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The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

**FAMILY HISTORY**

by

Doris Löve, née Wahlén

February, 1997

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## Preface

Memories function so differently. Áskell's memory was always so exact. He remembered every detail, the very year, month, date, and even the time of day when something had happened. His mind was a virtual library; authors and their works were always there, and information was catalogued in his head and retrievable when needed. He was very organized. But he did not have a good memory for orientation, and often needed a nap reader or advisor, even when driving on roads he had taken innumerable times.

My own memory is less organized. I would like to characterize it as impressionistic. Years and dates are soon forgotten, but events stick in my mind, although not exactly the times when they happened. I do not forget a road once travelled, but names and faces of people are often hard to retrieve. Recalling something is like fishing up a photograph from a box where it had been haphazardly thrown in. Everything is there but not necessarily in the correct order.

Therefore, these memories of our family life are only roughly organized and few dates are given if I could not check them from other sources. I missed very much to be able to consult with Áskell as I used to do when I needed exact data. So bear with me when you read this and find that your memory about something differs from mine. It is not really important. What matters is the overall impression of the life we led, especially the fifty years shared by Áskell and me. It was a very interesting life indeed. We saw so much, experienced so much, and learned so much. I wanted to share it all with you, and hope that you will enjoy this review as much as I did composing it.

Your mamma, Grandma, or "in-law"

## The Swedish Family

*Ola Persson* (1832--1920), my Swedish grandfather, was the son of a farmer in Vallby, Scania. When he was old enough to decide what he wanted to do in life, he chose to become a teacher. He had to give up his right to a part of the farm in order to pay for his tuition. He was equipped with a smoked ham, a large bundle of hard bread and a small keg of butter, and with that and his spare clothes on his back he walked on foot to Lund, where he found a small room near the teachers' college. He studied hard and graduated with high marks. Upon graduation he had, as was the custom at that time, to select a family name instead of his patronym, which was not considered good enough for a man of education. So he took the name of *Wahlén*, based on the name of his home village, Vallby.

He got a position as teacher of a one-room school in a small village, Haglösa, not far from Vallby. His salary was 500 riksdaler a year, one barrel of wheat, one of rye and a keg of butter. So he augmented this meager fare by keeping bees and geese and growing an orchard. His hobby was playing chess and turning wood on his lathe. We still have in the family a chess set he made and his favorite long pipe, made of juniper root and meerschaum. He had a temper, and once hit the table so hard with the pipe that the relatively fresh wood cracked, but it "healed", and the "scar" can still be seen.

He was a hard disciplinarian in his school. According to my father, the pupils were seated on benches used to fatten geese in the fall. If the fowl nipped at the legs of the children, they did not dare to cry out or complain, because if somebody misbehaved they would be spanked—but only after grandfather had first spanked any of his own children present so as not to be accused of favoritism!

I remember my grandfather only from a visit paid to him after he had retired and lived in a small apartment in Malmö. He was a very old man with a long, white beard, sitting in a rocking chair with a potted palm on a pedestal behind it and near a window with white lace curtains. He wore boots, buttoned with a hook. I was then not quite two years old. Shortly thereafter he died of cancer of the liver.

He had married one of his first pupils, *Bengta Olsdotter* (1848--1932), my Swedish grandmother, who was the daughter of a farmer. I remember her best from her yearly visits to our summer house in Åhus on the Baltic coast of eastern Scania. She was a very small and frail woman, always dressed in black. When travelling or visiting she wore a hat, but otherwise a kerchief on her white hair. She was very religious, always reading her bible or psalter, the latter especially during thunderstorms, for which there was a special psalm asking for protection. It did not always help; our summer house was hit at least twice by lightning! She had a constant, dry cough, for which she took "Hoffman's Drops", said to contain opium. She ate like a bird but especially liked cantaloupe, although she had to pay frequent visits to the "loo" the next day.

During other times o

Grandfather and grandmother had six children. One died very young from diphtheria, a scourge at that time in Sweden when there was not yet any vaccination against it. The others were:

1. *Alfred*, who as a child used to build "perpetual movement machines", but they worked only if you turned the handle. He became, however, a clockmaker in Landskrona, Scania. He was married twice; the first wife died during the epidemic of Spanish flu that raged after the first World War. She left behind *Gösta*, later a farmer in Gällivare, Lapland, and *Elisabeth*, who had a nice soprano voice. The second wife, *Emma*, was the mother of *Ture*, a social worker. We visited Alfred's family once at some birthday celebration, where Elisabeth sang and Emma played the piano. Emma had very dark hair and a fine sense of humor, but Alfred had bushy, white hair for which my bald father certainly envied him. Later we had strawberries in their garden house.

2. *Otto* was, as I remember him, a very small and fat man of superb intelligence. He was manager of a hardware store in Uppsala, whence he had moved because of his asthma that always bothered him in Scania. He was well educated, read a lot, and always presented us with "highbrow" books. His wife was *Ellida* from Trelleborg, Scania, a mild-mannered, sweet old lady. They had four sons: *Johan*, who was considered "stupid" by his gifted brothers, but was a nice and humoristic fellow; *Sölve*, who earned a

doctorate in Latin and became a college teacher in Stockholm; *Tore*, who became a medical doctor of gynecology in Helsingborg, Scania, and, like his father, suffered from asthma; and *Sven*, who contracted tuberculosis when studying law and died while his brother, then an intern in the hospital, held his hand. All these cousins came for a visit to us in Åhus after graduating from college, and all the girls in this summer resort swarmed around them and wanted to play tennis with them.

3. *Emmy*, the only daughter, married a market gardener near Lund. He had diabetes, and died rather young. Thereafter Emmy ran the market garden, which later was taken over by her daughter *Greta* and her husband. Emmy went daily by horse and wagon to the marketplace in Lund and sold her produce. I used to help her a little on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I went shopping. Then we sold quite a lot to students, who were attracted to the fellow student manning the stand. I always got a little extra fruits and vegetables for the service, and that came handy in during the war, when food was scarce.

4. *Ernst*, the next youngest, did not amount to much and barely made a living as a house-painter in Malmö, but he was a merry fellow and we liked him very much because he could play with us when we were small, pull our sleds during winter, and teach us ball games in summer. We called him Uncle Asse. He made us a doll's theater, where we could act out small plays. He made everybody happy and was a welcome relief from the everyday tedium. Much thanks to him, Christmas was a happy time.

5. *Gustav*, (May 25, 1880--May 23, 1955), my father, started to work early in life. When he was only six he had to weed rows of sugar beets like all others in the village for a pittance of a pay. But he was very intelligent, and when he was twelve, he was sent to Malmö as an errand boy of a merchant so that he could attend evening schools. He lived above the store and had to get up at 5 a.m. to start roasting coffee, fetch water for the household and brush shoes, and during the day he delivered packages to the customers. He studied hard, especially mathematics and book-keeping, and in time he got better positions. He saved every penny and could finally buy a wholesale business in Kristianstad, to where he moved for good. He dealt in all kinds of wares including fruits from the Mediterranean, coffee from South America, and chocolates and marzipan from Switzerland. Later he sold that business and became director of "Pratt's gasoline" (later Standard Oil) in northeastern Scania. All the time he kept an insurance business as a sideline and hobby because of the mathematics involved. During World War I he was in the cavalry and the Coast Guard. For a time he served as city councillor for the Conservative Party. In time he became very rich and lived well and lavishly and had a large circle of friends. In 1929 he built an eight-apartment house, rented out seven apartments and lived with the family in the eighth, which was rather luxurious. The dining room had, for example, cloth-covered walls, beautiful woodwork, and a painted ceiling. The floors were covered with oriental rugs, and there were works of arts on the walls.

However, the so-called "Krueger stock market crash" changed all that in 1932. Apparently he lost a lot of money. Suddenly there was no maid servant, no cook, and no handyman for heavy work. Only our faithful *Musse* stayed on (more about her later).

Father married *Augusta Bus*, from Copenhagen, in 1917. They had met when he and her family all stayed in Ronneby, Blekinge, at a resort hotel during a vacation. When he reached 50 years old, his friends gave him a large oil painting by a Swedish landscape painter. It was hung in the dining-room and covered with a cloth the night before. When it was unveiled, I remember how father paled, took a step backward and said: "How did you know? It shows exactly the spot where I proposed to Augusta." She was then long since dead, so it was no wonder that he was both shocked and delighted.

Like his father, he was a disciplinarian and incredibly strict and demanding. We were rather scared of him. I am sure he loved us but it was rarely shown. He gave us fine gifts but demanded high marks at school in return. My sister in particular suffered from that because she had a hard time in school, and there is no doubt that he favored me over her for that reason. But she was better than I at sports, and father, who in spite of his large stomach (because he liked good food), was very agile and played tennis until he was quite old, liked that. We were never allowed out in the evenings, had to come home directly from school, and weekly allowances were promised but as often forgotten.

Both father and my sister had beautiful voices. He had a fine tenor and formed with some friends a quartet, accompanied by my mother during music evenings at home. My only memory of my mother is her feet on the pedals below the piano, where I sat looking at them when she played. She had on a pair of shoes covered with white silk. I was then not quite two; she died at the birth of my sister Christina in 1920. Mother was left alone in a private room after the birth and bled to death. It was a tragedy. Father was devastated. I was told that during the first months he used to get up in the middle of the night, go to the cemetery and cry on the grave of my mother.

We had a series of more or less satisfactory nurses at first but then he hired a lady of noble birth, *Marga Hallstedt*, daughter of a veterinarian in Kisa, Ostrogothia. She became a mother's substitute for us and was soon called "Musse" by my sister and me. She also functioned as "lady of the house" and was never considered a servant but a true member of the family. She was tall and very good-looking, but my father and she never became intimate and always used titles when addressing each other. She, too, was a fine pianist and she brought us up according to what were her ideas of ladylike behavior. She also acted as a sort of buffer between father and us and tried to smooth over his hard demands on us. I often felt that she preferred my sister over me, since she was more harshly treated, and we had many clashes during my turbulent childhood. But later I learned to see her reasons and we became dear friends for the rest of our lives.

Father liked to travel, and during a trip to Berlin to have mother's portrait painted by a famous painter to the Imperial Court, he met *Charlotte Lassan*, and brought her back with him to Sweden where they married. She had believed that she was going to live a life of luxury with no responsibilities in a house full of servants. She did not like children either, and when it became clear that father was quite "economical" and demanded that she take over Musse's job, she simply ran away with an old boyfriend, who came and got her.

I was the last one to see her downtown when in the company of a maid on some errand, and she told me to give father the message that she was gone, without my really understanding what it meant. I still remember the rage that gripped father when I delivered it. Musse quickly pushed me out of the room and told me never again to mention the name of Tante Lotte. In time the memory of her faded, but when I was about 15, it suddenly turned up in my mind and I asked Musse what had happened. She told me but made me promise never to let father know what I remembered. I kept this promise always.

Father died of a heart attack on March 16, 1955, two days before his 75th birthday. He then suffered from Parkinson's (and Alzheimer's?) disease and had spent some months in a nursing home since my sister, her husband, and Musse could no longer handle him. By that time I was living in Canada. Musse stayed on for several more years taking care of my sister's daughters but retired finally to Kisa and her two sisters, Kajsa and Elsa. The three of them always reminded me of "Auntie Green, Auntie Brown and Auntie Violet" in a children's story. She died there at the age of 88, still mentally alert and alive to her last moment.

### **The Danish Family**

Captain *Henning Hansen* was born in 1766 in Rönne, Bornholm. Later he took his family name, *Rönne*, after the place of his birth. He owned 12 ships and ran a thriving business with them. At some later date he moved with his wife, *Anna Christine Brandt*, to Copenhagen where they lived at Ny Toldbodgade. He died July 22, 1852.

One of his sons, *Hans Hansen-Rönne*, born 1798, became a ship's boy on board one of his fathers ships. It was captured by the English during the Napoleonic Wars with France. The crew was thrown into a dark, cold and moist dungeon in England, where they were kept for one and one half years. Young Hans got gangrene in his legs and lost them and was returned as a cripple to Bornholm. He had been betrothed to a girl, *Margrete Christine*, daughter of *Ole Mercher*, a clockmaker in Nexö. Now he wanted to release her

from her vows since he could no longer earn a proper living. "Nonsense," said the father, "you can learn to make clocks and live well on that." And he taught the young man to make fine pendulum clocks, and he became a skilled craftsman. One of his clocks, a beautiful one with marble pillars, a gift from his mother-in-law, was kept by my cousin, Vilhelm Bus (see below), under a glass cloche. Hans Rønne died young, and his and Margrete's daughter, Anna, was brought up by her grandparents in Copenhagen.

*Anna Rønne*, born 1828 in Nexö, died in Copenhagen in 1899. My own Danish grandmother loved her and thought highly of her. She used to say that my Danish pronunciation reminded her of that of her mother-in-law. Anna married *Rasmus Bus*, owner of Sophiendahl, Venge Sogn, Jutland, where he was born. He eventually became mayor of Kerteminde, Zeeland, but died in Copenhagen in 1889. The couple had seven children: Hans, Emil, Henrik, Christian, Marie, Cathrine and Emilie:

1. *Hans Bus*, born Nov. 18, 1852, died May 21, 1933, in Copenhagen. He was a banker in Kerteminde.

2. *Emil Bus*, born 1854, was a blacksmith and foreman at Burmeister and Wayne Shipbuilding Yard in Copenhagen. I remember him as a coarse, not very refined man. He married my grandmother's sister, *Andrea Caroline Hardt*, from Middlefart, Funen. She, too, used a somewhat salty language. I remember her as "Auntie Line". She was small but wiry and very nice to me. She lived with her daughter, *Astrid*, born Jan. 29, 1903. She never married and was a kind of typical spinster. She was once invited to us in Åhus, but was so sullen and dour that father grew furious and could hardly wait for her to leave. *Vilhelm*, her brother, was born February 8, 1904, and became a civil engineer. He married a Swedish Girl, *Dagny Löfgren*, from Trolleholm, Scania, daughter of a miller. They had one son, *Hans*, a spoiled brat. Vilhelm was the owner of the Rønne clock. He and my uncle Christian had for some time a business together but broke up. Christian claimed that Vilhelm swindled him. and he never associated with him or his family again. Even before that I disliked Vilhelm; he, like his sister, always had a sneer on his face.

3. *Henrik Vilhelm Bus*, my Danish grandfather, was born in Kerteminde in 1856, and died in Copenhagen on Aug. 9, 1928. More about him later.

4. *Christian Bus*, born in Kerteminde in 1858, was a pharmacist who owned a drugstore in Kjellerup, Jutland. He was married to *Marie Lundgren* from Horsens, daughter of a bookbinder. They came once to visit grandfather and grandmother in Copenhagen. My Aunt Ellen had told me that I must not be afraid of their daughter, a bank clerk, because although she looked like a witch, with a horribly distorted face, she was, indeed, very good and had a heart of gold. They said that a nurse had dropped her as a baby, and after that one side of her face never developed right. Actually, I was not scared of her because the good side of her face was very beautiful and she always tried to turn her head so that the bad side did not show.

5. *Marie Bus* was born in Kerteminde in 1860, but died in Copenhagen some time after 1944. When I earned my doctor's degree in Lund, she presented me with the Danish family history on which this one is partly built. Auntie Marie was never married. She lived alone in a fifth floor apartment on Dalgas Boulevard. She was so deaf that we rarely visited her. I do not really remember her person but keep her letters. She was interested in genealogy. A neighbor of hers from Langeland often wondered if Áskell's Danish family did not originate from a Captain Löve in Rudkjöbing there. It actually did!

6. *Cathrine Bus*, born in 1862 in Kerteminde, died in Copenhagen. She, too, never married. I have no recollection of her but remember that my grandmother did not like her.

7. *Emilie Bus*, born in Kerteminde in 1894, never married either. She was a brodeuse for *Magasin du Nord*, then a luxury store in Copenhagen opposite the Royal Opera House. She often visited my grandmother but was very spinsterish, and my sister and I made fun of her behind her back. She was very prudish and did not see a doctor about her breast cancer until a few days before her death, when she could no longer stand the pain. Then she went to a hospital so that she should not die alone in her small apartment.



Auntie Marie traced the father of Rasmus Bus to *Henrik Christen Bus* from Harridslev Gaard, Jutland. He, in turn, was son of *Henrik Bus* of Brahesborg and later estate manager of Biskopstorp estate and churches. His family is said to have come from South Jutland (now in Germany). There are still many Bus's in northern Germany and Holland. I looked once in a telephone directory in Amsterdam and there were many Bus's with Henrik and Vilhelm as first names. I do not, however, know of any family links to them.

*Henrik Vilhelm Bus*, my Danish grandfather, worked for the Danish Steamship Company (DFDS) and designed and built all the furniture for their ships. He had an office and a workshop in the attic floor of the DFDS building in the harbor of Copenhagen. When we came sailing in on the so-called Öresund-boat from Malmö he stood there in a window and waved a large, white handkerchief to welcome us. We always looked for that as soon as we came near the spot.

He was a wonderful grandfather, white-haired and with a white moustache, well built and slender. He took us often for a walk from Ringstedgade 8, where we then lived, along the Villemoesgade and across the busy Österbrogade down to the "lakes", where we fed ducks, geese and gulls. But he also took us on longer excursions to Dyrehavsbakken, a place of lovely parkland with beech trees and wild deer, or to the circus or the famous Tivoli. After retirement he started to have pains in his back and, in spite of massage, warm baths and hospital stays it grew worse, and on Aug. 8, 1929, he died. It was not simply a backache but cancer of the liver. I grieved for him deeply.

He married *Doris Hardt*, born in Middelfart in 1860 and sister of Caroline, who had married grandfather's brother, Emil. My beloved grandmother's birthday was on March 11. She was the daughter of *Smith Hardt*, who was born in Travemünde, Germany, but emigrated to Denmark before 1860 and settled in Middelfart, Funen. He married *Marie Rasmussen*. I remember her only vaguely. She died in the early 1920s.

My grandmother told me that her father descended from a Spanish pirate and that he had black hair and eyes (like herself) and stood out among the blond Danes. He soon became well-known and respected as a smith and was trusted to ferry the mail between Funen and Jutland. During the war between Denmark and Germany in 1864, the townspeople of Middelfart vouched for him, saying that "he is as good a Dane as any of ourselves."

One very cold winter the strait between Funen and Jutland froze over and he and two of his sons took the mail in a horse-drawn sled over the ice. One day the ice suddenly broke and all fell into the icy water and drowned. The bodies were carried away by the swift current but were later found and buried in Middelfart. It was a great tragedy. My grandmother once took me and cousin Astrid, Auntie Line's daughter, to see their grave and at the same time so see the new bridge uniting Funen and Jutland over the Lillebaelt Strait and just recently completed. It was a good trip.

In addition to Auntie Line and grandmother, another son, uncle *Julius Hardt*, survived. He became a sea captain on DFDS ships and sailed all over the world. But when I knew him, he was an old man and served on the Copenhagen-Oslo route. He was a funny little man, whom my sister and I called "Jule-ljus" (= Christmas candle in Swedish and pronounced almost the same as Julius). He was married to a *Francesca*, born in Oslo, whose Norwegian idiom we used to imitate. They had a daughter who begot an illegitimate child with their landlord, and two sons, one who worked as a manager of a coffee plantation in Java, and one who was a veterinarian in Gilleleje, Zealand. I liked him best and all the animals in his care, and he was also grandmother's favorite.

My wonderful grandmother had beautiful, black hair that only late turned white, and black eyes like her father. The children in her neighborhood were scared of her because she looked so different. She always wore long-sleeved, full-length black or dark violet dresses with a high collar with white lace, even in the middle of the summer. She wore a wide-brimmed hat with ostrich feathers and carried a "doctor's

bag" for her parcels when she went shopping. She was a favorite with all the shopkeepers, and they often weighed liberally for her. Her sense of humor and her ready laugh put all in a good mood.

After grandfather's death she could not stand living at Ringstedgade any more and moved to Jacob Erlandsensgade 4, third floor. But she brought along all the old furniture and decorated the rooms in a very similar manner, so it still felt like home as before. The big clothes cupboards in the storage room still smelled of lavender, the living room of the dried rose petals in the Chinese vases in front of the floor-length mirror. There were potted plants in the windows and, in the spring, there was always a bouquet of wild pansies in front of my mother's portrait. In the dining room the walls were decorated with copper utensils and on the sideboard stood the Russian samovar that her son had brought home. The big oaken china cabinet also held a bowl of powdered sugar and cinnamon, used for desserts and to sweeten hot wine, served to visitors. A rare visitor who enjoyed that treat was her stepfather, a big, fat carpenter with a bald head, a walrus moustache, and a deep, rumbling basso voice. He made a beautiful doll's house with all the furniture for it and windows that could be opened. It was left in Sweden and disappeared there, unfortunately.

My grandmother was a good cook and gave fine parties for all the family at birthdays and major holidays. How she managed it I cannot understand because she only had a two-burner gas range and a heavy iron baking oven that was lifted up over the burners. But anything that needed to cook for a long time was put down in a hay-filled chest, where it kept simmering until it was done. However, the "Christmas goose" was cooked by the neighborhood baker, who let out his big oven for this purpose to many of his customers.

Grandmother had only an ordinary public school education but read a lot. She loved especially travelogues and learned much from books. In the evenings there was often reading aloud of good literature, Dickens and such, and I enjoyed it very much. She also took me to concerts, ballets, museums, and to lectures by famous scientists. She really gave me a broad education. She and grandfather had three children:

1. My mother, *Augusta Bus*, born July 17, 1887, died February 5, 1920, in childbirth, was the oldest.
2. *Ellen Bus*, was next. She was born February 21, 1890, and died in August of 1956, at Roskilde.
3. *Christian Bus*, born Sept. 26, 1892, was the youngest. He died January 10, 1978.

Augusta was a very beautiful child, very intelligent and a gifted pianist. She became a clerk in a store selling light fixtures. She was apparently happy with my father although he was a very demanding husband. Ellen was also beautiful and a gifted artist, but early on she showed signs of mental instability; a short time in Paris, France, at an art school, did not help. When she was about 35, it was evident that she was schizophrenic and had to be taken into an asylum when she became violent and threatened my grandmother. That was when my father decided to take me back to Sweden for good. I missed her and grandmother terribly. Grandmother continued to take nourishing food to her in the hospital and brought me along on some of those trips when I was visiting. When grandmother died, Auntie Emilie went to tell her, but she did not react at all, only asked: "Where is the lady with the packages?" Ellen died of a stroke in the asylum.

Christian became a civil engineer but also a captain in the Home Guard. He and his wife meant very much to me and my upbringing. He was very kind but also very strict and did not tolerate any misbehavior. I remember that, at one of my early birthdays, he brought home a primitive movie projector and showed Buster Keaton movies and other slapstick farces. The machine was balky, broke down several times, and Uncle ended up both sweaty and grimy, but we enjoyed this entertainment very much.

He married *Edith Fasting*, who was born on March 29, 1892, and died in August of 1990. She was daughter of a newspaper publisher in Jutland and became assistant of the famous Danish scientist, Johannes Schmidt, who studied the life cycle of eels at the Carlsberg Laboratories and helped him equip an

expedition around the world. She was beautiful and dressed very elegantly. Her hair turned white at an early age but she still looked young in spite of that.

Both Edith and Christian travelled much. She visited her brother, Hans Fasting, in Vladivostok, Russia. He was a silk and fur merchant for the Danish East Indian Company. She went there on the Trans-Siberian railroad. Later he moved to Beijing, China, but when the communists took over, he retired to Nice, France, with his second (Russian) wife. His first wife was Danish, and they had two sons, both born in China. When Hans, Sr. divorced her, the sons were brought to Denmark to live with Edith and Christian. *Hans, Jr.*, and *Per* became our "cousins", although not at all related, and our beloved playmates. Hans, Sr., once very wealthy, died destitute in Nice. Hans, Jr., an engineer and owner of a foundry, died in Aarhus, Jutland, of colon cancer, but *Per*, a lawyer, is still alive after a bout with colon cancer, also due to excessive smoking, and we continue to keep in touch.

After his studies, Uncle Christian first worked for Burmeister & Wayne and was sent to Baku, Russia, to supervise the construction of large oil tanks there. He also travelled in Turkey and elsewhere. Both he and Edith had encounters with the Russian Secret Police during the 1920s but got out of it unharmed. Later, Christian and his cousin, Vilhelm Bus, had a company together but had some disagreement, broke up and never spoke to each other again. Christian continued on his own as a consultant and did some work for NATO as well. During World War II both he and Edith served in the Home Guard and their home was ransacked by the Nazis. But when Christian took on his "commando voice" and demanded respect as an officer, they clicked their heels, saluted him and left. And a good thing it was, because Hans, Jr. and *Per* also worked in the underground and had hidden a radio in the house!

Edith and Christian were very happy together. I never heard them say a bad word to each other. Both lived long. Christian died suddenly in 1978 of a ruptured aorta; Edith lived to become 98 years of age. I loved them very much.

When my mother married my father in 1916 during World War I, he was a wholesaler and at that time considered a wealthy man. So when my sister, *Augusta Maria Christina* (who was named after my mother and first called Maria, then switched to Christina and finally was nicknamed Nian), was born on February 5, 1920, mother was put in a private room in the hospital. There she was left alone for a while after the birth and when the nurse came to check on her, she had bled to death. It was a great tragedy and my father was for a time inconsolable. My little sister and I were for a while taken care of by a series of more or less qualified nurses but finally father hired our "good fairy, Musse" (our nickname for Marga Hallstedt), and she became a mother substitute for us. She stayed with us almost all her life, taking care also of our own grandchildren.

Nian, so named by our oldest one when she was small, had an even rougher childhood than mine. Father sort of blamed her for mother's death and treated her unfairly. For example, once we were given doll carriages. Mine had rubber wheels, hers just plain iron wheels. But she was happier with that because everybody could hear from a long distance when she was coming. She had a hard time at school, mostly because she was made to start before she was really ready for it. But her wonderful sense of humor carried her through that and everything else in life. After school, she studied home economics and child care in Uppsala, living with Uncle Otto and Aunt Ellida, and that was a very happy time in her life. She then held a few jobs as children's nurse in Gothenburg. In time she met and married *Sture Arvidson* (born September 13, 1908, died January 16, 1996), a land-surveyor. They settled in Kristianstad in father's old house. Later they sold it and got a house in Åhus, in the village. They still keep the summerhouse at the beach. Ironically it was Nian who took care of father together with Musse after he grew old and sick and I lived abroad. After father died, Musse stayed on with her until she was over 80, when she finally moved back to her home in Kisa.

Nian and Sture have two daughters, *Susanne*, born in 1950, and *Ingela*, born in 1953. Susanne became a nurse and married *Seppo Ekelund*, an artist-journalist of a Finnish family. They live on the island of Öland and have three children, *Siri*, *Ragnar*, and *Per*. Ingela was into sports, running, and trained for the

Olympics in Munich, but an injury prevented her from taking part in the games. She then became a school teacher and married *Lars Skoglund*, also a teacher. They have one son, *Martin*, and live and work in Kristianstad.

I, myself, *Doris Benta Maria*, was born on January 2, 1918. I was named after my Danish grandmother, my Swedish grandmother (although spelled the way my mother pronounced her name), and my Danish great-grandmother. Later I dropped the two middle names. It is so bothersome when filling forms: one given name is quite enough. Although I was treated a little better by my father than my sister was, it was still not a very happy childhood. Musse did her best for us but I felt that she favored Nian because she was cuter than I. The fact that my father and my Danish grandmother sort of competed for bringing me up did not make matters better. And I did not like my nickname, *Dosse*, especially not when pronounced "Dossan" by one of my father's friends.

School was not much of a problem. I graduated in 1937 and then went off to study genetics at the University of Lund, taking courses in zoology, botany, genetics, and geography with geology and meteorology. It was a very thorough education, and that and the many languages I had used at home and learned at school have stood me well in life. I earned my Fil. Kand. (=a little more than a B.S. here) in 1941, my Fil. Lic. (= Ph.D. here) and my Dr. Sc. (= the same as in Oxford or Cambridge but without correspondence in the U. S.) in 1944. The doctor's degree was conferred on me at a ceremony in the Cathedral of Lund, including a one-round salute fired by a cannon outside it when the laurel wreath was put on my head. All was spoken in Latin but my promoter forgot to turn the phrases into the feminine gender, for which he later apologized to me. I must confess that I had not noticed it, although I knew Latin from school. Unfortunately I was unable to be present in Lund when my 50-year "Jubilee-Doctorate" was conferred upon me. But a friend of mine heard the two rounds then fired by the cannon in my honor.

It was in September of 1937 outside the Institute of Zoology in Lund that I first encountered a strange being in a funny, black student cap. He asked in some foreign-sounding language if this was where zoology was taught. I found the words similar to Danish, so replied in that language. It turned out to be an Icelandic student, here to study the same subjects as I. That was *Áskell*. We became good friends immediately. It was the beginning of a long life together that ended on May 29, 1994, when he died.

### The Icelandic Family

*Sophus Carl Löve* (January 31, 1876--August 2, 1952), *Áskell's* father, was the illegitimate son of a Dane, *Fredrik Löve*, from Rudkjöbing, Langeland, and a servant girl, *Sigrídur Saeunn*, who worked in the home of his sister, married to an Icelander in Isafjörður. *Fredrik* was a jack-of-all-trades, a photographer whose pictures are kept in the archives of the Icelandic National Library, a representative of the family business, and a tailor who ran a shop in Reykjavík. However, although many bought clothes from him, not all paid for them and in the end, he left Iceland in disgust in 1886. He lived out his life in Denmark, and died on December 2, 1929. His last address was Englandsvej 24. Once Carl went to see him there but *Fredrik* refused to admit him.

*Frederik Antonius Löve*, *Áskell's* grandfather, was born on January 31, 1843, in Rudköbing, Langeland, Denmark, into a large family of mainly sea captains, and well-known there for artistic and musical talents. He was the youngest son of *Rasmus Löve* (1788--1850), ship-owner and merchant in Rudköbing, from his second marriage to *Marie Ballieu* (born 1801), the descendant of a Frenchman, *Jean Baptiste Ballieu* (born ca. 1650) who had fought with the Danes against the Swedes in the battle at Lund, Scania in 1676. *Fredrik* had five older sisters and two older half-brothers, *Niels Peter* (1817--1852) and *Theodor* (1820--19--?). *Niels Peder* (1817--1894) was a half-brother of *Frederik*, a harbor master and a sea captain of Rudkjöbing. The uncle owned the family business, mostly run by his wife and daughter while he was sailing all over the world, and among other occupations brought dried and salted fish from Iceland to Spain for Lent and taking salt and other goods back from there to Iceland. It was on his behalf that *Frederik* went to Iceland, but also to visit his sister there. When in Isafjörður, he stayed with his sister, *Amalie*

*Florentine* (born 1831), who had married Thorstein Thorsteinson, owner of a bakery and, later, a parliament member for Isafjörður. He had been in love with her even before her first marriage to a Willardsen, whose widow she had become. Thorsteinsson was in charge of Frederik, but Frederik never lived with him and was brought up by a very poor couple, Jon and Herdis, in Hafnerdal, Isafjardardjup. They brought up Frederik's and Sigrídur Saeunn's son and wanted to give the gifted child a good education. But the foster father perished during a voyage to Denmark when his ship foundered; his widow did not want anything more to do with the boy.

Carl was left to his own and became a fisherman, first in an open boat and, later, on sailing vessels. He studied hard and became the first one to bring home a motorized boat to Isafjörður. He was a gay and happy fellow and fathered during his lifetime at least 11 children with two wives and a few others. Although Áskell hinted otherwise to me, his father never had more than two wives. Carl's first child in his first marriage was named Áskell. But he did have an illegitimate daughter, Svanlaug (May 5, 1919--March 30, 1987) with an unmarried girl, Jonína Jónsdóttir. He became a skilled captain of his own boats and it was considered fortunate to be able to serve under him. He had a good singing voice and often sang with his crew during his watches.

Carl's mother, *Sigrídur Saeunn*, had three daughters as well, all with different men. One of them was *Annika*, who pursued a Dane to Copenhagen only to find out that he was already married. She was, however, pregnant and bore a daughter, *Sigríð Larsen*, because of whom she died young. Sigríð is a very intelligent, somewhat high-strung personality. She started out as clerk of a timber merchant but ended up owning a fabric store on Österbrogade in Copenhagen. She married *August Licht* and is now using the family name Licht-Larsen. [August Licht, Sigríð's husband, told me in a letter that his first name is actually Alexander, but that since he so resembled his grandfather, August, he came to be called by that name.) They have no children. Sigríð came late into contact with her Icelandic family and was surprised at how many they were. Although we never knew of her when we lived in Lund, we visited her and August many times later and still correspond with them. They took in Sigrun, daughter of Áskell's brother Guðmundur, when she needed an operation after being diagnosed as a "blue baby". Ever since then, they consider Sigrun as their own. Sigríð has a good voice, has composed songs and has sent us a tape where she sings and tells of her life.

Another of Sigrídur Saeunn's daughters, *Josefína Hansen Leifsdóttir* (who died insane), had two daughters who, when they came to Reykjavík, happened to rent a room in the same building where Carl and Thora lived. They recognized Carl from a photo their mother had given them. The oldest of these daughters, *Kristjana Benediktsdóttir*, married an American, *Frank Mooney*, an instrument-maker in the U.S. Air Force in Keflavík. One of their daughters, *Ellen Mooney*, studied medicine in the U.S. and through one of her professors in Utah, she came into contact with Áskell. She and her American husband, *Mike Kissane*, now live in Hafnarfjörður south of Reykjavík, where she practices dermatology. They visit us as often as they can when they come to our vicinity. Ellen has another sister who lives in Norway (and works, according to Ellen, as a psychologist), and a brother, *Karl Ingvar*, who lives in Scotland. If I remember correctly, the name of the third daughter of Sigrídur Saeunn was *Jacobína (Bina)*, who sometimes came to visit Carl and Thora. She was a sweet old lady, always dressed in the Icelandic national costume (peysuföt). She had a lot of children but I do not know their names. She died when run over by a bus in Reykjavík.

Carl himself, or "Afi" (= grandfather in Icelandic) as we always called him, was first married to *Agnes Jónsdóttir* and had four children with her in Isafjörður:

1. *David*, who ran away from home at an early age and later became first mate on oil carriers in the U.S. During the 1960s, we visited him in Boston and he us in Montréal, Canada. He was a colorful fellow and rather fond of drink. He is dead now;

2. *Ása* (nickname for 'Aslaug), who lived in Reykjavík as a housekeeper and married late in life but was afraid to tell her father lest he did not approve of her husband. He had reasons for that; it was a no-good fellow. Ása is still alive but her husband died in 1996;

3. *Sofía* stayed in Isafjörður and married a baker, *Thorstein Einarsson*. He died in 1996, but she still lives in an old people's home in Isafjörður; and

4. *Thorstein*, Áskell's half-brother, also called Steini, who became a mason, moved to Reykjavik and earned a fair living there. He married *Holmfrídur (Frida) Halldorsdóttir* and has two daughters with her: *Agnes*, a professional and performing pianist; the youngest daughter is *Gudlaug Freyja*, called *Gulla*; she is a teacher. Like his father, Steini has a beautiful voice and sang in a choir in Isafjörður. After he retired, he and Frida used to travel a lot, especially to Spain, but Frida also went to Jerusalem. Steini visited us in San José. Like his older brother he drinks a lot but, unfortunately, he is by now almost blind. None of these children were or are of more than average intelligence. After divorcing Agnes following a stormy relationship, Carl married *Thora Jonsdóttir*, claimed by some to be half-sister of Agnes, but that is probably not correct. They had six children, all superbly gifted and who have become outstanding, each in his or her own field.

