor family with whom I communicated in sign language and in broken Turkish. Since he had nothing presentable to wear, I bought him a white lab coat, whereupon my millionaire assistant also demanded one. Social understanding apparently needed a climate of compassion alien to him (see Figure 53).

Step by step and with great tenacity, we built up the Lab. I lectured to a class of approximately twenty students about electrical engineering and electro-physics. While preparing these lectures, I often went from our house in Bebek to a nearby old fortification, Rumeli-Hissar, which, in Christian times, with its counterpart on the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, defended Constantinople. A chain had been stretched between the two forts across the Bosphorus at night to interdict traffic until daylight. A little village had grown up inside the fortification and was still populated by descendants of the old garrison. The walls, quite intact, provided me with a lovely walk and a beautiful view across about half a mile of the Bosphorus to Asia Minor.

Not far from us lived a German philologist, an expert in Turkish and Arabian languages. We became friends and often hiked together over the mountainous countryside. On one such trip, we visited the second holiest cemetery of the Islamic faith on a steep hillside above the "Golden Horn," the old inner harbor of Constantinople. There lies the grave of the banner carrier of the Prophet, which pilgrims come to visit from far away. Two large stones -- one at the head and one at the feet of the dead prophet -- represent two guardian angels. Nearby, one of the gravestones carried an especially moving inscription:

"All her life she wanted to come to this place of holy worship. At last in her old age she succeeded but died on her climb halfway up this mountain. We are sure she will walk arm in arm with the prophet in Paradise."

Another trip brought us to a monastery of the "dancing Dervishes," a slightly murderous religious sect that was subsequently outlawed by the Gazi.

Whenever possible, I took Daggie on outings -- with or without the children. We rented a boat in front of the house and were rowed across the Bosphorus to see interesting sites in Asia Minor. On one of these occasions I persuaded her to climb a mountain on the opposite shore with me and set out in youth-movement style across a swampy meadow. This obviously was a mistake. After crossing the swamp populated by storks and frogs, we had to climb a steep mountainside full of thorns and snakes; and when at last we reached the top, there was a road! Daggie was not amused; and I learned to be more circumspect -- or did I???

Once on my way home from the Institute, the streetcar came to an abrupt stop: fire hoses were everywhere and about twenty wooden houses were in flames. Climbing out, I asked some bystanders what had happened -- and a tale of woe unfolded. An old woman on the top floor of one of the houses was cooking, when suddenly a green snake crawled out of the rafters. This was an evil omen. Therefore, full of fright, the woman doused the snake with kerosene and set it on fire. In desperation the burning snake crept back into the rafters, "Allah is great!"

In the winter, the climate oscillated between relatively warm and ice cold -- depending on whether the wind was blowing from Africa or Russia. Not aware of these rapid changes, I found myself stuck one evening in the Palace with a meter of snow blocking the front door. Escaping through the window, I felt it was time to look for a Christmas tree. This proved difficult because Christmas trees had been forbidden by the police, be it for Moslem reasons or a concern for the preservation of trees, which were not plentiful on the barren hillsides. At last we got a small one smuggled in and were sitting at the lighted tree, quietly singing to our little children, when the police knocked at the door. Rapidly blowing out the candles I went to open the door, expecting to be arrested; but the police were only on a harassing raid to check our passports and left without further commotion.

A short while later, a second miracle happened. Our biology neighbors, the Heilbronns, were very musical and had a piano placed against the wall separating our apartments. Singing with their children and playing the piano with abandon, they suddenly caused an architectural explosion. With a loud crash the wall split apart and revealed the whole angelic choir to our astonished eyes. What an effective stress release for Turkish house construction!

Slowly we learned from experience to interpret our new world with its hidden meanings. For example, well known in the bazaar because of my daily passage, I was once accosted by a carpet dealer whose wares I had admired. He knew that his

most beautiful Persian carpets were much too expensive for me but he "wanted to let me enjoy them." He therefore proposed to bring them to my office for two weeks -- and so he did, taking them back after a fortnight. Later, I learned through the bazaar grapevine that the police had been after him and he had hidden his loot effectively in my institute.

