



Our Retirement
Kai and Bärbel Rehder

Our Retirement

Kai and Bärbel Rehder

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*Dedicated to our sons
Dirk, Jörg, Kai Detlef, and Mark
Our daughters-in-law
Paula and Rajdai
And our grandchildren
Charles, Lydia, Kai Derek,
Carson, Lauren, and Nicholas*

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Prologue

We wrote this narrative mostly for the benefit of our children and grandchildren. It may help the children in planning their activities during their retirement, which is approaching fast. We enjoyed our retirement as much as we enjoyed the work at the Mayo Clinic.

Kai had worked as a staff physician in the Department of Anesthesiology with a joint appointment in the Department of Physiology at the Mayo Clinic for a quarter of a century. Initially, he worked half of his time in neuro-anesthesia and the remaining half in research, but after about ten years he switched to full-time research. His work in the research laboratory was challenging and exciting; he saw it more as a paid hobby than as work.

He retired on February 28, 1991, after twenty-five years on the staff. Throughout his career at the Mayo Clinic, his research was funded by grants from the National Institutes of Health (NIH). He immensely enjoyed his work in the laboratory and was successful as chairman of anesthesia research in recruiting outstanding scientists to the department. At the time of his retirement, he held two four-year research grants from the NIH as a principal investigator and one five-year anesthesia training grant from the NIH as a principal investigator. He passed on one of his research grants to Dr. David Warner and the anesthesia training grant to Dr. Anthony Jones.

We knew what we wanted to do after retirement. We planned to enjoy reading novels, books about history, and classical literature from many countries. During the working years we did not have time for it. We also wanted to see other countries, customs, and cultures, and Kai wanted to do some research with former colleagues in Europe.

Kai contacted friends in Sweden, the United Kingdom, and Italy who had worked in his laboratory in Rochester. He proposed to them that he join them in doing research at their respective institutions. The

colleagues liked his proposal to work with them on research projects for periods of three months per year. Kai did not ask for a salary and was prepared to pay all travel expenses, and they, in turn, agreed to pay for room and board. In this way Kai felt he had no obligations to work every day in the laboratory, leaving time for explorations of the country.

We spent three months in four separate years in Stockholm or Uppsala in Sweden and in London, United Kingdom; three months in ten separate years in Genoa, Italy; and three months once in Freiburg, Germany. At each location, Kai worked only in research laboratories and never in an operating theater. During the remaining time of the year, we lived either in our hometown of Oldenburg, where we had purchased a house, or in Vail, Colorado, where we owned a townhome at the Vail Racquet Club.

This arrangement allowed us to explore intensively the United Kingdom, Italy, and Sweden. We also explored intensively Germany and the surroundings of Oldenburg. Neither of us had seen much of Europe or Germany before. World War II had made travel impossible, and after the war we did not have the money or time to travel; also, Germans were not welcomed after WW II in most countries.

We decided the best way to explore Germany and parts of Europe was by bicycle. In this narrative, we place heavy emphasis on describing our experiences during those trips and include many photographs taken by us. What did we expect from these trips? We wanted to see and enjoy the landscape and learn about the architecture, culture, customs, and history of the regions. We chose bike routes of thirty to fifty kilometers that were easy to navigate and free of automobile traffic.

In this book we relied heavily on Bärbel's diary, but Kai is to be blamed for errors. We did not include trips if we did not have photographs to help our memories of them.

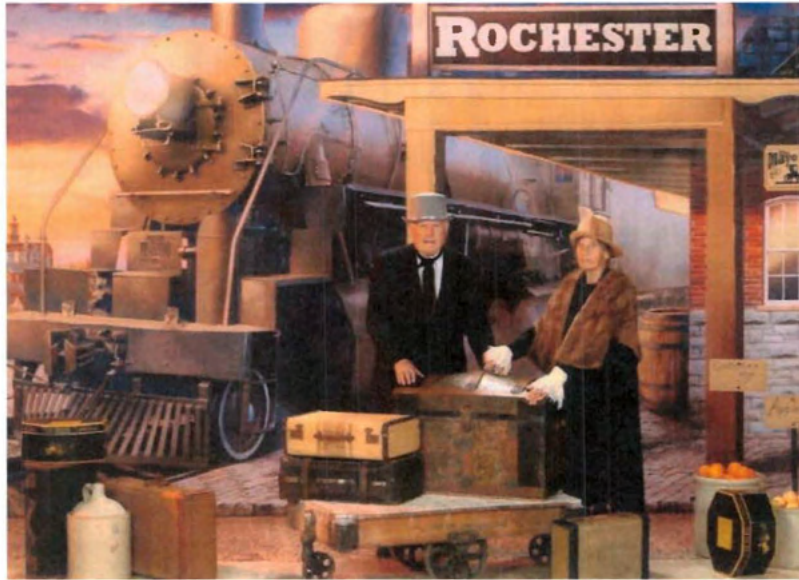
A Growing Family

We had no financial obligations after retirement; the house in Oldenburg and the townhome in Vail were completely paid off, and we had no debts. Our four boys had finished their educations, which were also totally paid for, and were out of the house.

After retirement the family slowly began to grow through marriages and births of grandchildren. The first one to marry was Mark, the youngest. He met Paula, his future wife, at Lawrence University in Appleton, Wisconsin, where she was one year ahead of him. They both graduated from the university, and they married on April 29, 1994. The wedding ceremony was held at Fort Snelling Memorial Chapel in Minneapolis, with Paula's family and our family completely assembled. It was preceded by a family dinner. The wedding of Paula and Mark was a big event. By contrast, we had only two guests at our wedding dinner at the Hubbell House in Mantorville, Minnesota, on December 20, 1958; we could not afford to invite more guests. Paula graduated from the University of Minnesota Medical School in Minneapolis. She is very successfully practicing family medicine in North Branch, Minnesota, and is heavily involved in administration. Mark founded his own business as a Forestry Consultant; he loves his work and is very successful.

On January 1, 1999, Charles Frederick, the son of Paula and Mark and our first grandchild, was born. He graduated in 2021 from the University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign, majoring in computer science. Lydia Rose, the daughter of Paula and Mark and our second grandchild, was born on January 12, 2001. She is currently a junior at Carthage College in Kenosha, Wisconsin, where she is majoring in mathematics with data science as a minor.

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First generation: Bärbel and Kai "arriving" in Rochester. Picture taken by a Mayo photographer at a Mayo Staff Party

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*Second generation:
Mark, father of
Charles and Lydia*



Third generation: Lydia (top) and Charles (bottom)

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The next one to marry was Kai Detlef in 1998. He also graduated from Lawrence University in Appleton and then from the University of Minnesota School of Dentistry in Minneapolis in 1995. He joined



Second generation: Kai Detlef, father of Kai Derek and Nicholas

as a partner the dental practice of Dr. Gittleson in Waldorf, Maryland. He and his wife, Heather, had two sons, Kai Derek, born on December 9, 2004, and Nicholas, born on July 6, 2006. Both are currently in high school and are doing well. They have not decided what they want to do after graduating.

The marriage of Kai Detlef and Heather did not work out, and they were divorced in 2019. Kai Detlef cares for the two boys while working fulltime as a dentist—not an easy task. Heather passed away shortly after she had remarried.

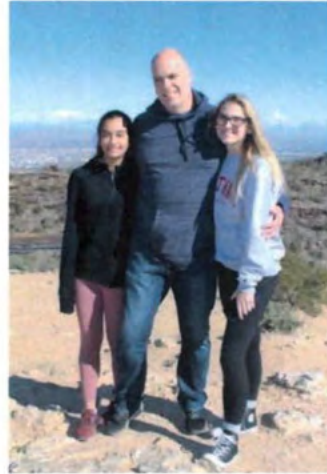


Third generation: Kai Derek (left) and Nicholas (right)

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Jörg, the second oldest son, is not married. He is a happy bachelor. He graduated in 1984 from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, and in 1988 from the University of Denver College of Law in Colorado. He is partner in the law firm of Schiedermair Rechtsanwälte in Frankfurt am Main, Germany, where he is responsible for the US Foreign Desk. He gave up the American Green Card and is a German citizen and plans to stay in Germany.

Dirk, the oldest son, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia and in 1992 from the Medical College of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. He and Rajdai, a registered nurse from New York, were married on May 23, 1999, with both a Hindu ceremony and a Christian ceremony. Dirk practices radiology at the University of Alabama in Birmingham, specializing in neuroradiology. He and Rajdai have twins, Carson and Lauren, who were born on January 15, 2005. Both of them are currently in high school in Birmingham and are doing well. They are still uncertain what they want to do after graduating, but Carson shows interest in bioengineering.



Second (Jörg) and third generations (Lauren on the left and Lydia on the right)

We are very fortunate to have four healthy sons, two wonderful daughters-in-law, and six grandchildren with a great future ahead of them. The family likes to vacation together. Before retirement we gathered regularly in Vail during Christmas vacations and skied together; at our fiftieth wedding anniversary in 2008, the family celebrated for one week together in Vail. The family met biannually to celebrate Thanksgiving (Lutsen, Minnesota, 1998; Bethany Beach, Delaware, 2000; Dauphin Island, Alabama, 2002; Hilton Head Island, South Carolina,

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2004; Two Harbors, Minnesota, 2006; Fernandina Beach, Florida, 2008; Duck, North Carolina, 2010; Maggie Valley, North Carolina, 2012; Crystal Lake, Illinois, 2014; Phoenix, and Arizona, 2016). We enjoyed the family meetings, and we are very proud of the progress made by all members of the family. Can anybody be luckier than we are?



*Second generation:
Dirk, father of Lauren
and Carson*



*Third generation: Lauren
Asha (top right) and
Carson Vijay*

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Thanksgiving celebration. From left: Mark, Charles, Paula, Lydia, Bärbel, Dirk, Lauren, Carson, Kai Detlef, Kai Derek, Heather, Nicholas, and Raj-dai. Kai senior took the picture

Homes During Retirement

Vail

Soon after retirement we moved from Rochester to Vail, Colorado. We had discovered Vail by accident in the late sixties when we were coming back from Scottsdale, Arizona, where Kai had taken the Anesthesiology Board Examination. We happened to stop in Vail and stayed overnight at the Hotel Gasthof Gramshammer.



Entrance to Vail Racquet Club

Tired from driving, we went to bed immediately after dinner, having no idea where we were and who Gramshammer, the owner of the hotel, might be. Strolling around the village next morning, we saw many skiers, and we began to realize that Vail was a ski resort. We also found out that the owner, Pepi Gramshammer, was a former Austrian Olympic skier. We fell in love with Vail. Only a year later, we purchased a two-bedroom condominium with a large loft at the Vail Racquet Club in East Vail. The condominium was the right size for our family of six. Some big attractions of the Racquet Club were its three indoor and sixteen outdoor tennis courts, one indoor and one outdoor large swimming pool, and three jacuzzis. In addition, it had an outstanding restaurant and the Muddy Bar, both owned by Peter Haller, a German chef. We liked and trusted the developer, Walter Kirch, whose father had completed an ENT fellowship at the Mayo Clinic.



Outdoor swimming pool of the Vail Racquet Club

Each year the family spent two weeks during the summer and one week during Christmas vacation in Vail. In the summer we played tennis, swam in the outdoor pool, hiked, and enjoyed the views of the

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snow-capped mountains. During Christmas vacation we skied, played indoor tennis, and swam in the heated outdoor pool. After completing their educations all four boys continued to enjoy joining us in Vail, and after they had founded their own families, they brought their wives and children.

Vail was ideal for retirement as it offered summer and winter sports. At the Muddy Bar of the Racquet Club we met interesting people in the evening after playing tennis or skiing, and we all shared—and sometimes embellished a bit—our experiences of the day. The variety of slopes with the large Back Bowls and the number of lifts was *non plus ultra*. We also enjoyed reading many of the unread books of our library.

We used the opportunity to pick only perfect conditions for skiing, days that were sunny and slopes that were groomed. We fondly remember the splendid party known as “Blow the Cork,” which was given on the ski slopes for the members of the Vail Racquet Club by Peter Haller. We joined the party as we skied down the slopes, had a drink and a bite to eat, and then continued to ski down to Vail Village. During the day, we stopped several times at the party. At the end of the day, we all skied together down to Vail Village led by a skier playing a harmonica. What an enjoyable party!

With Vail as our base, we ventured to other nearby ski resorts, including Breckenridge, Copper Mountain, Ski Cooper, and Beaver Creek. We particularly liked Ski Cooper, where the slopes were less crowded. On the way home, we often stopped in Minturn at the Saloon, our favorite Mexican bar and restaurant. The Saloon had a large fireplace that we could gather in front of with the locals to eat Mexican food, which we washed down with margaritas.

In the summer, we traveled from Vail to National Parks in the Rocky Mountains, including Arches National Park in Utah. While there, we hiked to the iconic Delicate Arch. At the beginning of the

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hiking trail we were surprised to see interesting petroglyphs painted by Ute Indians. The hike was a little strenuous; it was only about one-and-a-half miles long, but the day was hot and there was no shade. From the Delicate Arch we had magnificent views of the snow-capped Rocky Mountains. We saw many more stone arches, stone bridges, and the amazing large Balanced Rock when we explored the rest of the park by car.

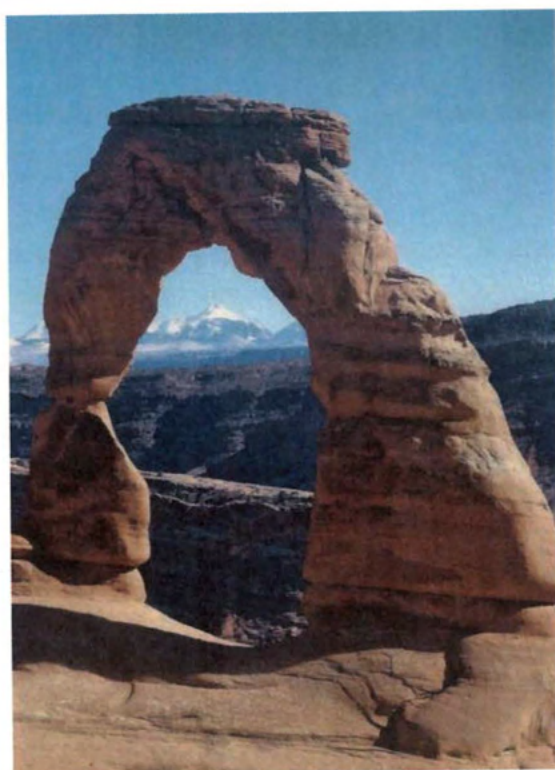


Skiing in Vail with Dirk

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Ute Indian petroglyphs



*Iconic Delicate
Arch in Arches
National Park,
with Rocky
Mountains in
background*



Winter in East Vail

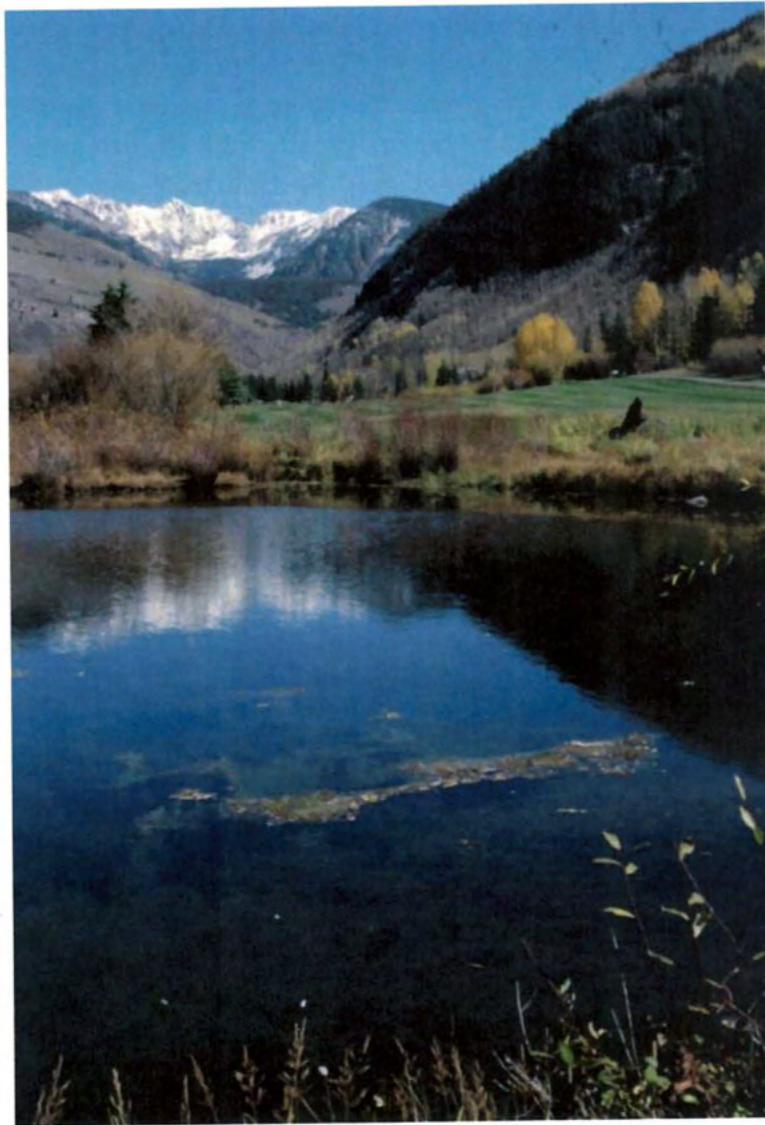


*Bärbel walking our dog Oliver
in East Vail*

Each year in February, we left Vail to attend the meeting of the American Academy of Anesthesiology, which was held traditionally at luxurious resorts with great golfing, swimming, and tennis facilities. We liked to attend these meetings, where we met friends and played a lot of tennis—and we did not mind spending a week without snow.

With advancing age, skiing and breathing at high altitude became a bit more difficult. It was time for us to move to a lower altitude. While visiting Rochester for our annual physical examinations at the Mayo Clinic, we found the house for which we had been looking. It had no stairs and was located on the shore of the beautiful small, man-made Lake Bamber. In February of 2010, we sold our townhouse in Vail and moved back to Rochester.

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Summer in Vail

Oldenburg

Oldenburg is our hometown in Germany. Our parents lived and worked in Oldenburg, and they were put to rest in the Gertruden Cemetery, where we also would like to be put to rest. Both of us graduated from school in Oldenburg, had many friends there, and liked living there. After immigrating to the United States, however, we did not envision ever returning to Oldenburg. But Bärbel's mother kept suggesting that we should consider returning after Kai's retirement and move into her house, which was located in a nice quiet neighborhood and conveniently close to the center of town, just right for a retired couple. We never seriously considered her suggestion. Neither of us knows when and what changed our minds. At some point we realized that it would be convenient to have a home in Europe from which we could explore Germany and other European countries. After Bärbel's mother passed away in 1991, we had her house appraised and made an offer to the other two heirs to buy it. Unfortunately, the heirs did not accept our offer, so we lost interest and decided against pursuing the deal. A little later, we discovered that the house of Adolf Niesmann, Kai's former art teacher, was for sale. We both liked its unique Bauhaus style, and we bought it for the same price we had offered for the other house. In February of 1993, we signed the contract and the house was ours. We were now proud owners of one home in the United States and one in Germany.

The house needed extensive repairs, modernization, and expansion. Because we were spending only three months a year in Oldenburg and wanted to supervise the repair work ourselves, it took three years for it to be completed. Conveniently for us, the house included a small apartment with a separate entrance, which was rented to a young lady from Persia, who wanted very much to keep the apartment. This suited us well because it meant that her presence would discourage thieves and protect against unwelcome events during

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our long absences. The rental income was also appreciated; it paid the total annual expenses for the house, including the real estate tax.



Gertruden Cemetery in Oldenburg, where both our parents are put to rest



Cozy Bergstrasse in Oldenburg

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In Oldenburg we met regularly with our friends. Kai met his former school classmates every Tuesday evening at 8:00 pm at the *Ratskeller* for beer and wine to reminisce about old times. It was fun and interesting.

We explored Oldenburg and its surroundings extensively by bike. Bad Zwischenahn, a resort town only seventeen kilometers from Oldenburg, was our most frequent destination. There we biked around the lake and enjoyed coffee or ice cream, and we often bought fresh vegetables, eggs, and fruit from farmers to bring home to Oldenburg. When we were based in Oldenburg, we took the opportunity to visit relatives we had not seen for the many years we had stayed in the United States.



Castle of Duke of Oldenburg

Oldenburg was a convenient starting point for trips by train, car, or bike. Train and highway connections were excellent, and paved bike trails led in every direction.

While in Oldenburg, Kai became a contributing member of the Max Planck Society, a premier German research society. Its annual meetings hosted fascinating talks by outstanding scientists, including Nobel Prize winners, and by prominent German politicians, such as Chancellors Gerhard Schröder and Angela Merkel and Presidents Horst Köhler and Johannes Rau. One afternoon of each annual

meeting was devoted to a boat excursion, offering members the opportunity to interact with interesting scientists.



Studio in our house with paintings by Adolf Niesmann

During an annual meeting in Berlin, a historian of the Max Planck Society presented an interesting talk about the history of the society and its ups and downs. She described how Adolf von Harnack (1851-1930), Professor of Theology and Advisor to the German Emperor Wilhelm II (1859-1941) in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, proposed to the Emperor at the beginning of the twentieth century that a research facility should be founded in Germany where scientists could concentrate on basic research. Importantly, he suggested that such a facility should free researchers from teaching and

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administrative duties, which consumed much of their time at universities. He assured the Emperor that he had sufficient funds from private donors to initiate and support the project. The Emperor accepted the proposal, and in 1911 the Kaiser Wilhelm Society was founded. A year later, in 1912, the Institute for Physical Chemistry and Electrochemistry was opened. Its director was Fritz Haber (1868-1934), who invented the method for synthesizing ammonia from nitrogen and hydrogen gases (Haber-Bosch Procedure) and who received the Nobel Prize in 1918. His method is used today to produce artificial fertilizers for as much as two thirds of global food production. In the next few years, the Institute for Experimental Medicine and the Institute for Biology were added. In 1914, Albert Einstein (1879-1955) was recruited by Max Planck (1858-1947) to come to Berlin, and in 1917, Einstein became director of the society's Institute for Physics. Max von Laue (1879-1960) and Richard Willstätter (1872-1942) were the first scientists from the Kaiser Wilhelm Society to be awarded Nobel Prizes (in physics and chemistry, respectively).

The society survived World War I but with a tarnished reputation because of Haber's support for and participation in the development of poison gas. The hyperinflation in Germany following WW I ruined the society financially; it survived only because the German government took over its financing. After World War II and Germany's unconditional surrender, the Kaiser Wilhelm Society was threatened with dissolution by the Allied Control Council. Fortunately, the British member of the Allied Control Council, Colonel Bertie Blount, disagreed with this proposal, and suggested instead that the society be re-established under a different name. With Blount's help, the former president of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society, the eighty-seven-year-old Nobel Prize winner Max Planck, agreed to move from East Germany to West Germany and accept again the presidency of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society. Two years later, in March of 1947, the Nobel Prize winner Otto Hahn (1879-1968), the godfather of nuclear fission,

replaced him as president after his release from British internment. In 1948, the Kaiser Wilhelm Society was dissolved and the Max Planck Society took over all of its functions and Otto Hahn was elected by the Senate as the first president of the new society. The Max Planck Society has been extremely successful; it currently operates eighty-six institutes, including six outside of Germany. In addition, twenty-two Max Planck Centers and Partnership Institutes exist. Twenty-three members of the Max Planck Society and fifteen members of its predecessor organization were awarded Nobel Prizes (see Appendix).



Classmates celebrating fiftieth anniversary of Abitur in front of gymnasium. From left: Wilhelm Schmitt, judge; Horst Hedden, diplom-ingénieur (i.e., professional engineer); Kurt Harms, attorney; Dr. Hans Rau, neurologist; Diethard Jungehülsing, principal of gymnasium (not a classmate); Marten Detblefs, attorney; Dr. Heinz Lenné, ophthalmologist; Dr. Peter Koch, attorney; Mr. Horstmann, English teacher; Paul Messkemper, owner of bookstore; Professor Ferdinand Heising, director of mining; Walter Mittweg, state prosecutor; Dr. Ernst Ammermann, family practitioner. Not present were Dr. Kai Rehder, anesthesiologist; Hans Lüdtke, journalist; Professor Oskar W'ruck, college professor. Karl Obermoser, diplom-ingénieur; Fritz Wegman, diplom-ingénieur; and Rudolf Berends had passed away. "Let's Go" was the logo of Class 8B.

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As our friends in Oldenburg became older and less mobile, we were not able to visit with them as much and we became a bit lonely when in Oldenburg. It was time for us to think about relocating to the United States again. We made Jörg the sole heir of the house, and he eventually sold it.

We spent seventeen summers during our retirement in Oldenburg and Europe. We learned and saw much about Oldenburg and its surroundings, and we became very familiar with Italy, where we spent three months a year over a period of ten years, and with Sweden and the United Kingdom, where we spent three months a year each over a period of four years. We would not like to have missed our times in these places.

Rochester

In February of 2010, we moved back from Vail to Rochester, where we had bought a house on man-made Bamber Lake. The house had three bedrooms and bathrooms and a large living room with views of the lake. In the summer, we can enjoy sitting on the porch to watch boats cruising on the lake; only boats with electric motors are allowed on the lake to protect against air, water, and noise pollution.

Kai had regular weekly luncheon meetings with retired colleagues from the Pulmonary Division and monthly luncheon meetings with retired colleagues from the Department of Anesthesiology until the coronavirus pandemic broke out. He enjoyed hearing the latest news about the Mayo Clinic at these meetings.

We liked to bike around Bamber Lake to Mayowood. From Rochester, we went regularly to Europe during the summer months or visited the children in Birmingham, Alabama, North Branch, Minnesota, and Aldie, Virginia, and we continued to have biannual Thanksgiving family celebrations. All family members continue to attend the celebrations except Jörg, who cannot make it each time

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because the distance is too far. He comes, however, regularly to celebrate Christmas with us.



*Aerial view of houses on Bamber Lake. Ours is the house with no dock.
Photograph by the late Dr. H. Büttner.*

In November of 2014 the family met for Thanksgiving in Crystal Lake, Illinois. We had a good time together, and nobody foresaw any bad news. Back in Rochester on December 2, while Kai was working in his office, Bärbel went outside to check the mail box. She slipped on the ice and lay helplessly in the dark on the street with a broken hip and two fractures of her arm. Kai was unaware of the accident until a neighbor rang the doorbell and notified him. He took Bärbel to the emergency room at St. Marys Hospital, where we spent eight hours, but no staff orthopedic surgeon saw her! The next morning, when Kai arrived at 7:30 am at the hospital, Bärbel was wheeled to the operating room. The orthopedic surgeon, who had never seen her before, nailed the hip fracture without discussing with us the options of either nailing

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or implanting a new hip joint. Her known osteopenia soon caused the nail to migrate toward the joint. The nail had to be removed in a second procedure, in which an arthroplasty was done. This accident changed our lives. Bärbel never totally recovered from the accident and still has weakness of the hip abductor muscles. To support her balance she walks with two canes. But we continue to enjoy life together. Bärbel is strong and does physical exercises every day.



Our house at Salem Point Drive SW in Rochester



Hot air balloon over Bamber Lake

Visiting Scientist

Before retiring, Kai had contacted some of his friends who had worked with him in Rochester: Sten Lindahl, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology at the Karolinska Hospital in Stockholm; Professor David Hatch, Professor at the Hospital for Sick Children at Great Ormond Street in London; and Professor Vito Brusasco, Professor of Pulmonology at the University of Genoa. Kai suggested to them that they could study together the physiology and pharmacology of isolated airways at their respective institutions. He offered to bring all the necessary equipment. He did not expect a salary or remuneration for travel expenses, and they offered to pay for room and board.