5. *Áskell* (born October 20, 1916, died May 29, 1994), became professor of botany in Canada and the U.S. More about him later.

6. *Gudmundur* (born February 13, 1919, died May 3, 1978) was also called Gumbur. He studied to become a teacher but contracted tuberculosis from his brother Leo shortly after marrying *Rannveig Eiríksdóttir*, called Iffa. After recovering he became director of the Disabled People's Association and did a lot for it. He was a very gentle person, very helpful and considerate. He was well liked by everybody but worked too hard and died of a heart attack when visiting in Denmark. Iffa, the oldest of 15 (!) sisters, was also contaminated by tuberculosis, and both she and Gumbur had to spend years in a sanatorium. Later she became interested in acting, but that led nowhere and, still later, in politics, where she is still active. Gumbur and Iffa had two children:

- a. *Sigrun*, their oldest, born on Jan. 9, 1942, was first taken care of by the grandparents, Carl and Thora, and later by Áskell and myself. She became a teacher, married *Johann*, and they have three children, *Karl*, *Ella*, and the youngest, *Olafur*, also called *Oli*, and many, many grandchildren. When cured, Gumbur, Iffa and Sigrun lived for a while in our house in Reykjavik until they got their own home again. Sigrun is in very good health and still feels close to us; she is the one who takes care of Áskell's grave in Reykjavik, for which I am very grateful.
- b. *Leo*, her brother, became a lawyer, ran a bookstore and publishing enterprise, and built a shopping center. He also writes detective stories. He, too, has three children: *Gudmundur*, *Yrsa Björt* (studies medicine), *Áskell*, and several grandchildren.

7. *Leo* (born July 10, 1921, died December 23, 1939) worked for a book-binder but contracted tuberculosis when he was made to clean up after an older worker who had coughed blood. He spent some time in a hospital and was eventually operated on in order to collapse the diseased lung. However, the scar became infected and he died. He was a budding artist and Áskell had ordered him a correspondence course in arts, but he had barely started it when he passed away.

8. *Jon* (born Sept. 27, 1922) went to study at the University of California in Berkeley, since during the war Iceland was cut off from Scandinavia. He studied bacteriology and medicine and passed his internship in San Francisco. During the war he had to work in a factory for war supplies and there he met *Lura Lee Lincicum* (born May 17, 1930), whom he married. [She was a fellow medical student when they met, but gave up her studies in favor of the marriage, she tells me.] He sent home a movie of the wedding and when we saw it, Amma Thora burst out spontaneously: "Thank goodness, she is white!" I wonder what she expected American girls to be: red or black? Jon specialized in pediatrics but soon his main interest became the inheritance of schizophrenia and shortsightedness, on both of which he has written several books and papers. He served at several mental hospitals and lives now in Napa where he and Lura built a

beautiful home on a hill with a wonderful view. He and Áskell were very close and shared many ideas. Jon and Lura have four children:

- a. *Eric* (born December 3, 1950), who was a frail baby, spoke late, but once he started was hard to stop. He studied at Davis and Hayward, specializing in physics. He is married to *Sandie* and has two sons, *Kendric*, autistic, and *Keene*, who is a bright and funny little chap;
- b. *Mark* (born April 1, 1952), as a boy had a difficult temper but has become a very skilled auto mechanic. He has an illegitimate daughter, *Amanda*, but none with his wife, *Gail*. Like Eric and his wife, these, too, live in Napa;
- c. *John* (Jon Jr. or Nonni) was born on Dec. 19, 1953 and is, unfortunately, schizophrenic and able only to do odd jobs; and
- d. *Sigríð* (born April 9, 1955) who as a child was a typical Icelandic blond. She married *Tom Vreeland*, a schoolmate, but from whom she is now divorced. They have no children.

9. *Thrainn* (born July 10, 1923) went also to the U.S. to study soil science at University of California in Berkeley. There he met a Chinese girl, *Betty Mae Mar* (born Jan. 7, 1926, in Stockton, Calif.) whom he brought back to Iceland and married. He became a teacher at a teachers' college in Reykjavik and eventually its vice-director. They took over our house when we moved to Canada and live there still but shared it with the parents as long as they lived. *Thrainn* also bought an island, *Hjorseay*, in Faxaflói, where he loves to stay and has built himself a "temple" to the pagan god, *Thor*. He is not as open as Áskell and his other brothers but very taciturn. However, he played a wonderful Santa Claus to all the young ones in the family on *Hraunteigur*.

Their son, *Arthur*, was born on Aug. 31, 1952 and became an M.D. in Iceland but later specialized in virology at the University of California, where he earned an American M.D. as well. He is now vice-director of a virus laboratory in Reykjavik. While studying over here, he lived for some time in our house in San José, and returns to see us as often as he can. He was first married to an Icelandic girl, *Margret*, but they divorced. They have two daughters, *Árndís* (Disa) and *Kolbrun Thora*. In May of 1996 he married a Chinese girl, *Lu*, whom he brought back from Shanghai after a trip there to see his mother's homeland.

10. *Jakob* (born February 10, 1924, died in a car accident in June of 1993) was also called *Kobbi*. He studied business in Gothenburg, Sweden, after the war and, when through, he set up a wholesale business in Reykjavik. He was a lovely brother-in-law with a wonderful sense of humor. But he also had a hot temper, hard to control when he was young. He was married twice, first to *Helga (Lizza) Gudbrandsdóttir*, with whom he had two daughters, *Matthildur* (born 1949) and *Thora* (born 1950). It was a stormy marriage and ended in divorce. Then he met *Margret Jónsdóttir*, daughter of a minister of the church and, at that time, an air hostess. She is beautiful, sweet, and intelligent and works now as a teacher. They were very happy together and had three children: *Laufey*, now living with her Icelandic husband and studying law in New York, *Karl* (Kalli), an engineer and computer specialist, and *Thorvardur* (Tobby), recently graduated from school and now studying medicine. We all miss *Kobbi* very much, he died far too young.

11. *Sigríður* (born February 9, 1928) is also called *Sigga*. She married a classmate, *Jon Steingrímsson*, shortly after finishing school. He studied engineering in Worcester, Mass., and worked at the *Járnblendiverksmiðja* (iron alloy factory), *Grundartaunga* on *Hvalfjörður*. He is now retired. *Sigga* became a librarian when the children were grown. They were *Thora*, *Vigdís*, and *Steingrímur*. *Thora* is a radiologist, *Vigdís* a social worker, and *Steingrímur* a librarian at the university library in Lund, Sweden. All are married and have children.

Carl had more children: one died in infancy in the first marriage. Another, a girl, was born almost at the same time as *Gudmundur*, lives in Reykjavik and leads a Cat Fanciers group. The others I do not know, they were never mentioned to me.

*Amma* (=grandmother) *Thora Jonsdottir*, Áskell's mother, was born December 10, 1888, and died of liver cancer May 4, 1972. Her father, *Jon Thordarson*, was, when Áskell remembered him, blind due to a mistake made with eye-drops prepared by a pharmacist. He then earned a meager living by cutting tobacco for snuff. Amma told me that he had been a well-known man in Isafjörður, famous for his ability to heal both people and animals and was often called "Jon dyralæknir" (Jon the veterinarian). He was also able to "see things before they happened." He would tell his wife: "Put on the kettle, guests are coming." And when they shortly thereafter arrived, the coffee was already boiling. Amma had, in a way, inherited this "sense" and always knew if her children needed help or were sick even when they lived far away in foreign countries.

Amma's mother was named *Vigdis*. After her husband died she lived at first in Reykjavik with her daughter Peta, but spent her last years in Isafjörður with her son Thordur. She lived to see her great-granddaughter, our Gunnlaug. I remember her as a frail old woman, always dressed in the Icelandic women's costume.

*Jon Thordarson*, Áskell's grandfather, descended from a well-known and once wealthy family in the Borgarfjörður area. It seems to be from there that the outstanding intelligence is inherited. Distant relatives, still living there, are all very gifted. The family can with certainty be traced back to the 1700s and is said to have descended from the last Catholic bishop, *Jon Arason*, who was beheaded on July 11, 1550, when Iceland abandoned Catholicism. He had several children. The celibate never worked in Iceland; it was too cold there! Jon Thordarson had a friend make a family tree, and that traced the family all the way back to Adam! We still have a copy of his handwritten manuscript, which is, of course, not fully trustworthy. He is considered the ancestor of all living Icelanders.

Áskell, himself, also tried to trace his family back from Bishop Jon Arason and got down to about 700 A.D. and a Viking king in Denmark, Haraldur "Sköglutönn", known for his crooked front tooth. It is, however, interesting to note that a crooked front tooth was characteristic of Áskell himself and some of his brothers, too. The Danish Viking king lost his life in a battle with Swedes. All this sounds interesting, but I am not sure that this family history is reliable either. Áskell never wrote it down properly, just as notes on snips of paper, some of which are deposited with Thrainn in Reykjavik.

Another tradition, circulating in Amma's family, concerned "Irafells Mori", a supernatural being. It foretold when any of them were coming by some kind of an omen. But it could also be mischievous and once burned down a farm when it had not been treated with respect.

None of the "mother-in-law jokes" fit Amma Thora. She was a wonderful woman and I loved her as if she were my own mother. We got along very, very well, and she taught me patience with the sometimes volatile Löve males. She also taught me many practical things and how to prepare real Icelandic food, which is a bit different from that in other countries. I felt I robbed her of her favorite son when we left for Canada, but she said she already knew this was going to happen: "When I was pregnant with Áskell, I dreamed that I stood on a high cliff above the sea. A big eagle was soaring above me and I reached out my hand to it and it came down and rested on it. I felt an incredible joy. But soon it lifted off again and flew westward out over the waves. So I knew that this was his fate. Now you must take good care of him for me." I did my best.

Amma had many brothers and sisters:

1. She herself, born on December 10, 1888, was the oldest one, and her siblings were:

2. *Gudfinnur Jonsson*, born February 2, 1891, who emigrated to Winnipeg, Canada, and took the name *Finnur Johnsson*. During World War I he was gassed in France and had his lungs damaged. He was a house painter and a frequent guest in our house on Sundays and holidays in Winnipeg. He owned a small house in the northern part of the city but was never married and died of a stroke on May 9, 1967;



3. *Thordur Jonsson*, born in 1893, was a mason in Isafjörður. He married *Elin*, a midwife who often helped Amma. They had three children: two daughters and one son, *Jon Thordarson* (born March 19, 1931). He married *Ingibjörg Johannsdottir* (born April 28, 1933), also called Inga-Tota. They have visited us a couple of times in San José and I still correspond with them. They are delightful people and have a lot of children and grandchildren, even great-grandchildren;

4. *Petrina Jonsdottir* (Peta, born December 5, 1897, died in the 1990s) was married to *Filippus Bjarnarson*, a watchmaker. They had no children of their own, but adopted a red-haired girl, Audur, who took care of Peta until she died at a great age, well over 90. Like her mother, Peta always wore the Icelandic costume, which fitted her very well. She was widowed early and lived in a very small house in Reykjavik. We associated a good deal with her in Iceland and she was very good to me, sometimes giving me laid-off clothes of Audur's for my children, when there was a shortage of goods after the war;

5. *Gudridur Jonsdottir* (Gauja, born December 5, 1897) was married twice, the first time to *Snaebjörn Nordfjörd*, a merchant in Akureyri, northern Iceland, the second time to *Bogi Johannesson*, a tanner and a drunkard in Reykjavik. She had no children with either and survived Bogi. Peta and Gauja were very different. Gauja, who had learned hairdressing in Denmark and had a salon in Akureyri, was always very elegant, and her home was stylish and absolutely free of dust. You had to take care not to put any fingerprints on her furniture! But I liked her, and especially for her statement: "Family is wonderful if you see them infrequently enough." She and Peta were always arguing about everything but nevertheless loved each other. Gauja died of a stroke at the age of 94;

6. *Jacob Jonsson* (born 1894), was a sailor who committed suicide in the corridor of the opera house in Oslo during the intermission of a performance there in 1924. He was said to have contracted tuberculosis and was depressed over that;

7. *Jona Jonsdottir*, born 1904, was married to Jon Nordfjörd, son of Snaebjörn N., thus, making her older sister, Gauja, her mother-in-law! Jon was an actor. Jona died childless of cancer in 1942.

8. Anna Thora had one more brother, *Olafur Junsson* (Dec. 23, 1900--Oct. 3, 1930), a sailor and for some time cook on board one of Carl Löve's ships. He died of tuberculosis.

## Áskell's Childhood and Youth

Áskell was born in Reykjavik in the bed of a famous Icelandic poet and jokingly blamed this fact for later becoming the school poet. Actually, he wrote very good poems and mastered both the rigid saga-style with both rhymes and alliteration as well as more modern verse forms. He published quite a few in the school paper and other journals. But, unfortunately, it is almost impossible to translate Icelandic poetry so that it retains its beauty and meaning.

When he was six years old and they lived in Isafjordur, an event took place which in a way changed him from a carefree child to a responsible being. During one of the violent storms that so often hit Iceland, and at a time when the fishing boats were not equipped with radio so that they could listen to weather reports, many vessels were lost trying to get back to land from the fishing banks. That time there were suddenly a lot more orphans and widows in the little fishing village. Since his father's ship did not return, Áskell noticed that people either fell silent or started to whisper behind his back in the stores when he ran errands for his mother. So he started to worry about how he would be able to support his mother and little brothers if, indeed, his father, too, were lost.

Then, days later, suddenly a voice was heard shouting: "Carl Löve's boat is coming in!" People rushed down to the harbor to see what had happened to it, and to their relief saw it come sailing in, loaded to the gunwales and in good condition. Instead of trying to get back to Iceland and risk being smashed up on the cliffs along the coast, Carl had sailed out into the lee below the coast of Greenland and filled his boat with a record catch of cod. But ever after this, Áskell was prepared to take over, should something happen to his father. Throughout his life he felt obliged to be the head of the family both in Iceland and when living elsewhere.

Fishing was not always good, and the family moved often to where it was better, but always ended up in Isafjordur again, although at one time things were so bad even there that most of the children in the village had to be fed a meal a day by the Salvation Army. Áskell always respected the Salvation Army and what it does, and it was the only charitable organization he supported.

When Carl could no longer sail because of arthritis due to the hardships he had endured for so long, he took a job to supervise the construction of a lighthouse on Cape North and, thereafter, to run it. Cape North is located on the peninsula farthest north on the western coast of Iceland and, on clear days, one can see all the way to the highest peak on the coast of Greenland opposite it.

It was terribly isolated: two hours walk through several rivulets to the nearest farm, and supplied by a government ship twice a year only. The house was situated on the edge of bird cliffs, dropping off steeply to the Arctic Ocean. Amma was alone with all her children and the crew constructing the buildings, a cow, some sheep, horses and hens. It is hard to believe the work burden that she had to assume, but she endured it all with her calm and even temper. Áskell was sent to school in Isafjordur but spent summers at the lighthouse, making a collection of plants and helping collect bird's eggs from the bird cliffs, suspended on a cable lowered onto the ledges and held by a group of men above, seated at the edge of the cliff.

One winter, he went home for Christmas. It was a memorable trip. First he had to sail on the coastal steamer from Isafjordur northward to Hesteyri, where he stayed overnight on a farm, to his dismay having to sleep in a bed together with a girl. The next morning two men rowed him up the fjord to its head, where they had to beach the boat above the ice along the shore. You must also remember that in December on that latitude, there is barely an hour of daylight. Then they had to scale a mountain by chopping steps into the ice-covered wall and up onto a glacier, separating them from the lighthouse on its other side. Áskell had brought his skis but the two men walked on a kind of snowshoes. He always remembered this trip, lit by a full moon giving it an eerie feeling. On his back he had a rucksack with extra supplies and gifts for the family. As soon as they could be seen from the lighthouse, the sound from which carried well through the thin and cold air, his father shouted: "Did you remember to bring tobacco?" This was most important to him, even more than the safe arrival of his son from a perilous journey. But Carl had run out of

his supply, having felt obliged to share it with rare visitors from the neighborhood and Faroese fishermen, landing to buy preserved bird's eggs from him. Now the lighthouse is automated, the few farms along the coast abandoned, and the whole area turned into a National Park.

Áskell always worked along with his schooling. His first jobs were putting out fish on the rocks to dry. Later he worked in a bookstore, where he was allowed to read any book he liked and also learned to type. Still later on, in Reykjavik, he laid roads, put up telephone and electrical lines, and was even a longshoreman during the summer vacations.

When Áskell had finished school in Isafjörður, the family moved to Reykjavik, where he entered the "gymnasium". But shortly after settling there, he was run down on his bicycle by a car that abruptly turned left into his path. His face was terribly cut, and it was difficult to prevent him from bleeding to death. He had to endure a long stay in the hospital and undergo several operations, leaving him with a disfiguring scar. But, fortunately, his eye was spared. He nevertheless was able to study hard, and stood out especially in natural sciences and Icelandic. During his last year at school, he earned the coveted "Golden Pen Award" for an essay, describing "A Day on the Bird Cliff", based on his experiences at Cape North. He even had to read it on the radio and publish it in the newspaper. It is a beautiful piece of literature and an early indication of his ability to express himself in writing. After graduating, he got a grant for studying abroad and had to make the choice between philosophy in Paris or Heidelberg or genetics and plant breeding in Lund, Sweden. The latter won out.

He sailed to Edinburgh and on to Copenhagen, crossing over to Malmö, Sweden, where he asked how to get to Lund. He learned that he had to take a train, a 15 minute ride. But it scared him since in Iceland there are no railroads, and all they learn of them is when there has been some disaster in Europe. However, he survived the trip and learned to appreciate this mode of transportation.

In Lund he spent the first days with Prof. Lindquist, a professor of Swedish and specialist on runestones. One of the first days he was invited with the family to a mushroom exhibition, which he thought was interesting. But when Mrs. Lindquist bought a bagful of them and served them at dinner, he had a second shock: mushrooms as food was heard of in Iceland only when some family in France all died after eating them, except for the little nasty boy, who had been sent to bed without dinner. However, even this he survived and learned to appreciate. He found a room for himself to stay in and matriculated in the university. He was a little late because the ship had been held up by a strike in Iceland, so he could not get into botany as planned, but had to start with zoology.

## Áskell's and My Life Together

### Lund, Sweden

I must confess that the first year at the university I did not take the studies as seriously as I should have. I felt it so wonderful to be free, to be able to do my own thing for once. Áskell, on the other hand, had to live very frugally, but I did not realize how short of money he was. My father sent me 100 Swedish Crowns a month and that was enough for room, board and books as well as a little extra. I had become very popular and was often invited out for coffee, dances and even dinner, but Áskell only rarely came along. We sat side by side during the lectures so that I could whisper to him when he needed translation of words or terms.

He passed some tests and exams as needed for his degree but had to leave early—shortly after Easter if I remember correctly—because his grant money had dried up. So he went back to Iceland and was for some time a longshoreman in the harbor until he had earned enough for next year.

I, too, finally passed the necessary tests and went home to Áhus for the summer, but went back in the latter half of the vacation to take a course in marine biology in Barsebäck on the coast west of Lund. We sailed around in Öresund between Sweden and Denmark in a yacht equipped for the purpose, and trawled up all kinds of creatures that we had to determine and preserve. We visited various harbors and, in all, it was a very enjoyable time. I learned to sail and was at times cook, since I was not seasick and not bothered by being below deck in the small space for cooking.

During the summer, I corresponded with Áskell, and he sent me several very romantic letters of a content that made me feel that, perhaps, he had more to offer me than my other friends, not only jokes and superficial pleasures. One day when I was sitting in the ship's cabin, he came down the ladder. He wore a white Swedish student's cap, not the black Icelandic one, and it fitted him much better. For some reason, my heart took a leap and I suddenly realized that I had fallen in love with him because of those letters. And he did not conceal that he had come to see just me. He had bicycled all the way from Svalöf, the plant breeding station a little north of Lund, whence he had returned and where he worked as a summer assistant.

In the fall of 1938 we started botany together. Professor Kylin was rather strict and old-fashioned. Girls had to be seated with girls and boys with boys during the laboratories. But Áskell protested, claiming that he needed to sit with me so that I could interpret for him. His request was reluctantly granted. That year we both studied hard, mostly together and sharing books to make it cheaper. In the mornings we had lectures, in the afternoon laboratories both in botany and genetics and some evening seminar classes. Every spare moment we studied our notes, books and journals, and it was only on rare occasions that we had time for outside activities like meetings of the Icelandic Society, where we met several interesting personalities involved with Icelandic literature, history and culture. We both loved classical music and also subscribed to a series of concerts.

At the end of the school year we both passed examinations and went on to start practical work for our advanced degrees in genetics at Svalöf. In Svalöf we rented a room together. It was a bit hard to conceal from my family, but I think we succeeded. At that time it was considered scandalous to live together before marriage, but it did not hamper our studies, rather the opposite. That summer we also learned to know our professors better and they became as much our friends and advisors as mere tutors. Especially the old, world-famous plant breeder, Prof. Nilsson-Ehle, became important to us. He inspired and encouraged his pupils. He also got Áskell interested in the history of wheat and wheatgrasses, which became one of his main topics later on. But now we had to concentrate on *Rumex* and *Melandrium*, under Prof. Müntzing. These plants flowered and set seed at different times, and therefore we could both do a lot of work on each plant species at different times, although *Rumex* was Áskell's subject and *Melandrium* mine. We also studied the chromosome numbers of a lot of other plants and published our first scientific papers.

There were many foreign visitors to Svalöf and we learned to know several of the most important ones in the field of genetics. In some cases it became the beginning of life-long friendships. However, during this summer it became more and more obvious that the political situation in the world was sinister. A war was looming on the horizon and the Nazis became ever more loud and threatening. I had been to Berlin and Prague, had heard Hitler speak and seen the nervousness in Czechoslovakia and felt how hypnotic his ranting could be for the people in Germany and how scary for its neighbors. In August the Germans invaded Poland and the war began.

Suddenly all young men in Sweden were called up for military service, and girls had to take over their jobs. Thus, I became a teaching assistant and had also to keep books, pay bills and so on for the Genetics Department, although we studied geography that year. Åskell was one of the few male students, and others were mostly those exempt for some medical reason or another. But I was also paid for my job and when I proudly told father about it, he decided that, then, he did not need to send any money to me. We had hoped that we could live a little bit better then, but we had instead to make do as before.

Again we lived together and studied hard. However careful we were, the day came in early 1940 when I found myself in a "blessed condition." It was very hard to have to confess to father what had happened. Musse told me later that he became furious and threatened to disinherit me, but she succeeded to calm him down and prevent him from doing things he would later regret. We were called home to Kristianstad for a scolding and a discussion about our future. It was decided that we should immediately advertise our engagement, and Christian and Edith were also invited to help with planning our life. They suggested I come with them to Denmark until the birth was over, but we gratefully declined their invitation. A good thing it was, because shortly thereafter, on April 9th, 1940, Germany invaded Denmark and Norway and they became totally cut off from Sweden.

The wedding took place in Lund on April 30th, and it was not a day to remember. After the ceremony at the City Hall, we had a lunch at a restaurant for the nearest family, and father gave a speech that sounded more like a funeral oration than well-wishes for a happy marriage. We spent a one-day honeymoon in Åhus. The winter had been very hard and there was still snow and ice everywhere although it was the first of May. We took a long walk out on the ice-covered Baltic Sea. That was all. When we left for Lund, father said that he did not want to see us ever again.

We went back to our studies in Lund and now we found a small apartment in a cooperative housing complex: two small rooms, a kitchen and a balcony with a beautiful view all the way to Copenhagen. We were able to buy furniture cheaply. Actually the most expensive items were a desk and a bookcase which we still use. The rest was very simple, some of it made of crates. In the spring I took a course in cartography, mapping an area, and in the summer we worked as usual in Svalöf. Musse ignored all that father said and started to sew a lay-out for the baby so that I could concentrate on the studies. The whole situation was very hard for her but she did what she decided was right, and I was ever so grateful to her for that.

It had by now been decided that all of southern Sweden should be "blackout" so that at night all windows had to be covered by lightproof, black paper; there were no street lights, and cars had to drive without headlights on, because fleets of British and, later on, American aircraft were regularly flying over us at night. We also had exercises when we had to go down into air-raid shelters. It was hard and precarious to bicycle home after dark, especially if it was foggy. It is difficult to imagine now how dark it really was then. And indoors we felt so isolated. Everything was rationed: food, clothing and shoes, tobacco and coffee, but we got what we were allowed; in Denmark and Norway they did not.

The baby was due in September but we let it wait for itself until in November, when after an air-raid signal, I was awakened by the water draining from me. We had no phone, but Åskell had made an agreement with a neighbor who let him use hers, although it was in the middle of the night. I was taken to the hospital in an ambulance and there Åskell had to leave me alone. I was put into a delivery room which, because of the war, was boarded up and was dark and dismal even during the day. Åskell was not allowed

to come and see me there and I felt so lonely. The delivery, which had started out normally, soon slowed down, and for three days I lay there feeling miserable and deserted. Then I developed a fever and, half delirious, I was taken into an operating room, anaesthetised, and the baby pulled out of me, fortunately alive and in good condition. That was on November 6, 1940.

It was a little girl, Guunlaug as we had decided to name her. It is pronounced the same way in both Icelandic and Swedish, so both grandparents could use it. I was put in an isolated ward since I had childbirth fever, but finally Áskell was allowed to see me for a few minutes. He was so happy to see both me and the baby alive, although my condition at that time was very grave. But because of that it was decided that a new drug, sulfa, should be tested on me. Although it was still very crude so that my sweat turned purple, it actually worked to the surprise of my doctor. However, the recovery was slow and it was three weeks before I was, reluctantly, released from the hospital. I had used the time there to study for an examination, which the nurses and doctors found amusing.

One day, shortly before I was released, Áskell did not come as early as usual for the visiting hour and I wondered what delayed him, when he appeared in the doorway, accompanied by my father! All of his grudges against us had disappeared when Áskell told him that he had a granddaughter but that the condition of his daughter was serious. From then on we were back together in good standing, and in time father grew quite fond and proud of Áskell, too.

At home I slowly regained my strength, and Áskell continued my treatment and took care of the baby. A couple of weeks later I passed the examination I had been studying for although the professor gave me a hard time to be sure that I really knew my subject and so that he, himself, was not swayed by my condition. And in the spring of 1941, both Áskell and I had fulfilled all the requirements for our Fil. Kand. degrees, which were then considerably more than an American B.S. We had by then also published several scientific papers and could now begin to apply for grants. This meant that life became a bit easier. We got a telephone and a radio, and when we turned on the latter the first time, what did we hear? Nothing less than the hoarse voice of Winston Churchill giving his "Blood, sweat and tears" speech!

As the war wore on, more and more people fled from Denmark to Sweden, among them many Icelanders who gave us as reference to the police when apprehended on Swedish soil. Áskell also kept connections with Iceland through the Ambassador of Iceland to Portugal, a friend of his. We found lodging and accommodation, even jobs, for many of the refugees and were by time quite well known by the police as a "refugee center." Also my cousins, Hans and Per, came over, but returned to Denmark to continue their underground activities.

All the time we continued to study hard, although almost every evening by 7 o'clock foreign aircraft began to fly over us on their way to Germany. From 11 o'clock or toward midnight and later they started to return. That was more worrisome, since often we could hear their engines malfunction, and many had to land in bad condition at the airport in Malmö, which we could see from our balcony. One night in a bright moonlight, one of these damaged planes decided to drop its remaining load of bombs over what the pilot believed to be a small lake. But it happened to be a greenhouse complex on the outskirts of Lund, not far from where my Aunt Emmy had hers. It was two 500-pounders, and they caused a loud bang and lots of broken windows all over Lund. Áskell threw himself over me, and both of us over Gunlaug in her crib. We really got a scare but that was all that happened to us. On the other hand, all Aunt Emmy's greenhouses were ruined, and all windows in her house blown out, but fortunately nobody was hurt. The plane never reached England again; it probably went down at sea.

Another time the military had placed an anti-aircraft gun outside our housing complex without telling about it, and the sudden noise when it opened up gave us another scare. So we did experience some of the horrors of war although, on the whole, we did not suffer from it like the rest of Europe, because Sweden remained neutral all the time.

In 1942, Áskell passed his Fil. Lic. (= Ph.D. here) but I did not get mine until 1943, because of all the work with the household, the baby and my job that I still held. We had also made a long journey through all of Sweden to collect material for our research and for chromosome studies. Then we left Goy, as she now called herself, in Åhus with father and Musse. When we returned we felt that the child had forgotten some of the things we had taught her and that she had not developed as could be expected of a child her age. We had taken a course in Human Genetics, and when consulting our books, we found a picture of a hypothyroid child that looked like her. We took her to a professor of pediatrics, who assured us she had a heart defect, since her lips were so blue. (She had just eaten some blueberries!) But it was his assistant who helped us convince him that it was actually a thyroid defect instead. So a rather drastic treatment was started; fortunately it worked and she made up for lost time in a hurry. It turned out that this disease was not as uncommon in Scania as believed and many other children were saved from misery, thanks to Goy.

In the spring of 1943, Áskell defended his doctoral thesis for his Fil. Dr. (= Dr. Sc.). At that time in Sweden, it was a big affair; you had to publish a book about your subject in a well-known scientific journal and, like Luther, nail a copy of it to the wall of the University for the public to see. Three weeks later you had to be examined by three "opponents", one representing the university, one of your own choice, and one a friend to smooth over the whole procedure if it had been rough. It was a public affair, and anybody was welcome to attend. Usually the hall was full, with the University Council seated in the first row. Áskell was the youngest in Sweden ever to defend his doctoral thesis, only 25 years of age. Usually people were then between 40 and 50 when doing it, so this caused quite a stir. The first opponent was Swedish, the second Danish and the third Norwegian, and on the table in front of the Icelandic respondent (Áskell) stood the flags of the four Nordic countries. All were dressed in formal attire at 10 o'clock in the morning, when it started. At about 2 o'clock it was all over and Áskell was congratulated by his opponents, his professors and everybody else.

In the evening we gave a dinner party for those involved, and many of our friends. Since it was in the middle of the war, we had arranged it in one of the laboratories of the Genetic Institute and catered food was to be brought in. The main course had to be fish, since meat was scarce and rationed. But it turned out to be a very happy feast, especially thanks to our good friend and mentor, Prof. Eric Hultén, who regaled us all with stories of his travels in Alaska and on the Kommodore Islands. It was a good finish of an exhausting day.

This took place at the middle of May, and on May 30, the degrees were conferred on all the doctoral candidates of that year in an ages-old ceremony. That year it was held in the University Aula. All the new doctors were marched in, dressed in formal clothes, to the tune of classical music. There were also a small group of little girls, carrying in the laurel wreaths to be placed on the learned heads. They were lovely to look at, all dressed in white, arriving in a horse-drawn carriage and, in spite of being only 4 or 5 years old, very well-behaved. The entire ceremony is in Latin and very formal. Each candidate is called up, orated to, has a golden doctoral ring placed on the finger and a wreath of laurel leaves on his or her head at the same time as a cannon is fired outside the building. A lot of people are present, inside only those invited and outside other acquaintances and town's people. It is a very festive day. It all ends with a magnificent banquet for the new doctors and lots of dignitaries and some friends. The seating is strictly formal, and since Áskell was a foreigner, he was seated very prominently. But we enjoyed it all and now he was through with his studies.

Although the war was still raging, Áskell was now hired as a corresponding plant breeder by the University of Iceland, which meant that he got a salary that came in handy. Now it was time to concentrate on my thesis, and in 1944 I, too, was ready to defend it. I should have had a Danish opponent, but just before the date set, he was captured by the Germans for underground activities, so I got the same Swedish one as Áskell had had. However, on the morning of the defence, a young Dane appeared with a red and white bouquet from "the Count of the Round Tower," the code name of the original opponent. How he was able to accomplish this, I never found out, but I felt he was present in spirit, and it was comforting. I, too, managed to "survive" the grilling and was happy to receive the congratulations when it was over. However, I did not receive as high a mark as Áskell did, because I had dared to break a rule: I did not dress in a full-

length ball-gown (I had none, actually), only in a cocktail dress, something that was considered almost sacrilegious.

In the evening we gave a dinner at the restaurant of the Academic Club for our professors, opponents and friends. Father was there, too, and he gave such a beautiful speech to me that it impressed the learned academicians to the extent that they mentioned it to me years later. It was a very good party and, secretly, I had hoped that father would pick up the tab for it. However, he did not, and this extravaganza dug a deep hole in our finances.

Since Áskell now considered himself firmly hired by the University of Iceland, we did not have to look for positions, only wait for the war to end so we could go to Reykjavik for good. In the meantime Áskell wrote, among others, a new Icelandic flora with illustrations of all the species, drawn by the Norwegian artist Dagny Tande-Lid. We had already published a list of the chromosome numbers of Scandinavian plants and were beginning to become known internationally for basing the taxonomy of the plants on what their chromosome numbers could tell. This was considered almost revolutionary and many old-fashioned botanists still think so. But more and more of the younger ones and, in particular, plant breeders are agreeing with us since after all, the chromosomes carry the genetic material that determines relationship better than mere morphology. Red- or white- flowered plants may not be different species simply because of that, but only subspecies or varieties of the same species. For plant breeders this is important since it determines what can be and what cannot be bred together. The new Icelandic flora was based on this principle and, although it was in Icelandic, it caused quite a stir. It sold well and is still widely used in Iceland and has appeared in a new, improved edition as well as in an English language edition.

In 1945, it became increasingly evident that the war was coming to an end, and in defeat for the Germans. So we started to make plans for life in Iceland. Áskell knew that his family lived in cramped conditions, so we decided to buy a Swedish prefabricated house, large enough for all the family to live in together. We looked around and found one to our liking that we could afford, and decided to use the money I had inherited from my grandmother to pay for it. Áskell's father found a corner lot in what was then the outskirts of Reykjavik, large enough to accommodate it.

In May the European war was over. I still remember the armistice day and the almost hysterical joy that gripped us. We were suddenly able to phone abroad, and we called Iceland and talked to them there, to Denmark and talked to Christian and Edith, and to Norway to the Lids, Dagny who had illustrated the flora, and Johannes, her botanist husband. Churchbells pealed, strangers embraced each other in the street, and the joy was incredible. But it did not last long; the next day it again became impossible to phone abroad, but now we knew it would not be long before it would become possible again.