One also had to become aware of a subtle sign language accompanying daily conversations. For example, in dealing with the president of the University, I once asked for a sum of money and was told I would receive it the following morning. But, in saying so, the President twitched his eyebrows, indicating, "I am polite but do not believe me." When nothing happened I became angry. Then it slowly dawned on me that "oriental politeness" can be a higher virtue than Western bluntness.

An Academic Community in Exile

There were twenty five to thirty professors with their families -- mostly refugees selected by Professor Schwartz and his advisors in Zurich -- who formed the nucleus of a modern university. The old Turkish faculty had been dismissed, but was still a powerful adversary with connections in Parliament. Therefore we newcomers, with the shock of exile in our bones, found ourselves surrounded by intrigues in a strange culture. Any success or mishap of one of us affected us all. This was a severe testing ground for human qualities. It would have been an exciting experiment for a psychologist.

The main stabilizing influence -- due to their fields of activity and experience -- centered on three colleagues. Professor Schwartz, who had sold the idea of the emigré faculty to the Gazi Ataturk, was an extremely skillful politician. Professor Nissen, an excellent surgeon and previously chief assistant to Professor Sauerbruch in Berlin, became "the" surgeon of the Gazi and of other important Turkish personages. And Professor Freundlich, renowned astronomer and former director of the "Einstein Tower" observatory in Berlin, combined in his lovable personality the wisdom of age with knowledge of the heavens and was therefore near to Allah. The rest of us, ranging over all degrees of achievements, age and character, were vulnerably bound to each others' fates.

There were dramatic incidents of typically oriental flavor that kept our whole faculty of exiles in suspense for weeks. One night we were roused by police with torches rushing Professor Nissen to the palace of the Gazi. There he was informed that an old friend of the Gazi, the Army Commander in Erzerum, was ill with

appendicitis. The personal surgeon of the Gazi, Nissen, was therefore dispatched in grand style by Army plane to attend to the General. The plane crashed somewhere in Asia Minor. Nissen -- unhurt -- reached the coast of the Black Sea where a torpedo boat took him to Trebizond. A very inferior road ran from there to Erzerum. Soldiers were therefore posted along it to lift the car out of the ditch. Arriving in Erzerum after a week en route, Nissen could only establish that the appendix had ruptured but had healed up again. The General was therefore invited to come to Istanbul for an operation when ready to travel. Nissen returned to Istanbul, dirty and exhausted, and the whole exile community settled down again with a sigh of relief.

Soon another crisis arose, this time connected with high foreign politics. The Gazi had invited the Shah Pahlevi of Persia for a state visit and wanted to conclude a mutual-defense treaty. (Pahlevi, a sergeant in the Persian Army, had made himself emperor while the previous Shah was in England on a state visit.) The preparations for this event were impressive. At the entrance to the old city at the Galata bridge, a wooden replica of the gate of Teheran was constructed to give the Shah the message that he was entering his own city. On the waters of the Bosphorus the Turkish Navy was dramatically displayed, consisting mainly of the German squadron from World War I, the battleship, Goeben, and the cruisers, Breslau and Leipzig.* Submarines dived and reappeared, conveying the impression of a great armada.

All this could be observed from our balcony, and son Peter, briefed about the impending event, kept watch while we were indoors at lunch. Suddenly he raced in shouting, "There comes the Schaf [sheep in German] of Persia!" We jumped up and -- lo and behold -- a herd of sheep approached, driven along the Bosphorus and raising a big dust-cloud. At last the Shah also appeared on a ship with the Gazi. He was greeted thunderously by the Turkish Navy and subsequently installed at the Palace of Dolmabadsche, halfway between our town of Bebek and Istanbul.