The idea behind Kai's proposal was twofold. First, he was interested in continuing to do research without institutional or national responsibilities. In the last few years before his retirement, he had spent most of his time reviewing papers as editor for scientific journals, reviewing NIH grants, and serving on institutional committees. None of these activities were his primary interests, and they interfered with his laboratory work. Second, Kai and Bärbel wanted to explore foreign countries and learn about their histories, cultures, customs, and languages. If he did not receive regular pay, Kai felt he would be free to decide how much and when to work. This would leave time for explorations of the region near each lab. Sten, David, and Vito all liked Kai's proposal, and we began to prepare for the first trip to Sweden.

Sweden

Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, is the most populous city in Scandinavia and stretches across 14 islands in Lake Mälaren. The nearby Stockholm archipelago with nearly 30,000 islands lies at the intersection of the Baltic Sea with Lake Mälaren. Lovely summer houses are

situated on the islands, and many opportunities for boating can be found on the lake. Sweden is a remarkable country, with a low crime rate, many excellent educational opportunities, and less financial inequality than in most other western countries.



Lake Mälaren near Mariefred

Sten had prepared everything for our arrival. He had rented a modern, furnished apartment at the Wenner-Gren Center owned by the university. Sten and Kai and a very competent technician began to investigate the effects of ketamine, a new intravenous anesthetic agent, on the function of airway muscles. They were interested in understanding these effects because constriction of airway muscles, that is, bronchoconstriction, during general anesthesia can be a serious complication. In addition, Kai enjoyed lecturing at the Karolinska Hospital, Lund University in southern Sweden, and the University of Uppsala north of Stockholm. Unfortunately, he was not able to interest a

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Swedish colleague in joining him and continuing the research in the laboratory after he left.

We explored Stockholm on days when Kai was not working in the laboratory. We first visited the Stortorget, a square in the old town of Stockholm (Gamla Stan). At Stortorget, Swedish noblemen were executed in 1520 in the so-called Stockholm Bloodbath for supporting Swedish independence, which was contrary to the treaty of the Kalmar Union that had been in place from 1397 to 1523 and stipulated that the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden should be governed by a single monarchy. Only three years after the Stockholm Bloodbath, Sweden seceded from the Kalmar Union and Gustav Vasa (1496(?)–1560) was elected the first King of Sweden; thereafter, Sweden developed into a strong European power.

In Stockholm we visited the Vasa Museum on Djurgården Island, in which the old warship *Vasa* is displayed. The remains of the ship were rescued from the floor of the Baltic Sea five hundred years after she sank, and she was painstakingly restored. The ship was built during the reign of King Gustavus Adolphus (1594–1632) during the Thirty Years' War. It was one of the most powerful warships in the world, and the artistry of the colorful carved wooden figures on its bow and stern was exceptional. On her maiden voyage, while she passed the King, her entire crew moved to one side of the ship to salute their proud King Gustavus Adolphus. The heavy weight on just one side caused the ship to capsize, and it sank in front of the King as he watched in consternation; it was a big loss for Sweden.

What else did we do while in Stockholm? We attended many times the Stockholm Open Tennis Tournaments in the huge Ericsson Globe. This was the time when Swedish male tennis players were dominating, and we saw some great matches. The Stockholm Royal Palace lies in the center of town. It is the official residence of the Swedish Royal Family. One day as we strolled through town, we saw the King

and Queen being taken in a horse-drawn carriage from the Royal Palace to the Riksdag for the opening of Parliament. No police and no security protected the royal couple. The Riddarhuset, or House of Nobility, is the building in which records of the noble Swedish families are cared for and stored. We did not visit the inside of the Riddarhuset but liked very much the facade of the building.



View of Stockholm from the City Hall Tower

Kai's invitation from the Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology of the University of Helsinki gave us the opportunity to visit Finland and, from there, St. Petersburg in Russia. As we were sailing across the Baltic Sea to Turku in Finland, we passed the small island of Vaxholm on which an old fortress is situated. We were told that the Prussian Field Marshall Graf Helmuth von Moltke the Elder (1800-1891) smiled when he saw the fortress of Vaxholm (others claim he smiled when he saw the fortress of Liège) and was told that it was safeguarding the seaway to Stockholm; this was supposedly only the second time in his life that he had smiled, the first time being when he

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learned that his mother-in-law had died. From Turku we took the train to Helsinki, where we had plenty of time for sightseeing after Kai's presentation at the Department of Anesthesiology. In the evenings we were entertained by the chairman and his wife, who was born in Oldenburg, our hometown. What a small world!

From Helsinki we took the express train *Sibelius* to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where we stayed at the Hotel Astoria, a hotel for foreign tourists conveniently located close to the major attractions of the Winter Palace, Hermitage, and Saint Isaac's Cathedral. A competent guide took us on interesting tours through St. Petersburg, including a visit to the magnificent Hermitage Museum. We were amazed when we saw how much the town had recovered after the long siege by the Germans during WW II. Our guide managed to get tickets for a spectacular performance of an opera by Sergei Prokofiev.

We had a frightful experience in St. Petersburg. During the daytime, as we walked through the center of town, a crowd of children attacked us and tried to steal our money. Nobody came to help; only Kai's determined resistance saved us. A little later on, we saw some street musicians playing wonderful Russian music, and this compensated for the bad experience.

When it was time to leave St. Petersburg, we had some Russian rubles left and spent them sampling Russian wine at a bar in the center of town. After finishing a bottle of good wine, we returned to the hotel in time to collect our luggage and take a taxi to the railway station. Unfortunately, the hotel employees could not locate the keys to the locked area that held our luggage. It took so long for them to find the keys that we missed the last train of the day from St. Petersburg to Helsinki. As we arrived at the railroad station we saw only the red lights at the back of the train as it pulled out of the station. Our Russian visas were expiring and we had to leave Russia that day. Just as we thought we were in trouble, an English- and Russian-speaking Finnish

Lutheran minister approached us. He had also missed the train and suggested that we hire a taxi together to catch the train at the Russian-Finnish border, where the train would be held up while officials checked passengers' passports. We agreed. He hired a cab and explained our dilemma to the driver. The driver took off and drove so fast that he was fined by the police for speeding. When the driver learned we were from the United States, he shared with us that he had served on a submarine in the Russian navy. He was stationed close to the harbor of New York to observe naval traffic that went in and out of the harbor and to spy on electronic communications. Thanks to the driver, we caught the train at the border and continued our travels without incident back to Helsinki and Turku to catch the ferry to Stockholm.

With Sten and his wife, Ulla, we visited Gripsholm Castle, a place we knew of from the delightful 1931 novel *Castle Gripsholm* by the German author Kurt Tucholsky (1890-1935). In the book he described how a couple that was madly in love had fun playing nasty, scary tricks on visitors touring the castle. The Swedes honored Tucholsky for making Gripsholm Castle popular by bringing his remains to Mariefred and burying them at the cemetery there, which is close to Castle Gripsholm.

Gripsholm Castle is located on a peninsula of Lake Mälaren. It was built by King Gustav Vasa in the sixteenth century. Today it houses the Swedish National Portrait Gallery, a collection of portraits of Swedish kings and queens. Visitors to the castle are greeted in the inner court by the *Boar* and *Son*, two big Russian cannons captured in the Livonian War (1558-1583). Inside the castle we found the cover of the dungeon where the playful lovers had hidden to carry out their pranks. As we toured around the castle we had a good view of the village of Mariefred on the opposite shore of the lake.

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Gripsholm Castle



View of Mariefred from Gripsholm Castle

Other excursions from Stockholm included a trip to Lapland, where we stayed at a cabin in the wilderness belonging to the family of the laboratory technician. We saw free-ranging reindeer, hiked through isolated wooded areas, and enjoyed the beautiful landscape and wild rivers. Friends of Sten invited us to the island of Gotland. They showed us Visby, the major city of Gotland. It is the best preserved medieval city in Scandinavia and has a beautiful and impressive cathedral. Visby is surrounded by an intact and mighty city wall. Another treat was a flight organized by Sten and his friends from Stockholm to Orrefors in Småland on a private plane. Here we were given an informative and interesting tour through the famous company, learning and seeing how its high-quality glassware was designed and produced. On the flight we were even allowed to steer the plane for a while.

An invitation from the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences to participate in the week-long Nobel Prize Ceremonies in Stockholm was one of the highlights of our lives. We were guests of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences and spent a week attending meetings, including the Nobel Prize talks by the Nobel Prize awardees. Kai described the details of the ceremonies in his autobiography *My Life*, so they will not be repeated here.

The late Göran Hedenstierna, Professor of Clinical Physiology at the University of Uppsala, invited Kai to join his research project in Uppsala for three months. Hedenstierna and Kai had similar research interests and knew each other from meetings. The cooperation was pleasant, and the two had stimulating discussions. Uppsala University is the oldest university in Scandinavia, founded in 1477. We visited the anatomic theater, a noteworthy feature of the university campus. It is the second oldest in the world. Its revolutionary steep conical form provided medical students with excellent views of dissections. We were amazed when we saw the red brick Gothic Cathedral of Uppsala, built in 1270. We had not seen a red brick gothic church before, although they exist in Germany around the Baltic Sea. The church is the seat of

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the Archbishop of the Church of Sweden. It is the burial site of the first Swedish King, Gustav Vasa; Carl von Linné (1707-1778), the famous Swedish botanist who introduced the system for the naming of organisms; and Dag Hammarskjöld (1905-1961), the former Secretary General of the United Nations.



Old City Wall in Visby

The hilltop Uppsala Castle dominates Uppsala. We were invited to a delightful candlelight dinner at the castle held in honor of Dr. Martin Henriksson Holmdahl, who was the retiring Rector Magnificus of Uppsala University and the first Professor and Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology in Uppsala. After the main course of the dinner had been served, lights were dimmed and beautiful young Swedish blonde ladies appeared, clad in elegant white evening dresses and carrying trays of desserts adorned with sparkling lights. A breathtaking moment. Hollywood could not have done a better job. Did we deserve this royal treatment? The dinner was attended by many authorities of Swedish universities and by many well-known Swedish academic anesthesiologists, including Dr. Torsten Gordh, first Professor and

Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology at Karolinska University Hospital in Stockholm. After dinner, Gordh demonstrated his magic skills by removing, without any damage, the dinner shirt from the unsuspecting and surprised guest of honor Holmdahl. We have no idea how he did it.

United Kingdom

Kai had similar agreements with David Hatch at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children as he had with Sten in Stockholm. Kai again suggested spending three months per year with David on a research project and lecturing at departments of anesthesiology in London and elsewhere in the United Kingdom. We rented a furnished apartment in Kilburn in the northwest of the center of London. From Kilburn it was a short ride by tube to work and to the center of London.

London is a city with an infinite number of historic places and institutions. It is not only the capital of the British Empire but also the political and financial center of the United Kingdom. London's universities make up the largest concentration of educational institutions in Europe. We saw many fascinating events, including the Wimbledon Tennis Tournament, and we were introduced to Queen Elizabeth II at the headquarters of the Royal College of Anaesthetists in London.

While in Rochester, David and Kai had studied the intrapulmonary distribution of inspired gas in spontaneously breathing awake subjects. They had compared their findings with those found during the mechanical ventilation of the lungs after the induction of anesthesia and muscle paralysis. Because Kai was not licensed to practice medicine in the United Kingdom, such studies on humans were not feasible there. Instead, he and his colleagues studied isolated airways obtained from the local abattoir. Kai and his co-investigators Drs. L. E. Wilson and P. E. Hodgson continued the studies he had begun in Stockholm. These studies demonstrated that ketamine attenuated contractions of

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the airway muscles in response to electric stimulations by a dual effect. Firstly, ketamine inhibited contractions by directly affecting the muscles or their receptors. Secondly, it interfered with the propagation of the nervous stimulus to the muscles. These two effects may be the underlying mechanisms for ketamine's relief of bronchoconstriction in asthmatic patients. The results of these studies were published in the peer-reviewed *British Journal of Anesthesia* with Drs. Wilson and Hodgson each as primary investigators.

Kai lectured not only at the Department of Anesthesiology at Great Ormond Street and at many other departments of anesthesiology in London, but also in Bristol, Leeds, Cardiff, Oxford, and Edinburgh. Kai remembers particularly well a lecture in Leeds. The Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology, Professor Jones, a respected expert in pulmonary physiology, interrupted Kai's presentation many times with interesting questions. Kai was at the lectern for nearly three hours instead of forty-five minutes. The questions and discussions were in a good spirit and friendly. Kai and the professor learned from each other, and that is the way it should be.

Drs. Wilson and Hodgson were soon able to perform studies and data analyses without Kai's direct supervision. This allowed us to explore London. We had never lived in a big and busy city, and we were



Royal Guard

initially overwhelmed by the size of London and its traffic. With time, however, London grew on us, and we felt at home.



*Yeoman Warder,
or Beefeater, at
Tower of London*

We were introduced to London on our first weekend there by David and his late wife, Rita. They gave us valuable advice and information. We met at the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. David had prudently timed the get-together to coincide with the colorful ceremony of the Changing of the Guard. The new Guard approached the palace dressed in a carmine-red tunic and a large bearskin hat and accompanied by a military band playing music. As we watched this event, we understood why the British are so proud of the traditions of the Royal Family. It is one of the must-see events in London.

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After having viewed the Changing of the Guard, we strolled to the Speaker's Corner, where we saw people standing on stepladders or soapboxes giving political speeches or talks on other subjects. Some of the talks were interesting, some irrelevant, and some plain stupid. From the Speaker's Corner, we walked to the Horse Guard Building and Downing Street, where we saw the residence of the British Prime Minister. From there we went to Trafalgar Square, where Lord Nelson is memorialized by a tall column with his statue on top and four lions at the bottom. Lord Nelson (1758-1805) is honored because he defeated the combined fleets of Spain and France during the Napoleonic Wars (1803-1815) at Cape Trafalgar in the southwest of Spain as they were preparing to take control of the English Channel in preparation for the invasion of England. From Trafalgar Square we strolled along Regent Street, a major shopping street, to Piccadilly Circus, which was illuminated by bright neon-lighted advertisements.

On the next weekend, Rita and David took us to the Tower of London on the northern bank of the Thames River. The Tower was built by William the Conqueror (ca. 1028-1087) to protect him against invaders. It has seen many changes since. We shuddered when we saw Traitors' Gate, the ominous entrance to the Tower for prisoners arriving by boat on the river. Prisoners, royal or not, entering through the gate were often beheaded, including Mary Queen of Scots (1542-1587) and Anne Boleyn (1507(?) - 1536), the second wife of Henry VIII (1491-1547). Even Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603) was incarcerated in the Tower for a while. A more recent prisoner was Rudolf Hess (1894-1987), Deputy Führer of Germany during WW II. In 1941, he flew in a fighter plane from South Germany to England; what he wanted to accomplish is not known. Was he crazy or did Adolf Hitler order him to do this? No doubt many would like to know. Thanks to David and Rita, these excursions gave us a much better idea of what to expect over the next three months.

At the Tower we admired the well-dressed Yeomen Warders, also known as Beefeaters. We learned why they are called Beefeaters. During the reign of Henry VII (1457-1509), the Warders were allowed to eat as much beef as they desired. On the grounds of the Tower, we saw many black ravens. David explained that according to legend, the Kingdom of England will perish if the ravens should ever leave the Tower. No wonder their wings are clipped and they are fed regularly to keep them there. The museum of the Tower had interesting displays of armory. David and Kai chuckled when they saw the delicate design of the armory of knights to protect their privates.



Royal Guard with bearskin hat

Kai was invited to lecture at the departments of anesthesia at Oxford, Cardiff, and Bristol. Oxford is a famous research center in the United Kingdom and is the site of the oldest university in the English-speaking world. While Kai was visiting the anesthesiology department, Sir Keith Sykes, who Kai had met in Rochester, gave Bärbel a tour of the Oxford campus, including closed-door facilities. She saw the sparse lecture halls and offices, similar in their meager furnishings to those we had seen at Eaton College. It proves that it is not the luxuriousness of lecture halls, laboratories, or office spaces that fosters outstanding teaching and research. The genes of the teachers, researchers, and students and the culture of the institution are more important.

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Town in Cotswold Hills

Leaving Oxford, we explored the Cotswold Hills, a lovely landscape with rolling hills and cozy houses built with honey-colored or gold-colored stones, giving them a warm and quaint appearance. From there we traveled to Bristol, where we met Professor Cedric Prys-Roberts, Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology at Bristol University. He gave us a tour of Bristol and explained its interesting history. Bristol has the dubious reputation of having been a center of slave trading. Goods were shipped from Bristol to West Africa, where they were exchanged for slaves. The slaves were taken to Bristol to be sold with good profit and shipped to the continent of America. He showed us the place where they arrived and where they were sold. What a fate for innocent human beings, being caught in Africa, shipped to Bristol, and sold to America, where they would have no rights for the rest of their lives!

The most prominent academic anesthetist in the United Kingdom was without a doubt Professor John Nunn, who authored the excellent, widely read monograph *Applied Respiratory Physiology*, describing in great clarity and detail the effects of general anesthesia and mechanical

ventilation on the respiratory system. Kai is very happy that the work of his team is quoted widely in the book. Kai and John met the first time in Rochester, when John was visiting Drs. Ward Fowler and Richard Theye, Kai's mentors. When Kai was working in Würzburg, Germany, from 1961 to 1965, John invited him to participate in a symposium at a meeting of the International Society of Anesthesia in Vienna, together with Drs. John Severinghaus from San Francisco and Ruth Gattiker from Zürich. John Nunn and Kai met again at a meeting of the International Society of Anesthesia in Sao Paolo, Brazil. Here, John was scheduled to serve on a symposium discussing the newly introduced volatile anesthetic halothane, which had been developed in the United Kingdom. On the evening before the symposium, Kai met John and mentioned to him that his team in Würzburg had discovered that halothane was metabolized. This observation was in contrast to the common belief that volatile anesthetics were chemically inert, that is, they were thought not to be metabolized. It raised the important question of whether the breakdown products of halothane, and not halothane itself, were causing liver damage after anesthesia with halothane. Kai gave John a copy of the manuscript dealing with the metabolism of halothane, which had been accepted for publication. After reading the manuscript, John was impressed with the importance of this discovery and suggested to the chairman of the symposium that he should invite Kai to make these findings public during the discussion period. But his suggestion was declined. Why? Was it fear of economic consequences for the British company that made halothane and financed the symposium?

While in London, Kai visited John at Northwick Park Hospital. During the visit, he learned about John's long-standing research on ancient Egyptian medicine. John had described the expertise and skills of the physicians who practiced it in the fascinating book *Ancient Egyptian Medicine*. He concluded that their accomplishments matched other great Egyptian accomplishments. After retirement, John continued

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with his studies of ancient Egyptian medicine at the British Museum, where he was given an office. At his retirement ceremony, John was honored by his colleagues for his many great contributions. Pulmonary researchers, including Kai, were invited to present lectures at the John Nunn retirement celebration. A pleasure and great honor.

Visiting Kew Gardens was special. They are the largest botanical gardens in the world. It was impossible for us to get more than a superficial impression even after multiple visits. We enjoyed the colors, forms, and scents of the flowers and admired the immaculate flowerbeds. We fell in love with the Queen Charlotte House, named after Queen Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (1744-1818), the Queen Consort of King George III (1738-1820). Its lawn was covered with an abundance of colorful blooming wildflowers.

The British Museum is a must for anybody visiting London. The collections of treasures of history and art from all over the world are stunning and unique. We were particularly impressed by the *Lion Hunt of Ashurbanipal*, a masterpiece of Assyrian art. Ashurbanipal was King of Assyria from 668 to 631 BC. The scenes of a lion hunt are depicted on a series of palace reliefs and show the hunting and killing of lions by the King with astonishing realism. We came back many times to see the *Lion Hunt*. We also saw the famous Rosetta Stone in the Egyptian exhibition. A decree had been carved onto the Rosetta Stone in both Greek letters and Egyptian hieroglyphs. Comparing the known Greek letters with the unknown Egyptian script helped scientists to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphs. A breakthrough in Egyptology!

We visited Greenwich, the birthplace of King Henry VIII (1491-1547) and Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603). We walked through a long pedestrian tunnel under the River Thames to get to Greenwich. The first thing we saw was the impressive Royal Naval College on the bank of the river. It is a magnificent complex that demonstrates the wealth and power of the British Empire at the time it was built. But no empire

lasts forever, and the power of the British Empire is declining. What country will replace it? The USA, Russia, or China?

In 1884, all nations agreed to place the zero of longitude, that is, the prime meridian, through Greenwich, dividing east from west as the equator divides north from south. Another major attraction in Greenwich was the large, dry-docked sailing ship *Cutty Sark*. She crossed the oceans and carried wool from Australia to England. Seeing the facilities on board, we realized what seamen endured during the long voyages across the oceans.

We attended the grass tennis tournaments at the Beckenham Lawn Tennis Club and the Queen's Club Championships, which both serve as preparation for the most important tennis tournament of all, Wimbledon. We saw many famous tennis stars and some not-quite-so-famous ones. One of the latter was David Wheaton from Minneapolis. He had played in a junior tournament in Rochester against Mark, who was two years older and taller than David. When Mark saw David, he figured he could easily beat him. Expecting a short match, he asked Kai to stay around to take him home right after the short game. He was correct; it was a short game but not with the outcome he had expected. David demonstrated his talent and overpowered Mark. Kai mentioned this tournament to David Wheaton at Beckenham, but he did not remember it.

At Wimbledon, long lines of fans queue up each evening for tickets for the matches of the next day. We did not queue up like this but were fortunate to get tickets anyway for Center Court from people who were selling their tickets after they had seen the matches they were interested in. We were seated on Center Court close to the Royal Box, where the 1977 Wimbledon Champion Virginia Wade was sitting. Steffi Graf from Germany, seeded number one in the Ladies Singles Championship, played in the first match. She was unusually fast on the court, and her forehand was feared. The match was followed by one

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with Boris Becker, also from Germany. Becker was seeded number two in the Gentlemen's Singles Championship. Young Boris was the darling of the fans. He dove for seemingly unreachable passing shots at the net with the Becker Dive. Helped by the accurate placement of his strong service, the unseeded seventeen-year-old Becker surprisingly won the Wimbledon Championship in 1985. "Bobbele" became a hero in West Germany. Ivan Lendl, seeded number three, played in the third match. All three seeded players won their matches easily. What an experience for a tennis fan! We admired the ball control, speed, and dexterity of the players. To see their footwork, how they changed from a topspin forehand to a sliced backhand or



Sir Keith Sykes and Bärbel in Oxford

from a cross-court shot to a shot along the line, and how they volleyed or played stop balls at the right time was fascinating. But not all of the spectators on Center Court were tennis fans. Two elderly ladies seated next to us were about to leave for a cup of tea just as the match with Steffi Graf was announced. Assuming they might not have heard the announcement, Kai pointed out to them that Graf was playing next. Their answer was "Oh; who is she?" They had apparently never heard of the best female tennis player in the world.

Another major sporting event in the United Kingdom is the Henley Royal Regatta rowing competition. Even though no races were scheduled, we went to Henley to see the rowing course and explore the town. The rowing course was north of Henley, where the Thames

is straight and where thousands of spectators have room to watch the races. We walked along the course and saw and heard in our minds the excitement and enthusiasm of the large crowds. After that we strolled through the town and saw and admired the beautiful old five-arched stone bridge spanning the Thames.

We found Royal Hyde Park in the Center of London a particularly pleasant place to relax and enjoy nature. Many times we walked through the park and enjoyed the beautiful multicolored ducks and exotic birds swimming in the Serpentine Lake. We walked to the end of the park to Kensington Palace, where Crown Prince Charles and his former wife, the late Princess Diana, were living. From Hyde Park, we went next to Harrods, the world's largest luxury department store. Its size, with more than three hundred departments, was overwhelming. Only Harrods could afford to introduce a dress code for customers!



Buying ice cream in the Cotswolds

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Boris Becker at Center Court



Steffi Graf at Center Court

We were lucky to be invited to a concert at the Royal Albert Hall by David and Rita. Their daughter-in-law played in the concert as a solo violinist. Another unforgettable experience! The hall is named after Prince Albert (1819-1861), the German-born husband of Queen Victoria (1819-1901). When we toured the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the birthplaces of modern democracy, we could hear and see in our minds the great orator and newly appointed Prime Minister Winston Churchill (1874-1965) addressing the House of Commons during WW II in 1940 by saying, "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat." This speech boosted the morale of the British when it was most needed; it won their support. A monument to Winston Churchill has been erected appropriately close to Westminster. We both have asked ourselves why the Germans could not develop a flourishing democracy. Only with the help of the Allies in occupied Germany did the Germans finally manage to develop a working and lasting democracy.



Monument of Winston Churchill

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Friends and relatives visited us in London. We showed them interesting highlights of the city and enjoyed sitting together in English pubs after sightseeing tours. They all enjoyed sightseeing in London but did not like the warm English beer. Jörg came from Germany and Kai Detlef from the United States. With Jörg we traveled to Cambridge, a town of about 150,000 inhabitants, including 30,000 students. We rented a boat and cruised down the River Cam with Jörg punting. Researchers who worked in Cambridge or had connections to Cambridge have won 118 Nobel Prizes; only Harvard University in the United States has won more. These researchers include Francis Crick and James Watson, who elucidated the structural formula of DNA. Outstanding research and teaching benefit a country, and the money spent for applied or basic research is well invested. Politicians should understand this and not spend money foolishly on other unnecessary things merely to get reelected.

We visited Hampton Court Palace in Richmond upon Thames. It was built in 1514 by Cardinal Thomas Wolsey (ca. 1473- 1530), Lord Chancellor and one of the most powerful men in England during the reign of Henry VIII (1491-1547). When Wolsey failed to have the marriage of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon (1485-1536) annulled, he fell out of favor with the King. Wolsey attempted to mend the relationship by bequeathing Hampton Court Palace to the King, and soon the palace, an imitation of the Palace of Versailles, became the King's most favored palace. We visited the complex and entered through Anne Boleyn's Gate with its large Astronomical Clock. We walked through beautiful gardens and saw the historic indoor Royal Tennis Court, where Henry VIII played tennis. We learned that at the beginning of a point, a servant would throw the ball onto the court, and that is why the beginning of a point is called the *service*.

We also traveled to see the Cathedral of Canterbury, one of the oldest, most famous, and most beautiful churches in England and the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He is the most senior clergyman

of the Church of England, and his duties include presiding at coronations of English Monarchs in Westminster Abbey; the last was performed in 1953 for Queen Elizabeth II. Many people go on a pilgrimage to Canterbury to see and admire the shrine of the martyr Thomas Becket (1119 or 1120-1170), who was killed in 1170 when he defended the rights and privileges of the Church against King Henry II (1133-1189).



Jörg punting on Cam River

While we were in Britain, the annual meeting of the British Royal Society of Anaesthetists was held in Aberdeen, Scotland. Kai and his team had submitted an abstract of their research work to the society, and it had been accepted for presentation. This gave us the opportunity to travel by car to Scotland and see more of England and Scotland. During this trip we first visited Edinburgh, sometimes known as the Athens of the North. The city's castle dominates Edinburgh just as the Acropolis dominates Athens. Edinburgh was home to many famous

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people, including the poet Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), the economist Alan Smith (1723-1790), and the creator of the character of Sherlock Homes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930). We liked to stroll down Princes Street and enjoy the view of Edinburgh Castle. In the Princes Street Gardens, we saw the monument to Sir Walter Scott. Further downtown we spotted the iconic crown steeple of the Cathedral of St. Giles, an Edinburgh landmark.

While visiting the National Galleries of Scotland, Kai had an unusual experience. He was looking closely at some details of a picture and was kindly asked to please step aside to allow the King to get a better look. It was the King of Norway, and he was walking through the museum without bodyguards like a normal visitor. Wouldn't it be nice if Presidents of the United States could do the same?