It was only now that we learned of the full horrors of concentration camps and had to receive the inmates from there to help them. Some were lodged in a school near us and it was horrible to see them, emaciated to the state of skeletons with skins on. Many died but others slowly recovered. Certainly we were all shaken by the cruelty they had endured. I remember the look in their eyes, like they did not see or fathom what was going on, as if they had cut themselves off from all contact with the world around them. It was grim. How civilized Germans could ever have treated fellow human beings that way still defies explanation.

By now I was pregnant again, but we went ahead with our plans for moving, found a ship to take the house parts up to Iceland, and packed our own belongings to go with it, too. All was shipped off to Iceland to be put into storage there until we, ourselves, arrived later on. We gave up the apartment in Lund and stayed in Áhus. With the money left over we bought a black Volvo, our first car. In August, after the nuclear bombs had put a definite end to World War II, Áskell was suddenly called back to Iceland almost without warning to take up his post at the Atvinnudeild Haskolans (University Institute of Applied Research). He was to fly from Stockholm on a set date. So it was I who was left to manage our affairs and to learn to drive the car. It was a bit complicated because at that time there was not enough gasoline and we



had to use a wood-gas contraption, towed behind the car, for extra fuel. But I learned the rudiments, passed the driver's license test and had to arrange for the car to be shipped to Iceland.

Áskell flew to Iceland on the first SAS flight over the Atlantic; it had to land in Iceland to refuel. His family was upset to see how slim he was, but in the spring he had had a very severe case of mumps, contracted from Goy, and had not yet fully regained his former weight. At that time the conditions in Iceland in respect to food were much better than elsewhere because they were liberally supplied by the American forces. So Amma set about to fatten him. Every morning she brought him a large glass of cream to drink. He was very happy to be home with his family again, where he always, both then and later, felt that he belonged.

In September it was my and Goy's turn to be called. We, too, had to fly from Stockholm. We took a tear-filled farewell of Musse, but father accompanied us up to Stockholm. There we were invited to the Icelandic Ambassador, a friend of Áskell, who wrote out my passport and gave us a fine little lunch. Father was impressed. The next day we went to the airport early. When they processed me through the customs, it was discovered that the ambassadoe had forgotten to enter Goy into my passport, so he had to be called out to the airport to do so. Finally we kissed father goodbye and entered the plane, a 12-seater with a rubber float filling the rear compartment. Then the pilot revved up the engines. I looked out the window and saw father standing on the observation deck. He looked so lonely.

## Iceland

The four-engine prop-plane was quite primitive compared to the giants flying over the oceans today. There were only twelve seats and I had to share mine with Goy. There was a small compartment behind the cockpit with a couch, but an Icelandic couple considered it theirs alone, and there was only one stewardess. There were no hot meals, only a prepackaged lunchbox with sandwiches, but at least you could have coffee or tea.

During the first part of the flight the weather was nice. We saw the Shetlands, which really look like the hilt of a sword from above—in Icelandic it is called Hjalmland—and the craggy peaks of the Faeroes, all green and verdant. But as we neared Iceland the clouds began to gather, and our first glimpses of the land were some glaciers and stretches of long, black, sandy beaches, so different from the white sands of Åhus.

The landing was quite dramatic. The pilot was looking for the airport and dove down through the clouds but went aloft again several times before he found a "hole" that permitted him to land safely. Goy got seasick on this roller-coaster flight and I did not feel very good either. However, finally, after almost 11 hours in the air, we had all wheels on the ground again. Outside it was grey, rainy and very windy, and the landscape was also grey and dreary-looking. But we were there and were taken by a bus to a Nissen-hut shelter, smelling of the oil-stoves heating it. There Áskell was waiting. He had put on a lot of weight and was so happy to see us safe after hearing the plane trying to descend over and over again. Goy quickly recovered and after going through customs, we were driven in a police-bus the 35 miles into Reykjavik. Goy was on the look-out after sheep and the small horses Áskell had told her about, and after seeing them, she fell asleep. We were let out at Smidjustigur 4 and walked into the courtyard and down into a basement apartment, where Áskell's family then lived. And there were Afi, Amma, Sigga and Kobbi as well as little Sigrun, and they all welcomed us warmly.

I had absorbed a bit of Icelandic from listening to Áskell and his compatriots talk and reading the Icelandic newspapers he got now and then, so I understood a little of what was said but far from all of it. Goy, on the other hand, just chatted away happily in Swedish to Amma and Sigrun and told them that she had been "all the way up into the third heaven above the clouds." Later in the evening after we had put her to bed, she suddenly burst into the room and shouted excitedly: "You know what! They have a moon in Iceland, too!"

In spite of the crowded conditions—three small rooms, a small kitchen without running water and a storage room—one room had been set aside for the three of us. Since the ship with the parts for the new house and our furniture had already arrived and the goods had been stored in a lumberyard, Áskell had unpacked a couple of folding beds and a cupboard, so we could sleep and store some of our things in the room. There was already a couch on which Áskell slept and we sat during daytime, but when the beds were unfolded for Goy and me at night, there was barely any more space left. The windows were almost up under the ceiling and permitted only a small glimpse of the sky. Amma, Sigga and Sigrun slept in the dining room and Kobbi in the very small room opposite the kitchen. Afi worked as a nightguard and slept in the dining room during the day and Sigrun and Goy had to play quietly in the corridor to the kitchen or, if weather permitted, in the backyard.

It was all so different from what I had been used to. I had always lived in ample and bright conditions and here I felt so hemmed in and lonely. But I told myself: it will only be for a short time and I must not show that I feel depressed when people are so kind to me and make such sacrifices to make me comfortable. I was, of course, also very tired after all the work with the move and the long journey. During the following days various relatives came to see us and all were so kind to us and I had such a hard time finding the words to express my gratitude to them. There were Gauja and Peta, Amma's sisters, and Steini, Áskell's half-brother with his wife Frida and many others, a lot of new names and faces to learn and to remember.

Áskell took me out for walks in the city, and again we met lots of friends of his who had to stop and say hello. I felt he knew half the population. Policemen even stopped traffic to chat with him. The city was then very different from what it is today: shabby-looking, with houses clad in rusty corrugated iron, giving an impression of a sort of "Klondike." It took 10 days in the rain before the clouds parted enough for me to see the Esja, the table-mountain on the northern side of the fjord on which Reykjavik is situated, and the other mountains surrounding the city to the south. Then the rains and the winds started again and seemed to go on all the time for months on end. It was not the short, heavy showers I was used to but rather a fine, misty oceanic rain, driven almost horizontally by the winds and making it impossible to use an umbrella.

Since this was autumn and slaughter time, when the usual diet of fish and potatoes was varied by fresh meat on Sundays, the family decided to introduce me to an Icelandic specialty: lamb's heads. They are singed by a torch until black, scraped clean, cut in half and cooked. Each gets a half head on the plate, and there it lies and stares at you with its single eye and grinning at you with its row of teeth. I told myself: "No nonsense here; remember to be polite and eat!" However, it was almost more than I could take when Áskell's father cut out "his" eye and placed it on my plate, telling me it is the best part. I had to close my eyes when I put my fork into it and got it into my mouth. However, I had reluctantly to admit, when I chewed on it, that it was indeed really tasty! And so were the cheeks and the tongue, too. I had successfully survived my first introduction to real Icelandic food.

Since Áskell still had not been allotted any office space, he could devote almost all his time to get the building of the house started. First the basement had to be dug and here were new American bulldozers doing the work, such as had not yet been seen in Sweden. Fortunately, we did not have to blast any rock like the neighbors had to do. Steini, the mason-brother, helped with the concrete work for the basement and the foundation slab. This took most of the autumn, and it was only in January that the real work could start with the prefabricated house, the first one of its kind to be erected in Iceland. Therefore a Swedish carpenter had been flown up to supervise the work and he lived with Steini and Frida.

Loá had been due around Christmas but just as in the case of Goy, she was in no hurry. However, on January 15, there was no doubt; she was arriving. I was again taken to the hospital in an ambulance, but the midwife told me that I came in too early and let me lie in the corridor, waiting for space in the delivery room. After a while I felt again that I needed assistance and called a nurse practitioner who came and took a look. Suddenly there was a lot of commotion, the midwife and nurses came running and Loá made unceremoniously her entrance into this world in the hospital corridor. But this time all went well, and I was placed in a six-bed room with other new moms. Here the babies were let sleep in cribs at the side of the mothers, not in a nursery like in Sweden. In the afternoon Áskell and Amma came to see me and Amma was so happy with her first grandchild, born in Iceland.

By that time I had learned a good deal of Icelandic, thanks to daily chats with Amma, and Kobbi did no longer tease me because I used the wrong sexes in the complicated Icelandic grammar. Amma and I had formed close bonds and I was happy to have her there to help me when I returned home after the obligatory ten-day stay in the hospital. It was during these ten days that the sun came out and the weather was calm and nice so that the house could be erected and put under roof. This was a miracle in Iceland, where the casting of walls for new houses usually took months. Many people came to see it, and the building inspectors hovered over each step to learn about it, criticizing when they felt it was not sturdy enough for the rough Icelandic climate. So minor changes had to be made here and there but, on the whole, all went smoothly.

Since at Smidjustigur there was hot and cold water only in the storage room and a single wooden tub for washing and baths, Amma and I sometimes took the laundry in to the hot springs, then on the outskirts of town. There we washed diapers and everything else in the natural hot springs and fought with other washer-women over access to tubs with cold water for rinsing. It was rather primitive but an interesting experience. Now the whole city is heated by natural hot water from underground, and the old springs have been converted into swimming pools.

The days were now getting longer; it is a wonderful feeling after the long and dark winter when the street lights are not even turned off but help illuminate the city during the short one or two hours of dusky daylight in December and January, while the sun just rolls along the horizon, and sunrise imperceptibly passes into sunset. In May the house had reached a point that allowed us to move in. It occupied a corner lot on Hraunteigur 16, then next to a complex of Nissen huts where poor people lived, including a thief awaiting his turn in the small jail of Reykjavik. He caused us no trouble. The house had a beautiful view from the upper floor out over the Faxafloi (floi = bay) all the way to the volcano Snarefellsjökull, made famous by Jules Verne in his *Journey to the Center of the Earth*. It was a two-story house with nine large rooms and a kitchen and lots of space in the basement that also had a garage for our car. I had taught Áskell to drive it in the autumn, and that increased our mobility, although the bus system of the city was excellent for going downtown and not having to find a parking space. Not that there were so many cars in 1946 (ours was no. 3031), but the streets were narrow and one usually had to park with one side of the car up on the sidewalk. Only few of the main streets were then paved and there was a lot of dust in the outlying area when it was not muddy due to the rains.

Now we started to do the interior by ourselves, painting walls, finishing bathrooms and polishing floors, putting up curtains, and so on. Áskell now worked hard both trying to get our department at the university set up and equipped and as a teacher of biology at a girls' school. He was immensely popular there and I suddenly had 30 "rivals" for his favors. I contributed to the economy by giving lessons in Swedish. But the house was big and it took time to get it all in order. To begin with, all the family lived there. We, ourselves, had a bedroom and a room for the children upstairs. Afi and Amma had one big room there, Sigga a smaller one and, downstairs, Gudmundur and Iffa, now considered healed from their tuberculosis, lived with Sigrun in two small rooms behind the kitchen. The big L-shaped living-dining room was shared by us all, and Áskell had a work room downstairs. In the basement we equipped a photo-lab, had heating and a laundry room and drying space as well. We were still heating with coal, the naturally hot water was brought in only later. At first, we all shared the kitchen and ate together, but soon the different tastes in food caused us to split up, and each family cooked for itself. It was a bit crowded in the kitchen at times, but it all worked fine and all were satisfied.

Summer finally arrived in June, and there were days when the sun shone and it was almost warm, that is, around 50° to 60°F. Then some stores put up a sign in the windows saying: "Closed due to sunshine." We got ourselves a tent and sleeping bags from the surplus outlet of the American Army and started to explore the countryside at the same time, for we were looking for a site where we could have an experimental field for our research with agricultural products. In the summer Iceland can be incredibly beautiful and there is light all the day around. True, the sun sets just below the horizon for an hour or so around midnight but not so low that there is a proper night. One does not have to use the headlights on cars from late May until early August. It seemed as if people do not sleep much during summer; one can see them mow their lawns around midnight, and often the phone rings at all hours. The children ask: "Is this the meal we go to bed after or not?" since fish is served at almost all meals.

We also received our first international guests, an English couple and a minister of the Anglican church, who came to study the behavior of Icelandic wrens. Áskell had met them at the university, where they had told him that they were lodged in a Nissen hut that leaked so that they had to use umbrellas when trying to get some sleep. He took pity on them, invited them home and placed them in a room, still unfinished but at least dry. We also found them an area suitable for their research not far from the whaling station north of Reykjavik, where we helped them to get settled. We visited them there a couple of times and camped there in our new tent. They became life-long friends of ours.

Others were a group of English geology students, led by a Jack Ives. Áskell helped him a little when, unfortunately, he lost two of the students in a crevasse on Vatnajökull. We have remained friends ever since and his life and ours have interacted on several occasions later on. We also found a temporary locality for a research field near a leprosy hospital. Leprosy was once a scourge in Iceland, but now only a few patients lived there and they were hired to work our field. They were frightening to look at, but there

was no risk of contamination and they were so happy to have something to fill their days with. Now this horrible disease is eradicated from Iceland.

In the field we tried out some grasses and some native vegetables, mostly a kind of turnip that a farmer had succeeded to make uniform by inbreeding. It was sweet and full of vitamins. Few farmers were that progressive and most opposed the new ideas Áskell proposed to improve agriculture: "I will continue to do it the way my father did and his father before him. It suited them and it is good enough for me, too." It is very hard to overcome that attitude and Áskell was, at times, frustrated. However, one thing was an immediate success: he decided to introduce strawberries to Iceland after learning that they grew well in northern Sweden. So he ordered a few hundred plants from Sweden and gave a talk on the radio about how best to grow them, with the result that lots of people called to get some of them for their gardens. Gardens had really not been cultivated in Iceland before, but now people returning from Europe and elsewhere were keen on establishing their own. So we had to "ration" the few plants. People even tried to bribe us to get more than allowed, but that was in vain. Honesty was always one of Áskell's virtues. From these few plants many new plants were propagated, and now almost everyone has strawberries in his gardens. It was Áskell's greatest gift to his country.

Next year we got a more permanent research facility, a farm northeast of Reykjavik, where we could plan more permanent research. There was a rather lazy farmer who was supposed to help us but the real work was performed by a devoted and intelligent laborer of his, Guðmundur. Although it was not an ideal site or arrangement, we could lay out more research with grasses, vegetables and fruits, some of which was successful, such as that with potatoes. Other plants proved to be unsuitable for Icelandic conditions or its harsh climate.

We also traveled around a great deal in the country and collected plants, determined their chromosome numbers, and wrote many scientific papers about them. Áskell became a popular radio lecturer, too, so that in the country, farmers in remote areas knew him by his voice when he visited their farms. We were invariably invited for coffee and pancakes and sandwiches with smoked lamb's meat. The hospitality in the countryside was at times almost embarrassing. We particularly enjoyed trips to the northern part of Iceland around Akureyri and Myvatn (= Mosquito Lake, because of the gnats that abound there; real mosquitoes are not found in Iceland.) The weather is often better there than in the south and vegetation is more abundant. The landscapes are beautiful with glaciers, fjords and even small "forests", where the native birches can reach the size of real trees. In other areas, there are mostly dwarf birches, which are only knee-high. However, Amma used to say: "I love the forests. They give such a wonderful shelter when you lie down." In the fall we also picked berries, crowberries, real blueberries, and sometimes the tasty arctic rock brambleberries (*Rubus arcticus*) with red, raspberry-like fruits, but they were rare.

During the 1940s roads were mostly rutted gravel paths; bridges did not always exist. You had to ford the rivers as best you could and it happened that we sometimes got stuck in the icy water, but we always were able to get help, and our trusty Volvo was almost as efficient as a jeep. Now all main roads are paved and all major rivers are bridged.

Áskell had now a good salary and could, in addition, get grants for travelling abroad. Thus, he was once able to take part in an international excursion to Ireland, where he met and made friends with many important foreign botanists. After it ended, I joined him in London, where he was invited by the British Council to make a tour of agricultural institutions in England, Scotland and Wales. Again we made many important connections that stood us well later on. Several of these scientists visited us in Iceland and spent some time there with us, getting acquainted with the Icelandic flora.

One Good Friday in 1947 (March 20) Áfi was sitting in the kitchen when I came down to make breakfast. He remarked quite casually: "Hekla is erupting." At first I did not react, but suddenly it dawned on me that this was, indeed, great news. He had seen a plume of black smoke rising up over the eastern horizon when returning home from his night watch, probably one of the first ones to notice it. Being an Icelander and used to volcanoes, he assumed at once that it was Hekla that had produced it. He took me to the living room window from where the mushrooming cloud could be easily seen. I awakened Áskell and

Gudmundur, and at breakfast we decided that we should try to drive east to get a better view of this—for me—unusual event. It was still winter, the roads were in a bad condition, and we were not the only ones to set out, although among the early ones. We drove east over a high ridge of mountains and onto the southern plains beyond it, where we could hear the rumble and watch the eruption and admire it from a safe distance. Then we turned around and headed back to Reykjavik, but it was then we met all the others who had made a later start. Massive traffic jams developed where the road was reduced to one lane between high snow banks. At one point, Áskell left the car to me, made his way to where the obstruction started, stopped all on-coming cars, and when those already in the corridor had emptied it, I drove in followed by a lot of cars, picked up Áskell, and drove away leaving the rest of the cars to fight it out. Admittedly, it was a bit fresh but we got back safely and there were those who did not make it home until the next morning.

Since the ash cloud resembled the mushroom cloud of an atomic bomb, Áskell and I decided that we should make an experiment and expose some seeds to the fumes produced by the eruption. So, in late May, we joined a group of people walking up on the erupting volcano which by then had become a tourist attraction. We camped at the foot of the mountain and in the night we experienced several earthquakes. We also admired the marvellous view of red-hot lava flowing down the mountain during the bright summer night and it was unforgettable, especially with a golden curtain of *Aurora borealis* dancing in the sky above it.

In the early morning we set out, climbing up over ash-covered snow that made the going difficult. At one point we had to pass a stretch of lava that had run a day or two before and now looked hard and gray but was still so hot that one could not stop to rest because the soles of our shoes began to smoke. It was only a short distance and we made it safely. We also split a boulder, still warm, in two and tried to fry an egg on it. It was the worst-tasting burnt egg I have ever tasted. We reached a tunnel just below the summit of the erupting peak, from where fresh lava flowed out, not as a smooth river but rather as a tough, bouldery mass that sounded like it was made of crushed glass, and formed big bubbles that burst with a boom. Áskell now put on a gasmask and tied a scarf over it, entered the mouth of the tunnel and placed the seed samples on a ledge to be retrieved the next day. When he came out again, he coughed and coughed and, in spite of all precautions, he bled from the nose. The gases were full of sulphur and phosphorus, and even I, standing in shelter, had a hard time breathing. A short distance above us, the explosion crater became more and more active, and blocks as large as cars were thrown high up in the air and came down to earth like bombs during the war. You listened for the sound of them coming down and hoped they would not fall too close. But it was scary. Incredibly enough and in spite of the thousands of visitors, only a single person was killed and that was not by a falling block but a piece of rock ejected when lava farther down ran over some water and exploded while a scientist was photographing it. He was crushed under it. Unfortunately he left a wife and three small children behind. The retrieved seeds were then germinated in our laboratory. There was some damage, mostly in the form of loss of chlorophyll, but no true chromosome mutations and no signs of radioactive effects. We reported on this next year when we attended the Genetic Congress in Stockholm.

We had sailed out with the kids and that was the first time we were back in Sweden after we left. Father and Musse were a bit apprehensive because they believed that they would be unable to understand what the grandchildren said but were relieved when they found out that they spoke good Swedish. In Iceland, Áskell and I continued to speak Swedish together, and the children learned Icelandic from the rest of the family and friends. Actually, they did not even realize that we all spoke different languages, so when Goy once was allowed to stay up and listen to Áskell on the radio, she exclaimed astonished: "But Mom, he knows how to speak Icelandic!" She had not noticed it before.

The Congress was a success and we found to our amazement that our names were already internationally well-known. And it was wonderful to be back in Sweden again and see big trees and eat fresh fruits and vegetables. But all too soon we had to return. It is not easy to sail with young children. A mother does not have a moment of peace from worry. Once on the way out I had to pick Loá down from a mast she was beginning to climb, and at another time all children on board were missing. We mothers hunted frantically all over the ship. Suddenly I heard laughter and shouting from a men's toilet, and after

looking around carefully, I opened the door to find a group of happy children bombarding each other with soap scum. The floor, the wash basins and the urinals were filled with it, too, and it was almost a shame to have to stop the happy play, wipe off the kids and tell them to find their mothers.

The ship stopped for a day in Edinburgh and there friends of ours met us and took us, among others, to the zoo. But Loá was nevertheless most impressed by the big Clydesdales, twice the size or more than the small Icelandic horses. And when she saw big trucks, she commented: "They have grown-up trucks, too!" On the way back the weather got nasty and we had a big storm. Poor Áskell was very seasick, but I and the children were not and went up to the dining room to eat. But when one guest, who had helped herself liberally from the cold table, lost her balance and spilled peas, mayonnaise and other delicacies over the head of the first mate, and another guest fell over Loá and pressed her and the chair up against the table, I decided it was best we take the meal in the cabin. It took three attempts by the stewardess before she was able to bring it to us without dropping it all. But we finally arrived safely in Reykjavik, where the family was happy to have us back.

Among our summer visitors in 1950 was a group of Czech botanists, geologists and zoologists. Áskell had helped them acquire a permit, which was not easy since they came from a communist country, but still he succeeded. It has always been our belief that scientists are first and foremost scientists and that race, creed, and political beliefs have nothing to do with their work. We got them installed in a camp up in the highland, where they were to do research and then we, ourselves, left for the Botanical Congress, again held in Stockholm. This time we flew out, which was considerably easier than sailing. And now airplanes were much more comfortable and safer than during our first flights.

During the congress, which was very interesting, we took part in an excursion to one of the Swedish castles, Drottningholm, where we met the then Swedish crown prince, later King Gustaf IV Adolf, who among others was an amateur botanist and told us he had a copy of Áskell's *Icelandic Flora*. He especially liked the beautiful illustrations which helped him identify several species in the Swedish mountains. It was indeed flattering.

When we returned to Iceland, we paid a visit to the Czech camp in the highland and stayed with them a couple of days. On the way we got a ride, but on the way back we had to walk on our feet about 20 miles. It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm, and each of us carried a rucksack full of botanical specimens, including lichens on rocks, on our backs. They were very heavy. The air was wonderfully fresh and clear and distant mountains seemed much nearer than they actually were. It felt an eternity before we reached them. When we neared the place where we could catch a bus, we got a ride with a jeep but the driver and Áskell got into a heated argument about politics, so we got out and preferred to walk the rest of the way although by then we were very, very tired.

When the Czechs had finished their research, they returned to Reykjavik and stayed for a week in our house. In the mornings there were Czechs in sleeping bags all over the floors. We also arranged a long bus trip for them to parts east of Reykjavik that they had not seen before. It was a very good expedition. In spite of all such pleasant interruptions, we did a lot of work and produced a lot of scientific papers. Certain changes also took place in the house: Gumbur and Iffa got themselves an apartment in another part of the city, and Afi and Amma moved downstairs into their rooms so they no longer had to climb stairs. Brother Thrainn had returned from the U.S. and was waiting for his girlfriend, a Chinese student, to come and marry him. Sigga had finished school and married a classmate with whom she went to Boston for his studies so that Thrainn and Betty could have two upstairs rooms. Kobbi had married Lizza and they lived in a house of their own. In the basement lived a Czech friend of ours from Lund, Karel Vorovka, with his wife Erica. He later became a minister in the Icelandic church and took the name Kari Valsson when he became an Icelandic citizen.

Although we worked and traveled a lot and had many friends including longshoremen in the harbor, artists, musicians, and professionals, old classmates and their Swedish wives and even the president of the country, we were not really happy. After the war the American surplus had dried up and a shortage

of goods had developed. One did not go shopping without a good deal of cash in the pocket, just in case there was something in a store that one needed. Because just as soon it was there, it was quickly depleted. Musse sent me old clothes, which I made into new ones for the children and myself. Poor people had shoes made out of old rubber tires, and so on. Grants were given but it was the Department of Foreign Affairs that decided if you would get any foreign currency at all, and it often depended on the correct political connections. The *krona* was also constantly devaluated. The outlook was bleak..

Áskell was not really happy with his job either. He felt that he was not included in the "clique" of older biologists, who resented his modern ideas, or among the new ones who had studied in Denmark and were jealous of him and subjected his work to unfair criticism. So we decided to look around. During the Genetic Congress we had been offered a job in South Africa, but after looking into the conditions there, especially concerning the races, we declined it. Then we learned about a job opening in Canada, applied, and got it. It was at the University of Winnipeg, Manitoba, where there was a big colony of Icelanders and where Uncle Finnur lived, so it sounded good. During the Botanical Congress in Stockholm, we had made friends with Canadian botanists, mainly Dr. Jacques Rousseau and his students, who were delighted to hear the news. They promised to help to pave the way for us over there. Thus, the trip to Sweden that year was really a farewell to my family. They were sorry to see us go so far away but proud of our will to better our conditions.

So we set about to sell the house, pack everything, and prepare to leave. The offers we got for our house were all unacceptable so at last we decided to leave it to Thrainn to take over the payments on the loans, which were modest, on the condition that Amma and Afi should live there all the time they had left. Then we packed all our belongings in boxes, actually more books than anything else since we had started to build up a good library of our own. The contents of all the boxes were carefully noted and the boxes numbered so we could find things quickly later on. We left the furniture to Thrainn and Betty since we had bought a new set in Sweden to be shipped directly to Canada from there.

And then we began to say farewell to our friends. One evening I was invited to a group of Swedish girls, my best friends, who presented me with a nice gift, so I was so happy when I returned home. But my reception there was quite different from what I had expected: all were gloomy and upset. A telegram had arrived from Winnipeg after I left saying: "Don't come. Immigration visa denied." Catastrophe! However, we did not give up that easily. Áskell immediately informed Winnipeg that he was not accepting this but would have the matter corrected. Then he set about to do so. He contacted people in Canada to find out what could be the cause of this rejection. There could only be three reasons: a criminal record, which we did not have; a contagious disease like tuberculosis or syphilis, from which we were free and had never suffered; and being communists.

At that time it was rumored that all students from Sweden were communists. No doubt, some were, but we had never engaged in any politics in Sweden, our studies did not allow time for that. True, Áskell had during his school days been in a socialist youth movement but that was a social-democratic group, not a communist one, although the McCarthy politicians did not make much of a distinction as far as "leftist" movements were concerned. He had friends of all political beliefs in Iceland but that did not make him "red". So he traced this denial to slander and set about to correct it. Actually, it took almost a year, during which we refused to unpack the boxes. If we needed something, we located it, dug it up and returned it again. I saw more of Áskell's behind those months than ever before or after.

We wrote many letters to prominent scientists and politicians who knew us, asking for recommendations about our characters and merits, assembled them and presented them to the immigration authorities again. In the meantime, Áskell did a lot of radio talks and I knitted souvenirs for the tourist bureau, so we could survive but our savings diminished rapidly. However, finally we were granted our visas and could start saying farewell to our real friends again. Some whom we believed to be friends had refused to associate with us any more, demonstrating that their "friendship" was shallow. But they were few. When you are in trouble, you learn who are true friends.



And finally, in June of 1951, the whole family kissed us farewell and we took a taxi to Keflavik, where we boarded a Panamerican plane for the flight to Canada.

## Winnipeg, Canada

The Pan-Am plane was big and comfortable. We all had seats, and the service was good. We flew over Greenland, and it was wild and beautiful, with glaciers and deep fjords. We were to land in Gander, Newfoundland, and continue with a Canadian plane to Montréal. I awoke when we were nearing Gander, and looked out the window. The night was clear, the stars sparkling. I had to go to the bathroom. Through the thin wall I heard the pilot and the stewardess talking. She said: "Do we really have to land in Gander because of that single family? I had so much looked forward to a full day in New York." He answered: "So did I. I suppose we could wake them up and tell them that the weather is bad there and that we will fly them to New York and put them on a plane to Montréal from there instead." She said: "You are an angel. Let us do that." When I heard them walk away, I left the toilet, went back to my seat and told Áskell. He agreed it was perhaps better than having to wake up the children in the middle of the night. Now they could sleep a little longer.

After a short while, the stewardess came. We pretended to wake up and be very annoyed and worried when she told us it was impossible to land in Gander because of bad weather. We told her we had no permission to land in the U.S., and that we had people waiting for us in Montréal. She told us not to worry, they would take care of everything and even send a cable to Montréal to warn our host and tell him when to expect us. "So just go back to sleep; we will take care of everything."

Early in the morning we flew over Long Island, made a turn around some skyscrapers, saw the Statue of Liberty for the first time and landed at the airport. At the pass control we were met by a policeman and an airline official who explained our situation and then took us to a restaurant for breakfast. The children looked with amazement at the black servant, and Loá commented: "They sure get suntanned here." We had neglected to prepare them for negroes so it was their first encounter with people of such a different hue. Our guard stood over us all the time, even followed us to the toilet and waited outside to take us back. Finally we were put aboard an Air Canada plane, and this time we even got first class seats, the only time we have enjoyed that luxury.

But all was not over yet. As new immigrants we had to be checked by a physician, and he had to be called in from the city of Montréal to Dorval, where the airport was situated. It took a long time but, fortunately, our friend, Jacques Rousseau, who met us, was allowed to be with us until the doctor arrived. Finally he came but was in a foul mood for having to make this extra trip. We were called in to him separately, scrutinized, and asked stupid questions. The X-rays we had been equipped with were not regulation size, and he looked at them with a magnifying glass. After a while he declared that mine showed a spot that could be tuberculosis, and that I had to go to a hospital and be X-rayed there before he would give us permission to land in Canada. So we had to make a trip into the city to a hospital, where new X-rays were taken of me and, of course, it showed nothing wrong. The "spot" was from a slightly misaligned rib, previously broken but long since healed. We were given permission to stay with the Rousseaus overnight and would get his verdict in the morning. This must have worried our friends, since they themselves had small children, but I hope we were able to convince them that all was well. The next morning we saw the doctor, now in a different mood and both polite and apologetic. He presented us with the necessary documents and congratulated us to be "landed immigrants."

After this somewhat dramatic entry into the New World, it was good to relax for a few days with our friends and learn a little about Canada and what to expect. The Rousseaus were wonderful people, and Jacques and Madeleine became lifelong friends of ours. Jacques took us around in the city and to the Botanic Garden, and Madeleine looked after the kids. It was no doubt not an easy task, since Goy only spoke rudimentary English and Loá none at all. Madeleine and I spoke French, although I had a bit of difficulty understanding her French-Canadian idiom. Goy immediately found friends her age to play with, but Loá played mainly with Jerome, their youngest son, and they fought a bit when they did not understand each other, so poor Madeleine had her hands full. The students of Rousseau, Jim Kucyniak and Marcel Raymond, whom we had also met in Stockholm, came to see us, and we all reminisced about our first meeting. Toward the end of the week, another of our Stockholm friends, Bernard Boivin, came to take us in

his car to Ottawa, where he lived. He was going to accompany us to Winnipeg, from whence he was starting out on a plant collecting trip that summer. We stayed overnight in Ottawa with him and Cosette, his wife and their two small girls. Our first impressions of Canada and its people were, thus, very good, and gave us confidence in starting our new career there.

The train took two days to reach Winnipeg; Bernard introduced us to the variations in the flora and the landscapes as we passed through Québec, Ontario and, finally, Manitoba. He took us out to the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg and introduced us to the chairman of the Botany Department, Dr. Leach, who helped us find lodgings in the sick quarters of a dormitory until we found an apartment of our own. Bernard also took us out into the neighborhood and introduced us to the prairie flora and showed us poison ivy, so we could avoid contact with it. That was a valuable lesson. Then he left us but, again, we had found a genuinely good friend for life in him and his family.

After a few days Uncle Finnur, Amma's brother, turned up, and the children could again talk Icelandic to somebody who understood it. But we did not always understand his mixture of English and Icelandic, resulting in often ridiculous expressions. We still had to learn that "fara a sjo" which in Icelandic means "go sailing", to him meant "go to a show (cinema)."

It took us some time to find an apartment, and in the meantime the children played with some negro students on the campus, and we all made friends with school teachers taking a summer course. One of them invited Goy to come to her home at Dauphin in northern Manitoba for a week to learn more English. We also made friends with the president of the university, Dr. Gilson, who introduced us to a research station of *Ducks Unlimited*, where we later did botanical research.

With some effort we found an apartment that we could afford, at 636 Gertrude Avenue, and had our furniture delivered there; it had been stored in New York. The apartment was in a converted Victorian villa with a garden. It had four apartments; ours was on the second and third floors: living room, dining room and a very small kitchen on the second, and two bedrooms and a den on the third. The others were occupied by elderly people, who did not want the children to play in "their" garden but in a nearby park. However, in general we got along very well with them.

Áskell was hired as Associate Professor of botany; it was also decided that since I, too, had a doctorate, I could become a herbarium curator and help out with other small jobs. Áskell's salary was Canadian \$400 a month, mine \$90. It did not permit any luxury, and we had to rely on buses for transportation and on our feet to where those did not take us. A bus took us out to the university at the southern end of Winnipeg, and there was still some undeveloped land around it along the Red River where we could botanize.

One hot day when we were collecting plants at a roadside near some cottages, a lady came up to us and inquired about what we were doing. She, herself, was interested in wild plants, invited us for a cool drink on her veranda, and told us about the *Natural History Club*, which she highly recommended. It consisted of a group of amateur nature lovers, mostly bird watchers and some botanists, zoologists and even geologists. It turned out to be a nice group, and we profited in many ways from belonging to it. We also met several Swedes and Icelanders there who became good friends.

Winnipeg had a sizeable colony of Icelanders, who had immigrated around the turn of the century when conditions in Iceland were very bleak. It had been constantly augmented by new ones since then. Several were attached to the university, especially the agricultural department and the so-called rust laboratory where research with fungus diseases on wheat was going on. Its present chairman, Rudy Petersen, was of Danish origin, and Björn (Bjössi) Petursson and other Icelanders worked under him. All, but especially Bjössi and his wife, Gudny, became our very best friends in Winnipeg, and through them we really got integrated into the Icelandic community there.