While the two rulers sat at lunch talking politics, the Shah suddenly commented on the wonderful teeth of the Gazi, whereupon the Gazi took them out of his mouth. Full of admiration, the Shah exclaimed that he also wanted such teeth. The Gazi obligingly said that he had a remarkable professor of dentistry who would make him a set of teeth outshining all others. Therefore, that night, past midnight, Army trucks with torches suddenly drove up to the house of our dentistry professor and friend, Professor Kantorovitch, who lived near us. The soldiers

* As has been recounted above, the German squadron, surprised by the outbreak of World War I in Italian waters, had made a successful dash to Turkey and then attacked Allied shipping from the Dardanelles. On one of these forays, it ran into British mine fields and sank. After the war, the Gazi had the ships raised and transformed into the centerpiece of his navy. Since he wanted the biggest battleship around, he had the Goeben cut in half and inserted an additional section, lengthening it by one-third. The beautiful lines were gone but it was an impressive monster-ship.

loaded him and his paraphernalia on a truck, drove to his institute, tore the dentistry chair from its concrete moorings, and deposited the whole kit and caboodle in the Palace of Dolmabadsche. For half a week our friend disappeared, leaving us greatly worried. When he returned, quite exhausted, he told us what had happened.

The Shah could not be treated at the dental school for fear of an assassination attempt. Therefore, the set of teeth had to be made at Dolmabatsche where only charcoal heaters were available. Kantorovich needed a hard rubber base for the teeth. His Turkish predecessor obligingly provided some black hard rubber that partly disintegrated on heating. To fill the gaps, Kantorovich had only some red hard rubber and thus made a gaudy red-black design. He fitted it -- and the Shah was delighted. Our exhausted colleague had just sunk into a well-deserved sleep when the soldateska [soldiers] appeared again and took him back to the palace. His predecessor had told the Gazi that *he* had made the teeth and that Kantorovich had begged him for help because he had never been a professor of dentistry in Germany. A furious exchange of telegrams arose until the University of Frankfurt testified that Kantorovich had been a full Professor of Dentistry there in excellent standing.

Barely had the dust settled on this issue, when Igersheimer, our professor of ophthalmology, got into trouble. He had initially found that his waiting room was always empty. At last he discovered that his predecessor had hired a beggar to sit in front of the office entrance to tell approaching prospective patients that they would be made blind. After this obstacle was removed, the hospital flourished and a few months later Igersheimer was asked to do a cataract operation on a minister of the Gazi. Just when the stage was set, however, Igersheimer's predecessor appeared and claimed that the minister would become blind. A Government committee was set up, hearings held and the claim that Igersheimer had never done a cataract operation before was refuted. The operation proceeded at last successfully but Igersheimer collapsed afterwards. A poisoning attempt by his predecessor had misfired. He recovered fast and again we could breathe a sigh of relief.

All these events reverberated throughout our academic community, which felt quite insecure in its new strange surroundings. Only for youngsters like me did the adventure balance the loss. Little did I foresee that I soon would become the first real victim of all this political intrigue.

Kaleidoscopic Impressions

When one comes to a new country with a sense of adventure, strange things are bound to happen. Here are a few examples:

- Our professor friend in the adjacent apartment began to complain that his dishes were rapidly disappearing. Diving in front of our house, I found them at the bottom of the Bosphorus -- thrown there by his cleaning lady to save the trouble of washing them.
- Next door to us lived a Pasha, who still -- in those modern days -- had a maiden slave. He had bought her as a servant but was supposed to find her a suitable husband and give her a dowry when she came of age.
- The ships passing by on the Bosphorus ranged from large ocean steamers to a small boat, rowed by the Gazi with his friend, Ismed Pasha, which provided them privacy for intimate discussions.
- Once Daggie, according to my claim, caused a shipwreck. A steamer came into the harbor near to our house. Daggie stood on the veranda and the captain looked fascinated with a field glass at this lovely lady. He therefore did not notice another ship, which hit and tore a tremendous hole in his starboard with a great crash. Desperately blowing his ship whistle, he turned in a circle and sank. Fortunately the water was shallow enough to keep the top deck over water and no one drowned.
- Venturing into Stamboul [the old city] through the bazaar, I came to a hidden room where children sat with pieces of old Persian carpets and produced complete ones by adding sections and painting in missing designs. As a result I could explain to one of my colleagues why his carpet changed so strangely on exposure to sunlight.
- Walking along the top of the old wall of Stamboul, where two carriages could easily pass each other, I noticed an inviting sandy beach. The water was glass-clear and the breakwater consisted of old Greek columns from a destroyed temple. In Stamboul itself there still existed an old underground canal on which one could traverse a part of the city.