We saw the outside of Holyrood Palace but unfortunately did not have time to visit the inside. It would have been interesting to see the historic apartment of Mary Queen of Scots. On the return trip to London, we stopped at Balmoral Castle, the holiday home of the Royal Family. The castle was not open to the public, but the gardens and grounds were. As we walked through the gardens, we came to the River Dee, from which we had a splendid view of the huge castle. It was certainly worth the detour.

We spent a total of nearly twelve months over a period of four years in the United Kingdom. We would not like to have missed this experience. We understand British history, customs, and culture much better now. On the continent, most people recognize the power and immense contributions of the United Kingdom to science and poetry. No other country has received more Nobel Prizes per capita than the United Kingdom! That speaks well for the culture of the country. In our minds, Europe should make every effort to encourage the United Kingdom to rejoin the European Union. We would like to recommend to our children that they visit and explore the United Kingdom after

their retirement. It is worth it. We would also like to use this opportunity to thank David again for the kind support he and Rita gave us.

Italy

Dr. Arthur Olsen, retired Chairman of the Division of Thoracic Diseases at the Mayo Clinic, invited Dr. Vito Brusasco from the University of Genoa to work with Dr. Robert Hyatt, Director of Pulmonary Research, at the Mayo Clinic, but he did this without informing Dr. Hyatt. When Vito arrived in Rochester with wife Giovanna and daughter Claudia, Hyatt was unaware of his coming and had no funds to support him. Since Vito's research interests were similar to Kai's and Kai had funds to support him, Vito joined Kai's laboratory. Vito learned the English language fast and excelled in the laboratory work. Vito and Kai became friends, and they worked so well together that Vito came back twice to Rochester to work for one year each time with Kai.

We had an agreement with Vito similar to the ones with Sten and David. Our first trip to Genoa was in 1992. Vito had rented us a furnished apartment in Bogliasco, a village about eleven kilometers southeast of Genoa. It was an ideal location, directly on the Mediterranean Sea, with a train station allowing for easy travel north or south, a supermarket, and many lovely, small, privately owned stores. From 1993 on, we rented an apartment in Sori, a similar sized village about four kilometers further southeast from Genoa. Sori had all the advantages of Bogliasco, and in addition, it had a nice pebble beach.

Dr. Francesco Nicosia, Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology at the National Institute for Cancer Research in Genoa, managed to find adequate laboratory space for Kai, and he freed Dr. Lucia Zappi from all clinical responsibilities so that she could work fulltime with Kai. Lucia was motivated to work hard, interested in research, reliable, honest, and intelligent. It was a great pleasure to work with

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her, and we remained friends. Three of Vito's equally competent and motivated research assistants also worked with Kai in the laboratory.

First, Lucia and Kai had to set up the laboratory and install the research equipment. Sten Lindahl had asked Kai to leave his equipment in Stockholm for a while so he could complete some studies. Sten promised that as soon as the studies were finished, he would send the equipment to Genoa, but on Kai's arrival, no equipment had arrived. Where was it? Was it lost? An incompetent customs agent in Milan was holding it up with the excuse that he could not determine the value of the research equipment and, therefore, could not determine what duty tax was due because there was no mention of electronic pressure transducers, electric nerve stimulators, and other similar research devices in his manual. It was released only after Lucia's father, a retired general of the *carabinieri*, the elite Italian police force, strongly urged the boss of the clerk by telephone to release the equipment. We were charged a customs duty of \$10.00. How stupid!

After a few days, Lucia and Kai finished setting up the laboratory, the equipment was working, and Lucia had obtained a fresh bovine trachea from the abattoir. They were ready to do the first experiment. Kai knew that Francesco and Lucia were interested in the pharmacology of opioids, since they used opioids in their treatments of pain. He suggested therefore that they study the pharmacologic effects of opioids on the functions of airway muscles. He speculated that opioids may have similar paralyzing effects on airway muscles as on bowel muscles, since the airways and bowels have a similar embryologic development. Lucia demonstrated that two of the opioid subtypes nearly abolished contractions of airway muscles in response to electric stimuli, while the third subtype had no effect. Reduced airway muscle contractions in response to stimulation may be important in the prevention and treatment of bronchoconstriction. Unfortunately, the administration of opioids results in the release of histamine, which counteracts the beneficial relaxing effects of opioids. The team knew that an

opioid that did not release histamine would be a powerful and ideal treatment of bronchoconstriction and that looking for such an opioid would be important.

Lucia next determined where the opioid receptors are located in the signal transmission pathway from nerve to muscle. She found them located at the synapsis between nerve and muscle. When the nerves are stimulated, the release of the messenger molecule acetylcholine tells the muscle to contract. Opioids reduce the release of the messenger molecule and thereby attenuate muscle contraction in response to stimulation. The reader may wonder why humans have opioid receptors in their airways. We do not know the answer. But we do know that endorphins, which are opioid-like substances, circulate in our blood. One can speculate that they could be participating in regulating the size of airways, thereby supporting the fine-tuning of the intrapulmonary distribution of inspired gas and the quality of pulmonary gas exchange. This topic needs more research.

Vito, as a pulmonologist, naturally had other research interests. He wanted to learn more about the pharmacology of hyperresponsive human airways. Why do patients with hyperresponsive airways have reduced responses to bronchodilators? How do hyperresponsive airways react when challenged with allergens? We found that the receptors responsible for initiating the muscle relaxation of hyperresponsive airways became dysfunctional when challenged with an allergen. This dysfunction may be the underlying mechanism for the attenuated response to bronchodilators of patients with hyperresponsive airways. Interestingly, a corticosteroid restored the dysfunction of the receptors.

We next studied the intracellular events leading to the dysfunction of the receptors. Normally, the stimulation of receptors alters their three-dimensional configuration, which in turn sets in motion a multi-step intracellular event resulting in the contraction of the muscle. Our

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studies suggested that the dysfunction of the receptors occurred at the very first step of the intracellular signal transmission pathway.

Research assistants of Vito included Michele Baroffio, Lorenzo Brichetto, and Pingfong Song from China. They were all intelligent, skilled, and highly motivated. It was a pleasure to work with them and Kai believes they enjoyed working with him. The results of the work with Lucia's and Vito's group were published in peer-reviewed journals and presented in multiple oral presentations at national and international meetings.



Bogliasco on Golfo Paradiso

When Kai was not working in the laboratory, we explored the Riviera di Levante, the coastline southeast of Genoa. It was only a short distance from Bogliasco or Sori to Camogli, a gem of a town on the Riviera di Levante with beautiful pastel-colored houses and nice bars along its coastline, where we enjoyed Italian espresso while people watching.



Men relaxing while reading the Sunday paper in Camogli

A hiking trail passing through olive groves and pine forests led from Camogli to San Fruttuoso, named after the Spanish bishop Saint Fruttuoso of Tarragona, who was burned at the stake in 259 AD and whose relics are kept in the 1000-year-old Abbey of San Fruttuoso. San Fruttuoso can be reached only by foot or boat but not by car, so it is kept from being overcrowded. From the hiking trail from Camogli to San Fruttuoso, one has magnificent views of the blue water of the Golfo Paradiso and can see that San Fruttuoso is surrounded by steep wooded hills. Its pebble beach invites one to take a refreshing swim in the crystal-clear blue water. We hiked often to San Fruttuoso. It was an easy hike of two hours.

The next resort town southeast of Camogli was Santa Margherita, which lies on the other side of the Portofino Peninsula on the Golfo Tigullio. A hiking trail led from Santa Margherita via Paraggi to fashionable Portofino. It was also a beautiful hike with spectacular



Abbey of San Fruttuoso

panoramic views of the blue water of the Golfo Tigullio. We liked to interrupt the hike in Paraggi with a rest on the sandy beach and a swim in the Mediterranean Sea. From Paraggi it was only a short distance to Portofino, which is visited by many passengers from cruise ships and by celebrities who moor their yachts in the small harbor. Many German tourists were enjoying not only the sun but also delicious Italian ice cream with whipped cream in the town. A short trail uphill from the harbor of Portofino led to the other side of the peninsula, allowing a splendid view of Golfo Paradiso with Genoa and the Alps in the background.



Iconic Castello sul Mare in Rapallo

A more difficult and steep footpath led from Camogli to San Rocco, a small village with a church on a promontory overlooking the Mediterranean Sea. From San Rocco, the trail continued downhill past the lovely little twelfth-century Church of San Nicolò to the endpoint of the trail at the tip of the Portofino Peninsula, Punta Chiappa. From that spot, one can see on one side the Golfo Paradiso with Genoa and the Alps in the background and on the other side the Golfo Tigullio with Santa Margherita and Rapallo in the background. The beautiful and quiet atmosphere of Punta Chiappa inspired the famous English poet Lord Byron to write some of his beautiful poems there in the 1820s.

Rapallo was the next famous resort town on the Golfo Tigullio. It has become famous through the Rapallo Treaty (1922), in which Russians and Germans agreed to exchange diplomats and cancel all reparations and territorial claims from WW I. They also agreed to conduct military collaborations, allowing the German army to train its troops

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in Russia, which was not in line with the Versailles Treaty. Today, Rapallo is a famous seaside resort. Its landmark is the iconic Castello sul Mare, which was built in 1550 to keep Saracen pirates from invading and capturing indigenous people to be used as slaves.

Further southeast from Rapallo were the towns of Zoagli, Chiavari, Lavagna, and Sestri Levante. We visited them all many times and liked Sestri Levante the best. It is another gem of a resort with two picturesque beaches, the Bay of Silence (Baia del Silenzio) and the Bay of the Fables (Baia delle Favoli). We preferred the Bay of Silence with its quiet, uncrowded, sandy beach. After having spent the day at the beach sunbathing and swimming, we stopped in town for refreshments and sightseeing.

The highlight of the Riviera di Levante was unquestionably Cinque Terre, southeast from Sestri Levante. From Sori, we traveled by train to Riomaggiore, the southeastern-most railroad station of Cinque Terre. From there we hiked for about three hours to Monterosso al Mare, the town that lies furthest northwest in the Cinque Terre. At the beginning, the trail was paved and had benches alongside where hikers could rest. It ran directly along the coastline and in some places even extended out over the sea. The remaining part of the trail, Sentiero Azzurro, was more difficult to negotiate; at spots it was narrow and went up and down the mountainous coastal region. Steep old vineyards flanked the trail on one side and the Mediterranean Sea on the other side. After a hike of about one hour, we saw the first town, Manarola, on a rocky promontory with a small harbor dotted with colorful fishing boats. A fantastic view.

From Manarola the trail continued via Corniglia and Vernazza to Monterosso al Mare, the endpoint of the trail. The views from the trail were magnificent, and some bars along the trail offered rest and refreshments. Monterosso al Mare was the largest of the five villages. It boasted a wide sandy beach that invited a swim after the long hike.

Bars on the promenade were plentiful and seductive. A big surprise in Monterosso was the painting *The Crucifixion* by the Dutch artist Anthony van Dyke (1599-1641) in the Church of San Francesco. We hiked many times from Riomaggiore to Monterosso al Mare, and when Jörg accompanied us once, he enjoyed it as much as we did.



Vernazza in Cinque Terre

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Mediterranean coast from Genoa to La Spezia

We have special fond memories of Recco, a small town close to Sori. Several times, Francesco invited the research team to unique dinner parties at the Borgo Antico Restaurant in Recco. When we arrived the first time at the restaurant, we were surprised to see a somewhat shabby-looking place and thought we had arrived at the wrong restaurant. But our impression once inside was quite different. It was an excellent restaurant where delicious food and excellent wines were offered with outstanding service. Only locals could know about such an outstanding restaurant in a hidden place. We enjoyed the dinner parties tremendously, and we want to thank Francesco for his generosity. We also thank him for everything else he has done for us! We want to use this opportunity also to thank Vito and Ilaria, who took us on many wonderful trips through northern Italy. These two gentlemen and Ilaria and Lucia made our stay in Italy unique. We want to suggest to our children that they include this wonderful country in their travels after retirement. It is unique.



View of Golfo Tigullio from trail leading from Santa Margherita to Paraggi

Italy has a documented history of more than two thousand years and it is still a modern country with a competitive and innovative industry. Few other countries can claim the same over such a long period. We spent the equivalent of two and a half years in Italy, spread out over ten years. We explored the country and met its people. It is impossible to describe all the wonderful tours we took in Italy. We can mention only the most memorable ones, which included trips to Florence, Brisighella, Forlì, San Marino, Portico di Romagna, Ravenna, San Gimignano, Siena, Elba, Rome, Venice, and Pisa.

Vito had been invited as a visiting professor to Florence, and we came along to see the city, which is the cradle of the Renaissance. We stayed at a hotel on the bank of the Arno River with a wonderful view of the Ponte Vecchio, or Old Bridge. Visiting Florence is always a special treat, and one can see only a few highlights during a single visit, as we knew from having been there several times before. We decided to

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walk this time up to Piazzale Michelangelo. We crossed the Arno River walking over the Ponte Vecchio with its many small jewelry shops, and then we strolled uphill to Piazzale Michelangelo. From there we had staggering, spectacular views of Florence. The view was dominated by the Cattedrale di Santa Maria del Fiore, Campanile, Palazzo Vecchio, and Arno with the Ponte Vecchio. From Piazzale Michelangelo we explored Fiesole, a suburb on a hilltop where the more affluent people of Florence live; the air in Fiesole is less polluted and its altitude makes it a little cooler in the summer than Florence. One also has wonderful views from there.



Horse-drawn carriages in Florence

Our experiences of Florence were mostly pleasant but not completely so. While Kai was looking at the beautiful multicolored marble panels of the Cattedrale di Santa Maria del Fiore, he stepped into a gigantic pile of soft dog poop and slipped and landed with his rear in the middle of the pile. Only at the hotel did we see and smell the magnitude of the problem. His pants were soiled badly and stunk terribly. He went fully dressed into the shower, undressed while the water was running, and threw the shed clothes on the floor of the shower. He was so busy cleaning himself that he did not notice that the clothes he had shed were obstructing the drainage of water and causing some flooding of the hotel room. We were able to clean the room and were

consoled by the fact that the clothes and Kai were clean and no longer stunk.



Artists at Arno painting the Ponte Vecchio

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Another unforgettable trip was to Brisighella, hometown of Giovanna, first wife of Vito. Brisighella is a lovely small medieval town close to the eastern coast of Italy, north of Florence and not far from Ravenna. We stayed with Giovanna's parents, who treated us royally. Her mother prepared delicious dinners and her father served excellent wines.



Clock tower on hilltop church in Brisighella

From the parents' house we saw the beautiful clock tower of the church high on a hill overlooking the town. Two former clergymen from the church advanced to the rank of Cardinal in Rome. One of them came from Rome to Brisighella to baptize the two children of Claudia, the daughter of Giovanna and Vito. From Brisighella we toured the surrounding region and came first to Forlì, the birthplace of the Duce Benito Mussolini. This megalomaniac dictator had a gigantic plaza built in the center of his small hometown for the victory parade he expected after winning WW II. Not far from Forlì we arrived

in San Marino, a small sovereign state on a mountain and completely surrounded by Italy. San Marino is a unique state with no national debt but rather with a budget surplus earned largely by selling colorful postage stamps, which are collected by philatelists all over the world. Kai Detlef collects its stamps.

Bärbel and I had signed up for a week-long intensive course in Italian in Portico di Romagna. In our free time we could survey the northern Adriatic coast of Italy, including Ravenna, the capital of the Western Roman Empire and, thereafter, of the Ostrogothic Kingdom. In Ravenna we saw the palace of Theodoric the Great (454-526), who conquered Ravenna, and his round mausoleum. We also visited the burial place of Dante Alighieri (ca. 1265-1321), the great Italian poet. We were awed when we saw the magnificent golden mosaics in the Basilica di Sant' Apolinaris in Classe. Not far from Portico di Romagna we found the tiny volcano Monte Busca. It is an active volcano, recognizable only by a small but constant jet of flame. It has never erupted, and it is safe to get very close to it. A strange experience.

San Gimignano is a medieval town on a hilltop in Tuscany. Its aristocrats competed in the Middle Ages with each other in building the highest tower. Some well-preserved high towers still exist and are a major tourist attraction. We found the triangular Piazza della Cisterna in the center of the town with its medieval Gothic palazzos particularly attractive. In the Middle Ages, citizens came to the Piazza della Cisterna to fetch fresh water from the cisterna. Strolling around town, we discovered the old city wall.

Vito had suggested we should visit Siena, his favorite town in Italy. It is not far from San Gimignano to Siena, another hill town in Tuscany. The Piazza del Campo with the high Tower of Mangia on one side is the place where the famous Palio di Siena horse races are held twice a year. Siena consists of seventeen city wards. Because of limited space not all of them can participate; only ten of them can be included

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in a race. Each of the participating wards chooses one horse and one rider and both are blessed by a clergyman before the race. The riders dress in the colors of the ward they represent. They circle the square three times riding bareback. The horse—not the rider—that reaches the goal line first wins the race and is honored with a hand-painted silk banner, the *palio*. The races last less than two minutes, but the elaborate preparations take nearly a year.

Vito's friend Ricardo Pellegrini from Cuneo generously let us use his cabin on Elba, the island to which Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821) was exiled in 1814. Napoleon was kept there until he managed to escape in 1815 despite the island being constantly patrolled by the French and British navies. We toured the Museum Villa Mulini, one of the two houses in which Napoleon resided. Driving through Elba, we saw many small, beautiful, romantic fishing villages with nice sandy or pebble beaches. We spent an enjoyable week on Elba before returning to Sori.

Last, but not least, we want to mention the trips with Dirk to Venice and with Kai Detlef and his former wife, Heather, to Pisa. Showing them the beauty of Italy was a pleasure. Dirk wanted to see Venice. It was the capital of the Republic of Venice for eleven hundred years until 1797. After the Napoleonic Wars, Venice was annexed by Austria and in 1866 it finally joined the kingdom of united Italy. In the Middle Ages, Venice was a financial and maritime center. With more than four hundred bridges and many canals, it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. We first walked to the Piazza San Marco to show Dirk St. Mark's Basilica, a masterpiece of Byzantine-Italian architecture. The façade boasts the four Horses of St. Mark, which were interestingly expropriated from Constantinople. Above the four horses was the iconic symbol of Venice, a winged golden lion in a wonderful blue mosaic sprinkled with yellow stars. Above the lion was the statue of St. Mark. Many beautiful pieces of art were inside the basilica, many of them also expropriated from Constantinople. The golden mosaics in

the church were dazzling. Adjacent to the basilica was the Doge's Palace, another masterpiece of Venetian architecture. The Doge was the leader of the Republic of Venice. On the other side of the Basilica we saw the Campanile, the bell-tower of the church and a landmark of Venice.

We were tired from walking around Venice all day and decided we had done enough sightseeing. We could not, however, resist trying the unusual public transportation system. In Venice, *vaporettos* (waterbuses) are the main means of transportation. They cruise at high speeds on the canals, and we admired their agility during landings. We think and hope Dirk got a favorable and lasting impression of the beauty and impressive history of Italy and will come back to see more of the country.

With Kai Detlef and Heather, we went to Pisa. Like Venice, Pisa was a republic and was the center of trade between Tuscany and Western Europe; the trade routes were protected by a powerful navy. In Pisa we concentrated our attention on the Piazza dei Miracoli with the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa. According to legend, Galileo Galilei (1564-1642) performed his experiments on the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He tested the hypothesis that the speed of the fall of objects was not proportional to their mass. The results of his experiments proved his hypothesis to be correct. The Leaning Tower is the bell tower of the cathedral. After the construction of its first two floors had been completed, it was noted that the tower was leaning to one side. Construction was halted and only restarted a century later, when an attempt was made to compensate for the leaning by building one side a little higher than the other side. Thirty arches on the walls of each floor supported by elegant columns contribute to the elegance and beauty of the tower. Next to the Leaning Tower is the richly decorated cathedral. On top of the apse stands a statue of a mythical animal, a griffin, which is part lion and part eagle, that is, part king of the beasts and part king of the birds, demonstrating the power of the Republic of Pisa. We did not

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visit the Baptistry or the Santo Campo. We felt we had seen enough. Again, we think and hope that Pisa demonstrated to Kai Detlef and Heather the unique history, culture, and beauty of Italy.

Thanks to Vito, Francesco, Lucia, and Vito's co-workers, Kai had a productive research time in Italy, resulting in the publication of scientific papers in peer-reviewed journals and in presentations at national and international meetings. At the same time, we saw much of Liguria and Italy. What a splendid combination of work, education, and adventure during retirement!

Germany

Professor Geiger, Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology at the University of Freiburg/Breisgau, Kai's former alma mater, invited Kai to come to Freiburg as a visiting professor. He expected him to lecture and hopefully interest a colleague in laboratory research.

For us, an invitation to Freiburg was a welcome offer. We both spent the best time of our lives and fell in love in Freiburg. We went to Freiburg for three months. We rented a furnished apartment in a quiet neighborhood close to a tram stop with connections to the center of the town, the University Surgical Hospital where the laboratory was, and the Black Forest funicular. While in Freiburg, Kai enjoyed lecturing but could not interest anybody in laboratory research, and without professional help, he could not accomplish much in the laboratory.

We had some very memorable experiences in Freiburg, including attending an organ concert in the old Minster. The organ player and the acoustics in the eight-hundred-year-old church left an unbelievable and lasting impression. On a Sunday morning we participated in a service celebrated by the archbishop in the Freiburg Minster. The content and presentation of his sermon were outstanding; no wonder he was made an archbishop. We hiked in the Black Forest and visited places we remembered from our time as students. We particularly enjoyed

revisiting Oberkirchs Weinstuben, where we spent many evenings together as students with our friends Hille Dettmers and Hans Rau, drinking wine and having lively discussions; to our surprise one of the waitresses even remembered us. An important difference, however, between now and then was that now we had money and could order meals and wine without looking at the prices anxiously. Sitting on the terrace of Oberkirchs Weinstuben and drinking Kaiserstühler wine facing the Minster was an unforgettable experience. Every hour we heard the wonderful dull tones from the church bells in the belfry of the Minster. The Minster is a symphony in stone with a wonderful spire and stained windows with Gothic pointed arches, monuments, and statues. Sitting on the terrace of Oberkirchs Weinstuben and looking at the illuminated Minster in the evening, we spotted a gargoyle depicting a naked human buttock. Rain water from the roof of the church gushed through a big anus in the direction of the bishop's palace. Apparently the architects of the Minster had some kind of free expression and the bishop was not liked by the architect.

The cathedral was surrounded by a busy market where farmers sold fresh vegetables, fruits, and flowers and where one could smell the fragrance of grilled Bratwürsts. Parts of Freiburg were destroyed by bombs during WW II. The university campus and hospitals and the area around the Minster were particularly hard hit. All but three houses on the market square surrounding the Minster were completely destroyed, but the Minster suffered relatively minor damage. One wonders, was it an act of God or was the Minster built so well that it could withstand the impact of war?

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St. Wilhelmer Hütte in the Black Forest



Terrasse of Oberkirchs Weinstuben



Freiburg Minster

Visiting Professor

Taiwán

Hon-Ping Lau invited Kai to be a visiting professor at the National University Hospital in Taipéi, the capital of Taiwán. Kai gladly accepted the invitation; it fitted in with an invitation he had to be a visiting professor in Singapore.



Selling snake bile as an aphrodisiac

Hon-Ping had worked with Kai in Rochester for one year. He studied the effects of the anesthetic halothane on the response of airway muscles to changes in carbon dioxide tension. Carbon dioxide can enlarge the diameters of airways. Thus differences in carbon dioxide tensions between lung regions can contribute to the optimal regulation of intrapulmonary gas distribution and pulmonary gas exchange. Hyperventilation of a lung region reduces its carbon dioxide tension, which contracts the muscles of its airways and reduces their diameters and thereby reduces ventilation. Regional hypoventilation has the opposite effects. Hon-Ping found that halothane attenuated the contractile response of airway muscles in response to reductions in carbon dioxide tension. Halothane may, therefore, interfere with optimal intrapulmonary gas distribution and pulmonary gas exchange. Hon-Ping's findings were published in a peer-reviewed journal with him as primary author.

We arrived in Taipéi in January of 1992 and were welcomed at the airport by Hon-Ping and his wife, Lina, a pulmonologist. Kai lectured every day for one week at the Department of Anesthesiology in the hospital of the National University in Taipéi. In the remaining time we explored the town, and in the evenings, we were entertained by Hon-Ping and Lina and enjoyed sumptuous Chinese dinners.

During the Sino-Japanese War (1937-1945), the free part of China was under the control of the Nationalist Government led by the Kuomintang party while the remaining part was under Japanese control. After the Japanese were defeated in WW II and following the victory of the Chinese communist party in the Chinese Civil War (1927-1950), the communists controlled mainland China and inaugurated the People's Republic of China (PRC), while the Kuomintang party fled to Taiwán, where it inaugurated the Republic of China (ROC). Both republics claim to be the legal representative of China. Who is right?

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Bärbel, Lina, and Kai at Central Cross Island Highway

Hon-Ping and Lina took us on a tour through Taipéi to the Chiang Kai-Shek Memorial and the Palace Museum. At the Chiang Kai-Shek (1887-1975) Memorial we witnessed the ceremony of the Changing of the Guard. The Palace Museum displayed magnificent ancient Chinese art that the Nationalists had brought to Taiwán before the communists could take possession of it on the mainland. Our guidebook recommended the visit of the Snake Alley in Taipéi. Hon-Ping and Lina were reluctant to take us for fear of losing their faces. But Hon-Ping took us there, while Lina stayed at home. Strolling through the busy Snake Bazaar we understood why Hon-Ping and Lina were hesitant to take us there. We saw, to our horror, live turtles being pinned to wooden boards with needles thrust through their legs and we saw the puncture of gallbladders of live snakes. The bile was sold as an aphrodisiac. After the snake's gallbladder had been punctured the snakes were killed and served for dinner in the background restaurant of the booth. A sign warned visitors not to take photographs, but Hon-Ping was brave and kind enough to take pictures with our camera.



*Kai at Sun Moon
Lake temple*

After completing the week of daily lectures, we were taken on a tour of northern Taiwán by Hon-Ping and Lina. The first stop was at the exhibition Window of China, where we admired delicate miniature replicas depicting in amazing detail the landmarks of Taiwán and mainland China. The exhibition gave us a feel of what to expect during the trip in the next few days. The next stop was at Sun Moon Lake, the largest lake in Taiwán. We stayed at Sun Moon Lake overnight to enjoy the beautiful landscape, the most beautiful in Taiwán, and a beautiful temple. Next we traveled to Taroko National Park, the highlight of the trip. The park is a large gorge carved into the rocks by the Liwu River. The Central Cross Island Highway winds its way through the gorge with many hairpin curves. Holes blasted into the rock formations allow views of the river with its water rushing over huge boulders glittering in the sunshine and reflecting the sun in all colors of the rainbow. A truly spectacular view. After staying overnight in Taroko National Park we returned to Taipéi. We were ready for more adventures in this part of the world.

Singapore

The flight from Taipéi to Singapore was very pleasant. The service by the pretty and courteous stewardesses of Singapore Airlines was outstanding. Dr. Dara, Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology, met us at the airport and took us to the Concorde Hotel in the center of Singapore. On the way from the airport to the hotel, Dr. Dara told us how Singapore got its strange name. According to a legend, a prince landed on the island and saw an animal with a black head and red body. He thought mistakenly it was a lion and accordingly named the island Singa Pura, which in Sanskrit means "Lion City."



*Mosque with gold
onion-shaped dome
in Singapore*

Singapore had become a British trading post before it joined the British Empire in 1867 as a crown colony. In 1942, the Japanese conquered Singapore, which was heavily fortified against attacks from the sea but not from the land. Prime Minister Churchill was so angry about the conquest of Singapore that he declared it to be the "worst disaster and largest capitulation in British history." After WW II, Singapore originally returned to the British Empire before it declared its independence in 1965. Today Singapore is an important financial center in East Asia and has the busiest harbor in the world. We saw large numbers of merchant ships anchored outside the harbor, waiting patiently

for their turn to enter the harbor to unload their cargo and pick up a new load. Singapore is also one of the most expensive cities in the world.