Goy had already gone to school in Reykjavik for a few years, and now we had to find a school for her here. Although everybody recommended that we should put the children into a private school, it was completely out of our reach economically, so we had to settle for the public school in our neighborhood. Before we had found out where it was, we were approached by its principal, who turned out, himself, to be interested in botany and nature in general and had heard of us through the *Natural History Club*. He was a very pleasant man, who invited us out for a trip in the neighborhood, where we could collect plants, while he and the children caught crayfish for the aquaria of his school. Goy spoke by then a good deal of English, but Loá did not, using only essential words like "ice-cream", "Coke" and the like. But he said: "Don't worry, go off and collect and I will look after the children." When we returned after an hour or so, we heard voices behind the bushes along the creek. It was Loá and the schoolmaster in an animated conversation! It turned out that she was quite capable of speaking English but had relied on us when we were present. However, she was still too young to enter kindergarten and we had to take her with us every day to the herbarium where she played until old enough to enter next year. Not everybody approved of the arrangement, especially not the professor of zoology, whose lectures she sometimes listened in on. But, on the whole, we were able to manage quite well that first year.

We also learned to cope with the cold Canadian winter that was so much more severe than we had ever experienced. However, the children did not seem to mind playing outside even in below zero temperatures, and they loved Halloween, a new kind of holiday for us all. It was a little hard to make costumes to fit on top of the heavy winter coats, but they brought home loads of apples, candy, and home-made cookies, and at that time you did not have to worry about razor blades and poisons in the goodies. Christmas was, of course, quite different from those in Reykjavik, but Uncle Finnur was with us as were a few of the African students whom the children had befriended during the summer. At Easter we walked out on the snowy prairie north of Winnipeg and there the children found lots of Easter eggs that the "Easter Bunny" (= Mama) had laid there. It was a lot of fun.

Áskell taught several classes, and even I had to teach a class for the chairman and prepare for and run his laboratory sessions. We soon learned that what is a university in one country is not necessarily the same in another. We found that the first two years of university studies were here equivalent to the last two in our "gymnasia" and that we had to teach very basic courses wherein the students actually expected us to "spoon feed" them from the text books. We used to study the texts by ourselves and to listen to the professors telling us about current research of their own or others in the field concerned. It took quite a bit of adjusting to this and it did not go without some controversy. It has to be admitted that Áskell and Dr. Leach got on each other's nerves quite a bit.

On the other hand, Áskell and I got along very well with the students, who seemed to like our unorthodox ways of teaching them. Especially the French-Canadian students from St. Boniface on the other side of Red River were happy with professors who could understand their difficulties with a "foreign" language, since most of them spoke French as a first language. The same applied to the students from Africa, and the Asiatic ones, of whom there were quite a few. Many of these students still keep in touch with us. Living frugally, our economy improved gradually, and in 1952 we were able to buy a small car, a Morris Minor. It was a very small one, indeed, but seated all four of us and made it possible for us to extend our radius. So when we were invited to give a lecture to the Grassland Congress at State College, Pennsylvania, we decided to apply for a visitors visa to the U.S.

We went up to the American Consulate, accompanied by the children, and had to fill out forms about where we had lived, what organizations we had belonged to, and answer many other silly questions. When the interviewer asked me: "What race are you?" and I answered: "White", Loá commented in a loud voice so that everybody in the room started to look at me: "But Mom, you are not white, you are pink!" It was really the wrong kind of comment during the McCarthy era and God knows what it would have led to, if not just then, there had been an urgent telephone call from the university that Áskell was immediately needed to help interpret for a Count Hamilton from Sweden. They asked what that meant, and Áskell told them that he was a prominent nobleman and plant breeder friend of ours and a pretender to the Scottish throne. In a hurry we were processed and could leave with our visas. It was perhaps a bit of an exaggeration

to call him a "friend" of ours since we had met him only briefly in Svalöf. But the head of the agricultural department was very impressed by his title, not least after Áskell, who could never resist a joke with ignorance, told him that Count was one step above Viscount. But the Count was a simple and pleasant fellow and we entertained him for a couple of days and even took him for a picnic, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

The Grassland Congress was a success. Áskell's lecture was well received, we made many new friends, and had good discussions while the children played on the university grounds. In those days of an innocent age, it was still perfectly safe to leave them without supervision. On the return trip, we took the route through Cleveland, Ohio, where brother Jon had got a position as professor of bacteriology. It was my first meeting with the brother I had heard so much about and his wife, Lura. We arrived a bit earlier than we had estimated and took them by surprise before they had time to get dressed up and put everything in apple-pie order. Lura was still in jeans and Jon busy hanging pictures because they had just moved in. But they gave us a very warm reception, and Lura has ever since been my favorite sister-in-law. She looked so young, like a school-girl, and it was hard to believe that she was already the mother of Eric, about one and a half years old, and baby Mark. We spent a couple of happy days with them before returning to Winnipeg.

As usual we had collected plants, determined chromosome numbers, and written papers about them in international scientific journals, so when it became known that Áskell was in Canada, he started to get applications from graduate students who wanted to come and pursue advanced studies with him. Our first graduate student came from India. Priyabrata Sarkar came by train from Montréal, and Áskell prepared to meet him at the railway station, when I heard the news in the radio that his train had derailed! It was late in the autumn and already hard frost, which had caused a rail to break and the train to overturn. To our relief we learned that our student had survived, but was injured. It turned out that his back was broken and he was taken directly to a hospital, where he was put in a cast. Fortunately, the injury was not too severe, and after a few days he could be released and stay in a dormitory room which he shared with a law student. The latter decided to help him sue the railway for his injury, which would delay his studies, and he won the case so well that Priya did not have to worry about his economy during the years with us. He also became like a son of ours and was a frequent guest in our house, accompanied us to congresses and meetings and so on. He also fell in love with another of our students, Nina, an extraordinarily beautiful Ukrainian girl whom he later married in spite of the protests of her parents. They later reconciled. Priya studied wheatgrasses, and Nina *Rumex*.

Another student was Jim Ritchie from Scotland. He was interested in pollen analysis and the flora of Arctic Canada. He, too, became "one of ours" and he and I had a common interest in music and arts. He had not passed his doctorate degree yet but had completed his thesis so his professor in England suggested that Áskell and Jacques Rousseau in Montréal should meet "half way" over a weekend and examine him. But since Canada really is a bit bigger than England, where distances are small, it was decided that Rousseau should examine his thesis and Áskell take on the oral exam. Later, after we had left Winnipeg and Jim was an assistant professor there, he made an expedition to the tundra area west of Hudson's Bay together with another former student of ours. Their canoe broke up in a rapid and it took many weeks before the Royal Canadian Mounted Police located them after I had visited his wife and inquired about him. She was worried because she had not heard from him but it had not occurred to her to ask the RCMP for help before that. Fortunately both had survived since they were botanists and dared to eat of the flora, but the blueberries were just about to run out and the frosts to start when they were found. Later Jim became professor at York University near Toronto. Now he is retired.

Still another of our doctoral students, John (now Stan) Rowe, came to us via the Natural History Club, where we heard him give a very fine lecture about the Canadian forests. Áskell immediately got hold of him and suggested that he should get his doctorate in this subject, since he obviously was worthy of that. He was then active in the Forestry Department and they agreed to let him study while paying him his regular salary in the meantime. He was a very good student and wrote a brilliant thesis. After a further period in the Forestry Department, he held positions as professor at some Canadian universities, but after retirement he became an author and nature preservationist.

Áskell also went to congresses in Europe, the Genetic Congress in Edinburgh, Scotland, and the Botanical Congress in Paris. During the latter he was chairman of the division of biosystematics and got the big *Flora Europaea* project started together with an East German botanist, Rothmaler, and a group of English botanists, who later became its editors while Áskell supplied information about chromosome numbers, some taxonomic problems and so on. I could not come along since I needed to be with the children. There was no Amma to take care of them in Winnipeg. But it did not mean that I was house-bound. I and the children went alone or with Bernard Boivin to collect plants and I was able to expand the small herbarium of barely 5,000 specimens to more than 25,000 during the five years we stayed in Winnipeg.

On one excursion we visited a monastery in Otterburn, south of Winnipeg, where a monk, Frère Bernard, worked during summers. I had helped him identify some plants, and corresponded with him for some time. He was deaf-mute but an excellent botanist. We even wrote papers together about the flora of Manitoba, and he became not only a good friend of ours, but later on, in Montréal, our assistant. But all my ideas about a life in "poverty" in monasteries vanished that day: I have never had such a luxurious and rich meal as there!

We also spent time at Delta on Lake Winnipeg, where there is a biological station for the study of waterfowl. We were usually lodged in a small hut, ate in a common dining room, and enjoyed the company of scientists of various kinds and of Al Hochbaum, the director of the station and a well known painter of wild- life. We studied the flora there, swam in the shallow lake and had a good time when we were there ourselves or when Áskell was with us.

In Winnipeg my best friend was Luella Weresub, who joined the staff as a fungus specialist during our second year there. She was Jewish of Russian descent, smoked like a chimney and was a coffee addict. We had coffee together every morning and she taught me a lot about Canadian customs, the English language, Jewish life, and many other things. She had a wonderful sense of a somewhat sarcastic humor. Áskell and the children liked her too, but to me she was precious. I have never before or after had a friend like her. When we had left Winnipeg she got a professorship in Toronto and, later, she joined the Department of Agriculture in Ottawa. When she died after a botched operation for lung cancer, I felt very lonely and grieved deeply for her.

We had often taken her out in our small Morris Minor, but one day we asked her to come and see an example of "autopolyploidy". The scientific terms means a doubling of chromosome numbers which often leads to a larger size of the organism. She was a bit puzzled, since this was winter and we took her to the snow-covered parking lot. But there was, instead of the usual little Morris Minor, a brand new, much larger Plymouth! She got a good laugh. We had sold the much too small car and bought a much larger and comfortable one, although we were penalized for paying off the loan on the first one too early. But that taught us to save up and pay cash instead of buying on credit.

In the summer of 1953 we decided to go and see Yellowstone National Park. It was a memorable trip. We packed our tent and camped all the way, sometimes in camp grounds, otherwise simply along the roadside. In the 1950s this was still safe, and it became our preferred mode of travelling. The children and we, ourselves, really enjoyed nature and all the animals: bears, moose, bison, and others, that we saw in Yellowstone.

Then we decided to go on and visit Salt Lake City, while we were "in the neighborhood." When we were there, we got caught in a bad thunderstorm and had to take a motel for the night. When the storm was over and the children were asleep, Áskell suddenly got the idea that we should continue all the way to California and see Jon and Lura again, since we were so "near." Jón had decided to add a doctorate of medicine to that of bacteriology, and they had moved from Cleveland back to Berkeley. So he phoned them and they were delighted at the opportunity to see us again.

Next morning, after briefly sightseeing in Salt Lake City and learning about Mormons, we continued west toward Salt Lake, where we could not resist stopping for a swim. Actually, one cannot really swim there, only float on the surface and dog-paddle along, but it was a funny experience and the children were so delighted that it was hard to drag them back onto land again. Then it was on over the desert landscape such as we had never seen before. All was totally new to us. But when we came into Nevada, we found a landscape looking somewhat similar to that in Iceland, although the gray vegetation here was not mosses and lichens but sagebrush. However, the desolate areas and the mountains reminded us of those in Iceland.

Then we crossed the Sierra Nevada. This was before the big and comfortable freeways were built; we crept along on a two-lane road behind trucks and slow cars up the steep slopes and around hairpin curves. Finally we reached the summit and entered California. Now it was downhill all the way, and soon we spotted our first palm trees, stopped to buy fresh figs of which Goy ate the majority with subsequent consequences the next day. And finally, we found the address in Colma, a suburb of San Francisco. We knew we were at the correct house because outside there was a very blonde little girl on a three-wheeler, who could be nothing but a typical "Löve."

Actually, we came just in time to help them carry in their furniture, since they had just moved there from Berkeley. We always seemed to visit them when they were moving to some new address, and later we joked a lot about that. We were, however, not prepared for the fact that summers in the San Francisco area are not warm but foggy and chilly, and laundry can hang on the lines a couple of days before drying. In Montréal and Winnipeg you could usually take it in after a couple of hours. So we had to borrow sweaters and warm wraps to keep comfortable. Nevertheless, we had a lovely time together.

We also visited nearby Stanford University to see our friends, the ecologist triumvirate Jens Clausen, Dave Keck and Bill Hiesey, but they had gone up to their research station in the Sierras. However, we got directions to find them there and on the way home again we took a swing around Yosemite, where we admired the big trees, and visited their alpine station. We were warmly welcomed. We stayed overnight in our tent, but Clausen insisted on providing us with extra blankets and sleeping bags since the nights were very cold at that altitude. And that was the first time in my life I heard the screams of mountain lions (pumas), which thrilled me. We also got a good introduction to an alpine flora, not so different from the arctic one we already knew.

On the return trip we also took time to visit Mt Rushmore, where the busts of the presidents had just been completed. We found it fascinating, and I am glad we saw it before they had time to build up all the tourist traps around it. Another side-trip showed us a lot of life-size statues of dinosaurs in a park near Rapid City, which the children found extremely fun. So, in all, it was a memorable first tour to the Wild West.

Both children were now in school but not the same one. Goy's was about a block from where we lived, but Loá's was more than a mile away, so we took her there in the car each morning on our way to the university. In the afternoon she went home with her friend, Susan (of a Danish family), where we picked her up later on. However, Áskell was afraid that their Icelandic was deteriorating because we continued to speak Swedish at home and Icelandic only when Uncle Finnur or other Icelandic guests were present. But their language was far from "pure" Icelandic either. So he decided to send them back to Iceland for a summer, where Amma and Afi could speak "real Icelandic" with them and Thrainn and Betty would be there if they needed to express themselves in English. Since both girls now were Girl Guides, we dressed them in their uniforms for the flight from Winnipeg to Iceland, trusting to the airlines and the uniforms that they would not get lost in New York when transferring from Canadian Airlines to Iceland Air. Such daring, sending young children off alone so far would be almost unthinkable today, but we trusted them and they arrived at their destination without any trouble.

We, ourselves, decided then to take a look at the Canadian West and its flora and to visit plant breeding stations where research with wheat and wheatgrasses took place, since Áskell had become more and more interested in the taxonomic and genetic problems involved therewith. We would also collect

material for determining chromosome numbers, so we packed our gear and camping outfits and drove westward. We visited Regina in Saskatchewan and Lethbridge in Alberta and made a somewhat longer stay in the Rockies, taking in both Banff and Lake Louise as well as Jasper Park and making a side-trip up a glacier in a snowmobile.

We thoroughly enjoyed the wild nature and its animals and plants. Our favorite campground was at the Lake of the Ten Peaks, unsurpassed in beauty.

However, it was at another campground at the foot of Mt. Eisenhower, that we suddenly heard a commotion when we were taking down our tent. Áskell went to find out what had happened, thinking that there had been an accident, where he might be of help. Indeed, there had been an accident. A young boy had come running down from the mountain telling that his group had been caught in an avalanche, and he feared some were buried in the snow and others were badly hurt. They belonged to a group of youngsters on a bicycle tour with "Swiss" guides, who had decided to scale a snow-clad peak, led by the second in command of the group. The main leader was resting below that day and now he broke down in a nervous collapse. The Park Rangers immediately sent up a rescue patrol and left Áskell and me to try to calm down the leader. As it turned out, none of the leaders had any experience of Swiss alps, were only of Swiss parents who had told them about mountaineering. So we were appalled at learning that they had used a single rope for ten boys instead of a rope for every three, so that when the avalanche fell, all were caught in it; it was sheer luck that the last boy was able to free himself and run for help. When, later in the day the rescue party returned, we learned that two boys were killed, one had a leg torn off, and the other survivors had suffered various, less severe injuries. We helped to break up their camp and, waved farewell to them after delivering our report to the rangers.

Another marvelous campsite was in Yoho valley, at high altitude. It could then only be reached via a very narrow road with "switchbacks"; you drove forward up to a small plateau, ending blind, backed up a short distance to the next one, continued forward to the third one and so on until the road continued running level again. In the morning a moose was grazing ten feet from our tent, the only one in the campground. Another remarkable campground was on Mt. Revelstoke, where we spent a night in the car because of a bad storm. The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed and the wind howled, but Áskell slept like a log throughout. In the morning, when all was quiet and the birds were again singing, he woke up with a start: "There is a mosquito in the car!"

The Trans-Canada Highway was still not completed when we set out on our trip but was under construction here and there. We sometimes had to take long detours, which we really did not mind. We saw much we would otherwise have missed. But crossing the big Columbia River proved to be a bit adventurous. After waiting for a long time in a line of cars, we finally came near enough to find out the cause of the delay. Each car had to carefully drive out on a platform built over two rowboats, where a couple of men were seated, and rowed the heavy load across the fast-moving current! But all went well and we could continue through the fertile valleys west of the Rockies where Mennonites and other sects, even Sikhs, cultivate the rich soils.

In Vancouver we stayed in a motel, and it was nice to be able to wash up in hot water again. We visited the university and people we knew there and had a meal in a restaurant on the north shore of the city, where we enjoyed a wonderful treat of fresh salmon. It turned out that we were the very first guests at this, just opened establishment, so we got first class treatment from the young man-and-wife hosts. We decided to take travel back to Winnipeg on better roads through the United States. The most remarkable stops were at the Grand Coulee Dam and the Going-to-the-Sun Highway in Glacier National Park.

Back in Winnipeg we worked up our collections and put things in order and did various other jobs. It had been decided that the children should return from Iceland to New York with our friend Erika, married to Karel who lived in the basement of "our", now Thrainn's, house. She should then put them on a flight to Montréal, where we would pick them up. So, after a few weeks we set out again, this time toward the east through the endless forests of Ontario. In one place there was a forest fire; we were stopped and asked to help but were allowed to continue since we had to be in Montréal on a set date. But we still had



time to pay a brief visit to the Boivins in Ottawa and we stayed again with the Rousseaus in Montréal. They took us up to their summer house at Lake Ouareau in the Laurentians. You reached it by renting a rowboat from a store and rowing across the lake. In the evening there was a big thunderstorm, but suddenly there was a knock at the door. A telegram had arrived to us from Iceland and been forwarded to the store. It was from Erika, telling us that she could not accompany the children to New York but had arranged with her secretary at United Nations, where she worked during the winter, to take care of them until we gave further instructions. But there was neither the name, nor the address of this lady! Needless to say, we became very upset. The telegram had been delayed and the children would arrive in New York late the very next day. Now we had to get back to Montréal in a hurry and get our things, and at dawn the next day we started out for New York, fortunately arriving in time to be present at the airport when the plane landed. We were even able to talk the customs people into allowing us to meet the children where their luggage was inspected, and they were so happy and relieved at seeing us again. Goy had worried very much over how we would find them. Now we could witness how the custom's agent shrunk back in horror when he opened their bag: they had brought home some "hardfisk" (dried cod with a rather pungent smell) for us from Iceland. He must have believed that the powerful odor came from unwashed garments or worse.

We stayed in New York overnight and showed them some sights the next day. Early next morning we drove homeward, taking in a conference at Ann Arbor on the way back. Áskell also made the acquaintance there of a French-Canadian professor, Pierre Dansereau.

The relationship between Prof. Leach and Áskell had become increasingly tense. He envied Áskell his success with the students, his intimacy with the university president, his many publications, and other achievements. Áskell, in turn, looked down on him for his lack of scientific attitude and sloppy research. So it was not a surprise that he had taken leave of absence because of throat cancer and gone to England for an operation; he was a heavy smoker. He was replaced by a temporary president, an agriculturalist whom we had actually met already in Wales. He was a very unpleasant person.

Since Áskell felt a bit uncomfortable at the turn of events, he found it best to begin looking around for something better than the rather third class university of Manitoba. One of his students, a Jewish girl by the name Ruth Zloten, who admired him highly, tried to get him interested in taking a professorship donated by the rich family Bronfman to the agricultural department and especially geared toward wheat research. But conditions were not very good for cooperation with the people there, who in no way were up to Áskell's standards and on whom he would be dependent. So nothing came out of that.

However, he was also in contact with Pierre Dansereau, who had just moved back from Ann Arbor to Montréal and the French Université de Montréal and was expanding its Institut Botanique. One day, when Áskell was away at some conference in Europe, I do not remember which one but where I could not easily reach him, I was called to the office of the president pro tem (the unpleasant agriculturalist mentioned above) and told that my services would no longer be needed. I asked him why, and he said that the university needed to economize. But I pointed out to him that just a day or two before, I had read in the newspaper that the university was putting up dozens of hand-wrought iron road signs on the campus at a price of \$1.500 each, which clashed with his statement, since my salary was still only a measly \$90 a month. He got a bit flustered but replied that the university did not approve of nepotism either. I became angry, and told him then, if that was the case, a divorce could easily be arranged after I had discussed the matter with my husband and the new chairman of the department who had arrived just that day. Then I walked out on him.

I was really upset and enraged, and when I told Luella she, too, was stunned. I had to go home to calm down before I could talk to Dr. Waygood, our new boss, an Englishman, whom I had not yet met. When I approached him the next day and asked whether he was the one who wanted me out, it turned out that he knew nothing about the whole affair. But he asked me to show him what I did, inquired about my credentials and so on, and was in every respect very sensible and polite. When I had demonstrated the herbarium and what I had done to build it up to a respectable size and state, he was impressed and told me that this must all have been a mistake and that it must be corrected. My first impression of him was, so far

so good, and before Áskell returned home, all was back to normal again. Fortunately Áskell, too, became good friends with Roy Waygood, but was more convinced than ever that we should find new positions where we could better execute our ideas and receive appreciation for them.

The negotiations with Pierre Dansereau bore fruit, and it was decided that we should join his institute on July 1, 1956, as research professors with decent salaries for both of us. It was good we ended our stay in Winnipeg in a positive manner. Roy Waygood and his wife, Adorée, were really nice people, and we associated a lot with them outside the job. But we were a bit sorry to leave our students and all our Icelandic friends behind and those in the Natural History Club as well. At their annual excursion to Winnipeg Beach at the south end of Lake Manitoba, I was offered the chairmanship of it but had to decline since we were about to leave. Instead we got a beautiful farewell gift from them, a series of ceramic animal figurines. The department, too, arranged a farewell party for us at Waygood's home. When entering their living room, I spotted a beautiful statue, that I had admired a couple of days before in the company of Daniel Kohanyi, a Hungarian colleague of ours in plant physiology. I expressed my delight that they had acquired it and told them that I almost envied them of it. But Adorée asked me to try to lift it to find out how heavy it was. I was a bit puzzled but did so and then I spotted a label under it that said: "To Áskell and Doris with best wishes from all the department!" Both Áskell and I were deeply touched.

We were actually not displeased with what we had achieved in Winnipeg. Áskell had produced a number of doctors, alone and together with others, and he had found good positions for them all. Several of our students had graduated, and he had also found postgraduate positions for them, where they could continue their studies. We had been invited to the weddings of several of them, both in Protestant, Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches or Jewish synagogues. Many of them are still in touch with us. Nate Friedman is one of them. He actually was a Master of Zoology, specialist in internal parasites of wildfowl. But when acting as a cook at a mining camp in Yukon Territory, he made a small "notebook collection" of plants, which he asked me to identify. It contained several new species, especially of poppies, and we wrote a long paper together about them. He actually did not continue in his profession but took various well-paying jobs and ended up in Los Angeles. After retiring he has become a globe-trotter and has visited every continent except (so far) the Antarctic. He still writes me about his trips and drops in to show us pictures and tell us about them when passing through San José. It is nice to have such friends.

After the end of the term, Áskell found an apartment for us in Montréal and we packed, arranged with the Canadian Pacific Railroads to transport it all, and left in our car for yet another new stage in our life.

## Montréal

We took the northernmost route this time, from Sudbury through the muskeg with its many bogs, leaning trees, and long stretches between the poverty-stricken settlements over Kapuskasing and down through the more friendly Laurentians toward Ottawa. There we were once more in "civilized areas" and followed the good highway to Montréal. We had, as usual, camped all the way in spite of clouds of mosquitoes in the boggy areas. But we sprayed the tent with DDT just before closing it for the night and could sleep undisturbed.

The apartment Áskell had found for us in Montréal at 4525 Kensington Avenue in Westmount turned out to be excellent. It was on the second floor of a four-unit apartment complex, where the Jewish landlord, Mr. Mauer, and his wife, Sadie, and sister-in-law, Rhonda, lived below us. It had a nice living room, a den for Áskell, and a long corridor leading back from the hall past the dining room, master bedroom, bathroom, and breakfast nook opposite Goy's room to the kitchen, at the side of which Loá had her room. It all ended in a screened porch and a steep staircase leading down from it to a small garden plot. The living room and the dining room both had niches where we could display our silver plates and other art objects, and the windows facing the street had panes with leaden grills. The livingroom windows faced west, and the trees in the distance made a beautiful pattern against the setting sun. In short, it was a beautiful apartment. However, it was quite a distance from the Botanic Garden where we worked, but the bus system was very good, with three different stops within walking distance. There was also a nice park nearby as well as a swimming pool, so it was quite ideal. A supermarket and other shops were also located within walking distance, and we took the car there only if we needed to carry much.

We had shipped our belongings via the Canadian Pacific "door-to-door" system, which meant that they picked up our things by trucks from the house in Winnipeg, loaded the goods into the boxcar ordered for the purpose, and trucked them directly to our home in Montréal. It was an excellent arrangement and much safer and cheaper than using a moving firm. But it also meant that we had to pack everything ourselves, which we actually liked better than having somebody else do it for us. Everything arrived in perfect condition, and the long corridor proved as if made for bookshelves from floor to ceiling. We built them ourselves out of bricks and boards.

At the "Garden", that is, le Jardin Botanique, in the eastern part of the city, Áskell and I had a large and fine office with a desk for each of us, space for students, and a separate laboratory, complete with assistants. It was on the second floor of the main building, which was occupied by the new Institut Botanique under Pierre Dansereau. All the other professors of the institute had offices and laboratories there and, best of all, there was a fine herbarium and an excellent library with a rather whimsical but nice and helpful librarian, too. On the first floor of the same building were the offices of the Botanic Garden itself, which was under the directorship of our friend Jacques Rousseau. His former students, Jim Kucyniak and Marcel Raymond, were now employed by the Garden, too, and had offices there. So we felt right at home among trusted friends.

There were large greenhouses behind the main building, and we had a small space there for our plants in addition to a small plot on the research grounds of the Garden. It could not be better. The main building of the Université de Montréal was in a more central location in the city on the north side of Mont Royal in its midst. However, we had to go there only occasionally for an odd lecture, seminar, or official function, because we had no regular lectures and could devote ourselves entirely to research.

Montréal is a city very different from Winnipeg, which is a typical flat prairie city. Montréal with its "mountain", Mont Royal, in the center is, of course much bigger and older but it also has something of a European look and atmosphere that we liked. Whereas in Winnipeg the population consisted of almost equally many British and Ukrainian people, distributed evenly over the city, a few thousand Icelanders and sprinkles of other immigrants, and French people concentrated in St. Boniface on the east side of the Red River, Montréal had a dominating French population, inhabiting the northern and eastern parts, while the English live mostly in its western and southern parts. There were small enclaves of other Europeans also,

mostly in the eastern parts, and even a "Chinatown" just east of the center. Tenements are common in the poorer areas, and there were areas where you simply did not go, especially near the harbor, if you did not have an errand there. Churches are everywhere in Montréal, many very beautiful and worth a visit, especially the impressive St. Joseph's Oratory. There are also fine arts museums and galleries, theaters, concert halls, and many beautiful and well kept parks. The traffic is rather "wild" in this hilly city, but the bus system is, as already noted, excellent. During the winters, snow and icy streets could be a problem.

In Winnipeg, English dominates, and foreign languages are used mostly in restricted areas and in the homes, but in Montréal language and "nationality" were problems. The "French" spoken in Quebec is not what I was used to in France, but based on a dialect spoken around La Rochelle, from where the original settlers first arrived. It is badly mixed up with English as well. But most French-speaking people speak a "leetle English" rather well, although there are many who feel uncomfortable doing so and some who simply refused to speak it. Most of the English people claim that they are able to speak French, but in reality they know much less of that language than the French speakers do of theirs. And there is little association between these two language groups, rather a good deal of animosity. When the English dominated the business life, the French felt as "second class" citizens.

Now we had to find schools for the children. Loá was still in grade school and Goy had some years left of high school. The schools were also strictly divided along language lines. In the French schools English was taught by French teachers, and in the English ones French was taught only by English teachers. We did not want to put them in the public schools in our neighborhood, since we were too far away during the day and did not want them to be alone until we were back from work. So, since we could now afford it, we decided to look around for private schools, and our friends insisted that we try out the excellent convent schools in Montréal. So we dressed up the children neatly, admonished them to be extra polite and started out for interviews with the nuns. They were usually very satisfied with their marks and their knowledge, but when it came to the question: "I suppose you are Catholic?", the atmosphere chilled and suddenly there were "unfortunately no spaces open in the classes desired."

We had almost given up hope when we came to the convent of Sacre Coeur (Sacred Heart) and Mother Amyot. She was very nice and really flirted with Áskell, who was at his most charming. And then came the inevitable question. But, when hearing that we were not Catholic, Mother Amyot smiled and said that she had expected that since we were from Iceland, but that it did not matter because the school was open to anybody, Protestant, Buddhist, Hindu, pagan, anything. There was no problem at all accommodating Loá, but there was concerning Goy. For the moment there was only an opening in their boarding school, which we did not want. "But", she said, "I will try to find a solution." After showing us around in the school and its beautiful chapel, we bade her farewell. A day or two later she phoned Áskell: "I have good news for you. I prayed to the Virgin Mary for your oldest daughter, and it worked. There is now a place for her in the high school here since the parents of a girl we did not like in the first place took her out of the school. So all is well, and your lovely daughters are both welcome to start in our school in the fall."

The convent was actually on our way to the Garden and we could drop the children off in the morning and pick them up when we returned. After the classes were over for the day, they could stay on in the study hall and do their homework under supervision after play time in the convent garden. It was very good since we did not have to worry about them being alone and their homework was already done, so we had the evening free for them or for them to see their friends. As usual, the gregarious Goy had already found many friends in the neighborhood and, by time, Loá, too, found good friends there with whom she still maintains contact.

In the school, English-speaking nuns taught that language, and good French was taught by mostly Belgian nuns. At lunch either language was spoken on alternating days and the seating at the tables mixed girls of different origins and economic background. In order to help the girls learn French as fast as possible that summer, the Rousseaus suggested that we let them take part in a summer camp for "Jeunes Naturalistes" (Young Nature Students) near their summer house at Lake Ouareau. We thought that might be a good idea, and shipped them off there for a two week course with French-speaking instructors and girls.

At least they got used to the sound of the French-Canadian idiom but I doubt that they really understood anything or enjoyed the camp. I am afraid they felt rather lost there and were happy when it was over.

While they were there we had time to collect plants together with Jacques Rousseau and learn about the flora from him and to settle in at the Garden. We were each allowed an assistant, and now we had to find some. One of our new colleagues recommended a girl who had taken cytology with him: Lascelles Nadeau. It turned out that she was a negro girl from Jamaica, married to a French-Canadian graphics designer. We liked her, and became in time good friends with her, her husband and two children as well.

In Winnipeg Bernard Boivin had introduced us to the deaf-mute monk, Jean-Paul Bernard, who was an amateur botanist and worked summers in the monastery at Otterburn, where he grafted fruit trees. We had also paid a memorable visit to him there. During the winters he lived in a monastery in Montréal. Now we contacted him as our second assistant and he got permission to work for us. In spite of his handicap, he proved a quick learner and became very skilled not only in determining plants and counting their chromosome numbers but also in finding information about it all in the library. His jolly temper, patience, and skill were a great asset to us, and we made many excursions with him in the vicinity as well as around his home in southern Quebec where we learned to know his family.

They were delightful people. When Jean-Paul was 7, he contracted measles and lost his hearing, which caused him to forget how to speak as well. So they put him as an "oblate" into a monastery where he learned to talk in a way, read and write and learn about science. The monastery had a herbarium and a natural history museum as well as a small planetarium. Since the boy was very intelligent, he got an all round scientific education, which proved to be to our advantage. After we left Montréal, he worked for some time at Laval University in Québec city as a herbarium curator. He married and brought up a step son as well. When he retired he was given an "honorary master's degree" for his achievements. He lives now near Montréal and we still correspond. Actually, at the Université de Montréal we had the best working conditions that we have ever had before or after that. The university seemed to have unlimited funds, we had no scheduled lectures, and we could devote ourselves entirely to research in a very pleasant surrounding. It was ideal.

In the fall the children started school and had to wear new uniforms. In Winnipeg these consisted of black cotton tunics and white shirts, hard to keep clean. Here it was a nice, blue woolen tunic with matching lighter blue shirts and oxford shoes, all rather expensive but easier to maintain. During the hot weather, even short-sleeved shirts were allowed. In Winnipeg uniforms were not absolutely mandatory, although most used them, but here they were and helped obliterate the difference in economic background between the very rich kids and those who needed assistance, like refugees from Poland and Hungary. But as soon as Goy and Loá were back home, off came the uniforms and on came jeans and more "comfortable" garments. We called them "after-school and Sunday beatniks."

Priya and Nina Sarkar had transferred from the University of Manitoba to that of Montréal in order to continue their studies with us. Since the Université de Montréal requires some time of studies under another professor, Áskell had arranged that they could spend the summer with Prof. Ledyard Stebbins in Davis, California. Now they rejoined us and later both finished their doctorates with us. Priya then got a position at the University of Toronto, and Nina specialized in electron microscopy. We visited them and their three lovely and intelligent little girls there. Unfortunately, Nina's work with the electron microscope proved disastrous. Due to a radiation leak she developed cancer and died.

Pierre Dansereau was always very busy; invariably it became Áskell and I who had to take care of his visitors, when not French. One of the first of these was Prof. David Valentine from England, who Áskell already knew from *Flora Europaea*. So David and his family spent most of their time with us as did, later on, Helmuth Lieth and his family from Germany and many others as well. We took them on trips, had them at home often, and discussed scientific problems and wrote papers with them.

Another of Pierre's associates was Dr. Paul S. Martin. He was actually a zoologist but was also interested in pollen analysis. He worked at the main campus of the university but came out to us to do a lot of work and use our superior microscopes. Through him we also came into contact with the people at the English McGill University, especially a group studying Pleistocene and arctic problems. We took part in seminars together with that group and also in those arranged by the professor of botany and genetics there, Dr. Boyes. This was very good for us, and in a way we served as a link between the Institut Botanique and McGill, since the French hardly ever attended any of their functions. A colleague of Paul, Jim Mosiman, also became a good friend of ours. He was a statistician at the Université de Montréal but lived not far from us so that Loá sometimes baby-sat their children when she was in high school.

Of course, we also took part in seminars and other functions at "our own" university and we also associated with our French colleagues, inviting them and their wives to our house. But it was at first a bit peculiar to us that they always asked: "Who else will be there?" If we then told them that some English people would also come, they usually expressed their regret but they "had carpenters, painters, or sick children to take care of." So we soon learned to invite the language groups separately and then the parties were successful. The "segregation" between the ethnic groups was at that time very marked and is, most likely, even more so today. It cannot be denied that the business world was dominated by the British and that the French majority resented that. Now French is the "official" language in Québec, and all road signs, advertising signs, and shop names must be in French.