Not far from my Institute palace was the Serasker Tower, offering from its top a beautiful 360-degree panorama of new Istanbul and its surroundings. By moving my Leica camera systematically from position to position, I recorded this panorama.

One of the outstanding features of Istanbul is the Hagia Sophia, at that time a mosque, where I watched the observance of the Ramadan. During that sacred ninth month of the Moslem year, fasting is prescribed from sunrise to sunset. A cannon shot in the evening indicates its temporary ending -- and everyone fills up for the next day's ordeal. At the end of the period, herds of sheep and goats are driven into

the city, and one saw ladies returning home in taxis with animals on their laps for a sumptuous feast.

Near the end of our stay in Turkey, I went by ship to Brussa to get some of the confusion out of my system. A wonderful mosque had been built there as the burial place for the sultan who had conquered Asia Minor. He lies in his grave under an open dome so that "sun and rain can fall on his heart." Not far away, there is an old Roman bath, built over a hot spring. One could swim in an antique pool and subsequently be rubbed down by an attendant who nearly scraped one's skin off. While thus engaged, he asked how much salary I got as a professor. He then bedded me down to a sleep of sweet exhaustion.

This Brussa trip marked the termination of our Turkish adventure. Why did it end with such unforeseen rapidity?

Lightning Strikes

As the summer of 1934 approached, Hitler's hold on Germany seemed momentarily shaken when he charged that the S.A. was planning a revolt. Hopeful refugee professors held forth about his impending doom. But the "Führer" disposed of the matter by having the renegades assassinated.¹ The university atmosphere then began to quiet down. My laboratory, thanks to my excellent master mechanic, Rieger Bey, was the first one ready for student instruction in modern experimentation. The self-appointed Dean of the Science Faculty, Professor of Mathematics von Mises, came to visit and congratulated me on this outstanding success. And then -- catastrophe struck!

I was teaching a course, "Electricity and its Applications," and generally worked until midnight preparing the lecture for the following morning. At these lectures, about twenty students sat around a long table in the lab and I stood at one end with the projector, lecturing in German and French. At the side, stood my translator, an economist. Also present was my Turkish assistant, the son of a millionaire, who spoke French and Turkish.

On this particular day, I lectured about big power generators, explaining their general design and action and added innocently, "we need not go into great detail because your country at present requires only one or two of these big machines and will buy them from abroad in exchange for products of your country." I later found out that the interpreter translated: "The professor says that he does not want to talk about the details of design because you are too foolish to understand it anyhow and

had better buy these machines from abroad by planting potatoes and oranges in your country."

To my consternation, the students, extremely nationalistic, jumped up and looked as if they wanted to murder me. The whole university was shut down by a student strike. In retrospect, I am tempted to believe that my Turkish assistant saw that the lab had been brought to a workable state and wished to take over.

Honest misunderstanding or plot, the consequences seemed catastrophic. The Prime Minister and the Minister of Education came from Ankara to visit the university. My colleagues trembled and mostly deserted me. The newspapers published articles stating that I had never been a professor before but instead had sold old clothes. Daggie, taking the children for a walk, got commiserating news about her husband's dark past from the charitable ladies of the neighborhood. Finally, my contract, originally drawn for five years, was shortened by mutual agreement to one year. It seemed like a good time to take our summer vacation.

Curt Bondy (see figure 54), concerned about finding places for German Jews abroad, wanted to investigate how many could be placed in Egypt and Palestine and invited us to join him in this enterprise. We therefore left Ditzzi, our German maid, in charge of the children and set out by steamer to Athens and to Palestine via the Greek Islands.