Details of Gateway of Indian Temple in Singapore

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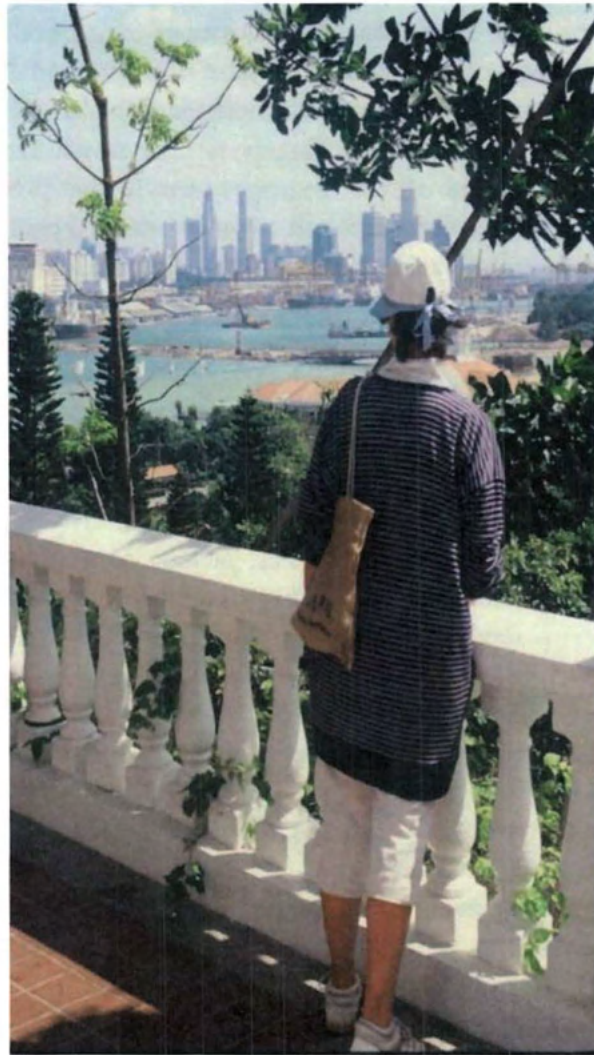
Kai lectured for two weeks every morning for one hour from Monday to Friday at the University Hospital. The remaining time was free for sightseeing, and there was plenty to see and discover. Walking through Singapore we noted that the majority of Singapore's population was of Chinese origin, while Malaysians, Indians, and Eurasians were in the minority. The multicultural heritage was also reflected by the names of the ethnic enclaves in Singapore: Chinatown, Little India, and Arab Street. The four official languages were further proof of the city's multiethnicity. Strolling through town we saw a beautiful large mosque with an impressive onion-shaped gilded dome. In another part of town, we were awed by the colorful gateway of an Indian Temple. The gateway was a truncated cone and several stories high. Each floor was adorned with colorful sculptures depicting stories from Indian mythology and the deity presiding over the temple. An amazing sight.

We spent many hours on the peaceful and sheltered beach of Sentosa Island. While relaxing at the beach, we admired a trained and leashed monkey climbing up palm trees, picking ripe coconuts, and throwing them down to his master. On a Sunday we observed people sitting at bars surrounded by many hanging bird cages and enjoying their breakfast. They listened to lovely symphonies sung by their caged birds. On the evening of January 26, 1992, we spotted a huge multicolored, illuminated effigy of a dragon with a wide-open mouth and large teeth floating on the Singapore River. We were not sure what it meant, but we believe they were celebrating the Chinese New Year, the most important Chinese holiday. A visit to the Botanical Gardens with its orchids, a meandering creek, and a wonderful waterfall was spectacular and fascinating, and the variety of trees and plants and many colorful birds were noteworthy.

The hospitality of our hosts in Singapore and Taiwan was overwhelming. We were invited frequently to delicious East Asian dinners and had many interesting discussions with the very friendly colleagues.

KAI AND BÄRBEL REHDER

It was a fascinating visit. Our appetite for more explorations and travel in East Asia was whetted.



View of Singapore from Sentosa Island

Trips in Europe and Turkey

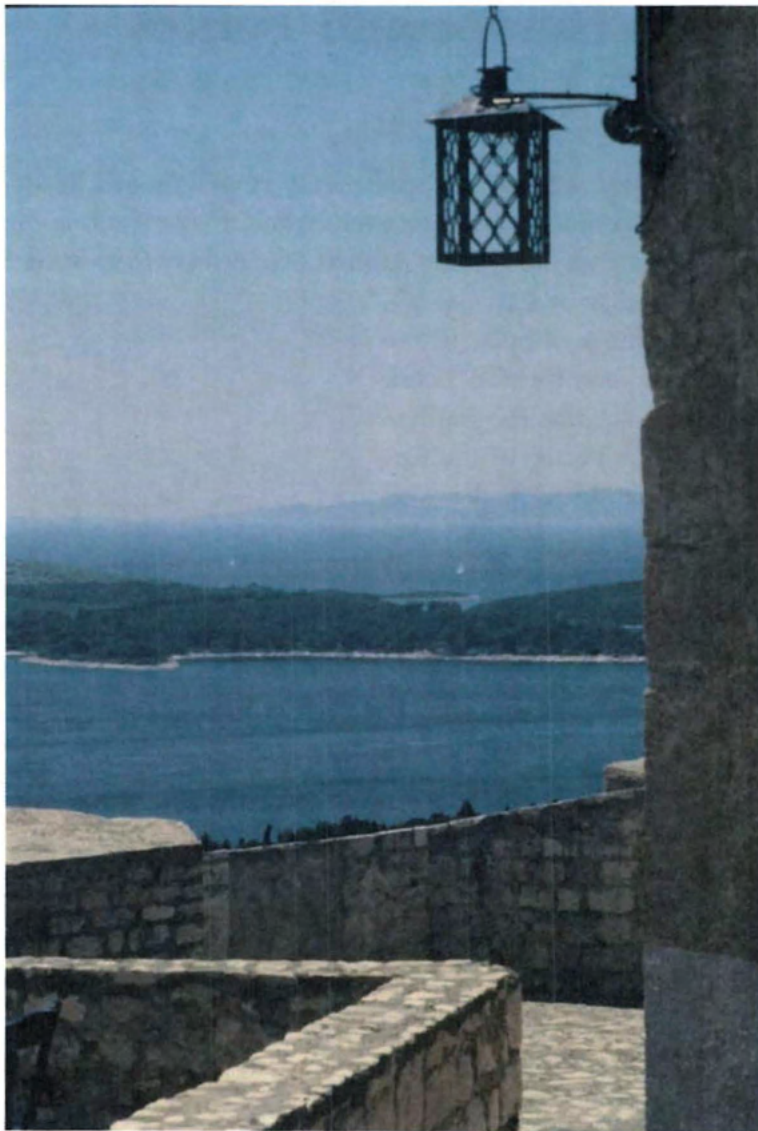
Croatia

While in Italy, we used the opportunity to visit Croatia. It was the most beautiful country we ever visited. From Ancona on the east coast of Italy we crossed the Adriatic Sea by ferry to arrive at Split on the west coast of Croatia. We stayed several days in Split, where we had a very comfortable hotel. Touring Split, we saw the impressive ruins of the Palace of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, who reigned from 284 to 305 AD. He was born in Dalmatia and returned to his native country after his retirement, where he built the large palace. We were struck by the massive walls of the palace. We also enjoyed strolling around the center of Split and along the Adriatic shoreline.



Bärbel looking from a watchtower of the Wall in Dubrovnik

After a few days in Split, we traveled by boat to Dubrovnik. On the way we passed many magnificent islands, such as Korčula. Dubrovnik was the highlight of the visit. We stayed at a hotel on the shore of the Adriatic Sea. It had an excellent restaurant, where we celebrated Bärbel's birthday and had one of the best steaks we have ever eaten as we listened to musicians playing violins. We walked along a mighty city wall studded with watchtowers that went around the town, and we saw the beautiful Onofrio's Fountain; the Stradun (main street) of Dubrovnik; and the city's port.



View from a beautiful Adriatic island

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Onofrio's Fountain in Dubrovnik



Korčula island

Berlin

We went to Berlin to attend a meeting of the Mayo Alumni Association for its German-speaking members. On the way from Oldenburg to Berlin, we stayed overnight at Rheinsberg and visited the palace of Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia (1712-1786). It sits on the shore of Lake Grienerick and is surrounded by a beautifully manicured park. While Frederick, later referred to as Frederick the Great, was living in Rheinsberg, he had no responsibilities and he spent the happiest time of his life, having plenty of time to read, write, study, compose music, and play his beloved flute. His palace is immortalized by the writings of Theodor Fontane (1819-1898) and Kurt Tucholsky. After Frederick became King of Prussia, he built a palace in Potsdam and called it Sanssouci. He used the blueprints of the Rheinsberg Castle as a template.



Former border between East and West Berlin at Brandenburg Gate

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Palace of Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia in Rheinsberg

Unfortunately, the palace was severely damaged during and after WW II, when it was first used as a clinic for diabetic patients and thereafter as a shelter for refugees. When we toured the palace, we noted that it had been neatly restored after the reunification of Germany.

While we were in Berlin we toured the former East Berlin together with Jörg . We were curious to see East Berlin after the re-unification of Germany, which took place in 1990. The difference between West and East Berlin only one-and-a-half years after re-unification was striking. West Berlin appeared rich, busy, and colorful, while East Berlin looked poor and shabby. The streets were dark and gray, and the stores were still empty. What an experience to see the difference between the two Berlins so soon after re-unification. We could not help but think back to the time before re-unification, when we traveled by subway through the center of West Berlin. The train crossed the border between East and West Berlin twice. Passing through East Berlin we saw brightly lit stations, but the train did not stop and East German police armed with machine guns patrolled the platforms to make sure nobody would jump off or onto the train. A gruesome experience.

The re-unification of Germany was a pleasant surprise for most Germans. Chancellor Helmut Kohl (1930-2017) and Secretary of State Hans-Dietrich Genscher (1927-2016) deserve most of the credit for making it possible, but without the strong support of U.S. President George H. W. Bush (1924-2018), re-unification would never have happened. President Mikhail Gorbachev from the Soviet Union had no objections to re-unification, provided West Germany paid for the relocation of Soviet troops from Germany to Russia, including building new barracks for them. However, re-unification was not supported or welcomed by British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher (1925-2013). She opined: "We defeated the Germans twice! And now they're back" and "We do not want a united Germany." She forgot that Germany had changed. The French President Maurice Mitterrand (1916-1996) was reluctant to support re-unification. To make the French economy

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more competitive, he wanted West Germany to give up its strong Deutsche Mark and support a common European currency, which it did.



East Berliner entrepreneur selling East German paraphernalia

A member of the German Parliament, a patient of one of the Mayo alumni, gave us an interesting tour through the Reichstag Building. We were shown parts of the Reichstag not open to the public and we saw interesting things and heard interesting comments. For instance, we spotted graffiti in Cyrillic script scrawled by victorious Russian soldiers on the walls of the Reichstag. This graffiti cannot be

removed without permission of the British architect Norman Foster, who was in charge of remodeling the Reichstag.

The Reichstag building served first the Imperial Diet. At the end of WW I on November 9, 1918, the social democrat Philipp Scheidemann (1865-1939) stood on a balcony of the Reichstag and declared that Germany was from then on a republic; the German Emperor Wilhelm II abdicated the same day. The end of the German monarchy had come, and the first German Republic had been born. On February 27, 1933, only four weeks after President Paul von Hindenburg (1847-1934) had appointed Adolf Hitler (1889-1945) Chancellor of Germany, a fire broke out and gutted the dome and chamber of the Reichstag building. The Nazis accused the communists of arson, and the other political parties accused the Nazis of arson. Marinus van der Lubbe, a Dutch communist, and three Bulgarian communists were arrested and tried for arson. The three Bulgarians were acquitted for lack of evidence, but van der Lubbe was found guilty. He was executed in 1934 after he had admitted that he alone had committed the arson attack. Hitler used smartly and successfully the fire of the Reichstag to incite hate and fear of communism among Germans and introduced to Parliament the infamous *Ermächtigungsgesetz 1933* (Enabling Act). The majority of the members of Parliament voted in favor of the Act, but the members of the Social



"Our answer." East German poster

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Democratic Party voted unanimously against it. With the passage of the Enabling Act, Parliament had surrendered its power and made Hitler a dictator.



Remodeled Reichstag Building

In the final days of WW II, the Reichstag building was conquered by the Red Army and victorious Soviet soldiers proudly hoisted the Soviet flag from the building. After the war, the damaged building fell into disuse. The Parliament of East Germany met in the new Palace of the Republic in East Berlin, and the West German Parliament met in Bonn, the capital of West Germany. The building was used again for the first time for the re-unification ceremonies in 1990. During its repairs and modernization, a big glass cupola was added, and it dominates the reconstructed building. We walked on the helical footpath inside of the glass cupola and had a wonderful panoramic view of Berlin.



Paul Loebe Haus with offices for members of Parliament



Federal German Chancellery

Istanbul

Linda and Sait Tarhan invited us to Istanbul. We accepted their invitation with the agreement that we would reciprocate by having Sait and Linda visit us in Germany. Unfortunately, Sait passed away before they had a chance to visit. Sait was a dear colleague of Kai at the Mayo Clinic, with an interesting history. He was born in the Crimea in the Soviet Union. When he was four years old, his mother fled with him to Turkey. Unfortunately, his father did not flee and we do not know all that happened to him. We do know his father was drafted into the Red Army during WW II and fought in the Battle of Stalingrad against the Germans. For his service, he was given permission by the Soviets to visit his family in Turkey twice for one week each time. Unfortunately, the visits never materialized, because he passed away before he had a chance to visit.



Young Turkish boy selling pretzels

Sait grew up in Izmir and attended medical school in Istanbul before coming to America. He completed a residency in anesthesiology at the Mayo Clinic and joined the staff, where he specialized in cardiovascular anesthesia. He was recognized worldwide as a pioneer in this new field. For his many contributions to the specialty, including a textbook, he was elected as an honorary member of the Japanese Society of Anesthesiologists, the Turkish Society of Cardiovascular-Thoracic Anesthesia and Intensive Care, and the Association of Anesthesiologists and Reanimatologists of Kazakhstan.



Busy Bosphorus seen from the Tarhans' balcony

The Tarhans owned an apartment in Istanbul with spectacular views of the Bosphorus and the bridge connecting Europe with Asia Minor. We spent ten days with them in Istanbul, and during this time Sait and Linda showed us much of the city. The first day we saw the magnificent Hagia Sophia, which was built during the reign of the Byzantine Emperor Justinian I (483-565). At that time it was the largest Christian church in the world and its large dome was an architectural wonder. In 1453 the Hagia Sophia was converted to a Muslim mosque after the conquest of Constantinople by Sultan Mehmed the Conqueror (1432-1481). The Christian altar, baptistry, and bells were removed, and a mihrab showing the direction to Mecca and minarets for the call to prayer were added. Only a few Christian mosaics survived and can still be admired. Atatürk (ca.1881-1938), father of modern Turkey, converted the Hagia Sophia into a National Museum in 1935. Eighty-five years later, in 2020, it was re-converted into a Muslim mosque. What a tumultuous history for a church!

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Not far from the Hagia Sophia we inspected the Basilica Cistern, a huge underground water basin with a roof supported by hundreds of columns. It was also built by Justinian I, and like the Hagia Sophia, it was considered a masterpiece of engineering. The Basilica Cistern was Linda Tarhan's favorite place in Istanbul. A visit to the Grand Bazaar in Istanbul was an adventure for us. It was opened after the conquest of Constantinople by the Muslims, and Sait told us that it is visited each year by as many as one hundred million people. Kai could not withstand the temptation to negotiate the purchase of a silver teapot with a vendor, and with the help of Sait and after lots of bargaining, he was successful. After a long stroll through the bazaar and lots of window shopping, Sait and Linda invited us to a restful lunch at the bazaar.



Entrance to Topkapi Palace



Spices for sale



Sultan Ahmed Mosque (Blue Mosque) with Hippodrome in front

On a beautiful day we sailed to the Princess Islands, where Sait hired a horse-drawn carriage that took us on an interesting tour and made many stops. We also traveled, with Linda as chauffeur, from Istanbul toward the Black Sea along the Bosphorus. On our way, we saw the large arena of the famous Turkish soccer club Galatasaray. Then we passed the ruins of the Rumelihisari, a fortress that Mehmed the Conqueror used together with a similar fortress on the other side of the Bosphorus during the conquest of Constantinople. Before we returned we had lunch at a floating restaurant from which we could admire the busy Bosphorus. This was another unforgettable day.

A visit to the Topkapi Palace was special. It served as headquarters of the Ottoman Empire for five hundred years. It is strategically located where the Marmara Sea, Bosphorus, and Golden Horn meet. It is so big that it took fifty thousand people to keep it up. We spent the entire day strolling around the grounds but even then did not see everything. We saw and remember the Harem, which had three

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hundred rooms for mothers, wives, children, and concubines of the Sultans. The only males that were allowed entry were eunuchs.

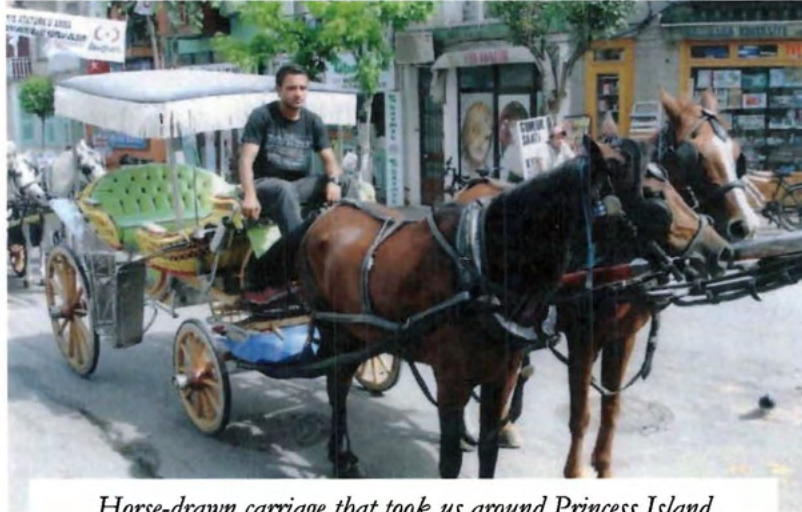


Tired old vendor

Coming from the palace we crossed the Galata Bridge over the Golden Horn to visit the Galata Tower. From the top of the tower we saw the city of Istanbul, the busy Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn with the Galata Bridge, which was crowded with anglers. In the Archaeological Museum were displayed treasures from the excavations at Troy by Heinrich Schliemann (1822-1890) in the 1800s. The highlight of the museum for us was the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great (356-323 BC). Reliefs were carved on both sides of it depicting his fights against the Persians. He is rightfully credited for freeing Anatolia from the Persians.

The extravagant palace of the Sultan, the Dolmabahçe Palace, was built in an attempt to compete with palaces of European dynasties. It was located on the European side of the Bosphorus. From its gardens we could see the Bosphorus and Bosphorus Bridge, which connects Europe with Asia Minor. The administrative center of the Ottoman

Empire was located in this glamorous palace, which was loaded with gold and other expensive decorations. The construction of the palace was so expensive that it bankrupted the State.



Horse-drawn carriage that took us around Princess Island

The Tarhans showed us one of the greatest cities in the world with a unique history. Emperor Constantine the Great (ca. 272-337) abandoned Rome and made Constantinople, little known before, the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire. In the fifteenth century, Sultan Mehmed the Conqueror conquered Constantinople; this event is considered the beginning of the Ottoman Empire, which lasted for nearly five hundred years, until the end of WW I. What an experience to see the places where so much history occurred, thanks to the Tarhans.

Trip on the Mediterranean

We signed up for a trip on the Mediterranean by sailboat. It was organized by the Mayo Alumni Association and was scheduled at a time when we were stationed in Italy. We used this opportunity to explore a few other places in Italy and Greece. We went first by train

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from Sori to Rome, where we explored the Palatine Hill, the most ancient part of Rome, a place we had not seen before. According to legend, it is the place where Romulus and Remus were found in a cave by a she-wolf, which breastfed them and saved their lives. It is also the place where Hercules killed the fire-breathing three-headed monster Cacus, Vulcan's son. The first Roman Emperor, Augustus (63 BC-14 AD), built a palace on the Palatine Hill, and many emperors followed his example. Today the Palatine Hill is an open-air museum with many statues and treasures from excavations in Rome.



Parthenon temple

After a few days in Rome, we flew to Athens. We arrived early enough to explore Athens, the Peloponnese peninsula, and parts of the mainland of Greece before the sailing trip started. In Athens we visited first the Acropolis, a group of historic buildings, including the Parthenon and Erechtheion Temples. The Parthenon was dedicated to Athena, the goddess of wisdom, art, literature, and war and patroness of Athens. The Erechtheion was dedicated to Poseidon and Athena. Only priests and high religious officials were allowed to enter these religious temples. The iconic porch of the Erechtheion was special

with beautiful statues of six females in long gowns supporting with their heads the roof of the porch.

From the Acropolis we walked to the Agora. In contrast to the Acropolis, which was reserved for religious ceremonies, the Agora was the center of everyday life in old Athens. Here the Court of Athens met and the Apostle Paulus addressed the Greeks. From the Agora we strolled to the large Panathenaic Olympic Stadium. It was so large that it could seat as many as fifty thousand spectators. The first modern Olympic games were held in 1896 at the Panathenaic Stadium.

From Athens we toured the Peloponnese peninsula. On the way to ancient Olympia on the west coast of the peninsula, we passed the entrance of the Corinth Canal, which was built in the late nineteenth century and connects the Saronic and Corinth Gulfs and flows through the Isthmus of Corinth. The steep and high rocky walls on both sides of the canal were massive, and it is not surprising that about two thousand years had to pass before the long-planned project could be accomplished. In Ancient Olympia, we witnessed a rare event. Young ladies dressed in elegant long gray dresses lit the Olympic flame with light reflected and concentrated from a parabolic mirror. They passed the lit torch to a waiting runner of a relay team, and team members ran with it to the Panathenaic Stadium in Athens, where it was handed over to a representative of Australia, the country hosting the next Olympic Games. We were very fortunate to witness this rare event.

On the mainland of Greece, we visited Delphi, a Pan-Hellenistic sacred precinct. According to legend, Zeus released two eagles. One flew to the west and the other to the east. They met at Delphi and Zeus marked their meeting place with a sacred stone, the Omphalos, which the Greeks believed to be the center of the world. The Omphalos was kept in the Temple of Apollo Temple, which was the site at which the high priestess Pythia prophesied important political or personal events as the Oracle of Delphi.

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Not in our wildest dreams did we expect to ever see these historic places we heard so much about in school. We were glad we decided to spend the extra days in Greece before starting the sailing trip with Jörg, who joined us in Athens.



Porch of Erechtheion temple



Bärbel at Acropolis

Greek guard in classic uniform



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The sailboat tour started at Piraeus, the harbor of Athens. The boat had room for about one hundred passengers; the accommodations were reasonably good. But to our disappointment the boat was frequently powered by motor and not by wind. Understandably, it had to adhere to a schedule and could not depend solely on wind as the driving force. Nevertheless, cruising for a week on the Mediterranean was an unforgettable treat, and we saw and learned a lot. We had ample time on board for relaxation, sunbathing, and interesting discussions with Mayo colleagues.

The island Rhodos was the first stop. The old harbor of Rhodos was at one time marked by the huge Statue of Helios, the sun God. It was one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The statue was about the size of the Statue of Liberty in the harbor of New York. The highlight in Rhodes was a ride on donkeys to the archeological site of the Acropolis of Lindos. From there we had wonderful views of the Mediterranean and the landscape of the island. In the evening we strolled with Jörg through town and soon landed in a pub, where we stayed until midnight, joining a cheerful party of Greek locals drinking wine. The next stop was at Bodrum on the west coast of Turkey. We walked through town and visited the bazaar and the beach. The climax of the trip was the volcanic island of Santorini, with its iconic white-washed churches with blue roofs and its windmills. In Santorini we had time to swim in the crystal-clear blue water and to relax on a beach while enjoying splendid views. Jörg and Kai rented a banana boat, which was pulled by a speedboat. It did not take long for Jörg, in his bravado, to throw Kai off at full speed. In Fira, the capital of Santorini, we had lunch and drinks and enjoyed spectacular panoramic views of the harbor crowded with cruise ships and a small volcanic uninhabitable island in the background. The week went by too fast to comprehend all the wonderful things we saw and experienced. A sailboat trip on the Mediterranean is another good idea for our boys to consider.

France

Alan Sessler, Peter Southorn, and Kai reviewed the history of the Department of Anesthesiology at the Mayo Clinic and wrote the book *Art to Science* for the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the department in 1999. Their studies showed that Drs. John Lundy and Albert Faulconer, Jr., former chairmen of the department, made significant contributions not only to the development of the department but also to the specialty of anesthesiology. Lundy's contributions were mostly of clinical importance, while Faulconer made mostly scientific contributions. To draw more attention to Faulconer's pioneering work, they prepared a poster for a meeting of the Society for Anesthesia History at Santiago de Compostela in Spain.

On the long trip by car from Oldenburg to Spain, we stopped to visit Jörg, a partner in the law firm of Schiedermair in Frankfurt am Main. We spent two days with him. He took us to the colloquially named *Fressgasse* (alley of gluttony), a street in the center of Frankfurt closed to automobile traffic and filled with stands selling beer, local wine, and local food. We dutifully sampled the Frankfurt specialty *Apfelwein* (apple wine) but did not like it. The next day we visited the Römer, which was the City Hall of Frankfurt for over six hundred years until it was destroyed by bombs in March of 1944. Fortunately, its treasures were saved and it was rebuilt after the war. A collection of portraits of all the German emperors is displayed in the Kaisersaal of the Römer. It is a major tourist attraction.

In France we concentrated our attention on three places, Verdun, Reims, and the Loire Valley. We stayed overnight in Metz to visit Verdun, which is known for the Treaty of Verdun, signed in 843, and the Battle of Verdun in WW I. The Treaty of Verdun regulated the division of Charlemagne's large empire among his three grandsons. Charles the Bald (823-877) became King of the predominantly French-speaking Western Francia, Louis the German (c. 806-876) was made King of the predominantly German-speaking Eastern Francia, and Lothair I (795-

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855) became King of the area of Middle Francia, which had no natural borders and a population speaking various languages. Middle Francia included Alsace and Lorraine, two regions that were the source of constant disagreement between France and Germany as to who should rule them. These regions have been a bone of contention between the two countries for many centuries, and this has led to many wars.



Château de Chenonceau



Château de Chambord

At the beginning of WW I, German troops advanced quickly to Verdun, but they could never breach its powerful forts. After two years of futile attempts, the Germans gave up and withdrew to support the front at the Somme River against French-Anglo attacks. The casualties of this stupid war of attrition were four hundred thousand German and four hundred thousand French young soldiers. Philippe Pétain (1856-1951), the Lion of Verdun, was credited for masterminding the defense of Verdun.