We had, of course, also many French-Canadian students; among them Camille Gervais and Pierre Morissette stand out in my memory. Camille was incredibly shy; when he wanted to ask us something, he used to pace up and down in the corridor outside our office before venturing in. And in doing so, he invariably stumbled over the metal waste basket at Áskell's desk, which caused a lot of noise and made him even more embarrassed. But he was a good student and a fine artist, who later in life exhibited his beautiful pictures of flowering plants and got rave reviews for them. Pierre was his complete contrast, open, full of good humor and always ready for a joke. He later became professor at Université de Laval in Québec City.

Lascelle, my assistant, decided also to try for a doctorate and was able to compose what I deemed to be a good, if not outstanding thesis, quite comparable to those of her examiners, which I had read in the library. But Pierre Dansereau did not want to grant her the degree. He blamed it on her less elegant French and a faulty general education (she did not hesitate to state that she preferred jazz over classical music). I really felt it was because she was a negro and came from a background entirely different from that of the rather snobbish Dansereau. So he failed her. The other examiners did not dare to disagree with him, although at least one of them told me he wanted to but in the end did nothing. It was really quite unfair. Lascelles later became a popular high school teacher.

Our own first foreign student in Montréal had already a doctorate degree from India and came to us for post-doctorate studies in order to obtain a D.Sc. from Université de Montréal. M. S. Chennaveeraiah turned out to be a very fine person and became by time a very good friend of ours, with whom I still keep in touch. We called him Chenna. He was an excellent scientist and did beautiful drawings for his thesis. When he arrived he was a vegetarian but had resolved to eat meat and whatever else Canada had to offer. When leaving, he told us that from now on, his family should eat some meat as well, since obviously, that was good for you. For his doctoral exam he dressed in his Indian uniform but found it a bit hard to button it around his rotund stomach that had grown in size during the years with us. Back in India he got a good position at Karnatak University, Mysore, and became very well known and honored as an outstanding botanist and geneticist. After retirement he settled in Bangalore, from where he originated, enjoying a large family of gifted children and grandchildren.

Another one was Michael Morrison from Belfast, Ireland. We had found lodgings for Chenna with a French-Canadian lady who rented out rooms near the Garden. When we asked Chenna if his landlady had a room for Michael, too, we felt he was a bit apprehensive. Most likely he did not like to be too close to somebody British, considering the treatment of the Raj in his homeland. But Michael turned out to be a most charming and nice person and the two of them became almost inseparable friends.

Michael came from a very rich family and was an only son. Chenna was an orphan brought up in poverty by an aunt who realized how gifted he was and saw to that he got good grants. Both were true gentlemen and had that inborn quality of being able to associate with anybody in a graceful manner. Michael was actually a palynologist, interested in ecology. He benefitted much from associating with a Polish ecologist lady, Hanka, who came to Pierre Dansereau but whom, as usual, we had to take care of. Before they left Canada, they wanted to see more of that country and the U.S.A. and Áskell helped them plan a long tour through Canada to the Pacific coast, down through California and back over, among others, Grand Canyon. It was difficult to get permission for Hanka to cross from Canada to the U.S. at that time, since East Europeans then could only cross at a single point south of Montréal. But with Áskell's help, energy and ability to overcome all obstacles, she got the desired permission to cross from Canada into Washington State, and they had a lovely trip. Michael went later to Africa, to Kampala, Uganda. For a long time we corresponded regularly but suddenly the letters stopped coming. It took quite some time before we learned that he had committed suicide. We never learned the reason for it, but it broke Chenna's heart to hear about it.

Another Indian student was Brij Kapoor, whose wife was a mathematician. They had a son while in Montréal and named him Monte. They later came with us to Boulder, Colorado, and finished their degrees there. He became a professor of cytology at Dartmouth College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. We also had students from Japan. The first one was Tuguo Tateoka, a grass specialist and post-doctoral who came to learn cytological techniques and taxonomy, in both of which he became an expert. He was almost equally shy as Camille Gervais, but his struggle with the language may have contributed to it. He was married, and his wife, Taka, later joined him and they, too, had a son, Tamio, during their stay in Montréal. Taka spoke hardly any English at all, which made it hard to entertain her, but she, too, was a scientist and both held university posts in Japan. We had noticed that Tuguo often worked long hours into the night but came late in the mornings. It turned out that he was an alcoholic which, together with his excessive smoking, became his bane. He died in 1993 after much suffering from throat cancer.

Another Japanese student was Shoichi Kawano from Sapporo, Hokkaido. While Tuguo and Taka were tall, Shoi, as we called him, was very short and young-looking. In temper he resembled Pierre Morisette, had a wonderful sense of humor and was very easy to associate with. He did not mind being charged "children's fees" in busses and at the barber! When he placed all the obligatory copies of his three-part doctoral thesis on top of each other, the pile was higher than he, himself! But it was a very fine thesis and got very high marks. In Japan he gradually grew from one position to another, and ended up as director of the Kyoto Botanical Department, the top position of botany in Japan. He also acted as our guide in Japan when we visited there. He now cooperates closely with U.S. botanists on the East Coast and comes frequently over here. He always visits or calls when in the vicinity and has brought his artist-son with him a couple of times as well. When Áskell died, Shoi slipped an envelope to me when he left and told me to open it later. It contained a check for \$2000, as thanks for all we had done for him. He is a wonderful friend.

Father Louis-Marie, a Trappist monk and botanist also had a great influence on us. He was the author of *La Flore de Québec*, of which he presented us with a special copy, beautifully bound in red Moroccan leather. We went on excursions with him and visited him in the monastery in Oka at several occasions. More about him later on. As usual, we often took trips around in Québec and the U.S. to collect plants and root tips for determining chromosome numbers. In 1957 we exchanged our old car for a new, larger one, a Plymouth, the color of which was called "botany brown". I had not yet driven it when we took a trip to southern Quebec near the U.S. border. It was hot and muggy, and we were not yet accustomed to the high humidity in the East after the dry prairie climate. We had collected all day and climbed up and down steep hills. In the evening it looked like thunder so we took a motel instead of camping. It was located across a narrow bridge without railings. Soon the rain poured down and the wind rose during the night to full storm. It was Hurricane Hazel that blew in from the Ocean.

At daybreak Áskell needed to go to the bathroom, but I was still more or less asleep. Suddenly there was a loud crash. I was startled and believed at first that a tree had fallen down on house, so I rushed up to check on Áskell. I could hardly open the door to the bathroom, and Goy had to come and help me. To our horror we found Áskell fainted on the floor and pressed up against the door, but the room was intact. All three of us succeeded in lifting him up onto the bed, where he soon regained consciousness. When he finally was able to think clearly, he told us that he had not felt well the night before but blamed it on the heat and had taken an aspirin against it. Further questioning revealed that he had noticed blood in his stools but thought it was something he ate. So, adding it all up, we came to the conclusion that we needed to immediately return to Montréal and find a doctor there.

The children and I loaded up the car, paid for the room, and started to drive with Áskell in the passenger seat. It was the first time I drove this much larger car and I was very nervous, especially since I had first to cross that narrow bridge which, because of the rains, was now under a sheet of fast-running water. But I succeeded and we made it safely all the way to Montréal with Áskell, still very groggy, at my side. This was a Sunday, and I had no idea how to find a doctor and knew nothing about hospitals there. But using the telephone directory we located a specialist of internal medicine who, when he heard the symptoms, told us to take Áskell immediately to Victoria Hospital near McGill. It was very hard to leave him there so sick. All sorts of thoughts passed through my mind. What if he died? Would I be able to support the children? Should we stay or go back to Iceland or Sweden? It was hard to sleep.

The next day I went to see him and his doctor, who confirmed that it was a stomach ulcer and that he had lost a good deal of blood and needed a transfusion. He also told us it was most likely triggered by the aspirin and warned him never to use it again. I told the doctor that he needed to be in Europe for a conference in a few weeks. Would he be able to make it? He said yes, and it lifted my spirits. But when I came back next day, he looked much worse, was feverish and half unconscious. He had had his transfusion but suffered a severe allergic reaction to it, and the medical student who administered it had just injected some antihistamine into the hose and completed the transfusion. Since I knew about blood groups and the danger of mixing the wrong blood types, even subtypes, I became very angry. It could have damaged his liver, even killed him. Fortunately, he recovered and could leave the hospital after two weeks with a list of the diet he had to keep. He was still quite weak when he flew off to Switzerland for the conference.

We had decided long before Áskell took ill that while he was in Switzerland, I should take the girls with me in the car and drive to San Francisco and meet Áskell, who would attend a congress at Stanford. I was a bit worried about this since I would not be able to be reached in case he got ill again, but he assured me that it would be all right and "See you again in San Francisco!" So we packed our camping gear and drove west. On the way we picked up Luella in Ottawa and she drove with us all the way to North Bay, Ontario. It was very nice and she was so good at entertaining the children. At North Bay she left us and took the train down to Toronto. Then we drove alone along Lake Superior and on to Winnipeg, where we again visited old friends and Uncle Finnur.

The children loved the long stretches over the flat prairie landscape in which they felt very much at home. We camped wherever we liked, sometimes just at the roadside, which was safe at that time. In the Rockies I showed them the sites papa and I had enjoyed, and they were thrilled to meet moose and bears. I was a bit apprehensive when we met a mama bear and her two cubs on a trail and told the children to stand close to me and be quiet. I told the mama bear that here I was with my two cubs and we were glad to meet them, but now we should each take our little ones and walk back to where we came from. She looked at me for a short while; then she called her cubs and turned back with them into the woods, and I took mine and returned to the camp. At another campsite we had a swim in a swimming hole with naturally hot water and camped later in a quarry with other tourists. We could not sink the tent poles down into the stony ground, so we just slept in the car.

We took a side trip to Grand Coulee to see the great dam and the electrical station there, but turned back up to Canada to go to Vancouver, where we had an invitation to a meal of our choice at a restaurant owned by a sister of my friend, Nate Freedman. We selected "southern fried chicken" because we had



never had that before, but it turned out to be very "hot" and we had to drink a lot of water to "extinguish the fires" in our stomachs. Then we drove south along Highway 1 through Washington and Oregon so we could see the coastal redwoods.

Finally we arrived in San Francisco or, rather, Daly City, where Jón and Lura were just about to move into a different house. As usual, they were glad to have an extra pair of hands and another car to help out with the transfer. A day or two later I traced my way with some difficulty to the airport in San Francisco, so much smaller and unimportant than what it has developed into now. I just hoped Áskell would turn up, because I had not heard from him although he had promised to phone Jón from New York. But he did arrive as planned, a pale, overly tired traveller, who looked completely exhausted. It turned out that he had tried to phone us, but we had just moved the telephone from one house to the other and not gotten it hooked up correctly! All he wanted now was to sleep.

The next morning he was back to his normal self again and ready for new adventures. The meeting was at Stanford, which was within easy reach of Daly City. We enjoyed the proceedings and meeting with old and new friends. David Valentine was also there, and we agreed to take him back with us to Montréal in our car. So we picked him up from Jens Clausen's house on the morning of our departure and after a superb breakfast prepared by Jens himself, who was a superb cook, we left.

By that time Áskell was eager to get back home, and we drove very long stretches between stops. He and I always shared the driving. He took his turn in the morning, I drove in the afternoon, and he again in the later part of the day. David was not used to that sort of travelling and quick stops for eating. He wanted to take time to eat his food leisurely. So after a while he bought a bag of oranges and shared them with the children in the back seat but did not offer us any at all. It took us only three and one half days to get across the continent and I do not know who was happiest to be back again, David or Áskell.

Earlier, in Sweden we had made contact with Russian botanists and established an exchange of papers with them. Now we found it necessary to learn some Russian in order to be able to read Russian floras, papers and books. So I took a Swedish correspondence course in that language and became, by time, quite good at reading and understanding botanical literature. One day we received a letter from a botanist in Archangelsk, who wanted, if possible, to have a specimen of a specific blueberry species, which was described from Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, not far from Montréal. So we decided to go there and have a look. We found our way to the foot of the mountain which can be reached from the west via cog-railroad and from the east via a steep automobile road. This time we came to the west side and took the cog railroad up to the top at 4,760 ft. altitude, where there was a hotel and a weather station. It is a very popular tourist spot but has a precarious, very unpredictable climate. Most who go up there buy postcards at the hotel, go to the bathroom, and return down again, perhaps after a quick glance at the view from the summit, which can be quite spectacular in good weather. A few hardy souls venture out to walk the trails, which are part of the Appalachian system. A few even stay over night at the hotel or have a meal there before going down again. Some drive up the winding and steep road, but the traffic during our time there was not very heavy.

We wanted to have a map of the area in order to find the locality mentioned in the letter and to familiarize ourselves with the area. We were told we could find one at the weatherstation: "Just knock at the door that says 'no admittance' and walk in." So we did, and entered a room full of weather recording equipment and some people, resting between chores. One of them stood up and approached us: "Am I not right? You are Áskell and Doris Löve?" It was Larry Bliss, a botanist whom we had met at State College. It was a lucky meeting. He was doing research on the mountain, and offered to take us to a locality of blueberries so we could see if what we were looking for was there.

The weather was perfect that day, and he took us down to the "Alpine meadows", a flat plateau a little below the peak itself. It was a steep descent over large boulders. Down there we found a flora reminding us of that in Iceland, and back up on the top, Larry took us to see other arctic-alpine species, too. He also explained that since the mountain top and the hotel was the property of Dartmouth College,

students of it could live free in back-rooms and eat in the kitchen, even ride the cog-railroad for free after presenting their program to the director of it all. The area was also a national park so a license for collecting was required. We followed his advice, and Mount Washington became one of our favorite research areas and Larry Bliss one of our best friends.

We returned often. We were able to establish that the blue-berry that had started our love-affair with Mt. Washington was indeed a species different from the ordinary one: *Vaccinium gaultherioides* with 24 chromosomes instead of *V. uliginosum* with 48. It was at first believed to be an exclusively arctic species, but later on we were able to establish that it was also a common alpine species even in Europe and Asia. I recognized it, for instance, in Romania among a series of herbarium sheets of the alpine flora of that country. And that led to a further search for specimens from the Carpathians and the Alps, where it was found to be common but overlooked.

The children liked to come with us to Mt. Washington and made good friends with the young people who worked there during the summers. Among them Jack Dunn, who was interested in botany but later became a librarian, still keeps in touch with us. We, ourselves, had especially good relations with the old cook, Tom, who once in a while prepared extra treats for us. I remember especially one time, when Askell and Shoi had gone to collect plants in the steep Tuckerman's Ravine, but did not return in time for dinner, Tom got very anxious, although he tried to hide it from me. There had been so many accidents on the mountain with bad, sometimes fatal falls, or people getting caught in bad weather and freezing to death within a short distance of the buildings they could not find in the snow or fog, or even killed by lightning. This day it was very windy. So, when they finally arrived, loaded with specimens and hale and hearty after a fine day, Tom was so relieved that he took out a pair of extra fine steaks from his stores and prepared them for them! We were usually not served such "luxurious" food.

But once, when we brought Father Louis-Marie with us, he was almost offended that we reminded him that it was Friday, when he wanted to order ham and eggs for his breakfast. He had described a grass from Lake of the Clouds, a small tarn near the Alpine lodge some distance from the peak of the mountain, and now he wanted to know whether it still grew there. The lodge was owned by the Appalachian Trail system and we went down there quite often because of the interesting flora near it. But Father Louis-Marie felt "too old and too fat" to take part in the strenuous climb down and back, so left it to us to bring him specimens. During the day he felt it necessary to go down and "check on the car" in the parking lot a couple of times, and in the evening when we returned he was in high spirits, literally. It was a cold and very windy day, and he had "to keep warm" so he had helped himself liberally to the good Oka apple cider he had brought along in the trunk of the car.

Although Father Louis-Marie was a monk in the very strict Trappist order, I do not know if he took his religion very seriously. He once confided to me that he had joined the order mostly to be able to practice his botany and teach it, since he could not afford to attend a university. He was supposed to read his missal several times a day, even when he was allowed out on excursions and, then, to dress in "civilian clothes". Unfortunately, he forgot his missal at the hotel and they returned it by mail to his monastery, where the abbot read all incoming mail. As a result he was not allowed to take part in the Botanical Congress later that summer, and we felt a bit guilty about that. He was such a good friend.

Two congresses of great importance to us were held in consecutive years in Montréal, the Genetics one and the Botanical one. Askell was heavily involved with the planning and arrangements of both on behalf of the Université de Montréal as far as English-speaking scientists were concerned, while Pierre Dansereau looked after the French-speaking ones. Most of the procedures went on at McGill, but many took place at the Université de Montréal. Among others, a number of scientists were to be given honorary degrees by "our" university and Askell was able to select our old teachers, Arne Muntzing for the genetic one and Eric Hultén for the botanical one. Hultén especially was delighted with the ceremony and bragged later on that it was a cardinal [Dansereau wore a scarlet robe] who had conferred the degree on "this old atheist". Muntzing was more nervous, and I had to calm him down before his speech of thanks.

For both congresses we had loaded up the refrigerator with food and baked lots of cakes and cookies. We invited people home with us almost daily; we only had to phone and tell Loá how many would come, and she had laid a nice table and prepared all for us when we arrived. She was invaluable. Goy, on the other hand, helped Mrs. Boyes with the "congress kindergarten" at McGill and enjoyed that. She, too, did a good job. Occasionally we had overnight guests as well. They had to sleep in Loá's room, and she had to sleep on the floor in Goy's, but did not complain.

During the genetics congress, one of these guests was Ledyard Stebbins from Davis, California. Although he and Áskell always argued loudly about taxonomical questions, they were the best of friends. Another one was the famous Maria Skalinska from Poland, who was ecstatic at being allowed out of her then communist-dominated country. She, too, was given an honorary degree and honored in many other ways.

Both congresses were also attended by Russians. This was the era of the infamous Lysenko, and their lectures gave rise to heated discussions during the genetic congress. The Russian botanists received more appreciation, and some were even allowed to visit the Arctic. One of those was Boris Tikhomirov, an arctic botanist whose secretary, Eugenia Dorogostaiskaya, had become a good friend of mine, helping me to perfect my knowledge of Russian. He, too, was a guest at our home and learned to eat corn-on-the-cob there. We communicated in a halting Russian and some German; at one point I simply dismissed his interpreter, who actually misinterpreted what I said to him. I did not realize that this interpreter was a spy for the secret police in Canada and possibly, for the U.S.A. as well. Boris had to give a lecture but it had been translated into a very bad English by Eugenia, and he asked me to correct it and read it out for him. I did, and some people, who saw me working on it, were impressed and thought I translated it directly from Russian, which was really not the case.

It was also a special pleasure for us to meet with Alexandr Tolmachev in person for the first time. He was the one who had sent us seeds of *Rumex arcticus*, which became an important part of Áskell's doctoral thesis. He was the author of *Flora Arctica U.S.S.R.*, and we have had a good contact and correspondence with him over the years. It was a delight to receive him at our house. He asked Áskell to take him on a tour around Montréal, "both to the rich areas and those poor" so that he could form a better impression of how people in Canada lived. He was of a formerly rich and well educated family, who now had to live in a small portion of their former luxurious apartment. He claimed that the Scandinavian type of democracy was by far the best political system in the world. Still another Russian with whom we had good relations and discussions about systematics was the Armenian taxonomist Armen Takhtadjan, a very fine person.

During the genetic congress we also had an important meeting at our house, where it was decided to publish *Cytologia*, an Indian journal of cytology and genetics. Its principal editors were the Indian pair of scientists, the Sharmas, of whom only the husband was present, but his wife sent me a beautiful handbag as a gift. Kihara from Japan, an American (Dr. Taylor from Virginia), a South African and a German, whose names I have forgotten, and Áskell made up the editorial board. It was a good meeting, and the journal has become an internationally very respected publication, still going strong.

Another similar meeting during the botanical congress was with Rothmaler, the East German author of an *Exkursion Flora*. He and Áskell had already met at other congresses. Now he asked Áskell to contribute to his flora by listing the chromosome numbers of the species included. Áskell was paid royalties for this, and they still flow in regularly according to the contract. Rothmaler was also a contributor to *Flora Europaea* but suffered a serious heart attack on one of their excursions and died soon after. It was a big loss for botanical science, but his flora is still used everywhere in Germany and appears in new editions ever so often.

After the botanical congress we took a small, selected group of scientists down with us to Mt. Washington. It was a very succesfull trip. Among the participants were Hultén and Böcher, and several other good friends of ours. The weather was not the best, densely foggy, so when we went down to the

Alpine Meadows, Áskell led the group and I took up the rear, seeing to that nobody left the trail or fell behind, but the group enjoyed it in spite of that. During the night there was a strong wind, and the old railway bell over the entrance clanged deeply, so that some were worried it was a signal of some trouble, but fortunately, it was not. The first evening we gave a lecture about the mountain and showed slides of its plants, and displayed several herbarium specimens. Two of the participants, who had invited themselves and been reluctantly admitted, proved to be less than honest. They left before the rest of us, and on their way down they collected a whole sheet of a plant the locality of which we had revealed only to a few trusted friends, since it was very rare and protected. They knew that. We were upset when we learned of it, and wrote a stern letter to them telling them we disapproved of such misuse of hospitality. Aside from that it was a memorable excursion and well worth the trouble we had taken with it.

Congresses and meetings were, of course, mainly summer events. During the winters we devoted ourselves to research, work with our students and evenings with our children. Goy was for a while interested in stamp collecting like I myself, and Loá shared my interest in arts. Their schoolwork was practically free of trouble; they got good marks at the monthly presentations of awards and honors. Once a year the school had a bazaar attended by many of the parents and it was fun for once to rub elbows with high society as well as just plain ordinary people like ourselves. At one bazaar Loá won a doll with a beautiful wardrobe, sewn by one of the old nuns. It even had a mink coat! She was very happy and, I think, still keeps and treasures this doll.

The winters in Montréal were very different from those in Winnipeg. The cold was more moderate but there was much more snow, and driving was not always a pleasure. We had to drive up over the east side of Mont Royal to the school and down again on its north side, and it could be tricky when the roads were icy and slippery. At Easter-time we were often tired of all that snow, and since the children had a week off for the holiday, we sometimes took off and drove south to warmer areas. Once, when we had to check up on some research material at Harvard, we went to Cambridge and Boston, where we met for the first time with Áskell's half-brother, David. He was then first mate on an oil tanker but lived together with a feisty lady who took care of his pay checks and saw to it that he had something left of it each month. He came to see us at our lodgings in Cambridge and invited us to their apartment in Boston for dinner. It was uncanny to see how his gestures and way of sitting and rocking when telling stories were identical to that of his father and his brother, Steini, whom he resembled a bit, especially in his fondness for hard liquor.

David came to see us once in Montréal. We drove down to the harbor and took him off the ship and directly into our car and drove him home, where we served him coffee, sandwiches, and cakes, and showed him slides of the family in Iceland. Since oil tankers stay in port only a short time as possible, we had to bring him back after a few hours and drove him again through town straight to the ship, now towering high above the pier and ready to leave. When he climbed the gangway and stood waving farewell to us, Áskell commented: "I suppose that it is one of the few times he has come back to his ship completely sober!" Áskell was a fanatic teetotaler all his life and had a hard time tolerating misuse of alcohol in any form.

Some other Easter vacations we spent on tours to New York and Washington, D.C., where we saw all the beautiful monuments and visited the Smithsonian and other museums. Áskell was particularly taken by the Jefferson monument and the excerpts from his writings found there. I loved it for its beautiful situation at a small lake surrounded by flowering cherry trees. I think the children were most impressed by the visit to the top of Washington monument and the view from there.

We had also learned of Williamsburg, the old colonial capital, which was restored by the Rockefeller Foundation. It became another of our favorite points of interest with all its old buildings, its history and guides in historical costumes. They showed a film at a visitor's center of the early development of what was to become the U.S.A., which we found especially interesting and which taught us much about American history. We once took in a concert at the "Governor's Mansion". The guests arrived in horse-drawn carriages, were ushered in by "slaves" in costumes, to a roaring fire in the hall, and then into the "salon", lit by candles, where we listened to music played on period instruments by musicians in costumes

and wigs. It was fascinating. A short sidetrip to Jamestown rounded out such visits. There we could see how the first settlers arrived and lived off the land.

Goy did, however, not take part in all those tours, since she had graduated in 1959. We had taken part with her in the elegant graduation ball to celebrate it. It was an occasion where the rich girls went to New York to have their ballgowns done by fashion houses. I offered to sew a nice gown for her, but she insisted that one should be bought. Although we were fairly well off, we simply could not afford the kind of full-length creation she wanted, so she had to settle for a short one. It was comforting to me that there was another girl, too, who appeared in a similar short gown, so that she was not the only one.

Now she wanted to go to Switzerland to a "finishing school" recommended by the school. After having looked into the program offered, we agreed to it, since she really did not know what she wanted to study or do with herself. We thought this might be a learning experience for her, away from home for the first time. She had, to tell the truth, been a rather rebellious teenager. The school was situated in Neuchatel, and our friends there, the Favargers, promised to keep in touch with her. She was lodged with some other girls in a "pension" of a lady, whose husband made delicious Swiss confectionaries. I met with that lady at a later visit to Zurich and found that she considered Goy "*trop jeune, trop immature*", so perhaps their relationship was not entirely smooth either. The school made long excursions during the holidays, so that she was able to visit Italy at Easter-time and Morocco at Christmas. Thus, she has been to Rome, Naples and more, and all the way south to Marrakesh in Africa. But for some reason she did not take part in the final trip to Greece, but came home instead to study geography at McGill.

We, ourselves, also made several trips to Europe, always passing over Iceland to see Amma. Áskell was, for instance, involved in the International Organization of Phytotaxonomists and Biosystematists, whose first chairman he became. Others involved were Heywood from England and Böcher from Denmark. There were organizational meetings in Copenhagen, and in England. The Dutch publication, *Taxon*, became the main organ, dealing with taxonomy but where people could also send in chromosome numbers that otherwise usually would lie forgotten in some drawer, since there was no reason to publish a whole paper about them. This developed into the *IOPB Chromosome Number Reports*, of which the first few were edited by Áskell and Otto Solbrig, but then Áskell took them over completely; in time they grew to no less than 100 reports, some of which were very long. They were an important source of information and led to a considerable increase in the number of subscribers to *Taxon*.

And there were the meetings of *Flora Europaea*. This project was originally the idea of Rothmaler but was enthusiastically supported by Heywood and Áskell during the Botanical Congress in Paris (during our Winnipeg years). An editorial board was formed by several Englishmen, but botanists from all over Europe met regularly in various countries and discussed problems involved with the publication of the flora. The *Flora Europaea* would cover all of Europe, and eventually amounted to five folio-format volumes. Áskell had been with the board members in Austria and England, but I had been left at home with the girls.

Now the children had grown up to be fairly responsible youngsters, Goy was working for a travel agency after briefly studying geography at McGill but Loá was still in high school. We decided that both of us could go to a meeting in Italy, a country I had always wanted to see, with all its arts and history. We made an agreement with our landlord to keep an eye on the girls and interfere if they found it necessary, which they gracefully accepted. We flew, as usual, over Iceland, to Luxemburg, from whence we took the train to Rome. Luxemburg, where we had to wait several hours, seemed to have a bakery with wonderful pastries at every corner, and the city is beautiful, with a deep ravine passing through its center. It was sunny in Luxemburg, but it snowed and was cold when we passed through Switzerland. We had taken a so-called *liegewagen*, a sleeping car with three tiers of "shelves" on which you could rest. Pillows and blankets could be rented. In the morning we arrived in Italy near Lake Como in delightfully sunny weather, with flowering trees everywhere. In Milan we had to change trains, but instead of waiting and fighting for a space, when the new train came in, the conductor of our "wagon", who had made friends with Áskell and got a good tip,

took us directly over the rails to a good seat in a car to be attached to the new train. So we had good seats and enjoyed the trip down through the Appenine spine of Italy.

In Rome we visited with an Italian statistician, Prof. Gini, who had visited us in Montréal during his quest for Viking settlements in North America. He wanted to see Vineland, Ontario, since, he said, "old place names are very important", and Vineland was mentioned in the sagas. Áskell had just published a paper about the plants of Vineland, and the old man considered him a sort of authority. Unfortunately he had to learn that Vineland, Ontario, was named for the vineyards around it and was a fairly recent settlement. Gini, himself, lived in a house in Rome that was several hundred years old and whence we were invited for a delicious and stately dinner, with servants behind every chair. He also took us around in his chauffeured car to see all kinds of churches, monuments, and catacombs. But we also walked around on our own feet to see more, for example, the Terme. The Vatican museum and the visit to the Sistine Chapel and St. Peters were unforgettable.

Since we had bought a railway ticket in Canada with unlimited mileage within Europe and valid for a month, we extended the trip down to Naples, where we stayed opposite the island of Santa Lucia not far from the Marine Biological Institute. We also took a Cook's tour to the Isle of Capri and its Blue Grotto. The light in the grotto was fascinating, but the entrance and exit from it precarious. We had to lie down in the rowboats in order not to hit our heads on the low rocks. On top of the island we visited San Michele, the arts center built up by the Swedish Dr. Munthe and full of antique sculptures. The view from there was magnificent.

Another trip took us along the Amalfi Drive to Sorrento and back via Pompei with all its old ruins. It was a very interesting trip in every respect. An American lady carried in a sedan by four little sweaty porters asked in a loud voice: "I did not get it straight, was it during the first or the second world war this was ruined?" The porters looked absolutely disgusted. But for us the ruins illustrated in a very graphic manner the disastrous effects of Vesuvius' eruption during the ancient days.

Then we returned to Rome and took the train up to Florence, where part of the meeting was to be held. When in school, I got a prize for arts, a book about Florence, which made me dream of one day visiting it. And here I was in this most beautiful of all the cities in the world. It even surpassed all my wildest expectations. I was ecstatic. The Uffizi and the Pitti galleries, Ponte Vecchio, the piazza with the statue of David, and the loggia, it was all there, like the Duomo and the Doors of Paradise in the Baptistery. I am afraid that for me botany took a second seat there. We even fitted in a side trip to Pisa and the Leaning Tower, which we climbed. It was really a dream fulfilled.

The main meeting was held in Genoa. It is a city entirely different from those farther south in Italy. It is vibrant, efficient, businesslike but also very beautifully situated on steep hills. We stayed in a hotel at sea level and had to use an escalator built into a mountain, to reach the University Botany Department and the Botanical Garden around it. The view from there was spectacular. One of the highlights at that meeting was making personal contact with Alexander Borza from Cluj, Romania. We had corresponded with him for many years. He was a delightful white-haired and dignified personality, who always gave an oration in Latin at our meetings. He invited the group to Romania at a future date.

After an excursion along the Mediterranean coast and the lovely peninsula of Portofino, playground of the very rich people with fabulous yachts, the meeting moved on to Neuchatel, Switzerland, and the Jura mountains. There our friend, Claude Favarger, was our host. We enjoyed seeing the place where Goy had gone to school and meeting with her landlady.

But the tour was not yet over. Áskell had for some time been in contact with people at NATO, then located in Paris, concerning a summer seminar regarding plants and continental drift, which was a popular subject at that time. So from Neuchatel we took the train to Paris and met with the directors of that program. Our visit happened to coincide with one by President and Mrs. Kennedy, who were wildly and enthusiastically received by the Parisians. All visitors had to leave the Nato premises when they arrived,

and our host therefore decided to continue our meeting at a restaurant along the Seine river over a delicious meal. Áskell's proposal was very well received and led also to a project for a cytotaxonomical study of Spain at a later date. This one had been suggested to Áskell by Heywood, since little was known about the chromosome numbers of the Spanish flora. Of course, we also took time to sightsee in Paris, where Áskell had not been before but where I had visited after my summer in LaRoche during my school days. We also had time to visit with the Ambassador to Iceland, a classmate of Áskell's. Finally, we took the train back to Luxembourg and flew home via Iceland to Montréal.

Now we had to work out the program for our NATO meeting, invite the people, and plan excursions. Áskell wanted to hold it in Reykjavik, since Iceland is midway between the continents involved, North America and Europe. But when he contacted the botanists there, they wanted to take over, and made a lot of fuss, so he had to go there and talk to the rector of the University, the politicians (in Iceland, everything involves politics!), and to tell the botanists if they did not do as he said, the meeting would be in Canada. They finally agreed but, with the exception of one, they did as little as possible to be pleasant or helpful. However, when they found out that all participants were to be paid their keep during the meeting, they did not say no to the extra income. So excursions were outlined, lodgings arranged, and in order to personally try it all out, Áskell took a trip with one of the botanists along the routes planned and even arranged for the food to be served at each stay. A publication of the proceedings was also planned and we found a publisher for that. All the participants had to deliver a paper, ready for publication at their arrival to the meeting, and after that I edited them and saw to the proofreading and completion of the *North Atlantic Biota and Their History*. It was a thick volume that caused quite a stir and a many positive comments.

At the same time, Áskell had to arrange for his research in Spain and find an assistant to help him. Heywood had recommended a student of his, Gordon, and he seemed acceptable, although Áskell was a bit worried that he refused to work on Sundays or after five on weekdays. We were not used to such demands because we ourselves usually worked as long as possible and not at regular hours, if work needed to be completed. So, when Gordon suddenly let him know that he would be unable to come since he had been diagnosed with leukemia, he felt very sorry for him but, at the same time, relieved. With some difficulty, he was able to find a replacement for him, a Swedish botanist, Ebbe Kjellquist from Lund, who was willing to come along if he could bring his wife, a pharmacist. This Áskell agreed to, and Ebbe and his wife proved to be excellent helpers who were both conscientious and really interested in the project. Ebbe even was able to rent a Volvo in Sweden and drive it down to Paris, where he met with Áskell. All of them would then do the work in Spain and return via Sweden to Iceland for the Nato meeting, and I would come with our students, Pierre and Camille, via New York. All seemed, thus, to be in the best of order, and Áskell was just going to Europe for a short meeting of some kind.

Suddenly, a family crisis developed. Both Áskell and I had been so involved in our work and the planning that, perhaps, we failed to really notice what was going on right under our noses. A day or two before Áskell's departure I went into a store for some small thing and met a girl who had been in the Girl Guides with Goy. She came up to me and said: "Mrs. Löve, I am so glad to see you because I have been struggling with my conscience about what is right. But now I feel I have to speak up in order to save Goy from doing something she would regret." I was, of course, wondering what that could be, and told her that I was willing to listen to what she had to say. She continued: "I think Goy is planning to run away from you with a totally uneducated Greek fellow who works as a hamburger cook downtown." I was stunned. I had no reason to believe that she was not honest; she was a genuinely good, religious, and simple girl. So I thanked her and promised we would look into this and see what could be done.