A Trip Through Greece, Palestine and Asia Minor

Before our departure to Athens, I went into the bazaar to buy some German gold coins. These ten- and twenty-mark pieces had a strange history. During World War I, the Germans had hoped to get the Persian tribes on the Russian southern flank to start a diversionary war and had sent a German general down to lead them. The Persians agreed to the plan on condition of being paid in gold. Therefore the Reichsbank made a treasure chest full available. On the eve of the battle, the tribes demanded and got their pay -- but, when the morning dawned, the general found himself alone on the battlefield. In the old tradition of honor, he fell on his sword. The coins slowly drifted by trade transactions to the bazaar of Istanbul.

Our whole trip through the Near East was a wonderful experience because practically no foreigners traveled in those years of pre-war tension. In Athens, we had the Acropolis with its unforgettable beauty nearly to ourselves. After a short side trip to Olympia and Corinth, we departed for Mykonos on a little Greek steamer full of peasants with their purchases and animals. On that island, nearly every one of the dazzling white houses had a chapel and windmill. We swam in the

crystal-clear water and went by boat to Delos with its temples of classical Greece. Then on to Rhodes, with its castles of the Christian crusader knights, who -- driven out of Jerusalem by the Turks -- defended themselves for about one hundred years against the sultans and were then transplanted to Malta. Finally we landed in Haifa, met Curt Bondy, who came from Egypt, and proceeded with him on his mission.

In the summer of 1934, Palestine was still in a relatively peaceful and primitive state. It was also extremely hot. The British ruled with a pro-Arab bias but the Jewish kibbutzes -- thanks to determined immigration efforts and the tremendous tenacity of their members -- began to transform stretches of desert into oases of fertility. Renting a car, we drove up from Gaza to Jerusalem with its wonderfully impressive old city surrounded by walls. Of the three ancient places of worship: the Wailing Wall of the Jews, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher of the Christians, and the Dome of the Rock of the Moslems, the last one was by far the most inspiring. At the Wailing Wall, the anguished cries of the worshippers and their breast-beating must be translated by the onlooker into expressions of sorrowful emotion about its history. At the Christian church, the rivalry between the various denominations was most distressing. A floor sweeper of Coptic belief who had accidentally transgressed into the area assigned to another faith had been killed on the spot. The Dome of the Rock, a wonderful cupola enclosing a rock peak from which Mohammed had ascended to heaven, was holy to all three religions. The prophet Elias had selected the same spot for his departure from earth and, according to the tradition of Islam, it was the mountain where Abraham was ready to offer his son. This sacred place was therefore open for these other religions at certain hours.

After Curt had finished his discussions with the Jewish elders, we went by car through the whole country from the South and the Dead Sea to Lake Tiberias and the Golan Heights, visiting kibbutzes and establishing quotas for refugees. It was really a pioneering age for new settlers. They worked to make the desert bloom even during the hottest noon-day hours. They met in the evenings to make joint decisions. They protected water resources like the spring of Gideon with armed groups. They suffered from "black-water fever." But they endured all hardship. In contrast, the Arabs, living in small villages and in towns with Christian minorities, had made no effort to tame the surrounding desert. Forcing our car over sand dunes, we met an Arab sheik on a white stallion who raced our car and easily won.

Twice we swam: once in the Dead Sea where one lies on top of the water like a board; and once in the Mediterranean at Haifa, where Daggie nearly drowned. There was a tremendous undertow at that beautiful beach but fortunately there was also an Arabian lifeguard who saved her. Here ended our joint trip with Curt. We had to return via Damascus and Baalbeck and then across Asia Minor to Istanbul.

Little did we foresee that a few years later, Curt and we would live together in the same country again -- the U.S.A.

In 1934, Damascus was a relatively quiet Arabian city. The elders smoked their water pipes peacefully in the market place, and the bazaar was much less exciting than ours in Istanbul. Baalbek, with its famous Greek temple ruins, was surrounded by a fence and the Arabian guard demanded one of our gold pieces to let us in. Since we were nearly out of money and a thousand miles from home, Daggie vetoed this transaction. Instead, we climbed a nearby mountain and surveyed the ruins with our field glass. Then -- after a longing look towards Baghdad -- we took the Asian Express and crossed Asia Minor in two days via Ankara to Istanbul. It had been a glorious adventure. The children were well, the gold pieces still intact, and I found an invitation from Niels Bohr to give a lecture in Copenhagen.