We interrupted the trip again in Reims to see the historic Gothic Notre Dame Cathedral. Twenty-five French kings had been crowned there. After the English victory at Agincourt in 1415, the French and English had agreed that the English King Henry V (1386-1422) should marry the daughter of the French King Charles VI (1368-1422). This would make the English king or his heir the rightful successor to the French throne. There would be no more crowning of French kings in Reims. This development, however, was prevented by Joan de Arc (ca. 1412-1431), who envisioned freeing France from English occupation. With great courage she supported the French troops in the English Siege of Orleans (1428-1429) and led the French to Reims, where Charles VII (1403-1461) was crowned in Notre Dame Cathedral as King of France. For her courage, Joan de Arc was made Patron Saint of France. In 1963 another historic event took place in this cathedral when French President Charles de Gaulle (1890-1970) and German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer (1876-1967) met there and signed the Elysée Treaty, which proposed the reconciliation and peaceful coexistence of France and Germany. The treaty was confirmed by President Francois Hollande and Chancellor Angela Merkel in 2013. As a result, cooperation and friendship between the two countries are currently good. Thank God! It is about time!

From Reims we drove to Blois on the Loire River, which was for a long time the dividing line between the northern part of France, occupied by the English, and the southern part, ruled by the French.

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Many of the chateaus in the Loire Valley were used as fortresses against the English. The Château de Chambord on the River Cosson, the largest chateau of the Loire Valley, was the first chateau we visited. It has a huge park and is surrounded by a moat and mighty towers. Inside the chateau we saw a double spiral staircase leading to the third unusual floor. We learned that its original purpose was to allow homecoming hunters or other visitors to reach their living quarters without dismounting and without being seen. Château de Chambord is still used as a hunting lodge for distinguished guests of the French government. The Château de Chenonceau was the next one we visited. It was built on the Cher River, a tributary of the Loire. Catherine de Medici (1519-1589) added later to it an arched bridge with a two-story gallery to be used for banquets and festivities. During WW II, the bridge became a welcome and convenient escape route from German-occupied France to free southern France. From the Loire, we drove south to Bayonne and Biarritz on the French Atlantic coast. We stayed overnight in lovely Saint-Jean-de-Luz, where we enjoyed a relaxing swim in the warm water after the long drive. The next morning, we crossed the Spanish-French border on the way to Pamplona.

Spain

Pamplona and its bullfights during the San Fermin Festival were made famous by Ernest Hemingway's (1899-1961) 1926 novel *The Sun Also Rises*. Hemingway was adopted as a son of Pamplona for his efforts. During the festival, bullfights are held every night for one week, and as many as one million tourists come to witness the excitement of the bullfights and the Running of the Bulls, the first sensational highlight during the festival. Bulls are allowed to run freely through the streets of the city to the bull ring. Daredevils, often under the influence of alcohol, run with them, and some get hurt or even killed. As true Hemingway fans, we stayed in Pamplona at his favorite hotel, La Perla, and we enjoyed evenings on the Plaza del Castillo in his favorite café.



Hemingway's favorite café at Plaza del Castillo in Pamplona

From Pamplona we continued our trip along the Atlantic coast to Noja, where we checked into the Hotel Torre Christina. We were hoping to spend a relaxing evening on the beach, followed by a nice dinner with Spanish wine, but this was not to happen. Just as we had settled down in our room, there was a knock on the door. It was the excited owner of the hotel, who was trying to tell us in Spanish what she had just seen and heard on television. Since we did not understand a word, she urged us to come down with her to see for ourselves what had happened in New York and Washington. We saw the replay of an American passenger airplane crashing into the towers of the World Trade Center in New York. However, we did not understand that it was a terrorist attack. We interpreted it as tragic accident. Only after reading an English paper the next day did it dawn on us that terrorists had crashed hijacked planes filled with innocent passengers intentionally into the World Trade Center in New York and into the Pentagon in Washington, DC. This terrorist attack by fanatics has changed the history of the world and incited new wars.



*Poster for bullfight during the San Fermin
Festival in 2001*

From Noja we continued the drive along the coast, passing the mountain range Picos di Europa, which was the first land sighted by European sailors returning from America. We stayed overnight at the seaside resort of Cangas, which is close to the Buxu Cave. We visited the cave and saw amazingly realistic prehistoric wall paintings of horses, goats, and bison, all drawn with remarkable skill and in good condition.

On Sunday, September 16, after a trip of two weeks by car, we finally arrived at Santiago de Compostela, in the northwestern part of Spain. It is the destination of pilgrims who walk along the Way of St. James, or *Jakobsweg*. According to legend, the Cathedral of Santiago was built on relics of the Apostle James. As many as three hundred

thousand pilgrims come each year to Santiago de Compostela to visit and pray at his shrine. In the cathedral, we were stunned when we saw a huge censer being filled with incense. The censer was then set in motion by eight red-robed priests, each pulling on ropes fastened to the censer, until it swung in a large arc and at great speed while releasing thick clouds of incense. A true spectacle. In the afternoon we drove with Martha and Alan Sessler on a sightseeing tour along the picturesque Atlantic coast, and in the evening we enjoyed a nice dinner with them. Alan died in 2020 and was a dear friend of Kai, who misses him dearly.



Ancient wall painting in a cave



Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela

Bike Trips in Germany

Weser River

When one travels along the Weser River one can explore many interesting and historic sites. One can take the German Fairy Tale Route, which runs along the Weser supposedly in the footsteps of the Brothers Grimm (Jakob 1785-1863 and Wilhelm 1786-1859); visit the pharmacy in Hamelin where Friedrich Sertürner (1783-1841), the inventor of alkaloid chemistry, worked; stop at Bodenwerder, where the lying Baron von Münchhausen (1720-1797) lived; and reflect on the fact that Hessian troops were shipped from Bad Karlshafen on the Weser to America to fight with the British during the Revolutionary War.

We wanted to see some of these sites and decided to take our first bike trip during retirement along the middle part of the Weser from Rinteln to Porta Westfalica to see some of the German Fairy Tale Route. On a second trip we biked along the southern part of the Weser from Bad Karlshafen to Hannoversch Münden, where we saw the hometown of Baron von Münchhausen and the spa town of Bad Karlshafen.

On the first trip we started in Rinteln, a small town on the banks of the Weser surrounded by low chains of hills. Walking through Rinteln, we saw lovely half-timbered houses, typical for this part of the country. The beauty of the courthouse, with its two Weser Renaissance-style gables, at the Center Market was particularly striking. From Rinteln we biked north toward Porta Westfalica, which is in a gorge between the Wiehen Hills on the west and the Weser Hills on the east. Biking along the Weser was easy, and we enjoyed the pleasing hilly landscape on both sides of the river. As we approached Porta Westfalica, we saw from afar the large National Monument to the German

Emperor William I (1797-1888). After an adventurous day, we returned in the evening to our hotel, having biked about thirty miles. Our dinner was appropriately accompanied by liquid refreshments.



Weser from Hannoversch Münden to Porta Westfalica

The next day we biked south toward Hamelin. Hamelin is known worldwide because it is the site of the fairy tale *The Pied Piper*, best known for its retelling by the brothers Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm. In the fairy tale, the mayor of Hamelin hired the Pied Piper to rid Hamelin from a plague of rats. The piper played a magic flute to hypnotize the rats into following him through town and into the Weser, where they drowned. The city was freed from the rats! However, when the Pied Piper asked for his promised remuneration, the mayor broke his promise and refused to pay him. The Pied Piper got angry and thought about revenge. The next Sunday, when all the adults of the town were in

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church, he hypnotized the children by playing his magic flute. Just like the rats, they followed him, not into the Weser but out of town, and tragically they never returned. Only three children survived: a deaf child who could not hear the flute, a blind one who could not see the piper, and a handicapped one who could not follow the piper. The underlying events of the story may be related to the fact that in the Middle Ages, children were sometimes abducted in Germany and taken to colonize the eastern parts of the country. Who knows?



Weser near Hannoversch Münden

Hamelin is also known for being the home of Friedrich Wilhelm Adam Sertürner (1783-1841), who was the first to isolate morphine from opium, thus pioneering alkaloid chemistry. He named the newly discovered alkaloid morphine after Morpheus, the Greek god of dreams. We saw his pharmacy, marked by a historical plaque, in the center of town. Hamelin, like Rinteln, boasted many beautiful and well-

kept half-timbered houses, which were, thanks to God, all spared from devastation during WW II.

The last day of the trip we went by boat from Hamelin to Bodenwerder, the birthplace and hometown of the lying Baron Hieronymus Karl Friedrich Freiherr von Münchhausen (1720-1797). He served in the Russian army during the Russian-Austrian-Turkish War (1735-1739); some of his stories stem from his experiences during this war. After the war he returned to Bodenwerder, where he became a distinguished after-dinner speaker in aristocratic circles because he was a master of embellishing his stories with outrageously exaggerated and hilarious lies. For instance, he told about riding on a cannonball and switching in midair from that cannonball to another one. He bragged about fighting with a large crocodile, saving himself from drowning by pulling on his own hair, and about traveling to the moon. Physicians today diagnose a condition called Münchhausen syndrome in patients who tell untruthful and exaggerated stories. From Bodenwerder we returned by boat to the hotel in Rinteln and the next day to Oldenburg.

The second bike trip along the southern part of the Weser began in Bad Karlshafen, a spa known for its hot salt spring, the Weser-Therme. It was from Karlshafen that Hessian auxiliary troops were shipped along the Weser to the coast and from there to America to support the British during the American Revolutionary War of Independence. We were not interested in the Weser-Therme but were curious to see the twelve-hundred-year-old former Benedictine Abbey of Corvey, where monks lived and prayed during the reign of Charlemagne (748-814). We visited the abbey's library and saw original copies of laws written when Charlemagne reigned. Hugo Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798-1874), the composer of the German national hymn, served as a librarian at the abbey, and his remains are buried in the cemetery of the abbey. From Bad Karlshafen we biked south to Hannoversch Münden, where the Weser is formed by the confluence of the Fulda and Werra rivers. Hannoversch Münden had many

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particularly beautiful half-timbered houses, some six hundred years old. The beauty of the Renaissance City Hall was particularly striking. In the evening we biked back to Bad Karlshafen. We returned the next day, full of new impressions, to Oldenburg.



Waiting for the ferry to cross the Weser to Bodenwerder

Lake Constance

Lake Constance is surrounded by three German-speaking countries, Austria, Switzerland, and Germany. Mark, Paula, Lydia, Charles, and Jörg joined us on a week-long trip around the lake. Charles was ten years old and could already ride his own bike, while Lydia, two years younger, was pulled on a trailer bike by Mark. We don't know how much the young grandchildren enjoyed seeing foreign countries, but we do know they enjoyed ice creams, boat rides, Swiss chocolate, and the food at restaurants, and we enjoyed having the grandchildren, their parents, and Jörg join us.

We began the trip in Salem, a few kilometers north of Lake Constance. In Salem, we visited the Salem Castle School, which had many famous former students, including Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh



Route of bike trip around Lake Constance



Dinner at Hotel Schwanen in Salem

and husband of Queen Elizabeth II; Princess Irene of Greece and Denmark; Golo and Monika Mann, children of the Nobel Prize winner Thomas Mann (1875-1955); and Queen Sofia of Spain. From Salem we biked along the northern shore of the lake to the medieval town of Meersburg. Just as we arrived in Meersburg, a band, dressed in colorful local garb, began playing folksy German music at the Market Square,

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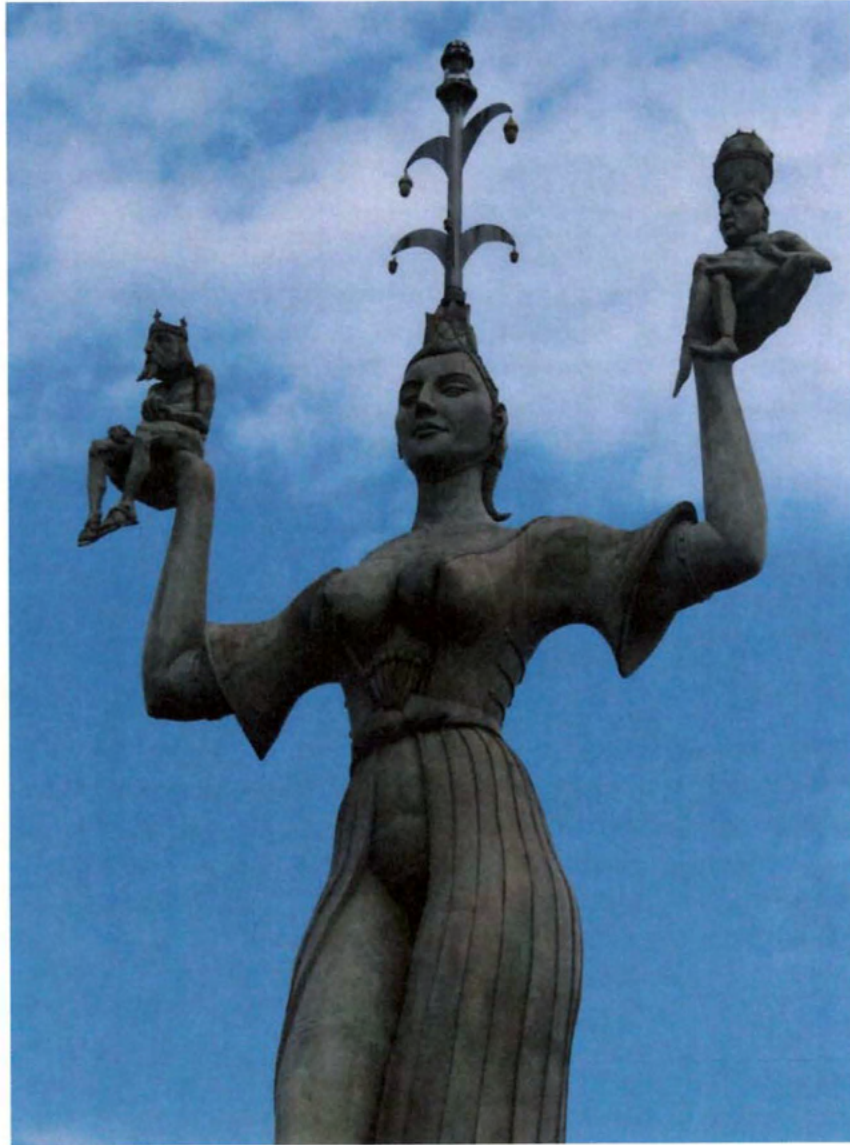
providing a memorable introduction to German traditions for Mark's family.



Lighthouse at Lindau Harbor

Meersburg has two castles. Annette von Droste-Hülfsdorf (1797-1848), a German poetess, lived and worked in the seventh-century Old Castle. Friedrich Anton Mesmer (1734-1815), who introduced hypnosis, or mesmerization, is buried in Meersburg. The next stop was Friedrichshafen, where Ferdinand von Zeppelin (1838-1917) built his dirigibles. The tragic explosion in 1937 of the dirigible LZ 129 Hindenburg in New Jersey resulted in the end of comfortable slow air travel by dirigibles. During the landing of the LZ 129 Hindenburg at Lakehurst Naval Station, she caught fire, and 35 of the 97 passengers and crew members were killed. The United States had banned the export of helium in 1927, and since no natural resources of helium were available in Germany, flammable hydrogen gas was used as the lifting gas. Ferdinand von Zeppelin is memorialized in the Zeppelin Museum, where we saw on a previous trip the re-creation of the comfortable and luxurious compartments of the LZ 129 Hindenburg. We could not interest the family in a visit to the museum, so we continued to bike to Lindau on the northeastern shore of the lake. We passed over a bridge to the island of Lindau, where a comfortable hotel waited for us. Next morning, we had a memorable breakfast on the lakeshore terrace of the hotel from which we could see the harbor; its entrance was flanked by a lighthouse on one side and the Bavarian Lion on the other side.

In Lindau we boarded a boat to cruise to Bregenz in Austria, on the eastern shoreline of the lake. In Bregenz we saw a huge stage erected on the lake. It was used for the performances of operas during the annual *Bregenzer Festspiele*, which attracts thousands of opera fans each year. We rode from Bregenz to Switzerland, passing the Rhine delta, and on to Rorschach on the southern Swiss border of the lake. Here Kai learned that the psychological Rorschach test was not named after the Swiss city, as he had erroneously assumed, but after the Swiss psychiatrist Dr. Hermann Rorschach (1884-1922). The bike trail continued along the beautiful southern shore of the lake through Switzerland. Once in a while we saw modern dirigibles flying over the lake



Statue of Imperia at harbor in Constance, holding the emperor in her right hand and the pope in her left hand

carrying tourists from Friedrichshafen. Near Constance we crossed the Swiss-German border back into Germany.

In Constance the infamous Council of Constance (1414-1418) met to end the papal schism, resulting in the abdication of the two rival popes and the selection of one new pope. The other purpose of the council was to reform the Catholic church. To this end the Czech reformer Jan Hus (ca. 1369-1415) was invited to participate in the council and promised safe conduct. The council did not keep its promise, however, and he was condemned to death by burning at the stake. Commemorating the Council of Constance, the Monument Imperia was erected at the entrance of the harbor of Constance. It shows mockingly a scantily dressed woman holding in one hand a person with a crown, resembling the emperor who initiated the council, and in the other hand a person with a miter, resembling the newly selected pope. Our last stop was the island of Mainau, where an unusually mild climate allows Mediterranean flowers and trees to grow, a rarity in Germany.

Moselle

The Moselle is a tributary of the Rhine River. It originates in France, flows through Luxembourg and Germany, and empties into the Rhine at Koblenz. The confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine (*Deutsches Eck*) is marked by the equestrian Monument of Emperor William I.

The valley of the Moselle is one of the most charming valleys in Germany, and tasty white wines are harvested throughout the valley. Because of its beauty we biked along the valley four times. We began all trips at Trier, Germany's oldest city. It was founded by the Romans in the first century BC. Some of the Roman buildings and structures still exist. For instance, some of the pillars of the bridge spanning the Moselle, the Roman Baths, and the Porta Nigra, or city gate, are all more than two thousand years old.

OUR RETIREMENT



Route of the trip along the Moselle from Trier to Koblenz

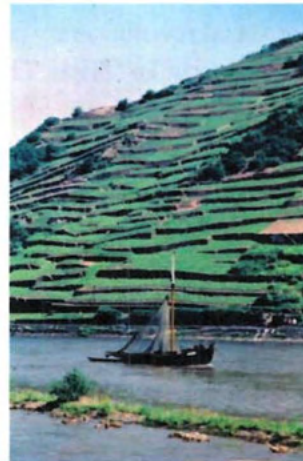
The social revolutionary philosopher Karl Marx (1818-1883) is the most famous son of Trier. The city's Cathedral of Saint Peter is the oldest church in Germany. It houses the Holy Tunic, the robe Jesus wore when he died. It attracts many visitors. From Trier we biked along the valley, which was flanked on both sides by steep terraced vineyards. Work on the steep slopes can be dangerous. Their advantage is that grapes grown on them can catch more sun, and this is important in a country where the sun does not shine regularly. We biked through many small towns in the valley, known for the quality of their wines, including Piesport, Kröv, Zell, and Bernkastel. In Rochester, we liked to order Piesporter wine with dinner at Michael's restaurant, our favorite restaurant in the town. Unfortunately, it has closed.



View of the Moselle from Metternich Castle



Old crane on the Moselle



Steep vineyards along the Moselle



The Roman city gate, the Porta Nigra, in Trier

A highlight of the valley was the village of Beilstein, with many half-timbered houses. It is so beautiful that it was chosen as the background in movies. Towering over Beilstein was the Metternich Castle, which once belonged to the Metternich family. One member of the family was Klemenz von Metternich (1773-1859), the prominent Austrian diplomat at the Vienna Congress (1814-1815). From the castle we had spectacular views of the Moselle meandering through the valley. Another highlight was Cochem, with the medieval Reichsburg high on a crag on the northern bank of the Moselle. It is the oldest castle in the



Roman milestone in the Moselle Valley

KAI AND BÄRBEL REHDER

valley. From Cochem we biked to Koblenz, and from there south along the western bank of the Rhine. When we saw on the eastern bank a large castle and did not know its name, Kai asked a young boy if he knew it. The boy looked at Kai and said indignantly, "This is the Marksburg Castle, and you should know that!" Kai has never forgotten the name of the castle. After returning to Koblenz, we took the train back to Trier, and from there, we drove home to Oldenburg.



Beautiful Beilstein with half-timbered house



Reichsburg in Cochem

Altmühl

The spring of the Altmühl River lies between Rothenburg ob der Tauber and Ansbach. The river flows from there to Kehlheim, where it joins the Danube. We started the trip from the medieval town of Rothenburg ob der Tauber, which received its long name from its location on a plateau overlooking the Tauber River. Much of Rothenburg survived the war undamaged thanks to the foresight of the American John McCloy and the courage of the German Major Thömmes. The American graciously gave Thömmes the option of surrendering the city without a fight or having the city destroyed. Thömmes courageously accepted the first choice, thereby ignoring Hitler's strict orders to fight to the last man. He saved many lives and the beautiful medieval city. Rothenburg is one of the few German cities with an intact city wall. It is a popular pastime to stroll along the city wall and admire from there the old, well-preserved buildings such as the Klingentor Turm and the Plönlein, which is an old half-timbered house that incorporates two towers of the city wall.

During the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), Rothenburg was conquered by the Count of Tilly (1559-1632). He condemned all councilmen to death and threatened to burn the city. The frightened councilmen pleaded for mercy and tried to gain his favor by presenting him with a large and valuable glass filled with good wine. Tilly accepted the gift and offered clemency provided somebody could drink all of the wine without setting the glass down. The mayor of the city, Georg Nusch (1588-1668), accepted this challenge and amazingly accomplished it. *Der Meistertrunk* (master drink) is commemorated by figures of the count and the mayor enacting the scene on the city's clock tower when the clock strikes the hour.

On the first day of the trip, we found the spring of the Altmühl River. From there we continued to Colmberg, where we stayed at a thirteenth-century hilltop castle overlooking the surrounding landscape. It was the castle of the junior branch of the Hohenzollern

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Family, whose descendants became kings of Prussia and emperors of Germany. We had dinner in the castle's dining room, which was beautifully decorated with antlers.



Route of trip along the Altmühl from Rothenburg to Regensburg

The next morning we enjoyed breakfast in the inner court of the castle, from which we had splendid views. This was a great beginning of the trip and boded well for the rest of the tour. From Colmburg we biked to Ansbach, the residence of the junior branch of the Hohenzollern Dynasty. We spent many hours walking through the wonderful garden and admired the facade of the large palace, the *Residenz*. One of the advantages of biking is that you can stop wherever you want and stay for however long you want. Nobody hurries you. The next day we went to the Fossa Carolina, a canal built in 793 AD during the reign of Charlemagne in an attempt to connect the Rhine with the Danube. It is not known whether the canal was ever completed, but a stretch of it is still filled with water. As we approached the city of Eichstätt, we could see from afar the large hilltop Willibaldsburg Castle, former seat of the Prince-Bishop. In Kehlheim we arrived at the Danube; we

turned west and followed the Danube to the Weltenburg Abbey, which was founded more than a thousand years ago by Irish or Scottish monks. Today it houses the oldest monastic brewery in the world, which was honored three times with the World Beer Cup Award for the tastiest dark beer. Of course, we sampled and enjoyed the dark beer in the busy beer garden before we continued to Regensburg, the highlight of the trip. The skyline of Regensburg was dominated by the towers of St. Peter's Cathedral, the Bishop's church. The cathedral's boy choir (*Regensburger Domspatzen*) performs not only in church for the liturgy but also in concerts worldwide. It has a history of more than a thousand years. Georg Ratzinger, the younger brother of Pope Benedict XVI, was its choirmaster for more than thirty years. To get to the center of the town, we had to cross the Danube over the Old Stone Bridge with the City Gate at the other end. The bridge was one of the earliest bridges crossing the Danube, facilitating the trade between northern and southern Europe, much to the benefit of Regensburg.

The Old Stone Bridge and St. Peter's Cathedral were built at the same time, and according to legend, there was a competition between the two builders as to who could finish his project first. When it appeared that the church would be finished first, the builder of the bridge made a pact with the devil. In exchange for helping him speed up the construction of the bridge, he promised the devil the souls of the first three subjects to cross the completed bridge. When the bridge was finished before the church, with the help of the devil, the builder outsmarted the devil by letting a rooster, hen, and dog be the first ones to cross the bridge. In the center of the town, we were awed seeing the Town Hall of Regensburg, where the Imperial Diet of the Holy Roman Empire met from 1663 until its dissolution in 1806.

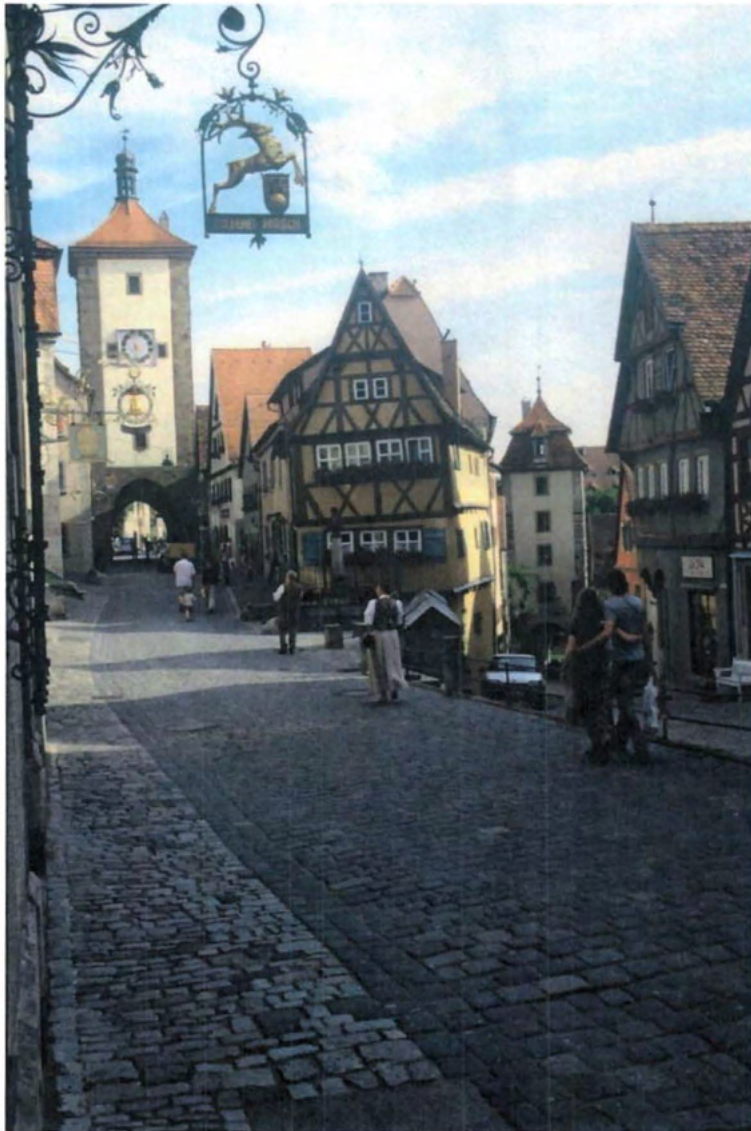
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*City wall of Rothenburg ob
der Tauber*



*Willibaldsburg Castle in
Eichstätt, the former seat
of the Prince-Bishop*



Plönlein in Rothenburg ob der Tauber

Elbe

The Elbe originates in the Czech Republic and flows through Germany into the North Sea at Cuxhaven. It is one of the three large rivers, the Rhine, Elbe, and Oder, which flow from south to north through Germany. Neither of us had been to Russian-occupied East Germany at the time; it had become a foreign country to us after WW II. The people of East and West Germany spoke the same language and had a long common history, but they were not allowed to cross the border or communicate with each other. We therefore never thought of being able to visit East Germany, the former *Deutsche Demokratische Republik* (DDR). But the surprising re-unification of East with West Germany on October 3, 1990, made this possible. German Chancellor Helmut Kohl and his Secretary of State Hans-Dietrich Genscher re-united Germany with the strong support of U. S. President George H. W. Bush.