When I told Áskell, he at first brushed it off; it simply could not be true; his daughter could not be so foolish. But I could not sleep that night, and around midnight, I heard something moving in the corridor outside our bedroom. I woke Áskell and asked him to check on what was going on. He reluctantly did so, but then I heard agitated voices and a lot of shouting. He had actually caught Goy just as she was tiptoeing out with a loaded bag of clothes and belongings. He restrained her, at first with force, and then, when she stopped struggling, he set about reasoning with her; hours later he was able to calm her down and make her

see that she needed to discuss the matters in daylight. They were both exhausted. In the morning she agreed that we should send her out to Jón and Lura, who offered to take her in for a while, so that she could make up her mind about her future in a neutral environment. Then he ordered a ticket for her to San Francisco, and when he left the very next day, she accompanied him to New York where he put her on a direct flight to San Francisco, where Jón and Lura met her.

It took me some time to calm down, especially since I received several threatening phone calls and had some lighted firecrackers put in through our mail slot. It frightened me. I kept asking myself over and over again: "What had gone wrong? Was I really such a bad parent?" I had always tried to do my best, but cannot deny that thinking about my work and "shop-talk" with Áskell must have taken precedence at times. Of course, there was also a certain amount of sibling rivalry. Goy got along with Áskell better than with me, and Loá and I had better relations. But I tried hard to be fair and not favor one over the other. It is not easy to be a mother.

Áskell returned from Europe and we received good reports from Jón and Lura. Goy was adjusting well and had joined a youth club that she seemed to enjoy. The Greek fellow seemed to be out of her mind. A month or two passed. Then Lura phoned and told that Goy had something important to ask us about and put her on. I heard Áskell say: "I do not know, you have to ask your mother first," and he handed me the telephone. A quavering voice said: "Mon, I have met such a wonderful fellow. His name is Ted. Can I marry him?" Again I felt like I was getting a pail of cold water over my head. For a second I was speechless. Then Lura took the telephone: "I know you are upset, but I can assure you that Ted is a genuinely nice fellow and I think they are both really committed to each other. So do not worry." This time it was easier to settle matters and it was agreed that the marriage should wait for a while, Goy should go with Áskell when he left for Spain and stay in Iceland and find some work there for the summer and attend the Nato meeting, if she wanted to. Then Ted could come to us in Montréal for Christmas and, if they still felt so, be engaged to her. Ted Swanson was studying to become an engineer. His father was a retired Commander in the Navy and of Swedish origin, which sounded reassuring.

In May the two of them left. Goy got a job, helping Erika, Karel's wife, in the International Bank in Reykjavik. Áskell flew to Paris, where he was joined by Ebbe and Britt in the Volvo, and they all drove down to southern Spain. Their headquarters was in the mountain town of Cazorla near Jaen in the Sierra Nevada, home of Heywood's maternal family. They studied the flora not only there but extended the area down to the Mediterranean coast and even took a short trip to Gibraltar, where Áskell suddenly found himself literally "with a monkey on his back." He did not particularly enjoy that. However, the research was fruitful, resulting in discoveries of several species formerly unknown to Spain. Finally they drove back to Sweden, left the Volvo, and flew up to Iceland.

After a brief visit to New York, I, Loá, Pierre and Camille joined them in Iceland. We had taken the opportunity to see the new Guggenheim Gallery, which was of particular interest to Camille and Loá, and the Natural History Museum, which Pierre liked best. At the airport we met an elderly teacher from San Francisco, Helen, who was going to Iceland and later to Greenland like we, ourselves. We became the best of friends and she became an important link to San Francisco later on. Pierre was amused at me for always carrying with me a portofolio tied to my arm wherever we went. Little did he know that it contained all the money for the meeting, some \$15,000! I was relieved when I could finally deliver it to Áskell.

The meeting was a success. Since it was a Nato meeting, the ambassadors to the countries involved were invited for the opening and the university had erected a row of poles with the flags of all those countries. There was a small hitch: the Danes did not like it that the Faroes were honored with their own flag, since it had not yet officially declared independence, but it was settled to the satisfaction of all since Áskell pointed out this was a scientific meeting, not a political one. In the mornings we had lectures, and in the afternoons these were discussed and, if time allowed, we made some small excursions in the immediate vicinity. The participants came not only from the natural sciences such as botany and zoology but also geology and geography. The ideas of continental drift were still not universally accepted; all kinds



of solutions were suggested for how plants and animals had bridged the ocean, but more and more it became obvious that there must have been land connections.

During the first week the weather was the normal, dull, windy, and rainy Icelandic type, but as we gathered for the long excursions to the western and northern parts of Iceland during the second week, it cleared up and became beautiful, sunny and pleasant, as if the country put on its best face for the visitors. Áskell had rented two large buses with loudspeaker systems. He drove in one of them and explained to the passengers about the flora and history of the areas we passed through. The Norwegians, in particular, were interested in the history and they argued about whether Leifur Eriksson was Icelandic or Norwegian. In "my" bus, history took second place to botany and geology, which was of greater interest to other participants. If the day had not been too strenuous, we would gather after dinner and discuss the day. At one place, a nice hotel (we stayed sometimes in primitive youth hostels), Áskell asked the wife of one participant from Italy, who was a concert pianist, to play for us. It was a lovely concert and ended up by all of us, alone or in groups, singing songs from our different countries. At another place, where there was a hot bath, built by Snorri Sturluson, the Norwegians insisted on a dip. The water was hotter than they had expected, and the only one who was able to really enjoy it was Hultén, who had learned how to enter hot baths in Japan. Later there was a ban on such capers. It was considered almost sacrilegious.

The meeting was, thus, a success, and many friendships across the borders were formed. All were pleased and we had no complaints. NATO was also very pleased with the results, not least the publication and the fact that all proceedings had been taped and transcribed for distribution among the participants.

Following this meeting, a few of us took a trip to Greenland. Among others, there were Hultén, Helen from San Francisco, who was so happy with her stay in Iceland, and Pierre Dansereau's secretary, Ginny, who had vacationed in Spain. It was the second tourist group to visit the old Icelandic settlements in Greenland and a couple of guides were there to tell about it. However, their knowledge of English was poor, and many of the participants were botanists from Germany and Switzerland. They recognized Áskell, and he became the one leading the groups interested in the flora; I lectured them about the glaciers and the effects of them and the climate on the flora. Southern Greenland is, indeed, much greener than Iceland, and we made several interesting botanical observations.

The most interesting thing that happened, however, was on the coast opposite Igaliko (=Bluey West One, formerly) where we were lodged. There excavations were going on at the settlement of Erik the Red, Brattahlid. Again, Áskell was recognized for his publications about Vineland and its plants, and we received special treatment by the archeologists, Danish and American alike. Among other things, we were shown the ruins of the first Christian church built in the western world by Erik the Red's wife. Among the corpses excavated around it, they had just found what they suspected was Leifur Eriksson himself. I do not know if it has ever been confirmed, but it was an interesting thought. The person digging him up proved to be a Catholic monk, especially selected by the church to do so, since Leifur was actually a Catholic missionary himself, who had converted his own mother.

Sailing in the fjord on the former yacht of Herman Goering was all right, but getting ashore in small, overloaded rowboats was really dangerous, and I was happy that nothing happened. The water was ice-cold and there were lots of bergs floating around. Loá was especially pleased at being able to ride bareback with a group of young Eskimoes on Icelandic horses, but unfortunately she eventually slipped off. However, she did not hurt herself, but it is a memory she treasures. She claims her jeans were too slippery. When she had tried out the horses in Iceland, they wore saddles.

Back in Montréal, Ebbe and Britt helped Áskell work on the Spanish material, and Heywoods student, Gordon also joined us for this. He was a pleasant and extremely religious fellow, very concerned about his leukemia. Every time he had to go in for a test, he was a nervous wreck, but extremely happy when it turned out to be all right. However, he had a reason. He had only been back home in England for a few weeks, when he suffered a relapse and died. He was an only son and a budding artist, so it was very

sad. Ebbe and Britt returned to Sweden and, eventually, Ebbe became involved in preservation of wild species for agricultural purposes and director of gene banks, first in Turkey and later on in Sweden.

As planned, Ted came to us in Montréal for Christmas. We met him at the airport, but had to wait for him a long time, since he was a very honest fellow and had told the customs officer that he brought an engagement ring with a diamond. It took some time to convince them that he was going to return with it to the States on the finger of his fiancée and should, thus, not pay duty on it. In the meantime the weather was turning bad and we just made it home before a raging blizzard made the roads impassable. Ted had never experienced a "real" winter and did not even own an overcoat but had had to borrow one from Jón for this trip. Now he had a chance to find out what -30°F meant, and I do not think he liked it. Goy was very happy and relieved when Ted formally asked Áskell for her hand; they were engaged on Christmas Eve. It was then decided that Goy should move to Santa Rosa and find a job there; then, when Ted had graduated, they should marry in nearby Sebastopol, where Ted and his father, a widower, lived. They had an egg farm and some sheep on their property there. We were pleased and happy that all had ended so well. Ted was a little older than Goy and we hoped that was good for them both.

The following year, 1963, was Loá's last at school. She had gone through the high school without a single day of absence and got a special reward for that in addition to all the others she received for good work. Her graduation ball caused me less worry than Goy's, because she let me sew her a very nice full-length gown after a Pauline Trigère pattern that succeeded very well. Another of her class mates also had a Pauline Trigère creation, bought in New York for several thousand dollars. But the price of the gowns were not mentioned in the newspaper article about the ball! Loá had very good relations with her classmates and they have kept in touch throughout the years, meeting now and then.

That year we had a small grant from NATO for research in northern Italy and Alexander Borza had invited *Flora Europaea* to hold its meeting there. Loá wanted to study at the Montréal School of Arts, but we invited her to come with us to Romania and Italy first, so she, too, could see more of Europe. After all, Goy had spent a year in Switzerland and seen a great deal then. There was also a Genetics Congress in Holland that we wanted to take part in.

We were also a bit tired of our old Plymouth, which had proven to be a "lemon," so we wanted to buy a reliable Volvo in Sweden instead. At that time one could make a good deal when buying a vehicle overseas. So we all flew via Iceland to Berlin and on to Prague, Czechoslovakia, where we were met by our good friend Zdenek Cernohorsky. I had been to Prague before the war; it was sad to see how it had deteriorated from being a happy city to a drab and dull one, full of houses needing repair and people who no longer smiled. We stayed in a rather shabby hotel, but none of us worried that Loá walked barefoot over the dirty carpet. She always preferred to take off her shoes indoors, and this was a hot day. In the city center they even sprayed the streets with rose-scented water, which amused us.

We met with several botanists at the university, saw some of the most remarkable sights, and received some gifts of Czech crystal. Then we took off for Bucharest in an Ilyushin airplane—no seatbelts, dry ham sandwiches and beer for food. We made a brief stop in good weather in Budapest, Hungary, but when flying over the Carpathians we got into a thunderstorm, and the plane rolled and banked wildly between the mountain tops. It was comforting when at last we landed safely in Bucharest. It was our first visit to a really communist country with all its 'bureaucrazy' so it took a long time to go through customs and passport control. Everything had to be declared, even gold fillings in the mouth! But finally we were out among friends again and were taken to a hotel.

The meeting was held at the Academy of Sciences, and there was a very formal opening ceremony against a backdrop of enormous portraits of Lenin and Stalin. Suddenly Loá whispered to me: "My leg hurts so much." I took a look at it. It was badly swollen, and a red, inflamed vein was clearly visible through the skin. I was alarmed, it could be nothing else than blood-poisoning. What could we do? We did not know the language and knew nothing of medicines or doctors there. Fortunately, the meeting had a very efficient secretary, and we were advised to consult her. She said: "Do not worry. Follow me," and took us

across the street into the small medical clinic of the Academy. There a very pleasant doctor, who spoke a beautiful French, immediately attended to Loá, cleaned a sore on her foot and gave her a shot of penicillin and a number of pills to take. All was very efficient, clean, and modern. The doctor also explained that there were such clinics everywhere in the city, so that nobody had to walk more than mile to get medical help. In the country every village had a doctor, and in serious cases patients were transported to a major hospital by helicopter. And it was all free. I had to admit that I was impressed. Loá's treatment, which was carefully monitored by a doctor assigned to the group even when we were on excursions, proved entirely efficient, and she was able to enjoy the trip fully.

The first long excursion was by train to the coast of the Black Sea. The train trip showed us enormous fields of sunflowers in full bloom, and other fields being plowed, where flocks of white storks with their red beaks were busy gathering bugs and worms. We crossed the mighty Donau (Danube), which was impressive. But we also saw chain-gangs of prisoners making repairs on the tracks. Our guide, a fierce lady, tried to divert our attention from it, but Áskell pestered her all the time with questions about the system. She resented deeply his photographing old and beautiful farm houses and monuments from ancient times but not the drab "modern" parts of the city where common people lived. Behind his back she called him "that awful capitalist".

Constanza was a beautiful city, both a resort, a busy harbor and a business center. Near the harbor there were Roman ruins from the time when the Latin poet Ovid was exiled there. They were being carefully excavated and preserved. Alexander Borza took great pride in demonstrating both these and a National Park that he had established near the border to Bulgaria. He had visited Yellowstone in the U.S. and built up several National Parks modeled on it, in his homeland. Part of the parks were open to the public but supervised by guards toting guns; other parts were set aside completely for preservation and research. We stayed in a hotel on the shore and, during the siesta, we took a bath in the Black Sea and strolled along the beach. We had to hold Loá's bandaged foot above the water, a little complicated, but at least she did not miss the chance for a dip there. Áskell was particularly happy to find Romanian copies of Halldor Laxness novels, sold in a pavilion along the shore.

The other long excursion was by bus to the north and west over the oil-rich area around Ploesti up to Brasov, in the center of a mountaineous region. We again visited a nature reservation near the old castle of Vlad the Impaler, the original Count Dracula. It was a really spooky area. At a hotel where we stopped to eat, I had to go to the toilet, and when I stood up, the whole commode fell in one big heap of shards on the floor! I stood and looked at it in disbelief, then called the lady who attended the toilet; she only shrugged her shoulders and locked the door just as if this was an everyday event. I could not help laughing when I told this to the young doctor who accompanied us on the tour. He was quite alarmed and asked if I had cut myself. I found that I had a small scratch on one leg, and he took me immediately down to the bus for his medicine chest. But the car was closed, so he again dragged me along to the kitchen of the hotel, where he demanded a bottle of slivovic (plum brandy), which he applied to my leg. He told me that, indeed, collapsing commodes were not that rare, and often gave rise to serious infections. Fortunately, my small wound healed without complications. The slivovic is very potent both as a drink and as a disinfectant.

From Brasov we went to Sibiu. Alexander Borza, who had been a Greek Orthodox priest before becoming a botanist, always showed us beautiful churches. Some of the Romanian ones are painted inside and out with frescos of religious motifs, and are really works of art, well preserved even in this communist country. In Sibiu we also saw gypsies in their colorful costumes and farmers who also were dressed in folk costumes of exquisite beauty. At one stop we saw a farmer mowing a field of wheat with a scythe, and two women behind him tying the wheat into sheaves. Áskell, always interested in wheat, went out into the field, and struck up a conversation with the farmer, who spoke German since he had been a prisoner of war. Áskell, always inquisitive, asked him if it was very different to work for noblemen than for a kolchos. The farmer looked around, saw that nobody was within earshot and assured Áskell that the women only spoke the local Hungarian. Then he said: "Before we toiled from sun-up to sun-down for gentlemen who were well educated. Now we toil just as long for men without any education at all. The result is deplorable."

We finally reached Cluj, the former Klausenburg of the Hapsburg era and presently called Cluj-Napoca, based on its old Roman name. It was the home of Borza and a beautiful botanical garden that he had built there. At the botanical institute there was an exhibit of alpine plants, where I recognized *Vaccinium gaultherioides*, a species new to the Romanian flora.

After a few days we returned to Bucharest and from there to Copenhagen via Vienna. It had been a very interesting meeting. We now paid a brief visit to Nian and her family in Åhus and picked up the Volvo we had ordered in Montréal. Then we drove back to Copenhagen, down to the ferry between Rödbyhavn and Puttgarten, Germany. It was late and rainy, and it took us some time to find lodgings for the night. The next day we continued south; in Heidelberg, where we were going to meet with Gudmundur and Iffa, it was also hard to find a place to stay. At last we ended up in a sort of spooky castle-like hotel high above the city. In the morning when Loá went to the bathroom, she returned and said: "There is a man sleeping in the tub behind a blanket hung in front of it." Indeed, there must have been a surplus of tourists at that time.

We located Gudmundur and Iffa in a much nicer hotel at the edge of the Neckar river. They were attending some meeting and were happy to see us. They were just having a guest, a geologist from Heidelberg who had visited them in Iceland. When he heard we were botanists, he told us he had, himself once collected a rare species in South America and mentioned its name. We could hardly believe our ears: it was a species we had been trying to find information about for a chromosome atlas we were just then compiling. So next day we visited him in his institute, got a copy of his paper and all the information we needed. Sometimes fate intervenes even with botanical-genetical research.

After this happy visit we continued to Austria and Salzburg and from there down over the Furka pass, which was extremely beautiful with many alpine flowers and cows with chiming bells around their necks. From Lienz we reached Cortina d'Ampezzo, where we had to take lodgings with a private family. We did not know that August is the holiday month in Italy; it is a time when all hotels are filled. This family was extremely nice, and we succeeded in communicating with them somehow although none of us spoke Italian. But with a mixture of French and a bit of Latin it went fine. We also learned that when there were no hotels available, you went into some bar, asked for "advice" and, invariably, there was somebody who could earn a few extra lire by renting out a room for the night.

Then we started collecting plants and continued gradually down the beautiful Piave valley to Venice. Realizing that to find accommodations there would be next to impossible, we stayed instead in a hotel near the railway station in Mestre on the mainland, from whence we could take a sort of tramway to Venice and from there a canal boat to the centre of the city for a low fare. There we strolled around to the well-known tourist attractions and took a tour with a gondolier on the canals after haggling about the price, as was expected by him. It was cut a bit short by a thunderstorm, so he did not lose on it anyhow. At one of the cathedrals, Loá and I were suddenly prevented from entering by halberded guards in costume, shouting "Immodesto"! We had covered our heads, so could not understand what was wrong, but it turned out that our dresses without sleeves, showing our bare shoulders, were too "indecent" for admittance. So Áskell had to enter alone and could tell us that the cathedral was full of "naked" statues, so he felt offended on our behalf.

From Venice we turned west, stopping here and there for collecting, especially in the Appenines. Among others, we came to the marble quarries of Carrara, where the roads were paved with marble chips. We even fitted in a visit to Pisa so that Loá, too, could climb to the top of the Leaning Tower. There was now a restriction on how many could go up at the same time, so I stayed below. In Viareggio at the coast we visited an artist, Med. dr. Carlo Contini, from whom we had bought some works in Florence the year before. He took us to see the widow of Thomas Mann, a friend of his, who had a beautiful garden with Picasso statues and many art pieces in her magnificent villa. It was a pleasant stop.

Then we continued northward. The holiday season was ending and the roads were clogged. But we made it up towards the Alps, stayed in beautiful Aosta with a view of Mont Blanc, and made a side trip to Gran Paradiso, the favorite ski resort of the present pope. But we were out after plants, not snow. Then

we passed over the Little St. Bernhard pass with its great St. Bernard dogs, a special treat for Loá who loves dogs. We had to pass a corner of France to get to Geneva in Switzerland. On the way we stopped in a village and bought some *paté de fois gras* for our sandwiches. Loá particularly liked the crust, but in the night she was horribly ill with food poisoning. Her taste for this delicacy has since been considerably reduced. From Geneva we worked our way up through France to Paris, where we stopped briefly, and then we continued north over Belgium to Holland, where we attended the Genetic Congress at Schreveningen, a coastal resort near The Hague. Although the weather was blustery and cold after the warm and good weather we had enjoyed further south, it was pleasant to meet with old friends and make new ones, too. We also took part in some excursions and saw several museums, so we all enjoyed it. On the way back we visited Utrecht and our friend Franz Verdoorn and from there we went back up to Denmark and home to Montréal.

In the autumn, Loá started courses at the Montréal School of Arts, located in the Art Museum. It was a very good museum; I was a regular visitor and had seen very many outstanding exhibitions there, among others one of Picasso's work. The school was well known and Loá enjoyed it. She soon discovered a second-year student, Gunner, a young fellow of Danish descent who was the favorite of the director of the school. It did not take long before he was invited to dinner at our home and, since he was very charming, polite and nice so that he even won the approval of Áskell, he soon became a regular at Sunday dinner. His family, the Kaersvangs, lived in Nova Scotia, where his father managed a gas station. Once when we drove around there, we had taken gas at that station and I remembered that Gunner had washed our windshield. Little did we know then that he would become involved with our family later on.

One day when we came out to the institute, we noticed that something was awry. People were in a state of shock, some of them crying. Soon we, ourselves, were also shocked. Pierre Dansereau had been summarily dismissed and all the people under him, his secretaries, all those that he had hired for his institute, including ourselves, were to lose their jobs and positions. It came as a lightning bolt out of a blue sky to everybody. We had no idea what was behind this, and we actually never found out. All we were told was that after so and so many weeks, our premises should be vacated. It was worst for his secretaries and the elderly technician with a large family who would have difficulties finding new jobs so suddenly. We were worried, but tried to negotiate with the authorities of the university if there was a chance for us to stay on in some other capacity, but the conditions for this were such that we could not accept them. What also worried us was what to do with our students, who had not finished their degrees. But thanks to our connections we were able to find places for them at other universities where they were accepted. Camille continued at the University of Ottawa, Pierre got a scholarship to Cambridge University in England. My assistant, Lascelle, got a job as teacher at a high school and the deaf-mute Frère Bernard a job as herbarium curator at Laval university in Québec City. When all that was settled we could start thinking of ourselves. We realized that the "hiring season" for that year was over and that it might be quite some time before we could find another job. Áskell wrote to several friends for advice, we studied journals with advertisements for openings and inquired about several, but to no avail. Áskell even inquired about positions in Europe, but there was nothing there either. We realized it could be a long wait.

But we were not idle. Áskell wrote and taped lectures for the Icelandic radio and I translated a couple of lengthy papers from Swedish into English for Paul Martin, and started on a long treatise about Mt. Washington. Christmas was a little bleak, and the new year (1964) rolled in without any prospects. Loá continued her studies but Goy had a good job in Santa Rosa, California, so we did not have to worry about her.

In the spring we learned of an opening at the University of Colorado and applied for it, supporting the application with recommendations from several well known botanists. We were told by many of them that that University was known for difficult internal trouble and that it was not the best, but we were desperate and by that time we would have taken whatever was offered. So when we were asked to come for an interview, we gladly accepted, especially since we could combine it with attending Goy's and Ted's wedding, which had been planned for July and was to be held in Sebastopol.

So we packed up the car with our camping gear again and drove down to Boulder, a little north of Denver, and just at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, rising steeply up from the prairies. We already knew some people on its staff but not the chairman, Dr. Pennak, a zoologist, whom we now met with. He interviewed us at length, showed us around and discussed details, but stated that the university had a strict anti-nepotism policy and could only hire Áskell. But there were still possibilities for me in the form of grants from outside funds like the National Research Council, and so on. "However," he said, "I would like you to meet with our most influential botanist, Dr. William Weber, because he is most qualified to judge your credentials." We knew Bill Weber well already from various meetings, but we did not disclose that fact. However, Bill was over at Aspen, giving a lecture. Would we be able to go up there on the way west and see him? Of course. Then Pennak would let us know in Sebastopol if we had been accepted.

We drove up to Aspen and located the place where Bill was to lecture just before it started. His hostess took us to her home, where he stayed, and offered to let us to "raid the refrigerator" until he returned. His lecture was sold out, so we had to wait for him. When he came back, he was delighted to hear that we had applied for the position in Boulder and was already looking forward to have us as colleagues there. He knew well about our research and we of his, so it was mutual satisfaction.

Then we continued west to Sebastopol, where we stayed in a little cabin on the property of Goy's future father-in-law, Axel Swanson. He proved to be a real "old salt", having spent a life time on the sea and ending up as Commander in the Navy, transporting troops in the Pacific during the Second World War. Now he was retired and had a small egg farm and a few sheep on his land. His English was still well marked by his Scanian origin; Áskell remarked that he always seemed to remember what he had eaten where, a sure sign of a true Scanian!

We had barely arrived there when the phone rang and Dr. Pennak told us that Áskell was hired and would start as associate professor immediately in the fall. A big stone was lifted off our chests and we were exceedingly happy. Now we could devote our entire attention to the wedding. When we were in Sweden, we had ordered a "spett-kaka", a special Swedish wedding cake baked over an open fire, to be sent for the wedding. But when the mailman brought it, no one was home, so he left it at the side of the entrance stair. When Goy came home later in the day, ants had invaded the cake and totally ruined it. Besides, it had fared badly in transport and was broken to pieces. So we had to order a new cake instead. We had been told that it would be "just be a small wedding", but when we asked how many should come, we found that over 100 guests were invited. We were somewhat taken aback. Loá was to be bridesmaid but now came the question, who should be her partner? To her surprise, Áskell, who now was in a good and generous mood, suggested that we send for Gunner! So he phoned him and paid for an airline ticket for him; after a day or two we picked him up in San Francisco.

The wedding was held in a little country church in Sebastopol, and it felt quite strange to see one's first child be given away. But it was a happy occasion and it was followed by a nice reception in the church. It all went well and I do not know who were most happy, the newly-weds, Goy and Ted, or Loá and Gunner. Ted was now to continue his studies in Long Beach near Los Angeles, whence they were moving. Goy hoped to get a job there and Áskell offered also to help them out.

After a few days we left and went back to Boulder and the Webers, where we now stayed, to find a house for us. Boulder was then a small place, and we had decided rather to buy a house than to rent a place this time. With the help of Bill and Sammie, we found a nice house owned by a developer, married to an Icelandic lady. It also won the approval of Loá and Gunner, and we found that Loá could continue in the Fine Arts Department at the university. Things really developed at break-neck speed. We had a new job, a new house in a very beautiful location and old and new friends around us, so we already felt at home there.

On the return trip to Montréal we experienced the fury of a tornado in Nebraska, where we camped overnight. Our tent was set at the foot of a low hill and suffered no damage, but trees fell around us, other's tents were ripped, and a camper vehicle thrown out into the small lake at the camp ground. There were some people hurt also. But we could continue unharmed on our way. In Montréal we shocked our

dear landlord by breaking our lease, but he was gracious and accepted it on the condition that we advertised for a new tenant. We were lucky that we almost immediately found one to his satisfaction and could start planning our move. We also had to apply for immigration status to the United States. Since Áskell had already established good relations with the U.S. Consul and we had a job in the states, it was relatively simple. And when we got the "green cards", we simply went down to the border at Lake Champlain, officially immigrated, turned around and entered Canada again as landed immigrants to the United States.

Now we had a busy time in front of us, ordering packing crates and boxes, sorting through our belongings, discarding unwanted things and packing what we should take along. Loá made a brief trip to Nova Scotia to meet with Gunner's family and get formally engaged to him. She went by train this time, since to her that was a novelty, while flying was old hat to her. As usual, we decided to use the railroad rather than a trucking firm. The rail people at first did not believe we needed a whole boxcar, and sent a man to inspect what we had, but he had to agree with us. We also sold the old Plymouth, since we now had the new Volvo. And then the day came when we had to say farewell to Montréal, our landlord and our friends. Looking back, it had been eight very happy, exciting and productive years, and, in a way, it felt sad to leave. But perhaps, it was the right time to do so. French patriotism was taking over, and non-French people were made to feel less welcome than before. We were not the only ones leaving; there was a real exodus of English-speaking citizens that year.

## Boulder, Colorado

We took the familiar route north of the Great Lakes but stopped by in Ottawa to say goodbye to the Boivins and Luella. We also stopped briefly in Fort Williams on the west edge of Lake Superior to say hello to other friends, and stayed little longer in Winnipeg. The Waygoods gave us a hearty welcome and even invited all the people at the department to come and see us at their home. But the rest of the visit there was sad. Uncle Finnur had had a stroke and was wheelchair-bound in a veterans hospital, but fortunately mentally still alert. We said goodbye to him, understanding that it was probably for the last time. It was the same at Bjössí and Gudny's. He, too, had suffered a stroke and did not recognize us. Gudny did not look so well either, but was brave and doing her best for him. We realized that we had reached an age when our older friends and relatives were fast going to diminish. But that is life; one cannot change that. Time passes relentlessly, and for the individual it is not unlimited.

From Winnipeg we continued over the endless prairies down to Denver, where we were happy to see the wall of the Rocky Mountains rise up on the western horizon. This beautiful sight always made me think of the first settlers who must have wondered at the sight of the snow-clad mountain-tops on the horizon. What did it mean to them? Did they think it was just clouds? Or did they realize it was mountains? And, if so, what would be behind them? In the same manner I now wondered: what would the new life have in store for us? Was it another stop on our route through life or a final stop? New and better opportunities or bitter disappointments? Starting over is always a gamble.

We found our house at 473 Harvard Lane at the, then, southern outskirts of the little city. It had a large garden sloping up a steep ridge crowned by a modern church. Behind it the mountains rose abruptly up from about 5,500 ft. to 8,000 ft. and more. The most distinctive landmark was the so-called "Flatirons", three smooth and flat upturned conglomerate rocks looking like old-fashioned sad-irons. These red rocks were beautiful and set off against evergreen forests, with more peaks behind them. I never tired of looking at them.

The kitchen, the very small dining room, and the master bedroom faced the mountains; the living room, a den for Áskell, and Loá's room faced the street. The front garden was small, and surrounded by a juniper hedge. The large back garden had two big maple trees, one at the paved patio which it shaded and made into a lovely outdoor room. It also became a beloved "climbing tree" for the grandchildren later on. The garden was fenced in by a low chain-link fence over which we could chat with our delightful neighbors, Gale and Alice Vetter on the north and Verne and Noreen Shum on the south side.

We slept the first few nights on the bare parquet floors but soon got the message that our boxcar had arrived. Now we had to hire a truck to bring the things to our house; that proved almost as expensive as the entire cost from Montréal! We had time to plan where the furniture should go, and we filled the one-car garage with the book boxes. It did not take us long to get it all in order. There was a big basement under the house where there were two bedrooms, a toilet with a shower, and a storage space. In addition there was a very large, empty room with a tile floor, which was built for a library. So along the walls we built up book cases, as usual out of bricks and boards. It became also an excellent room for large parties, receptions and dinners. So, the house that looked like a one-storey red brick building from the outside, was in fact a two-storey one and very comfortable.

Boulder itself was then a small city completely dominated by the university around which it had grown up. It was situated right on the 40th Parallel of latitude and known for its good and dry climate. Many people suffering from lung ailments had come here to restore their health. There were a few government institutions like NCAR (the National Center for Atmospheric Research), NOAA (National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration) and the National Bureau of Standards, all more or less affiliated with the university. The Chautauqua movement with its popular lectures, music, and entertainment had also had its glory days here but was now more or less reduced to an auditorium and park with a few cabins at the foot of the Flatirons for rent to faculty and summer guests.



At the university we found things very different from those at the Université de Montréal, which was based on the system of the Sorbonne in Paris. The University of Colorado was, of course, much younger and of the ordinary American type, aside from the big ones like Harvard and Yale in the East and Stanford and Berkeley in the West. It was similar to what we had experienced in Winnipeg, and the quality of the students was about the same as we had met there. Fortunately, Áskell did not have to teach any of the enormous classes of first and second year students, but only the senior classes and postgraduates. Again, his style of teaching differed drastically from that of most others. It was much more personal and demanded more of the individual students. Some felt lost and were displeased but the majority loved it and gave him high marks on "student evaluation forms." Especially those specializing in some subject under him were satisfied.

The Biology department was housed in one of the oldest buildings on the beautiful campus, the Hale Science Building. It was not very comfortable, and Áskell had no private assistant any more. He and his students had one common laboratory, had to wash all glassware, and do all the manual work themselves. There was a greenhouse, but it was already fully occupied, and there was no space for our plants there. The facilities were, thus, not the very best, but we soon adjusted our research to the accommodations. Áskell did, as always, most of his work at home, where he had access to our private and excellent library, and spent only the necessary time in his campus office where the door was always open to students and visitors. I busied myself with working up our material from Mt. Washington at home, but I always took part in seminars and extra activities at the university. And Áskell soon found grants for projects, on which we cooperated. Thus, the university really got "two for one salary", which was good for them but not very profitable for ourselves.

We tried our best to establish good relationships with our colleagues. Our best friends, beside Bill and Sammie Weber, were Gordon and Marion Alexander and Paul and Mary Maslin. Gordon was a zoologist specializing in bird taxonomy and Paul a specialist on western lizards. Marion was the mother-type, always concerned about foreign wives of Gordon's students, teaching them about American food and customs. Mary was the intellectual type, active politically and with a busy schedule of club meetings. They lived near each other and were interested in horticulture, and had lovely gardens.

We arranged small dinner parties, and in the beginning, before we knew the department well, we sometimes happened to invite people who we did not realize disliked each other. Sammie was the one who informed me of my mistakes so I should not repeat them. Fortunately, all our guests behaved perfectly and let us not know anything of their animosity toward each other. It was, however, not an entirely happy department, and we soon learned to cruise between the skerries of friendship and enmity. Fortunately, we seemed to gain the appreciation of everybody.

Loá started to take courses at the university in the autumn. It was mostly general courses among which were arts, geology and Swedish. She also had to take physical education, of which she chose archery. She is strictly left-handed, and her marksmanship was not the most successful. Sometimes she made a bull's-eye, but on the target next to hers! The Swedish instructor, who actually spoke Scanian but was American-born, became a bit frustrated when she kept correcting his pronunciation and grammar. At the start of the second semester, he took her aside and said: "I will give you an A if you stop coming to my classes!" At least he had a sense of humor and recognized that she knew the language better than he did.

The first Christmas we invited Ted and Goy to visit us. They now lived in Long Beach where Ted attended the university, working toward a degree in engineering. Goy had an office job in some business not far from their home and helped pay for his studies. They liked our new house but could not stay very long, so did not see much of the surroundings.

We had brought the Kapoors with us from Montréal. In time he completed the requirements for his doctorate and she took a degree in mathematics. Monte grew up to be a lively little chap. They actually stayed in our house when, the following summer, we all went to Europe for Loá's wedding to Gunner. He had gone to Copenhagen to study arts after finishing in Montréal, and his family had moved from Nova

Scotia to Ingersoll, near London, Ontario. So we decided to have the wedding in Iceland, halfway between the two continents. Ted and Goy also came with us for a belated honeymoon trip to Europe, Ted's first visit outside of the U.S.

We drove to New York, parked the car there in care of the Icelandic Airlines, and flew to Reykjavik. Gunner and his grandfather, a very pleasant, elderly man, flew in from Denmark, and the two young ones were very happy to meet again. The wedding took place in a little old turf church, among the buildings restored on the grounds of a folk museum outside the capital. It was rainy and windy but it did not disturb the happiness of the day. I was up early and gathered a bouquet of fresh wildflowers for Loá. She was dressed in the beautiful Icelandic women's national costume, not a white gown and veil such as Goy had worn at her wedding. Loá was actually the first bride to wear the national costume at that church, but it became the "thing to do" after that. The minister was Kobbí's father-in-law, and most of our old friends from Reykjavik times attended as did all the family, more than filling the very small church to capacity. Afterwards there was a reception at another locality and it was all very nice, a day to remember for both the bridal couple and ourselves.

The weather cleared up just when the newlyweds left in a rented car for a stay at the Laugarvatn Hotel for their honeymoon. We stayed with Goy and Ted in Reykjavik, where Ted learned especially to appreciate the hot dogs made of lambs' meat. When the newlyweds returned, we all continued to Europe to meet the Danish and the Swedish families. In Sweden we rented a car and drove up to see Musse in Kisa and took a tour back over Kalmar on the Baltic Coast to visit a castle there and to see the naval station further south at Karlskrona in Blekinge. Then it was back to Copenhagen, where Ted and Goy left us to go to Switzerland, Paris, and London.

Loá and Gunner had found a small apartment in Roskilde and we helped them furnish it with modern Danish things. We also met with Gunner's Danish family, many of whom lived nearby. My aunt Ellen had recently died, and I had inherited a small sum of money from her. We set that aside in a fund administered by my lawyer-"cousin" Per, so they had something to live on while Gunner studied. Soon Loá also got a job in *Magasin*, the once so elegant store on Kongens Nytorv, that had now become just another department store. They both had to take the Copenhagen train morning and night but used bicycles for the rest of the way to their little home.

When all this was settled, we returned to New York, picked up the car, and drove back to Boulder, visiting Washington and Hannibal, Missouri and the Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn memorials. This had been a purely private trip overseas, but we made several work-related ones as well. One of the most memorable was the one to Japan, to the Pacific Congress. For that one we drove as usual westward to San Francisco, but parked the car with Jón and Lura in Napa. They took us to the airport in San Francisco. We flew along the great circle, so that the plane took us northward along the coast up to Anchorage, Alaska, where we stopped briefly for refuelling and a quick glance at the nature around the airport. Unfortunately, the weather was bad, rain and low clouds over evergreen forests and mountains with snow-clad peaks even in the late summer. It was fun to watch the eskimos waiting for other flights. Then we flew on, crossed the date-line over the Pacific and lost a day, but it did not matter; we were both there. Boyes in Montréal used to tell us that he lost a wedding day on a similar trip, but since he continued to Canada over Europe, he did not get it back, like we would, when we returned to Boulder. We also got a brief look at some of the Kommandorsky Islands north of Japan.

When we landed in Tokyo, Tuguo was there to receive us and help take us in to our Hotel Otani. There several other Japanese scientists waited to welcome us, and Tuguo ordered tea for us all in our room. We felt very honored, but I suffered badly from jet lag and really only wanted to sleep. However, Áskell was in better shape and acted as the perfect host. As soon as they left I collapsed on the bed and slept soundly for almost 12 hours.

Tokyo is an enormous and confusing city. But we learned quickly to get around via the over-crowded underground system. We also wandered around near the hotel, visited small shops, and tried some

of the fruits. One looked like a grayish apple, but proved to be a pear. And we learned to know and appreciate the koto music that we heard on various occasions in the hotel corridors as well as at official receptions

The congress opened in the presence of Crown Prince (now Emperor) Akihito, himself a marine biologist like his father, Emperor Hirohito. The opening ceremony was held in the Diet, but the rest of the congress took place in a modern conference building. At that time the Japanese were ahead in electronics, and it was a novelty to have a microphone attached to one's lapel and be able to freely move around on the stage, show pictures, even speak with the back to the audience and still be heard distinctly over the loudspeaker system.

Áskell was chairman of Biosystematics; his lectures were well received, and he had gathered an interesting array of international scientists to give lectures. On the whole the congress was a success. It was, of course, not only lectures and seminars but also a lot of short and long excursions. We had been especially invited to come and visit our friend Kihara at his plant breeding institute at Mishima on the Ito peninsula. Shoi, who also attended the Congress took us there by train. At the station we met Harlan Lewis, Dean of Science at the University of California in Los Angeles, another friend of ours, and some of his colleagues. They, too had decided to visit Mishima.

When we arrived at our destination, we were met by Kihara himself in a chauffeur-driven limousine with air-conditioning. Áskell and I were almost embarrassed when Harlan and the others were placed in ordinary, not air-conditioned cars for the ride to the institute. They were, indeed, much higher in rank than we were but, apparently, did not know Kihara as well as we did. When we arrived at the institute, the staff was lined up to welcome us all, and we were shown into Kihara's private office for a cup of tea, while the other guests had their tea with his staff in another room. I sincerely hope that Harlan did not feel offended, but at least he did not show it, and we remained good friends always. However, we enjoyed a good conversation with Kihara about wheat and other problems that he and Áskell had in common and had discussed for years.

We then joined the others for a tour of the institute, but only Áskell and I were taken for a brief visit to the very old German lady scientist (her first name was Flora but I have forgotten the rest), who had been the mentor of Kihara and his group. She had expressed a special wish to see us, and we felt immensely honored. We all had lunch together and enjoyed delicious seedless watermelons, just brought to perfection at the institute. In the afternoon we made a tour in the limousine and other cars to see Fujiyama, the perfect volcanic cone, not far from the institute, and the nature at its foot, where we saw many species new to us. The weather was hot and muggy but at least sunny, so it was perfect.

We were lodged together with Shoi in a private little cabin in the garden of a hotel where the others stayed. We had to take a bath together with our host, who taught us how to enjoy a real Japanese "ofuro-san" (hot bath). Then we dressed in hotel kimonos and joined the rest of the group for a marvelous banquet. Of course, we sat on the floor, ate with chopsticks, and enjoyed all kinds of delicacies: seafood, vegetables, meat and rice, even deep-fried *Chrysanthemum*, which was delightful to look at and delicious to taste.

The next day we returned to Tokyo, where Tuguo took us around to various attractions, temples and so on, and to take part in the reception for the chairmen of the divisions at the Imperial Palace. This was not an impressive building like many other palaces we had seen but rather plain. Inside it was also plain compared to them, but each room we saw was exquisitely decorated by a single piece of art, a painting, a scroll or a piece of delicate pottery. The windows were open since the palace was not air-conditioned; the Emperor did not think he should enjoy such a luxury when the majority of his people could not afford it. Before we were ushered into the reception hall to meet the Emperor, Empress and Crown Prince, we were instructed as to how to behave, bow, and so on. I had to walk three steps behind Áskell and bow in a manner slightly different from his.

Finally we faced the Imperial couple, and an interpreter called out our names, titles, and occupations. We also had big cards with this information in Japanese pinned to our lapels. The Emperor shook hands with Áskell, but then the Empress, who dabbled in botany, leaned forward, tugged at his sleeve, and said something to him and the interpreter. He translated it into English for us: "Her Imperial Highness wishes to inform Dr. Löve that she is in possession of his *Flora of Iceland* and enjoys the beautiful pictures there." And she smiled and nodded at him. Áskell was speechless, did not know what to do and could only bow and whisper; "Thank you, thank you." And then we were moved on. It was the absolute climax of Áskell's life; nothing ever matched the pride he felt at that moment.

After the Congress we took a private tour with Shoi as guide. First we visited Nagoya and its beautiful temples and the stately cryptomerias, distant relatives of our redwoods. Then we continued to Kyoto and its botanical institute, the most important in Japan. Much later, Shoi became its director, but at this point he did not even dream of that. We arrived in Kyoto with the fast Japanese "bullet-train", a marvelous experience in itself. The old imperial city had many beautiful temples which we very much enjoyed, especially for their beautiful gardens.

Then we flew up to Hokkaido, Shoi's birthplace, and where he had studied before joining us. In Sapporo he introduced us to his old university, where Áskell gave a lecture. We also met his professor, who was a jolly old man. He took us for a tour around Sapporo and showed us research fields and wild plants. Sapporo was the least "Japanese" city we visited. It and Hokkaido itself reminds me more of New England, although rice paddies alternate with fields of wheat and barley. He gave us a meal of cheese and beer, specialties of Hokkaido. But the most enjoyable was to meet with Shoi's mother in her home. She had arranged a nice dinner for us, which we very much enjoyed; after it she presented us with a taxi ride along a scenic route on the coast. It was a wonderful gesture and very much appreciated.

Shoi also took us up to the Daisetsun mountains to see the nature there and the little villages with Ainu people and the bears they keep. We also visited an erupting volcano and an Ainu reservation, where we were introduced to the customs of this people, in some ways so different from the Japanese themselves and natives of the country before the latter invaded Hokkaido. There are not many of them left who are "pure". The majority is mixed with Japanese now, but the language, customs and manner of writing and living are still largely preserved.

A rather amusing incident occurred during this Congress. One day, when we returned to the hotel, we had a phone call waiting for us, from "Auckland" according to the message we got. We assumed that it was from our friend Henry Connor in New Zealand, who perhaps wanted to contact us for some reason when we were on his side of the Pacific. So checking the time, we asked the operator to connect us to the number given. Suddenly Áskell looked upset and turned to me: "It is from Oakland, California! I hope nothing is wrong with the family." But then he looked even more puzzled, when he heard the sleepy voice of the Dean of Arts and Science in Boulder. It was 4 o'clock in the morning there. They were in the process of getting a new director for INSTAAR, the Institute of Arctic and Alpine Research, and he wanted Áskell's approval of Jack Ives for this. Áskell explained the mistake with the place name, and excused himself for not having checked better on it, but gave his consent gladly, since Jack was an old friend of ours and very well suited for the job.

In all, the Congress and all about it was a great experience for us. We returned loaded with gifts, souvenirs, memories, and many new friends with whom we still keep in touch. On the return trip we stayed a few days in Honolulu, Hawaii, and enjoyed the warm weather, the sunshine, and the beautiful nature of Oahu. Honolulu, and especially Waikiki are, of course, overrun by tourists and tourist traps, but the drive around the island made up for it. An added pleasure was eating fresh, field-ripened pineapple, dripping juice and sweetness.

In 1966, Dr. Pennak's four-year period as chairman ended. Now a new chairman had to be elected, but the choice of the next one was fairly easily made. It fell on Áskell's shoulders to run the department for the next period, 1966--70. He had won the trust of almost everybody but particularly the younger ones in

the department. At that stage he had no "enemies". I was very happy on his behalf and I think he was happy too and looked forward to improve this large and somewhat unwieldy group of scientists. This was the pinnacle of his career and he sincerely wanted to do his best for the university and his staff. He fully realized that it was not going to be an easy task, but he started out full of good intentions.

The 1960s were a rather difficult period in Boulder. It had been invaded by "hippies" because of its beautiful location and good climate, and drugs were becoming a big problem. Áskell was very concerned about it. When he noticed that a student was getting out of hand, he felt obliged to try to talk to him or, if this did not help, to contact the parents, if he felt the young man was endangering himself. Some were grateful, others could not care less, which he found very strange. It was also the Viet Nam era and all that was connected with it. He also got used to visits from the university CIA agent, always inviting him for coffee when he came to "snoop". Everyone who travelled abroad was "investigated" and often had to submit copies of pictures they had taken. Some of the staff protested, but Áskell told them to cooperate, since they should be loyal to their country. Even I was approached and questioned about Áskell's political opinions. I told them frankly that he did not like the Viet Nam war, but it was none of his business, and he kept his thoughts about it to himself, but told them that he was most impressed by the Social Democrats of Scandinavia and belonged to no particular party in Iceland or elsewhere. Whether that was good or bad for him, I do not know. I only know that this conversation was taped, since the agent insisted on standing very close to me, and each time I moved back a bit, he followed.

Áskell produced, as usual, a number of new Ph.D.s out of his students. Beside Brij Kapoor, only a few were really good, such as Pat McGuire, who later went to Davis and became head of a gene bank there, and Hugh Bollinger, who ran a plant science business, *Native Plants*, in Utah, especially for restoring the vegetation on areas mined or otherwise ruined. The others were not remarkable, but all found good jobs at universities or otherwise. Most had worked on alpine problems. Áskell liked best to discuss taxonomy and plant geography with Bill Weber, the only one whom he considered an "equal". At first they had very diverging opinions about taxonomy but by and by Bill realized that Áskell's "shocking" ideas on this subject, based on genetics and cytology, were the only correct ones for getting ahead in systematics. Both have been harshly and unfairly criticized for upsetting the old-fashioned system of pigeon-holing plants according to morphological characters alone. However, more and more botanists now accept Áskell's ideas, particularly the plant breeders, who see their practical importance.

My own scientific activities, aside from the usual cooperation with Áskell, had now become centered on INSTAAR, where I took part in seminars, lectures, and work with postgraduates as an unpaid research assistant. I also helped out with the summer courses on the Niwot ridge research site at about 11,000 ft. and enjoyed it immensely. I also took part in a group doing *croquis* [outline] drawings in the Fine Arts Department, and in a course where I learned sculpture. But Áskell did not like to have me away evenings, so eventually I had to give it up. I did, however, produce some nice pieces of sculpture, among them a bust of Gordon Alexander, which was accepted by the Museum of Natural History. Whether it is still displayed, I do not know. Both of us also took part in various scientific meetings and congresses but not as many or as much as before. Áskell's administrative work took too much time; he disliked committee meetings and tried always to avoid them.

However, one thing was dearer to him than everything else: his family. Early in 1967, on February 17, we received a telegram from Denmark. The operator who read it to me over the telephone was a bit puzzled; according to her it read: "A pig. All well." I burst out: "Hurrah, our first grandchild!" She sounded almost offended and repeated: "A pig?" The telegram was in Danish and actually said: "Pige. Alt vel". We were immensely happy for Gunner and Loá, who had conceived her during a vacation in Spain, where they had gone on a motor scooter.

Gunner had specialized in etching and lithography and became very good at it. But then his teacher died, and he did not really know what to do. So Áskell suggested that they come over to the U.S. so that he might continue at some art school here. We had a *Flora Europaea* meeting in Spain that year, and we decided to go to Denmark first and help them plan for the move, then go to Spain and return to pick

them up and take them to Canada to have the little one baptized at his parents in Ontario. We also arranged for the purchase of a Volvo for them. It was to be shipped to New York, where we would pick it up and then drive in our own and the new car via Ingersoll, Ontario, to Boulder.

All was done as planned. We stayed briefly in Copenhagen where we met with the Böchers and his students, who promised to help with the move. Then we flew with SAS down to Spain via Monaco (just for refuelling, alas; it would have been interesting to see more of it) to Madrid, where we changed to a Spanish airplane to Seville. Heywood met us there and took us to a hotel in the center of town.

The meeting was held in *La Fabrica de Tabacco*, the building famous as the backdrop for Bizet's opera *Carmen*. It is an enormous quadrangle, almost a mile long on each side, and rather hard to find one's way in if you did not enter through the correct gate. On the way from the hotel, the shortest route took us literally through the beautiful cathedral that once was a muslim mosque and is adorned with the famous tower, *la Giralda*, a former minaret. It is extremely beautiful and full of art. And it was a cool passage during the hot days of early summer. I loved Seville, actually felt almost at home there as I always did in the Mediterranean areas. The arts, the music, gypsies and all, appeal to me in a special manner. We even, to the horror of the Englishmen, attended a bullfight and found it exciting in spite of its cruelty. Another wonderful experience was the farewell banquet in the Moorish castle, *el Alcazar*. Again we enjoyed its marvelous architecture as much as its beautiful gardens with palms and orange trees.

An excursion went to a coastal nature reserve at the mouth of the Guadalquivir River, where we saw a flora with many African species of plants, cork oaks, and other things new to us. Áskell recognized some of the plants from his summer in Andalucia in 1962. There were also some African birds, a beautiful, multicolored bee-eater, egrets, eagles, and more. On the way back we stopped at Jerez de la Frontera to test the excellent sherry wines of that area (Jerez, pronounced 'Heres' = sherry).

From Seville the meeting moved north by bus to Madrid but bypassed Granada and the Alhambra (that I had looked so much forward to see) so that the Englishmen could get to a pub to drink their beer. But the route through the Sierra Nevada up onto the dry high plateau with its Don Quixote landscape, windmills and all, was very enjoyable. In Madrid we continued the meeting at the university, but also had time to visit the old botanical garden, actually rather neglected, that houses some marvelous old tomes about the plants of South America. It was close to the Prado museum with all its art treasures. Madrid is a beautiful city with many remarkable buildings and monuments, especially the one to Christopher Columbus. We got around via an underground railway and had no trouble, although it was known for assaults and pickpockets. An excursion took us to the *Escorial*, the gloomy castle with all the royal tombs, and Toledo, which was an incredibly beautiful city, and through a landscape full of flowering ginst [broom].

Then we returned to Denmark and Roskilde to pick up Gunner, Loá and the baby. Áskell went up to Gothenburg to fetch the new car. He returned with it so that we could visit the family in Sweden. Before we left the car in Gothenburg to be shipped to New York, we made a quick trip up to Oslo so that we could see the bronze-age stone carvings on the rocks along the Swedish west coast and the Viking ships, the Vigeland park with its marvelous sculptures, and the museum with Edvard Munch's works in Oslo. We also met with the Lids both in the Botanical Garden where Johannes worked, and at their home.

Then we flew from Gothenburg toward Iceland, but suddenly the airplane started to shake badly and I noticed that one of the engines had stopped. For a while I wondered if we would all perish on this, the first flight of our grandchild. But the plane was able to make it to Stavanger, where we landed in the middle of the night. There was no food and no milk to be had, and we had to wait for hours for another plane to pick us up. It was not pleasant. but at last one came and we could continue without any further trouble to Iceland.

Just then a conference was under way in Reykjavik concerning the eruption of the volcano Surtsey (the "island of Surtur", a Norse god of the underworld) in 1964--65 and the ongoing eruption of the new one, Syrtlingur ("Little Surtur"), both in the sea south of the Vestman Islands. Áskell had given Ted and

Goy a tour in an airplane so that they could photograph this eruption. Now we took part in the conference, and when the opportunity arose to visit Surtsey and see the first plants growing there, we took it. However, since the trip would involve sailing, Áskell, who always suffered badly from seasickness, left it to Gunner and me alone.

We flew in a small plane to the Vestman Islands and landed on the airport there, from whence we transferred to a coast guard vessel. It took us the 14 miles out to Surtsey where we were set ashore in rubber rafts. The eruptions had stopped about a month earlier but there were still areas over which we walked that were very hot. It was impossible to stop, and a small blow with a geology hammer revealed glowing lava under the thin crust. We circled the island, the major part of which was covered by lava, but there were also sandy beaches of ash, and it was there we saw the very first two specimens of flowering plants that had taken root, the Icelandic searocket, *Cakile edentula*, ssp. *islandica*. Seeds of it had either drifted ashore from the Vestman Islands or Iceland itself, or else had been carried by birds to the new island. The first alternative is more likely, since gulls do not eat plant materials, and other birds had not yet been seen there.

The excursion was cut short, since a hurricane was blowing up and it became necessary to take us directly to the mainland since the wind made landing on Vestman Island dangerous. So we were again shipped out to the vessel in the rubber rafts and then a stormy voyage with increasingly towering seas took us for hours along the south coast of Iceland. It was originally intended that we should sail directly to Reykjavik, but then the Coast Guard vessel was called to an emergency and decided to put us ashore at Thorlakshöfn, which was nearer. But we could not go into the shallow harbor there either because of the high seas, so again we were put a few at a time into the rubber rafts and sent ashore. When it was mine and Gunner's turn to be—literally—pushed down into a raft and told to hold on to the ropes around it, he looked at me amused and said: "Don't look so scared!" But he did not see the wall of water towering up behind him but was suddenly immersed in it when it broke over us. Then it was his turn to look frightened. But, incredibly enough, we got safely into the harbor and were pulled up, dripping wet, and placed in a bus for further transport to Reykjavik.

When we finally arrived there it was 4 o'clock in the morning. Everybody was sound asleep and we did not have a key to the house. We were still wet and it was windy and cold. So there was nothing else to do than throw small stones at Amma and Afi's bedroom window on the first floor. It was Amma who woke up, looked out, saw us, and let us in. She was very concerned at our bedraggled appearance, so she immediately made us a cup of hot chocolate. After that it was good to crawl down into warm beds and sleep it out. It had been an exciting tour.

Finally we flew on to New York. We stayed in the Airport Hotel which was terribly noisy. It did not make it better that the baby, who had been vaccinated against tuberculosis before we left, had pains in her arm and cried incessantly until the infection burst and the pus drained out. After that there was no trouble. In the morning we left the young ones in the hotel, and Áskell and I went to get the car at the harbor. Unfortunately, we arrived there just at lunchtime and got no service, but were advised to go and eat with the longshoremen at a canteen. I had always believed that these burly and strong men lived on red meat and beer, but found instead that the majority of those at our table had salads and big glasses of milk! After lunch we retrieved the car without difficulty but had to recharge the battery because Volvo had forgotten to switch off the clock, and it had drained. Then it was just to find the office in Manhattan to pay for the transport, and finally we could return to the hotel and pick up the others.

Gunner had only driven the new car a little in Sweden and Norway, but now he and I drove together, I reading the maps, and Áskell, Loá and the baby following in our old car. Gunner was terribly nervous, but once we were safely on the toll roads away from the city traffic, he relaxed. We had gotten a late start so had to find a place to stay overnight in upper New York, but it did not prove so simple, because Billy Graham was in the area and almost every place we tried was booked up. Finally, near midnight, we found a room near Syracuse. Next day we crossed into Canada at Buffalo. Again, Gunner grew nervous and it seemed to irritate the surly customs officer. But I managed to keep the situation in hand, and finally it

was accepted that we did not try to smuggle the baby into Canada but that we carried it legally with us. It was a confusion of languages that caused it all.

At long last we arrived in Ingersoll near London, and the grandparents and cousins received us very warmly. Gunner and Loá stayed with them and Áskell and me in a small hotel. The baptism took place in a church of a small Danish congregation in London. The baby was dressed in the same dress that Loá had worn at her baptism and I had made for her. The minister was obviously used to small babies and quickly wiped the baby's mouth when she started to spit up. She received the names Ingela Vigdis, the first because Loá liked the name of her Swedish cousin, Ingela, the second in memory of Áskell's maternal grandmother, Vigdis. Afterwards, there was a buffet supper at the home of Gunnars parents, Villy and Olga.

Villy was an auto mechanic who worked mostly with school buses in Ingersoll. Olga was a housewife and a devoted mother. Her love for her family was unlimited and she was the one who held them all together. They had five children, Preben, Gunner, Ruth, Ole, Inger and Hanne. We did not meet Preben then; he was enrolled in the Canadian Air Force, but he visited us at a later occasion in Boulder. They had many friends, mostly farmers of Danish origin, and all came to help celebrate the baptism, so it was a happy feast.

A few days later we continued to Boulder, from whence Gunner continued alone to San Francisco to enroll at the Arts Institute and find an apartment. It was not easy but at last he found one, and we drove Loá and Ingela out to join him. The little one was now five months old and very agile. On the way down the slopes of the Sierra she astonished us by standing up on the back seat and balancing herself without support. She started walking at six months and talking at eight, so she was really precocious and obviously intelligent.

Now a new period in our family life started, which could be described as the "Boulder-Los Angeles-San Francisco" triangle. Ted had graduated from Long Beach and got a job with the Ford Company, not the automobile section, but a technical division which did mostly government work with rockets, missiles, satellites, and such. They had found a nice little house in Orange, and Áskell helped with the down-payment. It was situated in an area full of orange orchards and had a little garden around it. Ted had to drive a long way to his job in Inglewood so Goy was alone most of the day, but she, too, had gotten a car from her generous father and quickly found good friends in the neighborhood. And it took Gunner, Loá and Ingela only a day to drive down to visit them.

The Easter vacation in Boulder was fairly long in order to take advantage of the skiing in the mountains, and in 1968, Goy and Ted were ready to add still another member to the family. So we went down there, this time by air to Los Angeles from whence we took a helicopter to Disneyland, not far from their house in Orange. As usual, it was impossible to predict the exact arrival of a baby, and it looked almost as if Áskell would have to return to Boulder and his classes before the event, when on the morning of April 22, Ted woke us up to tell us that it was time. He would take Goy to the hospital in his car, and we could drive there in Goy's car when we had dressed. We did not hurry, but when we finally arrived, Ted could tell us that it was a girl and he would take us to see the doctor check her out. Little Lisa, too, was perfect, and Goy was in good shape after the ordeal. Then we had to go almost directly to the helicopter pad, so that Áskell would not miss his flight back to Denver. But he was so happy to have been there in time. I stayed with Goy for a while to help her out. She had been so well prepared and knew just as well as I what to do, but it is, I hope, a bit comforting to have somebody there the first critical days before you are into the routine. Then I flew up to San Francisco for a few days with Gunner and Loá before going back to Boulder.

The route, Boulder-Los Angeles-San Francisco became almost routine for the next few years and we learned to love the Southwest, its nature and people. Santa Fé became one of our favorite stops. It is a marvelous city, reminding so much of Spain with its adobe houses in a desert area, perfumed by the scent of piñon pines and junipers. The Indian reservations around it are fascinating and we tried out all kinds of roads to vary the trips at different seasons. The heat during summertime could be difficult since we have



never had air-conditioning in our Volvos, and the snow and ice during the winter could be downright hazardous in the high mountains. But we were fortunate and never had any accidents, although we saw many others who had had bad luck.

We learned to love the flora and the fauna along the roads among the red and yellow rocks, striped with desert varnish, the Indians in their colorful costumes adorned with turquoise jewelry, and their villages, hogans and ancient rock dwellings, their handicrafts, silverworks, pottery, handmade rugs and other arts. We even learned to appreciate the hot southwestern foods based on chili peppers and other spices. The Southwest is one of the most beautiful, interesting, and historical areas of the U.S.; the more open it was, the better we liked it. Nature not cluttered up with humans is soothing and restful for the mind. The "triangle" trips were a marvelous relaxation from the tedium of everyday life.

As anticipated, the running of the department was not an easy task. There were strong feelings between factions within it and it was hard to instill a feeling "for the common good." Molecular biology was developing, and Áskell felt that it had an adverse effect on genetics and cytology as we had learned it. He did not think its proponents had a sufficiently thorough background to build on and they, in turn, considered him old-fashioned. We now held a position where, on the one hand, we were seen as "outrageously progressive" in respect to taxonomy based on cytology and genetics and, on the other hand, as "too stodgy and backwards" regarding "molecular genetics!"

It did not make it any easier that Áskell had an unpleasant secretary, Margret, who did not think he gave her enough respect, although he had made her "administrative assistant." Fortunately, one day she got so angry at him, that she pulled out a paper of resignation from her desk and threw it at him. He said calmly: "I accept this", which was not what she had expected! But she was replaced by another one, Goldie, who did not think so highly of herself, had a wonderful sense of humor and she and Áskell got along very well. I still get Christmas cards from her.

The staff had grown a great deal, and Áskell did not hesitate to hire man-and-wife couples, if they had the credentials necessary. He often acted on the principle that "rules are there to be broken"; not everybody approved of it. The old Hale building became too crowded and the department had to be housed in other buildings. He tried to get some sort of order by grouping related subjects together, but it only resulted in groups competing for funds and attention. However, he survived his four years of chairmanship, and when it was up, he did not make any serious attempts to seek a second term. He was given a plaque of appreciation from the department and, on the whole, he left with no hard feelings toward or from anybody. The new chairman was Hobart Smith, a zoologist. But it was not all frustrations. We continued with our research and wrote several papers, together or individually, and attended meetings, conferences and so on here and there. We also subscribed to music series and listened to beautiful performances by internationally famous artists. And we belonged to a "Travel Club", where people told of their trips abroad and showed pictures or films. I was chairman of that group one year. Life was, on the whole, very rich and interesting. But, as usual, life also had its ups and downs.

On November 17, 1970, Goy and Ted presented us with a third granddaughter, Dawn. We were both there when she arrived and, as when Lisa was born, I stayed with Goy for a while. I noticed that she was not as happy as before, seemed more tense and not pleased at being bound to the house with small children. Ted was not happy with the new baby either; he had hoped for a boy and this was "just another girl". And, as is normal, Lisa was a bit jealous of her little sister and all the attention lavished on her. Anyhow, this was a happy event for us grandparents.

Olga, Gunnars mother, is as old as I am. I celebrate my birthdays in January, she hers in February. Preben, her oldest son and an Air Force cadet, had been asked to fly an airplane to Toronto for a check-up and was allowed to take it to London, Ontario, to surprise his mother on her 50th birthday in 1970. It was an old plane but at first all went well until they stopped in Toronto for refueling. However, when taking off for London, the engine malfunctioned; when it became evident that the plane was going to crash, Preben

steered it so that it landed between two buildings in order to do the least possible damage to property and lives. But in so doing he sacrificed his own.

Gunner phoned us from San Francisco in the middle of the night to tell us the news. He was terribly upset. Áskell immediately set about to order a ticket to London, Ontario, via Denver so that he could pay for it and get Gunner home to his family as fast as possible. The next day we met him at the airport in Denver. He was still in shock, was hardly able to talk or think. Preben and he had been very close and he had always looked up to his gifted brother. Preben had visited us briefly some times when Gunner and Loá were with us in Boulder; we had enjoyed him and his plans for his future. He wanted very much to become an author. So his all too early death was a tragedy for all who had known him.

Gunner never really recovered from the shock he had gotten. His whole personality changed. I do not know if he did tend properly to his studies in San Francisco after the accident, but he was not accepted for the master's program. Áskell suggested that they move to Boulder and its Department of Fine Art, where we knew several of the teachers, who were very good. So in 1970, they found a house to their liking a short distance from ours and moved in. It was a nice, new house with a garden and a lovely view over the mountains to the west. When Olga, the flat-lander Dane, once visited them there and Loá asked her what she thought of this beautiful view, she answered: "Yes, is it nice, but the mountains sort of obscure the horizon."

The first year there went fairly well although I thought there was at times a little too much of partying. Ole, Gunner's youngest brother had come down to Boulder and decided to stay. He was not pleased with his life in Ingersoll, and we felt he needed a push forward, since he was obviously not as stupid as Gunner or his family thought. Áskell got him a job as a caretaker at the INSTAAR's alpine station on Niwot Ridge, and he thoroughly enjoyed his summer there. Then he wanted to try to get a "real" education, and started general courses at the university, while living in our basement. We discovered that the reason for his former difficulties with schools and life was the fact that he was dyslexic, and we set about to try to do something for it. Once he accepted this handicap, his courses went well and his teachers were understanding and appreciated his struggle. His self-confidence, which had been very low, became increasingly better and he started to really believe in himself.

We liked Ole and he became as a son to us. He was a good-looking fellow and very popular with girls, but soon one of them became special, and Betty, studying sociology, won his heart. They married in a nice ceremony that we all attended. Ingela was old enough to take part and very interested in all that went on. They set up household in a "halfway house", where boys who had been in trouble with the law got a second chance under the supervision of Ole and Betty. Ole later told me that he chose this career in order to in some way repay Áskell and me for what we had done for him when he felt "lost". They apparently were successful in their job and had the confidence of the judges in Boulder. All seemed, thus, to be in the best of order.

It therefore came more or less as a shock to us, when Ole one evening came home to tell us that things did not seem to go well for Gunner and Loá. He said Gunner was complaining about Loá, called her cold and unresponsive, but he really suspected that Gunner was not faithful to her. At first we refused to believe it, but observing a bit closer what was going on, we had to admit that something was awry. Loá admitted that Gunner behaved strangely, refused to let her learn to drive, so Áskell taught her, which Gunner deeply resented. He was jealous of Áskell for the attention he lavished on Ingela, and wanted Loá to move away from Boulder to some place where they should not even have a telephone, so that she would be totally isolated from us. Of course, Loá did not agree to such demands. And soon she, too, discovered that he was unfaithful. In spite of all attempts by us and Ole and Betty, it became obvious that a separation was inevitable. Loá was terribly unhappy, for she still loved Gunner very much.

## Slovenia

We had attended the Botanical Congress in Seattle in 1970 and had met with a Yugoslav botanist, Franc Susnik, with whom Áskell had corresponded for some time. He wanted us to come and take part in a project on the Slovenian flora, which he thought could be supported by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. He had come to the Congress in order also to look into the cultivation of hops for beer production, and after that he visited us in Boulder for further discussions about the floristic project.

Áskell thought it would be a good idea now that he no longer needed to think of the department and had more time for research. So he set about writing an application for a five-year project to investigate the flora of Slovenia and its chromosome numbers. Such a project had not been undertaken in the Mediterranean area before, and since the flora there consists of many elements from various areas meeting there, it seemed to be very worthwhile. Much work went into this and finally the Smithsonian agreed to endow the project. Áskell was to go to Slovenia immediately after Christmas to deal with details, meet with the Yugoslav participants and investigate the facilities offered.

Since Gunner now had practically separated from Loá and lived with the other girl, Lynn Lazar, a Jewish sociology student, we decided that when Áskell was away, Loá, Ingela and I should drive out to Ted and Goy and celebrate New Year there. We shared the driving, although I actually did most of it. It was a rather cold winter with snow and, in places, the road was icy and slippery. But all went well and the stay in Orange was good. The day after we returned Loá phoned to tell us that during her absence there had been a burglary of her house. Closer scrutiny revealed that it had been none other than Gunner, because he had called his mother in Canada from Loá's telephone when there. Fortunately Loá had stored almost all her valuables in our house, so the damage was limited to a broken window.

Gunner now filed for divorce from her "on grounds of irreconcilable differences", but when the case came up in court, the judge granted Loá the divorce, obviously realizing that she was not at fault. Gunner had wanted "half or all her property", but the judge gave Loá the house and custody over Ingela and other favors but not the car, which Gunner said he needed to pursue his studies. He was also forced to pay a small sum each month for Ingela's upkeep. It was a bitter time for all of us. We had liked Gunner and believed in him; Áskell felt betrayed and disillusioned just as much as Loá did. Now it was a question about Loá's future. She decided she wanted to continue her art studies, and specialize in jewelry making. Ingela was enrolled in a kindergarten and spent the rest of the time with us while Loá had classes and labs.

Áskell's trip to Yugoslavia had been interesting and he was full of enthusiasm over the new project. He had had to fly via Washington to meet with a government agent for "instructions". Later he told me that this person seemed to hint that Áskell should spy for U.S., but he pointed out to the man that he was not a U.S. citizen and that the grant was given for a botanical project and nothing else.

It was decided that we should take Loá along as a secretary, and have two American students as research assistants. Áskell's and my counterparts in Yugoslavia were Franc Susnik and Ernest Mayer and students of theirs should also participate. Frank and Ernest were both professors at the Botanical Institute in Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia. But we would also travel around to other parts of Yugoslavia and try to get cooperation from other botanical institutes there. The grant, although handled by the Smithsonian, was actually a government post-war grant for helping the development in the war-torn European countries. It had therefore also to be accepted by the Yugoslav authorities; Áskell had met with those involved in the government there and settled all the details during his trip at the start of the year. He had been to both Ljubljana and Belgrade, and met government representatives there, winning their trust and confidence in the project.