Route of bike trip along the Elbe from Bad Schandau to Wittenberg

Our tour started at Bad Schandau on the Elbe just north of the German-Czech border. The trail led through a fascinating landscape, which featured the jagged rock formation of the *Bastei* on the eastern bank of the river. We parked our bikes and took a bus up to the Bastei, from which we had spectacular panoramic views of the Elbe and its

valley. We next crossed the Elbe by ferry and visited the hilltop fortress of Königstein. A long, steep rampart protected the fortress, which oversaw and controlled the Elbe valley. It was never conquered, because a deep well drilled into the rock supplied water so that the defenders outlasted long sieges. From Königstein, we passed the baroque Pillnitz Castle on the way to Dresden, the "Florence of the Elbe." Dresden suffered tremendously from area bombing during WW II; twenty-five thousand people were killed and most of the center of the "Florence of the Elbe" was destroyed. Even today only some of the most beautiful buildings have been repaired or rebuilt, including the Semper Opera House, Zwinger Palace, Church of Our Lady (*Liebfrauenkirche*), and Royal Castle.



Baroque Zwinger Palace in Dresden

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Augustus II, also known as Augustus the Strong, Elector of the Emperor, Duke of Saxony, and King of Poland (1670-1733), resided in Dresden. He was a Lutheran Protestant by birth who converted to Catholicism after becoming King of Catholic Poland. Because of his two faiths, Dresden had both a beautiful Protestant church, the Church of Our Lady, and a beautiful Catholic church, the Hofkirche. Both churches suffered serious damage from bombs but have been repaired to their original splendor at tremendous costs.

For his elaborate festivities, the ostentatious King built the baroque Zwinger Palace with the beautiful Crown Gate. Today, the Zwinger houses the State Art Collection with the Old Masters Picture Gallery, a porcelain collection, and the Royal Cabinet of Mathematical and Physi-

cal Instruments. We did not visit the museum, but we admired from the garden the striking beauty of the buildings.

Walking through the center of Dresden, we were struck by the Procession of the Princes, a display of the ruling dynasties of Saxony on twenty-three thousand Meissen tiles. Miraculously, the tiles survived undamaged the infernal heat from the incendiary bombs. In the afternoon, we visited the large collection of unbelievable treasures in the Green Vault, one of the oldest museums in the world; it is even older than the British Museum. We also admired the Semper Opera House, which was reconstructed to its former splendor during the Russian occupation!



Detail of reconstructed Crown Gate of Zwinger

On the last day in Dresden, we walked once more along the Elbe River to get a final impression of the beauty of Dresden and the Elbe before leaving and continuing the tour north. The next goal was Moritzburg, a moated baroque palace used as a hunting lodge fifteen kilometers north of Dresden. It was built on an island and was surrounded by a beautiful park. Four big towers are the iconic landmarks of the palace. From Moritzburg we passed Meissen, famous for the manufacture of high-quality porcelain and tiles. Soon after Meissen, we arrived at Torgau, the city where the American troops (after having crossed the Elbe) and Russian troops met in WW II and celebrated as friends their victory over Nazi Germany. We continued to Lutherstadt Wittenberg, the end point of the trip. We both were curious to see All Saints' Church, where Martin Luther (1483-1546) posted in 1517 the Ninety-five Theses on the door of the church, and to see Luther's and Melanchthon's tombs. Luther was Professor of Moral Theology at the University of Wittenberg. He protested against the practice of indulgence, and Philip Melanchthon (1497-1560), Professor of Greek at the University of Wittenberg, supported him. We visited the homes where Luther lived and worked with his wife, Katharina von Bora (1499-1552), a former nun, and where Philip Melanchthon and the artists Lucas Cranach the Elder (1472-1553) and the Younger (1515-1586) lived and worked. We saw the old oak tree where Luther publicly burned in 1520 the papal bull that had threatened him with excommunication unless he recanted some of his theses. Luther refused to recant and was excommunicated.

Visiting Wittenberg and All Saints' Church, with the door on which the Ninety-five Theses were posted and seeing the tower of the church with its inscription *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott* and the old oak tree was impressive, and we will not forget the day. What courage Luther had as a monk to antagonize the mighty pope and to revolt against him!



Augustus II (Augustus the Strong) in the Procession of the Princes

Moated Castles

Kai was a visiting professor at the Department of Anesthesiology at the University of Münster, and during this time we stayed at a moated castle that had been converted to a hotel, Schloss Wilkingshege. This was a new experience for us. We had never been at a moated castle before. It whetted our appetite for exploring the Münsterland, which abounds with moated castles (*Wasserschlösser*). The Münsterland is a flat farming region without hills or mountains. Nobles could not use the usual practice of protecting their castles by building them on mountaintops. The only way they could protect their castles was to surround them with a moat or divert a nearby river to surround them.



Moated Castle Hotel Velen

We stayed at Hotel Velen, a moated castle that had been converted to a hotel, from which we began our daily explorations and to which we returned at night. The first moated castle we visited was Nordkirchen, the largest and most beautiful castle in the region. Because of its beauty, it is often referred to as the “Versailles of Westfalia.” The large, immaculate garden of the castle was absolutely striking.

From Nordkirchen Castle we biked to Vischering Castle in Lüdinghausen. The reflections of the red-and-white shutters by the water of the moat were amazingly picturesque. The red brick Raesfeld Castle boasted an interesting windowed bay with a greenish helmet-shaped

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roof. The traffic on the bridge leading to the entrance to the castle could be observed from the windows of the bay. The entrance door to the castle was adorned with a bright yellow and red diamond-shaped pattern. The Lembeck Castle had thick walls and a wide, deep moat, suggesting that it was a former fortress. We liked best the half-timbered Burgsteinfurt Castle. Its construction was interesting. The upper floors became progressively larger than the lower floors. This style was often used in an attempt to reduce real estate taxes, which were calculated based on the size of the ground floor. Whether that was the reason for the style of Burgsteinfurt Castle is unknown to us. Maybe the owner did not pay any taxes at all and he just liked the style.



Castle Burgsteinfurt



Entrance to Raesfeld Castle

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*Vischering Castle in
Lüdinghausen*

Lembke Castle



North Friesland

North Friesland is the region on the west coast of the state of Schleswig-Holstein, the state where Kai was born. We began the trip in Husum, a town close to the German-Danish border. It is the birthplace of the novelist Theodor Storm (1817-1888), who called it "the grey town by the great sea." In Husum we saw the castle of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, a branch of the House of Oldenburg. The modesty of the castle was noteworthy and fitting for the agricultural and relatively poor area. The original castle was small and only two stories high; the tower was added later. The castle was surrounded by a moat and a well-kept park. At the town square of Husum, we saw the bronze fountain of Old Tine. It memorializes Tine, an old woman, who according to legend saved the lives of many people who were partying at the coast when a storm approached. Tine was sick and had to stay home in bed. She saw from her bed the storm and flood approaching and tried frantically to warn the partying people at the coast. But when all her attempts at warning were unsuccessful, she courageously set her bed and house on fire. The people rushed home to help her and thereby were safe when the storm and flood arrived.



Fountain of Old Tine

From Husum we biked to Dagebüll and took a ferry to sail to the North Frisian island of Amrum, the largest German island. The west coast of the island is open to the North Sea and boasts a nice sandy beach, while the east coast faces the Wadden Sea, an area of mud flats

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and tidal creeks. The small towns on the island were all clean and well-kept and had modest but beautiful churches. We liked particularly well St. Clement's Church in Nebel, where we saw an old Sacrament Cabinet with a painting of a man in pain. The tombstones of former captains at the cemetery also caught our attention. Their engravings tell interesting stories of their lives. The texts attest to the sincere religious beliefs of the people living on this remote island. From Amrum, we traveled by ferry to the town of Hallig Hooge. *Halligen* are flat islands in the Wadden Sea and are unprotected by dykes. We toured Hallig Hooge in a horse-drawn cab and wondered why people wanted to live on such a lonesome island. What an experience!



Sacrament cabinet in St. Clement's Church in Nebel

Danube, Germany

The Danube is the longest European river. It originates in Germany and flows from west to east through many countries before it empties into the Black Sea. The spring of the Danube is at Donaueschingen in Germany. We visited it and then biked to the so-called sinkhole of the Danube (*Donauversinkung*) near Möhringen. The riverbed is so porous there that the water of the river seeps through it and forms a new underground river. The underground river bifurcates into two branches. One branch resurfaces at the *Aachtopf*, Germany's biggest karst spring, and flows from there into Lake Constance, while the other branch resurfaces as the continuance of the Danube. From Möhringen we rode to Sigmaringen along the Danube, passing Beuron with its large Benedictine Abbey on the way. Sigmaringen was dominated by the Sigmaringen Castle, which once belonged to the senior branch of the House of Hohenzollern. During WW II, when the Allies had conquered most of France, the German-friendly Cabinet of the French Vichy Government fled to Sigmaringen, where they and their offices were housed at the Sigmaringen Castle. The refugees included Prime Minister Marshal Philippe Pétain (1856-1951), the Lion of Verdun from WW I. After the war, he was convicted of treason for cooperating with the Germans and sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life because of his meritorious efforts during WW I.

Following the Danube, we arrived in Blaubeuren, where we saw the *Blautopf* (blue pot), the spring of the River Blau. The unique deep blue color of the spring is caused by nanoscale particles in the water. Near the city of Weissenburg we saw the remnants of the Roman Limes, the frontier outposts between the Roman Empire and the German tribes.

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The end point of the trip was Ulm, the birthplace of Albert Einstein (1879-1955). Ulm has many beautiful half-timbered houses in the fishermen's quarter. The major attraction, however, was the *Ulmer Münster* (Ulmer Minster), which has the tallest steeple in the world. The beauty of the Ulmer Minster rivals that of the Freiburg Minster. We had lunch near the City Town Hall and were surprised when we discovered large paintings on its walls.



Route of trip along the Danube from Donaueschingen to Ulm



City gate in Weissenburg

Bike Trips in Europe

Danube, Austria

Our first bike trip outside of Germany was with Kai Detlef. We biked from Passau in Germany to Vienna in Austria along the Danube for the whole way. This bike path is the most popular in Europe and for good reason. In Passau we crossed the river and biked along its northern bank to Engelhartszell and continued from there to the *Donauschlinge* at Schlögen, the area where the river loops around before it continues in the direction from which it came. We stayed overnight in Schlögen and rode next morning to Linz. Many famous people lived in Linz, including the composer Anton Bruckner (1824-1896) and the astronomer Johannes Kepler (1571-1630) after whom the university in Linz is named. Adolf Hitler went to school in Linz; he loved the town and had big plans for its beautification after the war.



Route of bike trip from Passau to Vienna

In Linz we were struck by the beauty of the large baroque Plague Column on the Main Square, commemorating the victims of the plague epidemic in the eighteenth century. Leaving Linz, we biked along the Danube and stopped next in Sankt Florian at the baroque Augustinian monastery, where Anton Bruckner worked as organist and where his remains are buried. The next stop was Enns, a town claiming to be the oldest in Austria, but this claim is debated. From Enns, we biked to Mauthausen, to see the infamous concentration camp. We were ashamed



Top of Plague Column in Linz

when we saw the place where so many atrocities were committed in the name of Germany. Mauthausen was first a prison camp for incorrigible law offenders, but it morphed later into a labor concentration camp, and captured officers of the Red Army were among its prisoners. Many of them died from hard labor in the nearby granite quarry. As many as eighty-five thousand inmates were incarcerated in Mauthausen and its subcamps, but we did not learn how many of them died. It was a very sobering day for us.

The next and more pleasant stop was in Grein. As we approached the village, we saw from the bike trail the village lying on the banks of the curving Danube with the church tower dominating the view.

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View of Grein from bike trail

In Grein we participated in a guided tour through town. We will not forget visiting the small theater. The toilet was separated from the audience by a curtain and not by a solid door. By slightly moving the curtain, one could follow the performance on the stage without being seen while answering nature's call.

One of the highlights of the trip was the visit to the Abbey of Melk, a massive baroque Benedictine monastery with one of the finest baroque churches north of the Alps. It was built in the eighteenth century on a bluff overlooking the Danube and the town of Melk. We stayed at the Hotel Wachauerhof just beneath the abbey; in the evening from our beds we could see the illuminated abbey with its two big towers. During the guided tour of the abbey, we were shown the Emperor's Staircase and the Imperial Rooms. When we asked why an abbey had an Emperor's Staircase and Imperial Rooms we were told that all abbeys were required to have appropriate accommodations for the

emperor and his entourage in case they needed to stay overnight. No emperor ever came to Melk.



Baroque Abbey of Melk

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East of Melk, the beautiful Wachau Valley begins and in it, between Melk and Krems, lies Dürnstein, a town with a blue and white church tower of the former baroque abbey. Advertisements for the valley frequently feature a picture of the abbey tower. The ruins of Kronenburg Castle dominate the town. King Richard the Lionhearted (1157-1199) of England was incarcerated there when returning from the Third Crusade (1189-1192). He was accused of having disrespected the Austrian flag and was released only after paying the fantastic ransom of one hundred thousand pounds of silver.

In the late afternoon, we biked from Dürnstein to Krems, where we stayed at a hilltop hotel. We found the steep hill tough to negotiate by bike at the end of the day, but we enjoyed the indoor pool at the hotel immensely before we sat down for a nice three-course dinner with wine. From Krems, we headed to Vienna. After a little rest at the hotel in Vienna, we explored the town, the capital of the Austrian Empire. We went first to the Hofburg Palace, the Imperial Palace of the Habsburg Dynasty, where we saw the Austrian Crown Jewels. Then we walked outside to the Heroes' Square, where Field Marshal Prince Eugene of Savoy (1663-1736) is honored by a column in its center. He is credited with defending Europe from an Ottoman invasion. Heroes' Square was also the place from which Hitler announced the *Anschluss* of Austria in March of 1938.

Tired from sightseeing, we went to a cozy Viennese coffee house, where we enjoyed delicious Austrian pastries while watching people and Viennese *Fiakers* (horse-drawn cabs). In the evening we enjoyed a live concert with music by the Austrian composer Johann Strauss (1825-1899). What a conclusion of an unforgettable bike trip!

We returned by train from Vienna to Passau to pick up the car in Passau and dropped Kai Detlef off at the airport in Frankfurt before returning to Oldenburg.

South Tyrol, Italy

We took a train from Oldenburg to Schlanders in northern Italy. It was the starting point of the bike trail along the Adige River in the Adige Valley, or *Etschtal*. Our first stop was Merano. The weather was perfect, and we enjoyed biking along the Adige. The path was flanked by vineyards, apple trees, castles, and green meadows. Merano lies in a bowl, which meant that we biked the last kilometers mostly downhill into the center of town. As we strolled along the Adige in Merano we understood why the poets Franz Kafka (1883-1924) and Ezra Pound (1885-1972) liked to live there; it is beautiful town with a very favorable climate. From Merano we followed the path along the Adige to Bolzano, the capital of South Tyrol, where we stayed overnight. South Tyrol was part of Austria until it was annexed by Italy after WW I, even though the majority of its people spoke German and not Italian. Mussolini's Italianization Program changed that, however. Many Italians moved to South Tyrol, where the majority now speak Italian and not German. Bolzano is a melting pot of German and Italian cultures, and one sign of this is a monument to the great German poet Walther von der Vogelweide (ca. 1170- ca. 1230) in the center of the Italian town. From Bolzano we rode to Trento along the beautiful trail, which continued to be flanked by vineyards and apple trees. After staying overnight in Trento, we biked to Riva del Garda on the northern shore of Lake Garda, the largest lake in Italy. As we strolled through town, we had spectacular views of the beautiful lake flanked by high mountains and busy with sailboats and windsurfers. We sailed from Riva del Garda to Malcesine on the southeastern shore of the lake, a route that took us through a unique landscape of small islands. Francis of Assisi (1181 or 1182-1226) apparently also liked Lake Garda very much; he founded a monastery on Isola del Garda, one of the islands. In Malcesine, we disembarked and stayed overnight.

When checking into a hotel in Italy, a guest is asked to leave his ID with the hotel clerk overnight, who will return it when the guest

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checks out. Unfortunately, the clerk forgot to return our IDs and we forgot to ask for them at checkout. We sailed without our passports from Malcesine to Sirmione and then traveled by train to Verona. Checking in at the hotel in Verona, we realized that we had left the passports at the hotel in Malcesine. We had no choice but to return the next day to Malcesine to retrieve them. The result was that we had three, instead of one, picturesque boat trips on the lake, and we didn't mind that at all.



Route of bike trip through South Tyrol from Schlanders to Verona

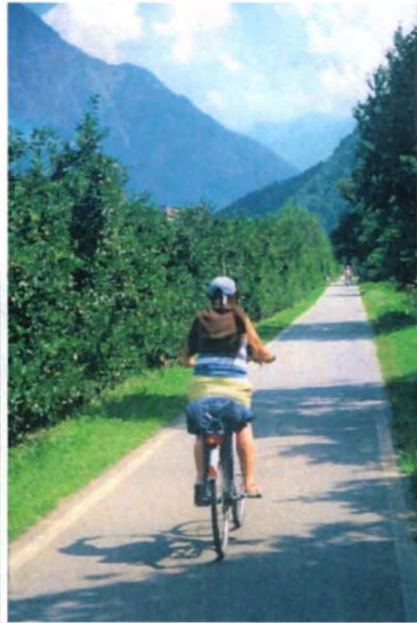
Walking around Verona was fascinating. The city has many interesting attractions. An unforgettable experience was attending a performance of Giuseppe Verdi's (1813-1901) opera *Aida* in the Roman arena. We heard Verdi's beautiful music while sitting in an open-air Roman arena in the moonlight. After the opera, we ended the day at a bar on the Piazza Bra, from which we had a view of the arena.

The next day we walked around Piazza delle Erbe, a busy market square with many stands selling fruits, vegetables, and many other things. On one end of the piazza was a marble column with the Winged

Lion of Saint Mark on top of it, reminding people that Verona once belonged to the Republic of Venice. We climbed to the top of the Torre dei Lamberti, from which we had a panoramic view of Verona and its surroundings. We also visited the Romanesque Duomo on Piazza Bra, the arched Roman Ponte Pietra spanning the Adige, and Juliet's House, where we saw a balcony like the one in William Shakespeare's (1564-1616) play *Romeo and Juliet*. We concluded the day with drinks before boarding a sleeping car on the train back to Oldenburg. We had sweet dreams after the drinks.

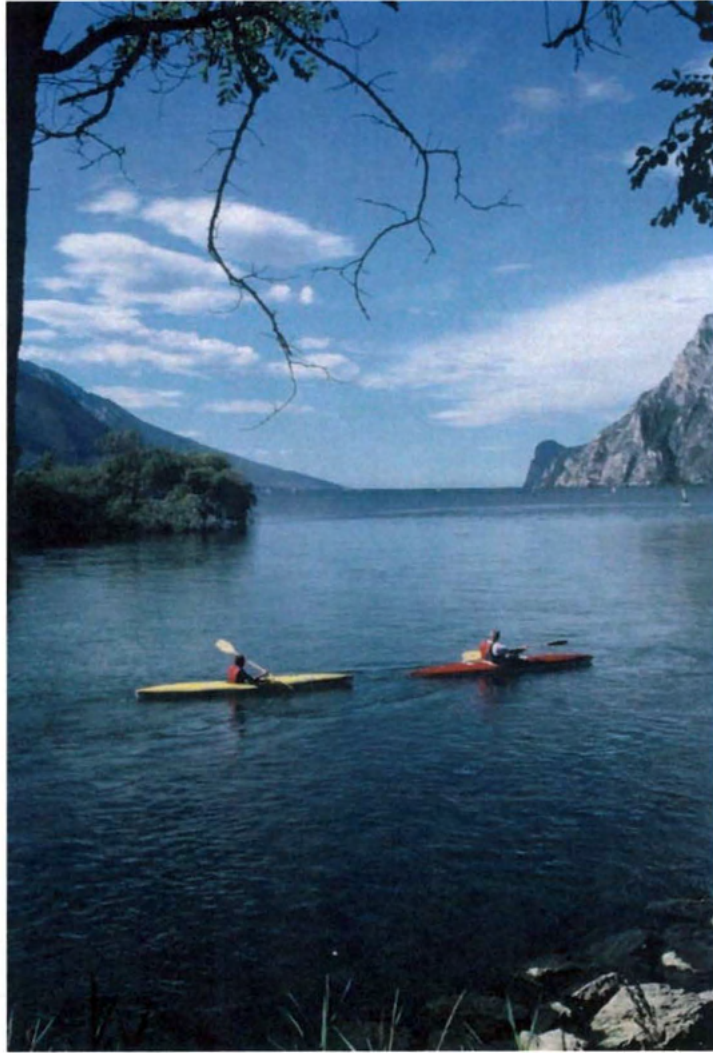


*Bike trail flanked by apple trees
and castles*



*Bärbel on bike trail on the way
from Riva del Garda to Arco*

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Northern Lake Garda



Piazza delle Erbe in Verona with Torre dei Lamberti

The Netherlands and Belgium

The trip through the Netherlands and Belgium was a combined boat and bike trip. The river cruiser *Diana* was hotel, restaurant, and means of transportation. She sailed at night; we disembarked in the morning and explored the countryside by bike during the day. Late in the afternoon we met the boat at a prearranged time and easy-to-find location. The bike trips were easy to master and left plenty of time to stop at many places. We never had to hurry to meet the boat in the afternoon. On the boat we had a cabin with two beds and shower. It had all the essentials but was not luxurious, just right for a parsimonious couple. The trip was designed to see mostly the countryside and did not include visits of museums. It would have been very interesting to see some of the famous Dutch artists like Rembrandt

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(1606-1669), Hals (ca. 1582-1610), Vermeer (1632-1675), or van Gogh (1835-1890), but one can do only one thing at a time.



Route of round trip through the Netherlands and Belgium

We went by train from Oldenburg to Amsterdam, where we boarded the river cruiser *Diana* in the late afternoon. During dinner, she left Amsterdam and sailed south to Kinderdijk, where we disembarked next morning and walked around to see the largest concentration of intact windmills in the Netherlands. The mills were used to pump water out of flooded land. From Kinderdijk we sailed overnight to Dordrecht and biked from there to Bergen op Zoom, a rich trading center in the fifteenth century; traders from all over Europe attended its large annual fairs. Here we enjoyed watching the

businesses at the Grote Markt while sitting at a bar in the center of town. The beauty of the elegant tower of the Markiezenhof, the former residence of the Marquis, was striking and gave us a good idea of how beautiful the city might have looked in the old days. We then crossed the Dutch-Belgian border and biked to Antwerpen and from there to Ghent, once one of the richest cities in Europe and the center of the European wool industry. Its former wealth is still apparent in the beauty of the exquisite embankments of the city harbor, the Graslei and Korenlei. Ghent is a paradise for bikers, who can enjoy the right of way and cannot be passed by motorists on some streets. From Ghent the trail led to the medieval town of Bruges. Its large Market Square was dominated by the wonderful Belfry Tower and Provincial Court. While lunching at the Market Square we had plenty of time to admire all the marvelous buildings and watch the market. From Bruges



*River cruiser Diana in
Kinderdijk*

*Windmills in
Kinderdijk*





The elegant tower of Markiezenhof in Bergen op Zoom

the path led back to the Belgian-Dutch border near Sluis in the Netherlands. After crossing the Eastern Schelde we sailed back to Amsterdam and took a sightseeing tour on the *Grachten* (canals) before returning by train to Oldenburg.

The second bike trip to the Netherlands was through the northern regions, using again the river cruiser *Diana* as hotel, restaurant, and means of transportation. The northern regions are mostly marshlands with green meadows and grazing fat cows who give milk for the Dutch



Beautiful Ghent

cheeses and chocolates. We sailed from Amsterdam to Hoorn, on the western bank of the Markermeer, where we disembarked and explored the town before starting to bike along the west coast of the Markermeer to Enkhuizen, once a prosperous international harbor and home of the Dutch East India Company. In Enkhuizen we met the boat and sailed northeast across the Ijsselmeer to Lemmer, a former major fishing harbor. We disembarked at Lemmer and biked to Stavoren, where we boarded Diana again to sail across the Ijsselmeer to the island of Texel. There we had all day to bike around the island, which reminded us of the country surrounding Oldenburg. We ended up at the southeast end of the island in Oudeschild, where we boarded Diana to sail the short distance to Den Helder. From there we rode to Alkmaar, where we saw the town's traditional cheese market. In a picturesque and much-photographed procession, men dressed in white shirts and straw hats carried heavy loads of cheese to a medieval weighing house. From Alkmaar we sailed back to Amsterdam, and after a sightseeing tour on the Grachten left by train for Oldenburg.

OUR RETIREMENT



*Route of round trip
through northern region
of the Netherlands*



Market square in Bruges with Provincial Court

Austria

Raj had suggested many times that we take the four boys on a bike trip through Europe. In 2013, we managed to get all six of us together, and Kai Derek also joined us. We chose Austria for the trip along the Drau (Drava) from Lienz in East Tyrol to the Klopeiner Lake in Carinthia (*Kärnten*). The Drau originates in Italy, flows through Austria and Slovenia, and empties into the Danube. The seven of us met in Lienz, where we stayed overnight to rest after the long trips from Germany by car and the United States by plane.

On the first day, we took a train from Lienz uphill toward the Italian-Austrian border. From there it was a pleasure to bike downhill back toward Lienz along the Drau and to continue from Lienz through the Drau Valley to Berg. It was a very easy ride, and while we were biking we could admire the spectacular mountains and wild river, which got progressively wider and less wild as we biked toward Berg. We stayed overnight in Berg. Raj, in her wisdom, foresaw that we would not only enjoy the exercise, fresh air, and wonderful landscape but that the trip would bond the family even closer together. We booked the trip with a company that made the hotel reservations and provided the bikes. Breakfast, dinner, and the transport of baggage were included in the price and were prepaid. The company also supplied detailed maps of the mostly traffic-free bike trail and a brochure pointing out places worth seeing. We started each day together with breakfast and discussed the plan for the day and decided what we wanted to see and where we wanted to stop. Differences in suggestions were easily settled. Dinnertimes after an exciting day on our bikes were very special. We sat together until dusk at a large reserved table and had fascinating discussions. It was interesting to see the differences in personalities of the boys; Mark and Jörg tended to be more extroverted and Dirk and Kai Detlef more reserved. They spent most of the time discussing what they had seen during the day and what had impressed them most. With the consumption of alcoholic beverages their tongues

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were loosened and the discussions became livelier. Jokes were cracked and funny stories were told. We were proud to hear about their progress and success in their professional lives and about their children and their school experiences. After dinner, we enjoyed more cold beer and snacks in Berg while admiring the snow-capped Austrian mountains.

From Berg the bike path led to Spittal and then Seeboden on the Millstätter Lake. We crossed the Alpine lake by boat to Döbriach at the east end of the lake. Here we disembarked and had a relaxing swim. Kai Detlef rented for Kai Derek a large plastic walking ball, which floated on the water's surface. Kai Derek had to try to walk while standing inside it and keeping his balance. It was very difficult, and few people manage to stay afloat, but Kai Derek demonstrated his athleticism by successfully mastering it. After the swim, we were ready to bike to Villach, where we stayed overnight and had a nice dinner together. The next day we cruised across the Wörther Lake to Klagenfurt, and from there we rode by bike to Fellach. On this part of the trip, we got lost and separated. We took a wrong turn somewhere at an unmarked split in the road. Only after trial and error and a lot of cussing did both groups meet up late in the evening at the hotel, where we were glad to see each other, and had a late dinner with lots of drinks and discussions. The destination of the trip was St. Kanzian on the beautiful Klopeiner Lake. We arrived in St. Kanzian shortly after lunch, leaving plenty of time for swimming and enjoying the beautiful lake and the Alps. In the evening we had a relaxing farewell dinner with lots of drinks and discussions about what we had seen and experienced. It was a memorable trip through beautiful southern Austria with its many lakes and a memorable time together. We think the sons and the grandchild Kai Derek enjoyed the trip as much as we did. What more can one ask for during retirement?



Route of bike trip from Sillian to St. Kanzian



View from the bike trail between Sillian and Lienz

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Wild Drau in Lower Austria



Relaxing at Klopeiner Lake

Other Trips

Mexico

The first trip after Kai's retirement was to Cancun on the northeast coast of the Mexican Yucatán peninsula. We stayed at a hotel directly on the beach, where we could enjoy the sunshine and warm water of the ocean; this was much appreciated after coming from ice and snow. Snorkeling around the reefs, we saw and observed beautifully colored fish and plants of all shapes and sizes. It is a different and amazingly beautiful world under water.

From Cancun we flew to Chichén Itzá, which has a group of Mayan ruins and pyramids. There we saw the large and well-preserved Grand Ball Court flanked on both sides by huge stone walls, which



The steep steps of the feathered serpent (Kukulcán) pyramid

was the scene of tournaments long ago. Horseback riders had to pass balls through small rings mounted to the side walls of the Grand Ball Court. At the end of the tournament the captain of the winning team offered his head to the captain of the losing team, who then proceeded

to decapitate him. A strange ritual and one may wonder why anybody wanted to be captain of a team. The Skull Platform was another curiosity. On it carvings of the skulls of sacrificed victims or captives of war were depicted. The Observatory was a round building resting on a large rectangular platform. It was used by the Mayans to study Venus and determine dates for sacred rituals.

Statues of Kukulán, the Feathered Serpent Deity, were positioned at the bottom of the steep steps leading to the plateau at the top of the Kukulán Pyramid. Bärbel was courageous enough to climb all the way up to the top of the pyramid. Kai was scared by the steepness of the steps and did not make it. At the bottom of the Temple of Thousand Warriors Pyramid were three sections with columns, some with carved depictions of warriors.

On the upper plateau, we saw the statue of Chacmool, a reclining figure with knees bent and head turned to one side, holding a large bowl in his hands. Hearts from sacrificed humans were placed in the bowl as religious offerings.

Chichén Itza is a testament to the sophistication of the Mayan culture. The religious beliefs regarding human sacrifices were strange,



Chacmool on top of Thousand Warriors pyramid



Statues of Kukulán at the bottom of the pyramid

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but who knows what future generations will think about our current cultures, beliefs, and wars?



Columns of Temple of Thousand Warriors

Kuwait

One nice sunny day we decided not to ski in Vail but to try some slopes in the nearby ski resort Breckenridge. We had a nice day of skiing on the slopes on nicely groomed snow. As we returned in late afternoon to Vail, the sun was shining and we were looking forward to a relaxing swim in the outdoor pool at the Racquet Club, but this was not to happen. As we climbed the twenty-five-hundred-meter-high Vail Pass it began to snow lightly, and we did not pay any attention to it. But as we climbed higher, the snow became heavier. Kai did not reduce the speed appropriately for the slippery road. Just after we had passed a VW beetle, the car began to slide, and Kai lost control of it. We hit a huge rock at full speed, rolled over three-hundred-and-sixty degrees, and landed with the engine still running in a snowbank on the median of the interstate. Amazingly, neither of us was hurt! The driver of the VW we had just passed had stopped, and he froze when he saw Kai getting out of the car. He said in disbelief, "After that accident you cannot be alive." He gave us a ride home, and Kai called the police and the tow truck.

Shortly after we had arrived home, the phone rang. It was Dr. Doyt Conn, a rheumatologist friend from the Mayo Clinic, who asked Kai if he would be interested in volunteering for a trip to Kuwait to assess medical needs after the recent withdrawal of the Iraqi forces. Having just survived a terrible car accident, Kai felt he needed to thank God and agreed to volunteer.

A team of two retired physicians and four technicians all from the Mayo Clinic volunteered. The team was scheduled to fly to Washington, DC, to apply for visas to Saudi Arabia. From Washington we were then to fly to Riyadh on a commercial airline and from there to Kuwait on an American military airplane. The one lady in our group was the only one smart enough to check the airline tickets, and she discovered that they were made out for the wrong day. Unfortunately, we could not change the reservations and had to fly via Rome to Riyadh. Going

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through passport control in Riyadh, the Saudi Arabian customs officer asked the lady in the group, "Are you married?" When she answered "Yes," he next asked, "Where is your husband?" When she answered he was in Rochester, he informed her that she could not enter Saudi Arabia as a married woman without her husband. Only after an hour-long negotiation were we finally able to convince the officer that we were on a medical rescue mission to Kuwait and did not plan to stay in Saudi Arabia. He let her pass. In Riyadh we found out that Kai was not allowed to board a U.S. military plane because he was a tax-paying U.S. resident but not a U.S. citizen. We had to change our travel plans again and were forced to stay overnight in Riyadh. In the evening, Richard Evjen and Kai walked a little around Riyadh and took some photographs. They were both arrested after they took a picture of a Saudi Arabian soldier standing guard at a military institution. They were released after a few hours and after the films had been removed from their cameras by the Saudis. Another bad omen for the rest of the mission. From Riyadh, the team drove for two days in rented cars through the desert to Kuwait. In Kuwait, we were housed at an evacuated civilian hospital, which had been occupied by the Medical Corps of the Saudi Arabian Army.

Two Kuwaiti hospital engineers were assigned to help us assess the most urgent medical needs. It soon became apparent that they were not prepared for or interested in accepting any advice or help from us Americans. For instance, in the Hospital for Obstetrics, the main water pipe had a large leak, and the hospital was without running water, a catastrophe for a hospital! We ourselves could of course not fix the leak, but when we informed the engineers of the Saudi Arabian Medical Corps of the problem, they offered to repair it immediately and without charge. For unknown reasons, their offer was declined and the hospital remained without running water. Maybe they did not want men in the Hospital for Obstetrics. The hospital engineers also claimed that a bomb that had exploded near the hospital had broken the pipe

carrying oxygen from the central oxygen supply to the operating rooms. Because of the leak, they could only use tanks filled with compressed oxygen in the operating theaters. Having oxygen available in an operating theater is essential for safely administering general anesthesia. They told us that the oxygen tanks emptied too fast and they could not keep a new supply ready; this made the safe administration of general anesthesia nearly impossible. They wrongly attributed the rapid emptying of oxygen to a leak in the pipe carrying the oxygen to the surgical theatre. Dick Evjen and Kai proved them wrong. They first closed all the oxygen outlets in the operating theater and then connected a tank filled with compressed oxygen. They observed that even after disconnecting the tank the



Oil wells on fire in Kuwait

pressure in the oxygen line remained high, proving convincingly that there was no leak. What then was the reason for the fast emptying of the oxygen tanks? Next day they examined the operating theater and discovered that large amounts of oxygen were constantly used to power the suction system, according to the Venturi principle. Again, the engineers did not accept this explanation. There were many more

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similar instances. Frustrated and exhausted, the team decided to fly home after seven wasted days.



Beach "fortified" with barbed wire in Kuwait

Back in Rochester we learned that two journalists from Minneapolis had reported daily in newspapers and on TV about the mission. The big news on U.S. television was that the occupying Iraqi troops had stolen all the books from the hospital library and all the respirators from the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit. It was even claimed that children who needed mechanical ventilation of their lungs died after the ventilators had been disconnected. This was not true. Yes, the library shelves were empty, but the respirators were still in the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit.

Before withdrawing from Kuwait, Iraqi forces had set fire to oil wells in Kuwait. While we were in Kuwait thick clouds of black smoke obscured the sun and anything left outside was covered with thick layers of black soot. In the evening, there was shooting in town. We did

not dare turn on the electric lights in our rooms in the hospital for fear of being shot. The streets were empty and were covered with bomb craters and damaged tanks and cars, just as Kai had seen as a young boy in Germany after WW II.

Tanzania

After trips to South Africa and Egypt when Kai was still working, we decided to participate in a photo safari to Tanzania. We flew from Amsterdam to Nairobi, Kenya, where we boarded a small one-engine plane to fly to the Kilimanjaro Airport in Tanzania. Unfortunately, we had forgotten to obtain visas for Tanzania. Naturally, the customs officer at the Tanzanian airport could not let us pass. Once the tour guide learned about this problem, he suggested that we bribe the customs officer with



Recently circumcised Maasai boy

money. Not being used to this kind of dealing with government officials, Kai did not dare to do it himself and asked the guide to do it for him. The customs officer accepted the bribe of U.S. \$50.00 and issued visas for Tanzania without any further problems.

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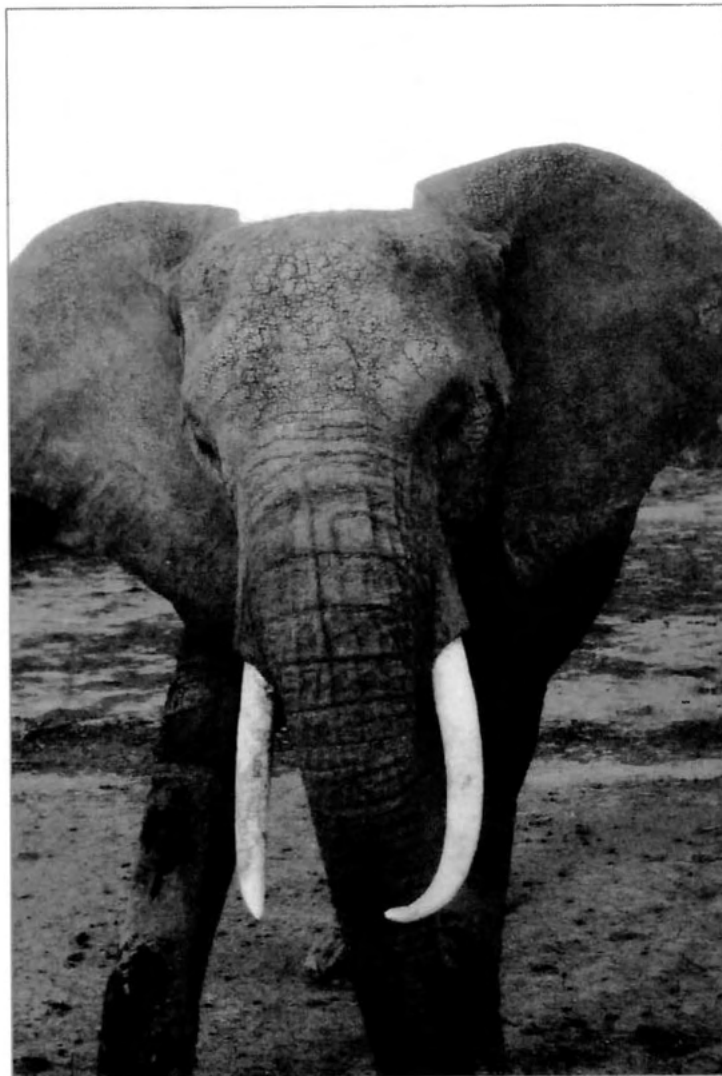
There were six people in the group, plus an experienced and friendly Maasai guide. An adventure began. The car was comfortable, but the roads were mostly unpaved and in bad shape. The car had a large retractable roof, giving all of us room to stand while watching and photographing the wild animals. All of the lodges were clean and comfortable, the service was friendly and efficient, and the food was excellent. But when we had to walk outside to reach our room we needed to be accompanied by an armed employee to protect us against predators, which sometimes came close or even into the lodges. It was a strange and scary feeling, but we got used to it and never needed protection.

The first destination was the Ngorongoro Crater Park, where we saw elephants, lions, spotted hyenas, warthogs, wildebeests, giraffes, and zebras. It was a breathtaking experience for us to see wild animals so close in their natural environment, and we were amazed to see Maasai boys, armed only with spears and small shields, grazing their cows amongst the wild animals. The guide assured us they were safe because "lions don't attack Maasais." He told us, also, that to be accepted as a Maasai warrior, a boy had to kill a lion while armed only with a spear and protected only by a small shield. Some of the teenaged boys had white marks painted on their foreheads. We were told by the guide that they had been circumcised recently. From the Ngorongoro Crater Park the guide took us to Serengeti National Park, which was made famous by father Bernhard and son Michael Grzimzek. They followed and studied migrations of wild animals by airplane and produced the documentary film *Serengeti Shall Not Die*, for which they received an Academy Award. Tragically, Michael was killed when his airplane collided with a vulture and crashed. In Serengeti National Park, we saw again an abundance of wild animals, including hundreds of elegant impalas. As we drove around the park, we were stopped by police checking for ever-present poachers. After a short examination of the car, they let us pass.

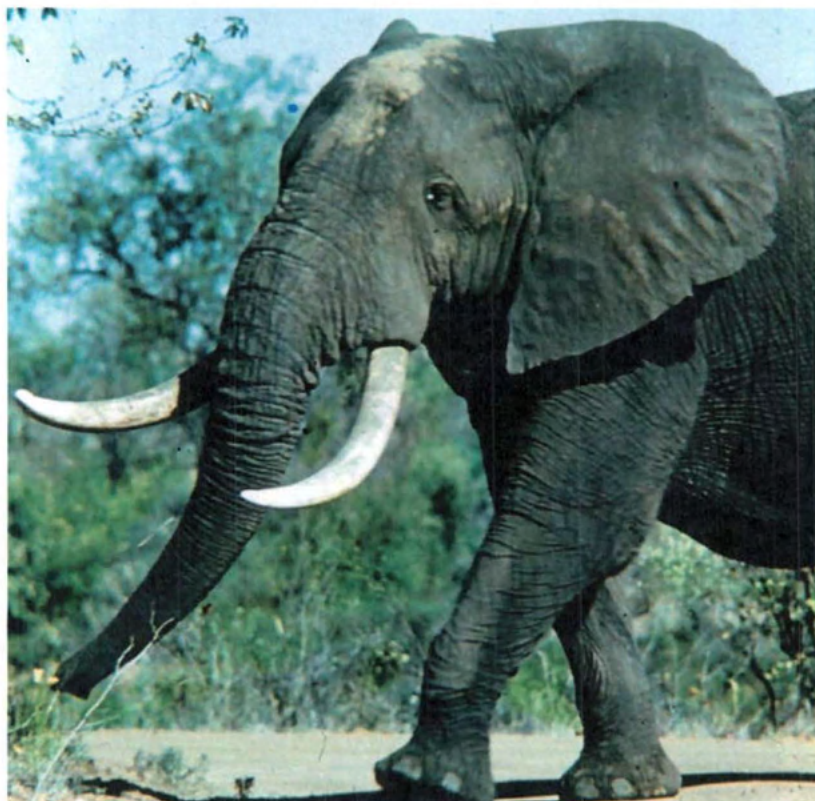


Warbogs

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Elephant flapping his ears, warning us not to get closer



Standing in front of such a huge wild animal is scary.

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The guide shared many tidbits of valuable information with us while he was driving and looking for animals. Once he suddenly stopped the car and pointed to a big python snake wound around a fallen tree trunk. It was so well camouflaged that we would not have seen it if he had not spotted it. He told us that when an elephant is feeding and breaks off tree branches, the trees secrete a bitter-tasting substance that kills the elephant's appetite after he eats a second branch; the elephant moves on and the trees are saved from complete destruction. He also told us that elephants flap their ears as a warning if one gets closer to them than fifty feet. If the warning is ignored, the elephant may attack to protect himself. We learned that elephants



Zebra

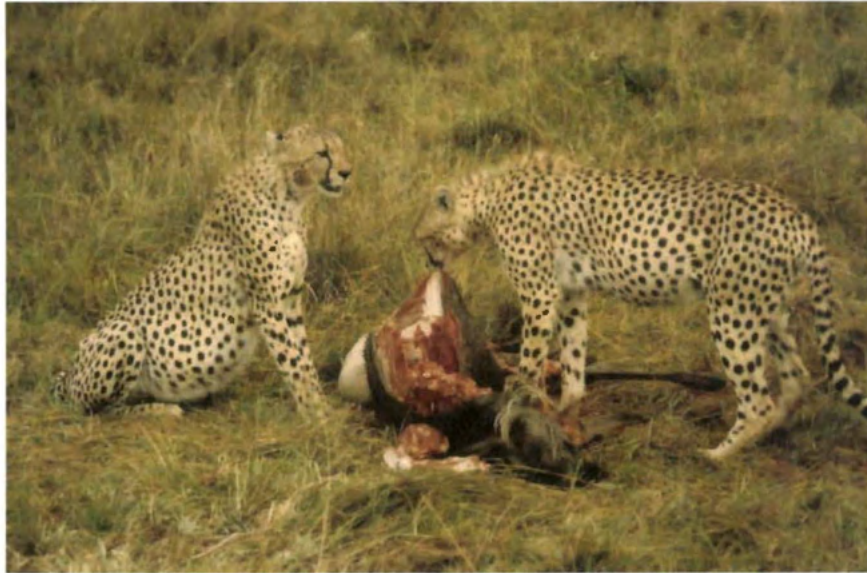
have adhesions between the lungs and chest wall. The adhesions hold the heavy upper lungs in place, preventing them from compressing the lower lungs and causing them to collapse. Humans do not need such adhesions, because our upper lungs are not heavy enough to compress the lower lungs. When we saw baboons, we learned that males have long, razor-sharp upper incisors. The guide told us that groups of baboons have been seen killing lions with their sharp teeth. They sharpen the incisors by pushing wooden sticks back and forth along the back parts of the incisors. We often saw zebras grazing together with wildebeests. The guide explained that they both like the same type of grass, but there is no competition between them, because zebras prefer the longer and wildebeests the shorter grass. The reason they graze close

to each other is because zebras have good eyesight and wildebeests can hear well. Staying together gives them a better chance of detecting and escaping from predators. We learned that female lions do most of the hunting because male lions are too heavy to jump high enough to attack a victim's neck and carotid arteries. When a lioness with cubs needs to go hunting, she hides her cubs or has a female relative babysit while she hunts. We saw a lioness babysitting two young cubs in South Africa. Cheetahs are the fastest animals; they can run up to eighty to one hundred kilometers per hour, but they can do it only for a short way. They have to plan carefully when approaching prey because if they fail, the hunt is over after a short sprint.



Lioness with cub

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Cheetahs enjoying their meal

On a lake we saw thousands of flamingos. The red colorations of the feathers were distinctly different among the different birds. Some of them had dark red and others light red feathers. The guide explained that the color varies with the composition of their diet. When we saw African buffaloes the guide explained that African buffaloes are fierce, fast, and the most dangerous animals in Africa. He stayed at a safe distance and left the engine running while we were watching and photographing. The guide remained calm when we were near hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses. In the town of Arusha, we visited an agricultural market. Most of the vendors were women clothed in beautiful and colorful garments. Quite a sight.

On the last day of the tour, the guide took us to a Maasai village. The adults, both males and females, wore colorful dresses for our visit and were very friendly. The village consisted of about a dozen huts arranged in a circle around an inner court, where the cows were kept

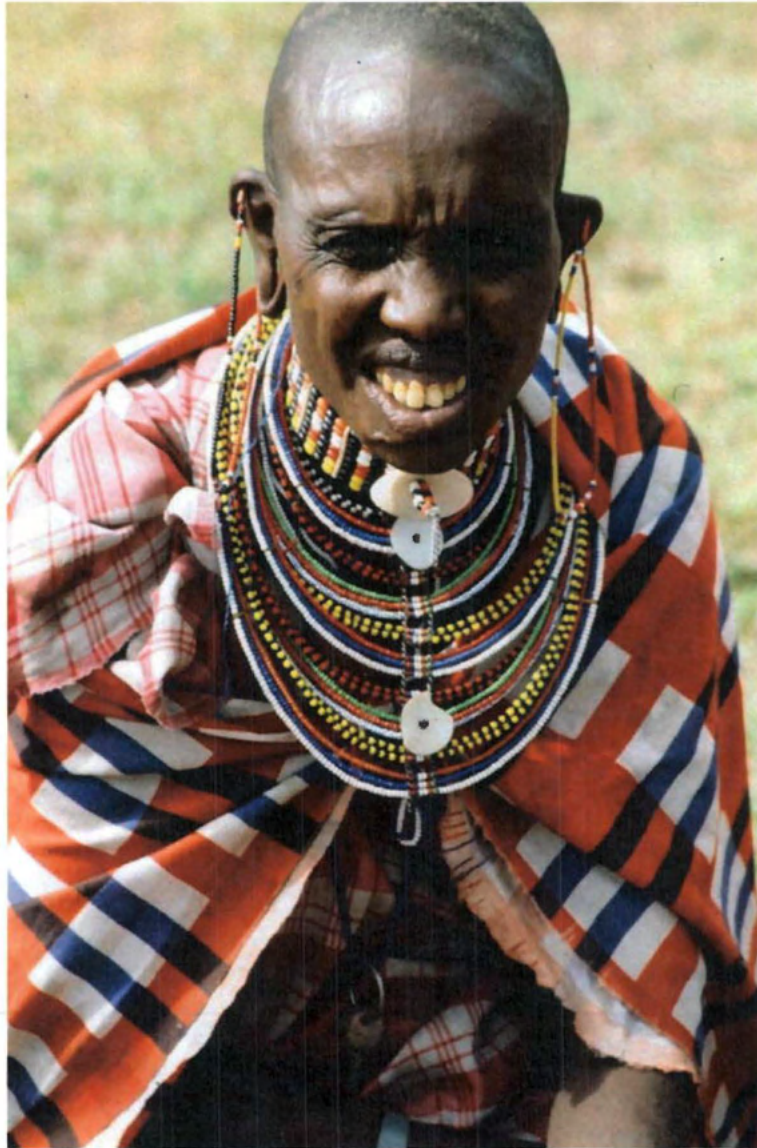
during the night to protect them against predators. The village was surrounded by a fence made of human-high tree branches with sharpened peaks. It kept the lions out. The huts were made of tree branches tied together. The space between the branches was filled with loose material and the surfaces were patched with cow dung collected in the morning from the inner court. Inside each hut was a fireplace and furniture for sleeping. The guide shared with us the secret that when an unmarried man stays overnight with an unmarried woman, he places his spear at the entrance to the hut to warn other men that the woman is busy and visitors are not welcome.



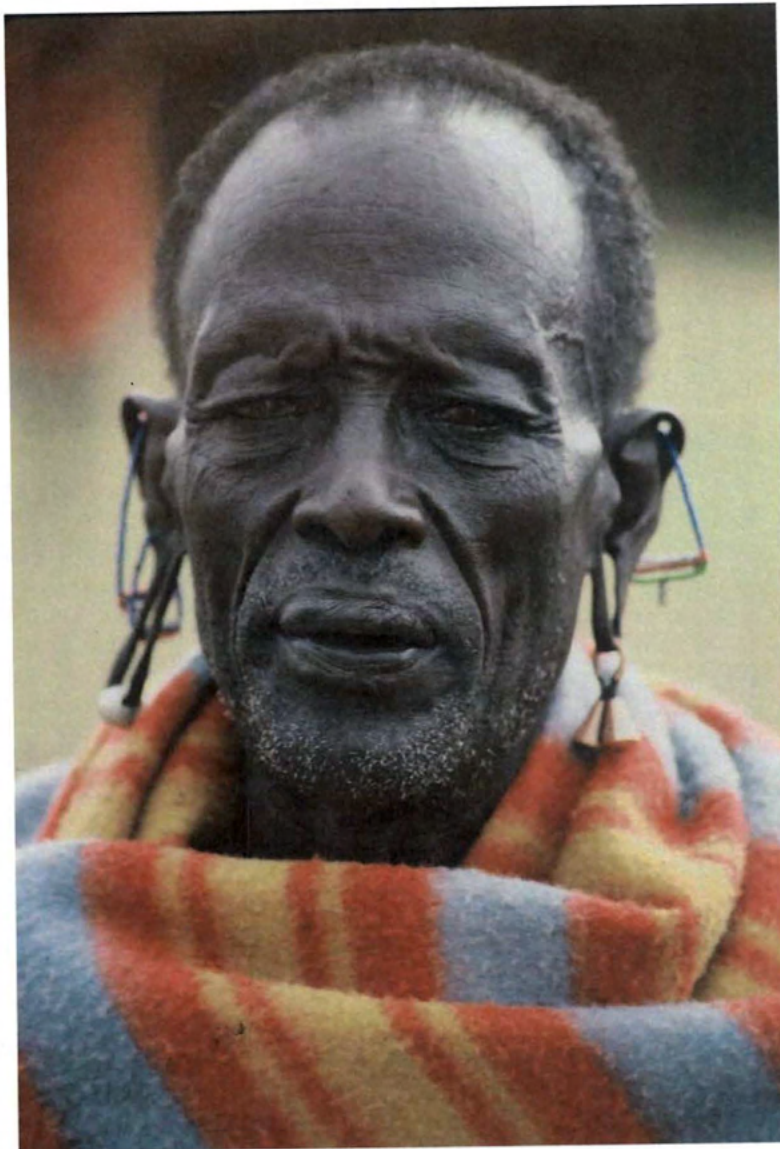
Male baboon



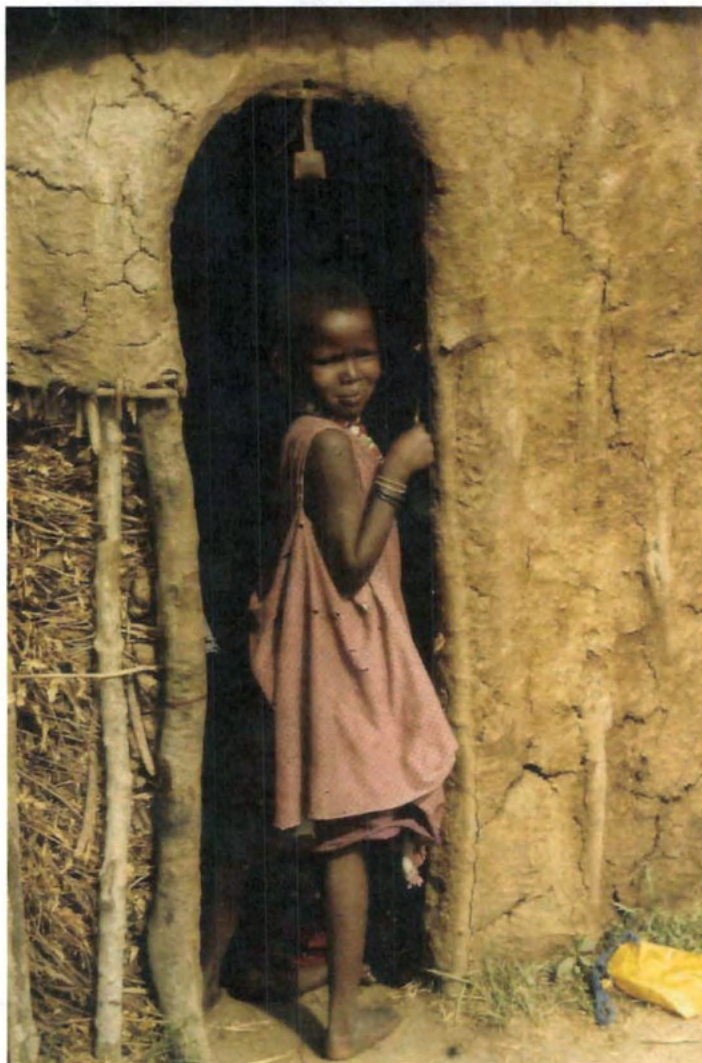
Feeding giraffe



Bald Maasai woman with colorful beaded necklace

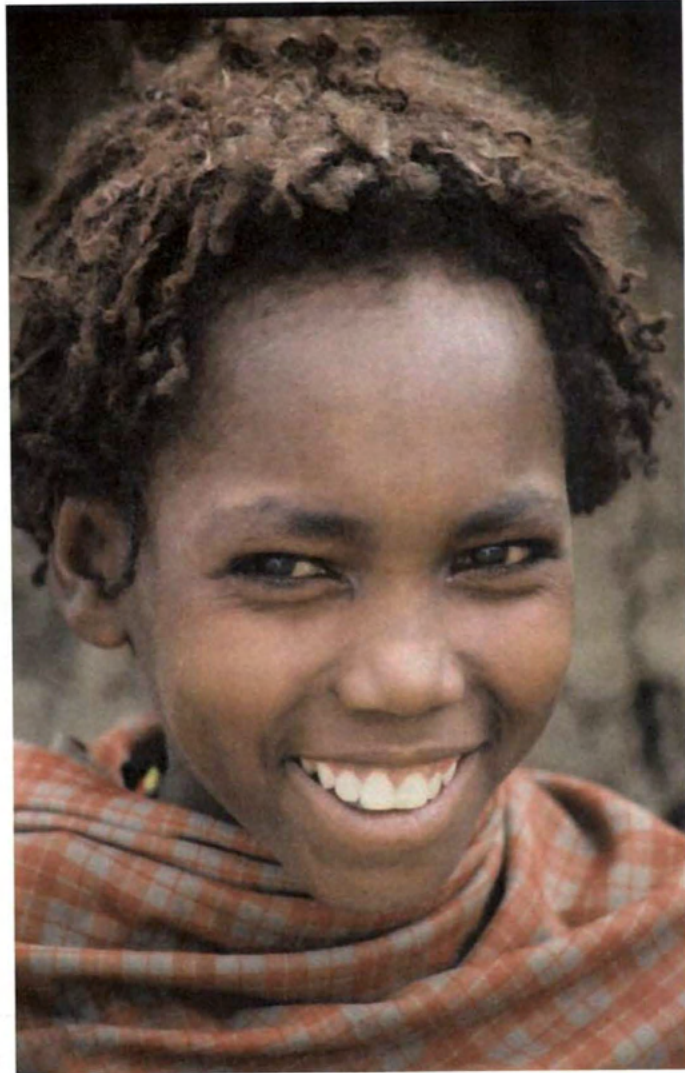


*Elderly Maasai man covered with a Shúkà wrapped around his body
and decorated earlobes*



Shy young Maasai girl at her shelter

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Happy young Maasai boy

The photo safari was a once-in-a-lifetime adventure. We saw and learned a lot. We are now more than ever concerned about the future of wildlife in Africa. Many species of wild animals are endangered. We think our children and grandchildren should go on a photo safari in Africa before the wild animals are gone. It is an unbelievable experience.

Hong Kong

The Chinese Qing dynasty ceded Hong Kong to the British Empire after the first Opium War in 1842. It was returned to China by the British Empire in 1997. Hong Kong is today one of the most important financial and economic centers in Asia. Kai had no professional responsibilities in Hong Kong, so we had ample time to explore the town. We walked along Temple Street and browsed a flea market, where cheap merchandise was for sale. Tourists crowded the market looking for good deals. The next day we took the Star Ferry across Victoria Harbor from Kowloon to Hong Kong Island. Here we walked around the island and had views of the skyline of Kowloon, which has the largest accumulation of skyscrapers worldwide, and we saw busy Victoria Harbor, where ferries and Chinese junks were crisscrossing the water. To reach Victoria Peak on Hong Kong Island we took the Peak Tram. The views from Victoria Peak were spectacular. We walked around all day on the island enjoying the views before returning to our hotel. Next day, we hired a small private boat piloted by an old lady and toured the harbor. Here we saw the other side of rich Hong Kong: poor people living on small, shabby boats together with chicken and dogs. Not a very inviting sight or smell. We were glad when we were safely back at the hotel.

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*Victoria Harbor with
Kowloon in background*



*Chinese junks in
Victoria Harbor*



*Impoverished
residents of Hong
Kong*



View of Kowloon from Victoria Park

Thailand

We were not prepared for what we saw in Bangkok. The Grand Palace, the former official residence of the kings of Siam, was the highlight. It is a complex of delicately and beautifully adorned buildings with wonderful-looking blue, yellow, and orange glazed tiles and gold-covered roofs. A truly magnificent and very unique sight. We strolled around the grounds of the Grand Palace for many hours and returned the next day because we wanted to see more of it. We even found the Symbol of Thailand, the Emerald Buddha, made of green jasper stone in the Wat Phra Kaew Temple.

A boat trip on the Chao Phraya River to the Summer Palace in Ayutthaya was interesting. The summer palace was brutally attacked and overrun by the Burmese, who ransacked it, plundered the pagodas, and took the gold. Only remnants or skeletons of the pagodas were left. These remnants still exist, and some of them are used to safeguard the ashes of former kings. A sad story.

No visit to Bangkok is complete without seeing one of the busy colorful floating markets where vendors sell fruits, vegetables, fish, and locally made goods from their boats to customers arriving by boat. It is a colorful place and a great tourist attraction.



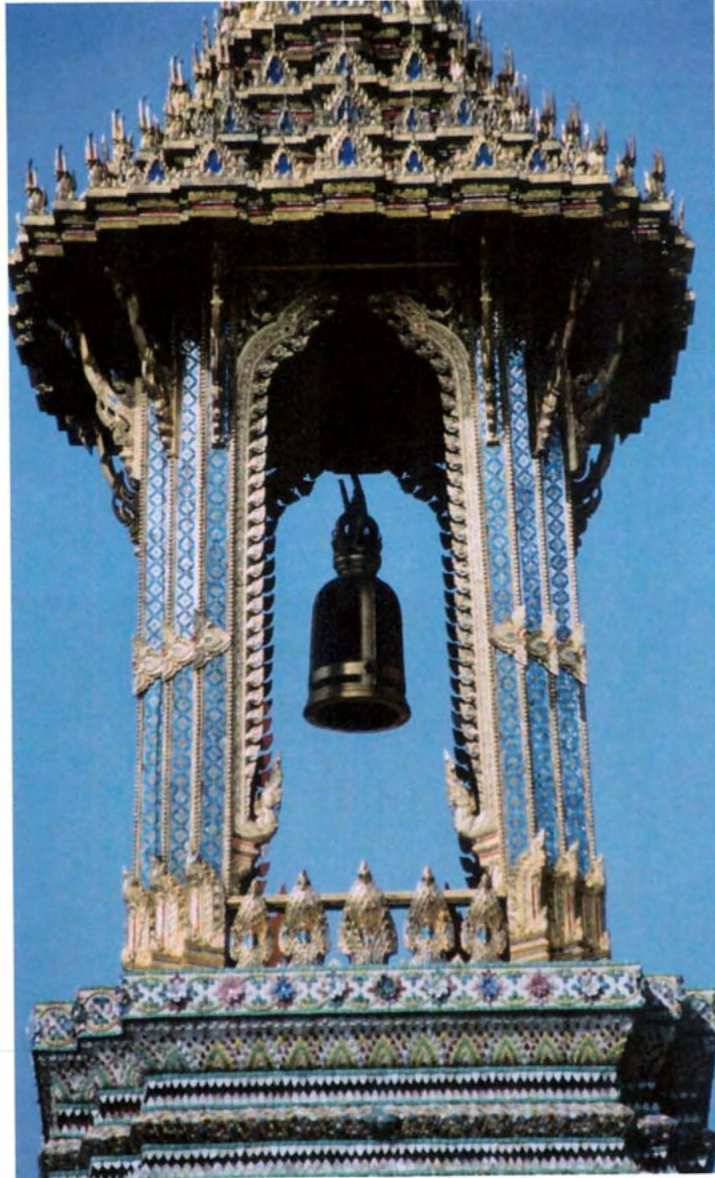
Statue of frightening-looking guard at Grand Palace



*Skeleton of ransacked pagoda
at Summer Palace*



Floating market in Bangkok



Beautiful clock tower with glazed tiles at Grand Palace

China

We had visited Indochina and Japan before Kai's retirement. After his retirement we wanted to see the largest country of Asia, China, to explore its history and development. After a long twelve-hour flight from Bremen, we were greeted at the airport in Beijing by a friendly Chinese guide. He took us to the Traders Hotel, which was clean and comfortable and in the center of Beijing.

Every day in China was filled with exciting sights, experiences, and information. Our first surprise was the immense volume of motor traffic in Beijing, which contributed to unbelievable air pollution. People wore masks to protect themselves against the pollution, and it was difficult to take "clean" photographs.



*Entrance with Mao Zedong portrait to Forbidden City from
Tiananmen Square*

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Painting on a beam of the Long Corridor

The guide took us to the infamous Tiananmen Square, where students protested against the government in 1989. It is the largest square in the world, with space for the gathering of up to one million people. In the middle of it stands the Monument to the People's Heroes. Interestingly, the worshipped heroes included not only communists. The square was flanked by the National Monument of China, the Mausoleum of Mao Zedong (1893-1976), the Great Hall of the People, and the Tiananmen Gate. We were not interested in visiting any of these buildings but went straight to the Forbidden City. A large portrait of Mao Zedong was mounted over the gate leading to it. The Forbidden City was safeguarded by a surrounding moat and surrounding walls with towers at each corner. It was the residence of emperors of the Ming (1368-1644) and Qing (1644-1912) dynasties. The northern part of it was used for ceremonial and administrative functions, while the southern part was reserved for the emperors and their families, including the concubines.

Red and yellow were the dominant colors used for the buildings. The walls were painted red and the roofs were covered with yellow

glazed tiles. According to Chinese belief, the color red means happiness and the color yellow signifies the earth. We spent many hours on the grounds and never stopped being overwhelmed by the beauty of the buildings and their interesting histories.

Next we visited the Summer Palace, an ensemble of gardens, palaces, and lakes to which the emperors and their families retreated in the hot summers. We concentrated our attention on Lake Kunming and its surroundings. First we walked along the roofed Long Corridor by the lake, and as we walked we admired not only the glittering lake, which reflected the sun, but also the staggering artworks on the beams and ceilings of the Long Corridor. These pictures depicted Chinese landscapes, historic events, animals, and legends. At the end of the Long Corridor, we saw a pavilion shaped like a boat, the Marble Boat. Empress Cixi (1835-1908) had it built with embezzled money allocated for rebuilding the Imperial Navy.

The next day we went to see and walk on the Great Wall of China, which extends over more than six thousand kilometers. It was built by Emperor Qin Shi Huang (259-210 BC), the first Chinese emperor. The builders linked existing walls built by the ancient Chinese states with newly constructed walls. The wall defended China successfully against invasions by northern nomads. The wall also facilitated travel and trade. It was wide enough to allow as many as four horsemen to ride side by side on it. What an amazing achievement!

A visit to the Graves of the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty was next. The Sacred Way leads to the burial sites of thirteen emperors. It was flanked by statues of huge animals guarding the burial sites. Three of the tombs had been excavated and opened to the public for inspection. Unfortunately, one of the opened graves was ransacked during the Cultural Revolution by stupid fanatics. They burned the remains of the emperor and empress and destroyed the artifacts that had been

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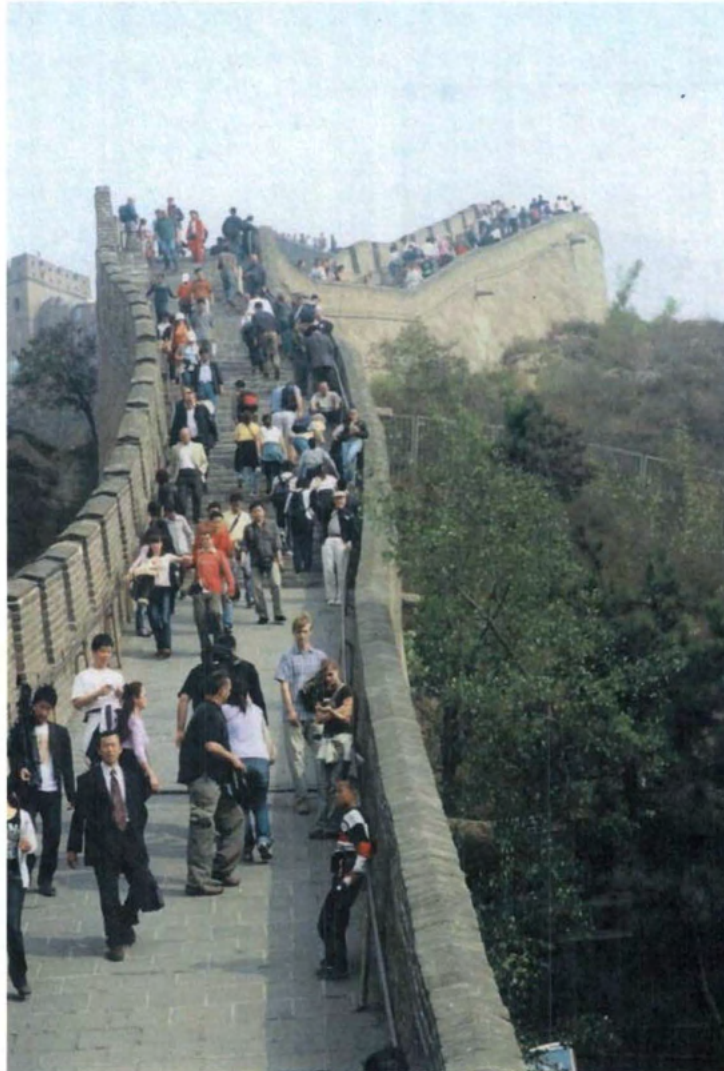
found in the grave. To avoid similar acts of destruction, excavations have been halted.



Marble Boat of Empress Cixi

*Elephant guarding the Sacred Way
of the Burial Sites of emperors of the
Ming Dynasty*





Busy Great Wall of China near Beijing

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From Beijing we flew to Yichang, where we boarded a river cruiser to sail upstream on the Yangtze River to Chongqing, a distance of nearly five hundred kilometers. In Yichang we were overwhelmed by the gigantic Three Gorges Dam, the world's largest dam, spanning the Yangtze River. The water level in the river upstream of the dam was 110 meters higher than the water level downstream. Huge turbines use this potential energy to generate enormous amounts of electricity. To sail upstream from Yichang to Chongqing, our river cruiser had to pass through two series of locks, each one consisting of five staircase locks, to overcome the vertical distance between upstream and downstream water levels. We passed all ten locks in a matter of a few hours. Amazing technology!

The most scenic parts of the Yangtze were the three spectacular and enormous gorges flanking the river on both sides. At some places the flanking rocks extended over the river, shielding it from the sun. The three gorges are, from east to west, the Xiling, Wu, and Qutang Gorges.

After passing the Wu Gorge, the boat turned into the Daning River and stopped at the Daning River Gorge, where we disembarked and walked around to admire the surroundings. The boat then returned to the Yangtze and sailed straight to Chongqing, the end point of the excursion. In Chongqing, we visited the amazing Panda House and enjoyed observing young and old giant pandas playing and munching a lot of bamboo.

From Chongqing we flew to Xi'an to see the Terracotta Army of Emperor Qin Shi Huang, the megalomaniac Emperor who unified China and completed the Great Wall. The Terracotta Army was fortuitously discovered by a farmer while he was digging a well. It includes thousands of life-sized terracotta soldiers and many horses and chariots, all of which were meant to protect the Emperor in his afterlife. They were all armed with wooden weapons, which did not survive.



Daning River Gorge



Fruit vendors in Daning River Gorge

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Amazingly, each soldier had a different physiognomy, so they were not mass produced. The farmer who discovered the treasure sat at the entrance to the exhibition selling books. For an extra charge, he signed our book.

A five-story-high pagoda, the Big Wild Goose Pagoda, was another remarkable sight in Xi'an; it housed valuable statues. While walking on the city wall around Xi'an we saw young and old Chinese exercising. Exercise appeared to be popular in China.

From Xi'an we flew to Shanghai, the third largest city in the world, with a population of more than twenty-eight million. We stayed at a comfortable and modern hotel in the center of town, from which we had views of the city with its busy streets. We concentrated our attention on three things: the Yu Gardens, the Shanghai Museum, and the Bund.

The Yu Gardens are typical Chinese gardens with water, rocks, plants, and buildings. They boasted a glittering pond filled with beautifully colored Koi, a picturesque teahouse, and the impressive Dragon Wall. From the Yu Gardens we strolled through the Yuyuan Bazaar, where vendors were selling jewels, snacks, art, antiques, or anything the heart may desire. For reasons unknown to us, the guide refused to accompany us on the stroll around the bazaar; it appeared he wanted not to be seen there. The modern Shanghai Museum had a unique shape. Its base was square and its top was round. The Chinese believe the square base signifies the earth and the round top the sky. Spectacular collections of ancient Chinese art and ceramics were displayed in the museum, too much to digest within a few hours.

A walk along the Bund concluded the day. The Bund is a region along the western bank of the Huangpu River and is a financial center of East Asia. Modern skyscrapers and historic buildings are on one side of the river and the elegant Oriental Pearl TV Tower on the other side; they are the landmarks of the Bund, a historic waterfront area. A

farewell dinner concluded the trip to China. We were ready for a totally different adventure in Australia.



Terracotta Army

Panda eating bamboo



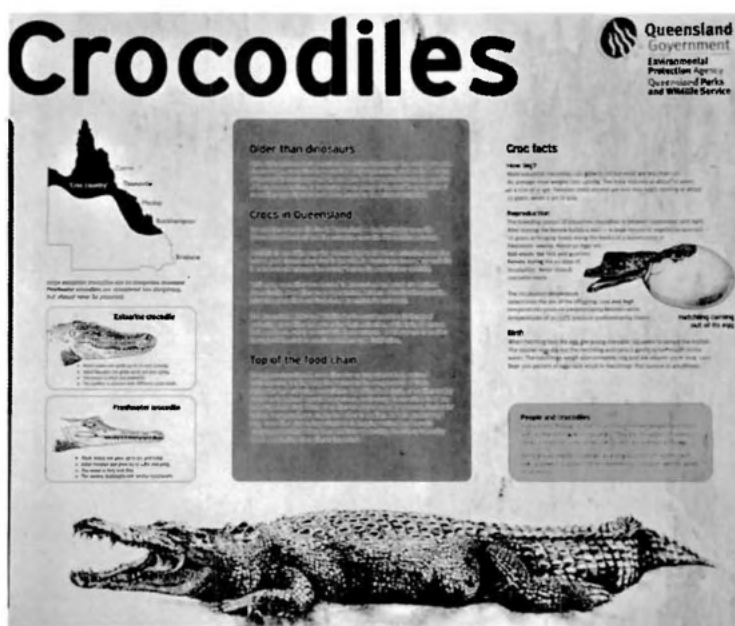
OUR RETIREMENT



Shanghai Museum

Australia

In China we saw and admired the culture and history of an old country. We were now going to a young country with comparatively little history but with amazing natural wonders, such as the Great Barrier Reef and the Daintree Rainforest. From Beijing we flew to Cairns, where we rented a car to drive to Port Douglas in Queensland. On the drive along the coastline to Port Douglas, we experienced our first, and unexpected, adventure in Australia. A crocodile crossed the road in front of our car. We were glad to be in the car and not walking on the road or, God forbid, fixing a flat tire.



A sign warning of crocodiles

It did not take long before we saw signs warning of crocodiles. In Port Douglas we stayed at the Treetops Hotel, an excellent choice with a nice outdoor swimming pool. From there we could comfortably explore the countryside and the Great Barrier Reef. We sailed to the Aristocrat Reef, part of the Great Barrier Reef. It is impossible to put into words the breathtaking wonders we saw snorkeling at the reef. We saw fish and plants of all colors, shapes, and sizes. Large schools of surgeonfish with their vivid blue color and

black stripes and numerous striped angel fish were around us. Butterfly fish in striking hues of yellow and orange clown fish with white bands around their bodies feeding on coral. We saw various species of marine plants, including sea grass, sea lettuce, and seaweed. While admiring the beauty around him, Kai saw a large sea turtle coming toward him; he was unsure what to do. Luckily and to Kai's relief, the turtle turned around. It was just curious and wanted to see the strange-looking creature swimming there. The next day we went to another part of the reef, where we snorkeled again and were awed by the beautiful sea and unbelievable wonders of nature. The underwater world is unique, immensely colorful, and beautiful.

Exploring the ancient Daintree Rainforest at Mossman Gorge was a different but also exciting and unique experience. The diversity of fauna and flora was unbelievable. We saw many colorful birds of all sizes and Australian green tree frogs. The tree frogs are large and



A sign warning of kangaroo crossing

plump, and we could hear them calling from the trees. Tree frogs make nice pets. We also saw an Australian brush turkey, with its distinct red head and yellow stripe around its lower neck.

In the evenings we enjoyed dinners and drinks at the waterfront of Port Douglas, where we chatted with the easygoing Aussies. We learned from them that the daring naturalist Steve Irwin was killed in Port Douglas by a stingray while filming a documentary.

What a beautiful part of the world. We had unforgettable experiences. No wonder Port Douglas has become a tourist attraction. We hated to leave this part of the world after experiencing the ancient culture and history in China and then the natural features of Australia. A good combination for a trip.

Grand Cayman Islands

We traveled to the Grand Cayman Islands mainly to see stingrays but were not prepared for what we experienced. Stingrays are elegant swimmers, moving forward with a smooth undulating motion. They are large, measuring approximately six feet from nose to tail. Contrary to common belief, they are not dangerous if not attacked or molested. Only if they feel attacked or stepped on inadvertently do they become dangerous and then they can be deadly. As a defense against predators, they have a sharp stinger at the base of their tail with sharply hooked barbs. The stinger can easily penetrate the skin and inject a paralyzing poison.

Large numbers of stingrays gathered each day at a sandbank, where boats with tourists were anxiously waiting to see, feed, and pet them. The water at the sandbank was shallow and reached only to waist level, so we could stand in the water and have our hands free for feeding and petting the stingrays. To be honest, we initially had mixed feelings being around potentially deadly stingrays. But once they had smoothly and carefully accepted bites of squid from our hands all

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anxiety disappeared, and we were comfortable feeding and petting them. To feed them we had to learn that their mouth is on the abdominal side and their eyes on the dorsal side. The stingrays were tame, and we took them into our arms and petted them like a child or dog. Their skin was very smooth. We swam with the stingrays for several hours, an awesome experience. On another day, we explored the islands and were struck when we discovered a spot called Hell. There was a post office from which we mailed postcards postmarked Hell to our friends. They were probably not surprised to receive mail from us from Hell.

Epilogue

In this narrative we describe our life after Kai's retirement from the Mayo Clinic. We used the time during retirement to mix work with pleasure, education, and travel. We both grew up in Germany during WW II, a time when we could travel little in Germany and not at all abroad. After the war, we did not have the financial means to travel and Germans were *personae non gratae*.

We wanted to use this narrative to explain why we left Germany and immigrated to the United States. After Kai's extensive training for nearly six years in anesthesiology and research at the Mayo Clinic, we returned to Germany, where Kai became the Head of Anesthesiology at the University of Würzburg. He had the dream of building a department of anesthesiology like the one he had seen at the Mayo Clinic, with emphasis not only on clinical work but also on teaching and research.

The chairman of the Department of Surgery in Würzburg was a friendly gentleman and a fairly competent elderly surgeon steeped in old traditions. He did not seem to understand the concept of "creative destruction," which states that new developments replace old ones. When motor cars appeared, horse-drawn carriages disappeared, and when computers became available, typewriters and calculators were displaced. Modern anesthesia includes techniques previously not used, such as muscle paralysis, mechanical ventilation of the lungs, hypothermia, and extracorporeal circulation. All of these methods require constant close supervision of all vital signs, and this requirement led to the introduction of a new medical specialty, intensive care. Anesthesiologists were the natural choice for assisting in this specialty; they supported or replaced surgeons in the care of critically ill patients needing constant supervision postoperatively. The

chairman in Würzburg was not ready to let the specialty develop and become an equal partner with surgery in the care of patients. The chairman may have been afraid of losing some of his authority in the hierarchy of surgical specialties. Kai became frustrated and was not willing to waste his time fighting for independence or to give up his future as a researcher. He decided it was best for him to return to the Mayo Clinic, where he had the opportunity to grow professionally and enjoy research.

The list of supporters of Kai's professional development is long, and we cannot mention everybody. A few deserve special mention. The Chairman of Pharmacology, Professor Neumann, at the University of Würzburg gave Kai valuable advice on and encouragement for studying the metabolism of halothane. Drs. Ward S. Fowler, John W. Kirklin, and Richard A. Theye at the Mayo Clinic were Kai's mentors, and Drs. Robert E. Hyatt, Joseph R. Rodarte, Alan D. Sessler, and Paul Didier were friends and valuable coworkers.

We were lucky to have responsible parents who cared for and protected us during difficult times. We are thankful for our good health and that we are still together at the ages of 92 and 93, respectively. We feel that both of us contributed equally to the quality of our lives and the growth of our family. We are fortunate to have four healthy sons, two lovely daughters-in-law, and six grandchildren. We are proud of all of them and follow their developments very closely.

We could not include all of the trips we took during our retirement (for instance, trips to Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, and northern Italy with Vito and his wife) because we did not have the benefit of photographs of them to help our memories. All of our trips opened our minds to foreign customs, cultures, languages, histories, and people!

We dedicate the narrative to our sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren in the hope that they will use the opportunities that a

well-planned retirement offers. Maybe some of them will use this narrative as a template for their own planning. We found all the places we visited to be very interesting and beautiful, and we cannot recommend one over the other. We wish you all a happy retirement. Good Luck!

We would like to thank Ms. Marjorie Toensing, Mr. Michael Ransom, and Jörg for their valuable help in preparing the manuscript. We have concluded that we are having a wonderful retirement. Can anybody be luckier than we are?

Rochester, March 2022

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Appendix

Nobel Prize Winners of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society

1914	Max von Laue (1879-1960) *	Physics
1915	Richard Willstaetter (1872-1942)	Chemistry
1918	Fritz Haber (1868-1934)	Chemistry
1918	Max Planck (1858-1947) *	Physics
1921	Albert Einstein (1879-1955)	Physics
1922	Otto Meyerhof (1884-1951) *	Medicine
1925	James Franck (1882-1964) *	Physics
1931	Carl Bosch (1874-1940)	Chemistry
1931	Otto H. Warburg (1883-1970)	Medicine
1931	Werner Heisenberg (1901-1976) *	Physics
1935	Hans Spemann (1869-1941) *	Medicine
1936	Peter J. W. Debye (1884-1966) *	Chemistry
1938	Richard Kuhn (1900-1967) *	Chemistry
1939	Adolf Butenandt (1903-1995)	Chemistry
1944	Otto Hahn (1879-1968)	Chemistry

* Indicates persons who were not official members of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society but conducted their most important research while at the Kaiser Wilhelm Society.

Nobel Prize Winners of the Max Planck Society

1954	Walter Bothe (1891-1957)	Physics
1963	Karl Ziegler (1898-1973)	Chemistry
1964	Feodor Lynen (1911-1979)	Medicine
1967	Manfred Eigen (1927-2019)	Chemistry
1973	Konrad Lorenz (1903-1989)	Medicine
1984	Georges Köhler (1946-1995) *	Medicine
1985	Klaus von Klitzing (1943-)	Physics
1986	Ernst Ruska (1906-1988)	Physics
1988	Johann Deisenhofer (1943-)	Chemistry
1988	Robert Huber (1937-)	Chemistry
1988	Hartmut Michel (1948-)	Chemistry
1991	Erwin Neher (1944-)	Medicine
1991	Bert Sakmann (1942-)	Medicine
1995	Paul Crutzen (1933- 2021)	Chemistry
1995	Christiane Nüsslein-Volhard (1942-)	Medicine
2005	Theodor Hänsch (1941-)	Physics
2007	Gerhard Ertl (1936-)	Chemistry
2009	Ada Yonath (1939-) *	Chemistry
2014	Sefan W. Hell (1962-)	Chemistry
2020	Emmanuelle Charpentier (1968-)	Chemistry
2020	Reinhard Genzel (1952-)	Physics
2021	Klaus Hasselmann (1931-)	Physics
2021	Benjamin List (1968-)	Chemistry

* Indicates persons who were not official members of the Max Planck Society but conducted their most important research while at the Max Planck Society.

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