We rented out our houses for the summer, and Ole and Betty promised to keep an eye on them. In late May we flew off via Iceland to say "hello" to Amma and the rest of the family, over Sweden and Denmark and on to Ljubljana. Franc had rented us space in a private house with a large garden and a lovely hostess by the name of Stina Lozar. Our students, Bill and Edith Reid, husband and wife, lived in another

place with an old caretaker, who waited hand and foot on them. Bill was actually an engineer who had turned biologist, and his wife was a high school teacher, but both did a good job and were very reliable.

We had to cook and do the shopping for ourselves, which was not always so easy. But my limited knowledge of Russian proved helpful, and I tried to learn as many useful expressions as possible in Slovenian. Stina and Ingela became dear friends, and Stina's dog, Cuij, was a wonderful companion to Ingela, replacing her own dog, Glam, left at home. We had a car at our disposal, a Yugoslav-built Citroën of very questionable quality, but it took us where we wanted to go. We had to share it with Franc, supposedly for scientific purposes, but we suspected that he used it as often for private tours as well. Franc was not always as honest as we hoped.

However, Ljubljana is a city with a good bus system, and the Botanical Institute was within an easy walk from our lodgings and so was the Botanical Garden, where we had a laboratory and space on its grounds for plants and so on. The project had paid for a brand-new, ultra-modern microscope, housed at the "garden." It was equipped with facilities for photographing slides; both Bill and Milan Lovka, Franc's student, became expert in using it. Edith and some other Slovenian students tended to the plants, and the work went well and smoothly.

Ljubljana is a beautiful city, actually dating all the way back to Roman times. There are still ruins left of Roman houses with "central heating" and "water-toilets." Many of the houses in the oldest part of the city are hundreds of years old. There is a mountain in the center with a castle on top; Ingela was convinced that it was in its tower where Rapunzel with the long hair had lived. She and Áskell climbed the tower once. Now the castle has a restaurant, very popular for its fine view over the city. There was also a river running through the city bordered by magnificent weeping willows and old houses with geraniums and pendulous bluebells in window-boxes. It was very picturesque. The outskirts of the city, especially towards the north, were more modern. There were also many parks, and even an open-air theater with performances of good plays, ballets and music for ridiculously low prices compared to what we were used to in Boulder. During performances in this theater, the traffic on adjacent streets was blocked off so it did not disturb the dialogue or the music. There were also many nice restaurants and food was comparatively cheap, so about once a week, when the stores were closed, we "ate out". Sometimes we even drove out into the countryside for such a meal; there were many nice garden restaurants in the neighborhood.

Slovenia once belonged, like most of Yugoslavia, to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Therefore, many knew German, but few wanted to speak it after the war. But if, in a shop, you started communicating in English or French first and it did not work so well, they might slide over into German to be able to sell their goods. But the feelings against the Germans were very strong, and with good reason. Evidence of the incredible cruelties they had perpetrated was everywhere, marring the beautiful landscape. However, the remarkably beautiful memorials erected in the memory of the victims were some of the most artistically attractive ones I have seen.

We made several excursions with Franc and Milan. Ernest only rarely took part, and actually did very little for the project. But he and his wife did take part in a tour up to the Slovenian "Rocky Mountains", (Kamniskie Gora, in German: Karavanken) along the border with Austria. A part of this chain consists of the Julian Alps with the peak Triglav (ca. 9,400 ft.). It has a truly alpine flora, and we even recognized several species known to us from Iceland. But there was also a lot of edelweiss, quite common here, which was new to us. Ernest's wife and Ingela became good friends, and she taught Ingela the Yugoslav names of animals they saw. She was Serbian and intensely disliked by the other wives in the department because of that. I noticed the same at a couple of other occasions when she participated and was ostracized. I pitied her, for she was really a very sweet lady. But the tensions between people from the different regions were marked, and the Slovenians looked down on all their "southern brothers", considering themselves far superior to them.

Another target for excursions was the coast on the Adriatic Sea and the Istrian peninsula. The university had a marine biological station in the resort town of Porto Roz, where we could stay without

charge. It had a fine Mediterranean flora and also an area with salinas, where salt was mined and many saltmarsh plants grew. We could even go swimming in Porto Roz, although we soon discovered that the water there was terribly polluted, so we preferred to drive a few miles farther on, to where the water was reasonably clear and fresh. We also discovered a sculpture park there and learned that there were many arts centers in Slovenia, worth a visit. One was at Kastanjevic, where the sculpture medium was wood, while that near Porto Roz was marble. Kastanjevic means "chestnut village" and it had a broadleaved forest flora, as the name indicates. We also drove to the southern end of the Istrian peninsula and visited Pula with its magnificent Roman ruins and a beautiful Coliseum, now used for opera performances.

We thoroughly enjoyed exploring the Slovenian landscape and culture, but we did not at all like the traffic there. It was wild. People neglected all rules, had no patience and took incredible risks. The result was, of course, an enormous accident rate and one frequently passed some bloody carnage along the road when driving around. The Slovenians blamed it, of course, on Italians, Turks, and people from other provinces, but they were just as bad themselves. We were incredibly lucky never to become involved ourselves, but we had several narrow escapes.

One of the most remarkable, non-botanical sights was the Skocjanske Jama (Adelsberger Grottos), a European counterpart of our Carlsbad Caverns. It is, of course, by now fully developed for tourists. One dresses in loden capes for the descent by a lift deep into the cave and depart from an underground railway station for a ride some miles long before reaching the central part, where a guide leads through tunnels and open halls with the most beautiful formations of stalagmites and stalactites in all colors, resembling rivers, lakes, and even waterfalls. The waters are inhabited by a lizard without eyes and no color of any kind. It is extremely rare and exists only in these caves. However, Åskell was given one preserved specimen of it to take back to the University of Colorado, a great favor.

Another near-by cave is not as elaborately equipped, but gives one more of a sensation of being deep underground, especially when the guide turns off the electricity and the cave is plunged into complete darkness. This being an earthquake country, I asked the guide if he was not frightened of being underground if one occurred. He simply pointed to a religious medal around his neck: "Why do you think I wear this?" Both these caves are in a so-called karst-area, full of caves and sink-holes. The flora of the latter can be very interesting since the temperature at the bottom of these deep holes in the ground can be so low that snow persists there even in the middle of the summer, and alpine species can grow there even in this almost subtropical coastal region.

The working habits of the native city-population was different from what we were used to at home. Their workday started at 6 a.m. after a hearty breakfast and a big cup of Turkish coffee, strong enough to wake up even the sleepest person. The work went on almost without interruption to 2 p.m., when there was a siesta. All stores are closed, the city actually goes dead, the streets are deserted. It lasts until 5 o'clock, when everything opens up again and remains open until 7 or 8, or even longer if it is restaurants, cinemas and the like. The big meal is taken either at 2 or late in the evening. Many actually go to bed and sleep during the siesta. We tried to keep our own American habits and people found it hard to believe that we did not take a long rest during the day, especially if the weather was hot. But when we travelled with the Yugoslavs, we often felt very hungry when we did not get lunch at noon, as we were used to and eating a big meal late at night was a bit trying also.

However, in the country, work starts of course at sun-up and goes on until sundown as long as the growing season lasts. Families there often live in big houses where several generations stay together and cultivate the soil, grow fruits or keep animals in common. Able-bodied men and women do the hard work and grandparents mind the small children or grandchildren. Such farms have often belonged to the same family for centuries.

There are many modern department stores, but food has to be bought in separate stores, selling bread and dairy products, meat, or fish. If we wanted fresh produce, we had to go to the open-air market, which starts at 6 a.m. and closes well before noon. Actually, after ten o'clock there is not much left of good

produce, only what has been discarded by the early birds. The market sold not only fruits and vegetables but also used cloths, handcrafted items and even "folk medicines". It was interesting to look at it all and try to barter for the best possible prices.

The food in Slovenia is really very Austrian with heavy dishes of pork and potatoes and lots of fat. Meat was, of course, expensive and often scarce, but there is an incredible variety of breads baked of wheat, corn, and oat or chestnut meal and so on. In the coastal areas where there are lots of Italians, pasta dishes predominated. Further south, where Croats live, lamb and goat took a dominant position and in Bosnia-Herzegovina, mostly Muslim, there was no pork at all. There, lamb roasted over an open fire can be had everywhere. A specialty was "hydro roast", carcasses of lamb roasted on a spit turned by a wheel placed over a brook, often a bicycle wheel with plastic cups attached to catch the water. It is delicious and tempts you to stop when you feel the lovely odor along the road.

Everywhere you can get yogurt and fruit drinks. Áskell became famous for loving "borovnice", blueberry juice, but the rest of us liked pomegranate juice best. No meal, not even breakfast, seemed complete without a glass of "slivovics", plum brandy. Most farmers brew their own and it can be delicious when well made, smooth and fragrant, but in any form it is terribly treacherous. It goes down your throat like a river of fire, lands in your stomach and churns around like a volcano until smoke comes out your navel, and finally, it lands up in your feet, which seem unable to obey when you try to walk on them. No doubt it is, in part, responsible for the high accident rate on the roads.

In Slovenia, foreigners were not allowed to have bank accounts. We were therefore a bit surprised when the money from the Smithsonian, that we picked up in Zagreb from the American Consulate there, was given to us in two paper bags, filled with paper money. We simply had to store it in our clothes-closet at Stina's house and hope that it would be safe there. But to be sure that everybody got what they were promised, Áskell paid all in advance and got them to sign vouchers, while promising to work as contracted to. It went well the first year, Bill and Edith were meticulous and honest. Franc and Ernest and their students got their share through the university, to which we also gave account for "our" money. The university did all the book-keeping. Towards the end of our stay in 1971, we had not used up all our "per diem", so we took it up to Klagenfurt, Austria, where we deposited it in a bank, which was legal there.

Stina came with us to Klagenfurt, which is a pleasant and beautiful little city. She wanted especially to show Ingela the "Mini-Mundi" there, a "lego-land village" of miniatures of famous buildings from all over the world built of Lego-blocs. Small trains run through it and boats sail on canals. It was really charming and we all enjoyed it. The road to and from Klagenfurt over the Karavanken mountains range is also a very beautiful one.

However, all good things come to an end, and we had to return to Boulder after a very interesting and successful summer abroad. We had amassed a colossal material and now it had all to be entered into a computer and processed. We bade farewell to all our friends and told them we looked forward to see them again next summer. Then we flew back to Copenhagen and from there via Iceland to Chicago and finally to Denver. Ingela stayed awake all the time from Iceland to Chicago, but then she collapsed into a deep sleep in the last plane and hardly woke up until she was in her own house again. Ole and Betty had picked us up in Denver in their car.

We had decided to put all the material for the chromosome-list of the Slovenian flora into a computerized system. Computers had come a long way since we first heard of them on Montréal, when they filled a whole, temperature-controlled room. Now they had reached a stage where you punched cards on a special machine and then took the cards to a center, where they were processed. Personal computers were still a dream. But Bill Reid had bought a little hand-held computer in Copenhagen, one of the first of its kind, and was very proud of it. He knew a lot about computers. I am now sorry we did not ask him to help us with the programming.

Rosella, the wife of the new chairman, had got an office of her own with a key-punch, although she was not a member of the department. She "adopted" me and taught me how to key-punch and developed a program, rather clumsy, for our material. While Áskell spent his time on taxonomic problems involved, I key-punched and sorted cards and printed them out most of the winter beside other work with the department and INSTAAR that we both had to do.

Loá continued to learn jewelry-making and study for her B.A. Fine Arts. She rented out a room to a Turkish student, Erkani Keyman, so she was not entirely alone with Ingela in her house. Erkani was a very pleasant fellow and we learned to like him very well. He was a physicist, studying for his Ph.D. I helped type his thesis. After the initial difficulties with Gunner, who had to be banned from Loá's house (he had to pick up Ingela at our house for weekly visits), all soon became better and we did not have to worry so much.

In the spring, Áskell again approached the Smithsonian about our work in Yugoslavia but to his surprise, they told him that it would not be continued. They wanted to replace him with "a better American scientist". He got immensely upset and pointed out that this was a breach of contract, since we had been promised a 5-year project without any restrictions put on it. He insisted that it be honored. He knew we had done a good job and that nobody else could do it better. He had many heated discussions over the telephone with a person named Schmerz. Appropriately his name means "pain" and Áskell called him "my pain in the neck", when he told me about it. At last Smithsonian relented and allowed Áskell another summer, since legally, he was right.

However, in the spring we were also told from Iceland, that Amma's health was deteriorating. She had cancer of the liver and was fast declining. At the end of April, she had to be hospitalized. I wanted Áskell to go and see her, but he said she would then know that the end was near, and he did not want to deprive her of hope. I understand now that he was actually himself unable to face seeing his beloved mother die; he just could not do it. On May 4th, she passed away. Áskell took it very hard. On top of all the difficulties with our grant, it almost opened up his old ulcer and he consumed lots of antacids to combat it.

We also had some difficulties finding assistants. Bill and Edith were not available this time but another student who had just passed his Ph.D. on the taxonomy of cacti with David Rogers as his main professor, was willing to come along. His name was Gerry Arp. But finding a second one was harder. However, suddenly a girl, who presented herself as Mary Kirk, turned up and was accepted almost out of desperation. There was no time left to check on her credentials.

We had to attend a *Flora Europaea* meeting in Portugal on the way to Yugoslavia, but we had also decided to give Loá a new car. She had used our second Volvo. So we had ordered yet another Volvo, this time a station-wagon, from Gothenburg for her. Áskell could not bear to go over Iceland when Amma was not there, so we flew directly to Lisbon this time. From there we took the train up to Coimbra, where the meeting was held.

Portugal is a beautiful country, but socially somewhat backwards. It is very Catholic and women seem to have little rights. We saw sights where an old lady struggled to lift a heavy trunk. Some men approached offering to help her but only to put the trunk up onto her head! Another time we saw a woman carry a Volkswagen engine on her head. Loá and I tried one day to wear our shorts for an excursion, but we had hardly got out of our hotel, until we attracted such an attention from a crowd of men, that we had to return and put on appropriately decent clothing in order not to be accosted.

Coimbra is a beautiful city built around a high hill, on top of which official buildings and the university are situated like medieval castles. We took a tram up to the meetings from our hotel, but used to walk through the maze of small, narrow and crooked streets back down. Ingela proved to have an almost uncanny feeling for finding the way back. She was also a success among the students, attending the meeting, who liked to play with her during intermissions. We also took part in excursions exploring the flora and we saw many wonderful remnants from Roman times, mosaic floors of magnificent beauty, and

so on. We also enjoyed the use of tiles decorating buildings everywhere in this country. The last day we had a seafood banquet in Oporto and I ate accidentally some clams. I am allergic to clams, and when we returned over night to Lisbon, I was ill and ran a fever.

Next morning I was still not feeling well, but we had to fly on to Yugoslavia. At the airport we had the usual hassle with preventing the large computerized disk from going through the metal detector, which could have obliterated all our results. We flew via Geneva, Switzerland, where we had to switch to a Yugoslav airline. I was really woozy and looked pale and haggard when I again had to explain why the disk should not be screened. Just at that time there had been a lot of trouble with bombs on airplanes, and we were suddenly called aside and each of us had to be separately body-searched and our luggage scrutinized to the extent that they even unrolled a metal tape-measure I had in my purse, to be sure it did not hide any explosives. We almost missed our plane, but were put on board in the last minute and placed in seats where the backs of the chairs in front of us were folded down so that the stewardesses could keep an eye on us! It was eerie. But we had a good consciousness and did not let this bother us. We arrived safely and customs hardly even looked at our luggage but let us straight through to where Franc and Milan were waiting for us.

We lived again with our dear Stina, and Cuij, the dog, was happy to see Ingela again. However, we stayed only over night then, and flew back to Sweden the next day to pick up the car in Gothenburg. It should be pointed out that we ourselves paid for Loá's car and for the trip up to Gothenburg and back down to Ljubljana. It was not billed to our grant.

We drove back after an overnight visit to Nian, the last time I saw Sweden (1972). We spent another day with Christian and Edith in Copenhagen, and drove then as straight as possible through Germany and Austria to Ljubljana. The car was a big change from the bad Citroën we had had in Yugoslavia the year before and we looked forward to use it this summer.

We were a bit earlier in the year in Ljubljana this time to be able to catch more of the spring flora, but Franc and Milan were busy with exams. So we used the time to put Gerry and Mary to work and to show them what to do. Gerry was provided with lodgings some distance from ours, but Mary got a room in a house next to Stina's. At first she had a room that we could see from our bedroom, but soon she exchanged it for a room on the other side of the house, out of sight from us. Right from the start, I did not really like her, I had an instinctive feeling that she spelled trouble, but could not say why. She and Gerry were not as good with the microscope as Bill was, and Milan complained that they actually ruined several of his slides. He was still the one who did the best work.

After work the year before, we often sat with Stina in her kitchen over a cup of her herb tea and had a good time. This year Áskell rarely took part, claimed the tea hurt his stomach and that he had other things to think of. He had been very depressed since the death of Amma, and I thought that it was why he wanted to be left alone. As usual Loá and I did most of our work in Stina's house and we rarely accompanied him to the institute. He complained a little that there was trouble with the accounts, but did not go into detail. It was not really until after several weeks that he seemed to relax and become more like himself again.

As before we made several small excursions in our car, but for a long one to southern Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, we decided to leave Loá and Ingela behind and drive with Frank and Milan in the Institute Volkswagen bus for two reasons: there had been a cholera epidemic in the south and the risk of having our new car damaged or stolen in the south. Slovenians as usual considered all their "southern brothers" to be bandits and thieves, so we did not want to take any risks. Each day on the trip, when the car was parked, it was stripped of wheel-covers and wipers, that were taken into the hotel with us.

We drove first down to Zagreb but when we intended to visit the Botanical Institute there, we seemed to come at some inopportune moment, and were not received. I understood later that the chairman there for some reason, most likely political, did not like Franc. However, I did not think we missed anything. We continued along the so-called "freeway" toward Belgrade, a two-lane paved road. But some



60 miles south of Zagreb we turned off it toward Banja Luka. Now the quality of the roads deteriorated, some where hard-top but most only rutted gravel. The landscape was beautiful, here valleys well cultivated, there mountains covered by evergreens or broadleaved vegetation or almost devoid of vegetation due to overgrazing by goats and sheep. We also had to watch out for vipers among the stones.

There had been a big earthquake in Yugoslavia during the winter, and we saw frequent signs of it in the form of collapsed buildings and destroyed bridges, making detours necessary. Recent rains had also caused havoc with the roads. But Milan was a skilled driver and seemed to get through everywhere, although he at times he took terrible risks. In Banja Luka we saw a mosque that had lost its minaret but the stork's nests on other houses were still in place and the inhabitants busy feeding their young ones.

In the evening we reached Jajce, once a medieval royal capital of Bosnia. There we found lodgings near the old castle. We were now rejoined by Ernest and his wife, who had started out with us from Ljubljana but soon got engine-trouble and had had to return to Ljubljana to have it fixed. At least that was Ernest said to us. The next day we explored this remarkable city on the river Vrba. It is, in part, dug into the karst, so that stores and restaurants are situated in caves. There was also an open air market, where we after much haggling purchased some handcrafted small rugs. It was fun. Although we got the price down to less than half of the starting one, I do not think the seller lost anything, because he threw in a flute for free when we paid. There was also a museum illustrating Tito's revolution, since his reign had started just in Jajce. Another sight was old, water-powered mills, used to hammer felt made out of the wool produced in the neighborhood.

From Jajce we continued on to Sarajevo, where we found lodgings in the old Muslim part of town, not far from the Princip bridge, named for the Princip who started the first world war by throwing a bomb at Arch Duke Ferdinand of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In the mornings we were waken by the calls from the mosques around us. We had to rise early since the hotel had water only between 6 p.m. and 7 a.m. Between times, there was just a bottle of water per room. Parts of Sarajevo was supplied with water via an old cherry-wood pipeline, not adequate for present times.

We were also close by the old bazaar, where there are narrow streets, devoted to handicrafts like rug-weaving, jewelry making, coppersmithing and so on. You really got a feeling of being in an oriental area. Many men were dressed in fez and baggy pantaloons, and women quickly pulled a scarf for their faces if you looked at them. We visited a beautiful mosque, the largest one at that time in Europe outside of Turkey. It had wonderful rugs and inlays of scripts from the Koran, and you had to deposit the shoes outside, before entering it. Non-Muslims were also restricted to roped-off areas. It is a pity that all this is now gone, cruelly destroyed by the Serbs during the recent war like so much else that we enjoyed on this trip.

In the evening we were invited to a feast in an old seraj, a former Turkish inn. We sat on thick pillows along the wall and in front of low tables, loaded with delicate foods. There were also water-pipes available for those who wanted to smoke. Before starting to eat, our hands were rinsed off with rose-scented water from a long-necked carafe, since we had to eat with our hands; there were no forks or knives, only spoons. The dishes were delicious, lamb in all forms, on spit and on rice, and lots of vegetables and fruits. Burping is a sign that pleases your host, since it means you have eaten to excess of what was offered. We also drank cup after cup of the thimble-sized little bowls of sweet Turkish coffee but, in spite of the commandments of the Koran, excellent wines were also served. I thought I would never be able to stand up again after it all.

Our visit to the Botanical Institute here was quite different from that in Zagreb. We were most heartily received and the entire staff gathered to have a lively discussion with us about our project, that they were very much interested in. We made good contacts there. They also took us up to a mountain resort which later was rebuilt for the Olympics. It had a beautiful flora and we saw many plants new to us there. During the war it became the point used for bombarding the old town of Sarajevo, over which it had a

magnificent view. Other parts of Sarajevo are more modern, especially around the airport, but it was the old city that attracted us most.

From Sarajevo we drove down to Mostar. The route through the valley of a river running between spectacular mountains is very scenic. We stayed in a modern hotel but could in a few minutes walk to the old, Muslim quarters, which were even more oriental than those in Sarajevo. There was a beautiful mosque, the minaret of which Áskell climbed in order to get good pictures of the so-called "moon-bridge". It was built by the Turks in the 1500s and forms together with its reflection in the river below it a perfect circle. Later we walked over this span to a little coffee house built into a former toll-booth. Again we sat on thick pillows and were served strong and sweet Turkish coffee in the usual small bowls and a confection based on rose petals. You really felt like in a different world. Like everywhere the guests were almost only men, and I was often the only woman at such places. However, it was also a bit disconcerting to see that after use, the coffee cups were simply rinsed off in cold water and reused. Hygiene was not a strong thing in Bosnia-Herzegovina. Nevertheless, the walk along the street with its oriental stone buildings with wooden orielos was fascinating.

All that beauty is now gone, the houses are reduced to rubble, the bridge is no more, only a piece of it jutting out over the river is left to remind you of the senseless bombardment by the Serbs of something of irreplaceable beauty and ages-old importance. Other parts of Mostar were quite modern. Franc took us to a cemetery for victims of World War II. There Christians, Muslims and Jews were buried side by side, and their graves identified by Christian crosses, Muslim cylindrical pillars, capped if the person had been to Mecca, and Jewish Stars of David. At least in death, all were united here. The monument raised to them was another piece of fine art. But I suppose, all this, too, is by now only a memory.

In Mostar Áskell attempted to take a picture of a gypsy girl and child begging, but she rushed at him with a curse and had nearly torn the camera out of his hand, if a bystander had not interfered and scared her away. He apologized on her behalf but told Áskell that gypsies do not want to have their faces photographed for fear of being reported to the police for begging, which is unlawful. He also added that he hoped Áskell did not take her curse too seriously!

From Mostar we drove on towards the coast. The landscape was incredibly beautiful and we could see the flora turn more and more subtropical. We passed whole copses of pomegranate bushes and a real maqui-vegetation characterized the roadsides along the most beautiful part of the road along the Mediterranean coast with all its islands, fjords and little villages. If only all this beauty had not been marred by the frequent presence of crosses with pictures of persons, killed in traffic accidents along this scenic route!

Dubrovnik again transported us into another world, this one a most beautiful walled city of Medieval houses, churches and monuments. It was no longer a Turkish city, but an Italian one. You actually had to pay a fee to get into the old town, but once there you could stroll through the narrow streets or walk along the top of the wall and enjoy it all. We visited, among others, an old "apothecary", a drug store established during the 1500s still with the old porcelain jars holding all kinds of medicinal herbs, preserved snakes, frogs and other "drugs". Its garden is (?was) the oldest botanical herb garden, where some of the herbs have been propagated all the time up to now. This being a favorite stop for tourists, you could also buy all kind of handicrafts from old ladies in open markets, and I wanted to buy an especially beautiful embroidered table cloth, but the others would not stop and Áskell said: "You can do that next time we come here." But, as usual, "next time" was a fool.

I wonder how much of all we saw of Dubrovnik still exists. It, too, was a victim for the rage of the Serbs. From Dubrovnik we again turned inland and it was not until late in the evening that Franc stopped by a small hotel where the restaurant served a special kind of smoked ham that he coveted. I was terribly hungry by that time after all the walking in Dubrovnik. We also stayed there over night before, in the morning, again leaving the treeless flatland where there were only stone fences and driving through the steep, pine-clad mountains, here and there with some oak or chestnut copses, on our way to Visegrad near the border to Serbia.

In Visegrad, we were back into Turkish realms and the "hydroroast" there was one of the best lamb dishes we had in Yugoslavia. Visegrad has been made famous by the novel "The bridge on the Drina" by the Nobel laureate Ivo Andric. Again it was one of those beautiful bridges built by the Turks in the 1500s, that had stood through all kinds of conflicts and wars until during World War I it was bombed by the Austrians. Now it had been rebuilt to the state it always was and it was a pleasure to walk over it and rest at the so-called "kapia" as its middle, where there are benches to sit on and coffee is milled on hand-held Turkish coffee mills of beans roasted over an open fire. It was a pleasure to sit and watch the pedestrians leisurely crossing over, especially those with white-bordered fezes, proudly indicating that they had just returned from Mecca and had fulfilled their religious duties according to the Koran.

From Visegrad we drove east along the Drina on a road built by prisoners of war (World War II) and, in part, going through tunnel after tunnel in the steep mountain side. The tunnels had windows so you could see out and not miss the beauty of the landscape. From Kraljevo to Krusevac, both now rubble and destruction, we drove through a fertile flood plain, and finally we reached Niš, the second largest city in Yugoslavia. There we stayed in a quite modern hotel. After dinner, Áskell and I took a walk and when we returned to the hotel and asked for the key to our room, we were told that there was none. Franc and Milan were nowhere to be seen and we did not know their room number and we knew that Ernest and his wife were visiting with friends. It took quite some arguing with the clerk, almost an hour, until we finally were admitted to our room again. We got the feeling that we had surprised somebody looking through our things, because some of our belongings were in a different place than we had left them. I wondered if we were being spied on? And why and by whom?

Ernest did not want to accompany us the next day, when we were going to Bulgaria to visit the Botanical Institute in Sofia. He claimed again that his car needed attention. We had originally agreed to a visit on a set date with Boris Kuzmanov, the Bulgarian representative we had met at the *Flora Europaea* meeting in Portugal. Ernest had manipulated our schedule so that we were a day early, but claimed that it would not matter.

We set out very early in the morning, at 5 a.m. actually, and drove toward the Bulgarian border. The road was in bad repair and seemed to worsen as we neared the crossing point. Franc and Milan were very nervous and feared the inspection but we had no difficulties at all. The customs officer was very nice and quite intrigued by seeing Icelandic passports, so all went smoothly. To their surprise the road on the other side the border proved to be in excellent condition and had rather light traffic. We drove without incident through a largely well cultivated plain into Sofia, which is a large and typically European capital. It was very clean and orderly and we had no difficulties finding our way to the University which is in the middle of the city.

It turned out that the Botanical Institute was located on the opposite side of the town, but with the help of an elderly lady receptionist, somebody from there was summoned to come and get us. The person called proved to be Boris Kuzmanov's assistant, with whom we had previously corresponded about chromosome numbers. Maria was very sorry to tell us that Boris was not to return from an excursion until late that evening but had looked so much forward to see us. Could we not stay over night? Franc said this was entirely impossible, we had to return to Nis in the afternoon. So Maria took us out to the Botanical Institute which was in a very modern building with large grounds for greenhouses and research fields. We arrived there about 9--10 o'clock and were immediately ushered in to the director, an old man who did not speak any foreign languages but understood some Russian. Again, the usual glasses of slivovic were offered although Áskell allowed himself only to partake of the accompanying chocolate. Fortified by the slivovic I succeeded to express how honored we were to be able to see his fine institute. After that Maria took us around to see the laboratories, the greenhouses and the research going on, which was all very interesting.

She then took us back into the city and showed us the former Royal Castle, the magnificent Aleksandr Nevski cathedral and a modern mausoleum to some communist ruler. It was guarded by a soldier in a magnificent uniform and a cap decorated with a peacock feather. Áskell simply had to take a picture of

him, but when a policeman rushed up, and Franc and Milan disappeared. However, the policeman simply wanted to chase away an old, not very clean woman so that Áskell could get a better picture of the soldier! He smiled at us and was very pleased that we wanted to have a memory of the beautiful building and its guard. It took us some time to locate Franc and Milan again. We asked them why they had disappeared that way, and they replied: "But this is a communist country!" which we thought was funny coming from Yugoslavs!

We insisted on having something to eat before returning to Nis and forced Franc and Milan to stop at a restaurant with us. We had a nice meal, and the waitress was very pleasant, spoke German, and was thrilled to have such far away foreigners to serve. We had a very delicious cherry soup for dessert. Then we had to cross the border again. Milan had heard all kind of scary stories about how cars were searched, even dismantled to search for contraband, and was frightfully apprehensive. But again, we passed without any trouble, and again, our Icelandic passports seemed to be the magic key to avoid trouble. And both Milan and Franc were obviously relieved to be back on "safe" ground again in their own communist country.

It has to be admitted that the Tito-communism in Yugoslavia was different from the Lenin-communism in Bulgaria and Romania. Tito had studied at the University of Lund and adopted quite a few of the Scandinavian democratic principles. But that does not mean that Yugoslavia was free from dictatorial politics, far from that. Up until this tour we had not felt spied upon or restricted in any way. We did our botanical work as agreed upon and never took part in politics of any kind. We felt free to see Russian ballets and concerts, which were beautiful and at incredibly low prices.

We again slept overnight in Nis and early next morning we set out again to drive back to Ljubljana. We had phoned Loá as promised when we returned, and all was well with her and Ingela. Milan had also phoned home but his little son was very upset at being left without his father, so Milan wanted to get back as fast as possible. Therefore we drove at a breakneck speed all day. The weather varied from hot sun to thunderstorms and tremendous downpours that made the roads slippery with ensuing accidents all over the place. I lost count of all those we passed, and I was really relieved when we finally arrived safely home around midnight. This expedition was the highlight of this summers activities, and I am glad we made it. We met lots of fine people, saw much of the flora, and learned much about Yugoslavia and its people. Gudmundur and Iffa had left a message when we were away, to tell us that they were staying at a hotel in Rovinj on the Istrian peninsula. So we took a weekend off to visit with them and show them the Istrian coast. It was a pleasant interruption.

The work seemed to go fairly smoothly, although Gerry and Mary were far from as good as Bill and Edith. They had been off on a trip to Krk, an island a little south of Rijeka (formerly Fiume) to collect plants, but Gerry complained that Mary had only flirted with other students in the camp, and he himself had contracted some sort of intestinal trouble that bothered him for the rest of the summer.

We also had a visit from a Norwegian botanist, Gunvor Knaben, who insisted that she should do some research on alpine plants with us as part of the program. Áskell foolishly agreed to pay her a small *per diem* for it. She did not stay very long, could not "take" the climate, and soon left, leaving no real results behind. I did not like her and was glad to see her leave. Mary also invited a friend of hers to "help with the plants" and, again, Áskell was talked into paying him for it, hoping that he would do some good. I never met him. Then she and Gerry insisted on taking a few days off, renting a car, for a tour to Germany and back. When they returned Gerry was furious with Mary, who, he claimed, had frequently gone off with the boy into the woods, leaving him to wait alone in the car. Besides he complained that his stomach trouble continued to bother him.

We were told by Franc that someone from the American Embassy in Belgrade was coming to inspect our project, and we were pleased to be able to show him what had been done. We never met this person, although Gerry and Mary told us he had been to the lab when Áskell was not there; Ernest told Áskell that he had been to the Institute while Áskell was at the lab. It all seemed very mysterious to us, and Áskell was annoyed over being neglected.

It was now nearing the end of this summer's research, and Áskell was busy arranging for flights home for Mary and Gerry. Their departure dates already had been set, when Mary's landlady came to us and told us that Mary had not been home for two nights although she was due to leave the following day. We were alarmed and wondered what had happened, but then the young lady herself turned up in the evening and said she had been invited to Belgrade by the person from the Embassy, and had stayed in his apartment there, neglecting to tell the landlady first. It was an incredible story, and I could see in her eyes that she was lying, and wondered why. Áskell scolded her properly for causing us this frustration, and insisted on driving her to the airport next day. But instead Franc took her in his car and told us that she got off properly. I hope so; we never saw her again.

Then the day came when we, ourselves, should leave. We had decided to drive over Italy, Austria, and Germany to Denmark and fly to New York from Copenhagen. Again, Áskell could not face stopping in Iceland without Amma there. We packed the car the evening before, and in the morning we bade farewell to Stina and all our friends who had gathered in the garden to wave goodbye. Milan held an envelope in his hand, and Franc said to Áskell that it contained copies of the accounts, which should be mailed to us after a day or two. I knew that Áskell had for some time been annoyed with Franc for not presenting us with these. I felt something was wrong but did not know why. I had never had anything to do with the business end of the project. But then Loá, Ingela and I climbed into the car. Áskell shook hands with Franc and Ernest, and when shaking Milan's hand, he snatched the envelope away from him, quickly threw it into the back of the car, climbed in and drove away. I was very puzzled by it all, but Áskell was in a such a mood that I did not want ask anything about it just then.

Our dear Stina had baked us some big cake rolls to snack on along the way. After having crossed into Italy at Ratece, some distance from Krajnska Gora where the ski-jumping contests take place, we found a nice spot in Italy to dine on the goodies. It was only then that Áskell opened the envelope. It was stuffed with blank papers! He was terribly upset.

The only remarkable stop on the way back to Scandinavia was at Oberammergau where we admired the wood crafts and bone carvings, and saw the halls used for the Passion plays, held there every four years. My father had attended one and was very impressed. We also stopped briefly to see Ingela's great-grandmother, Maren, in an old folk's home in Jutland. She gave Ingela a large doll that she had had for a long time herself. It was, of course, very welcome. Another brief visit was paid to her grand-parents, Olga and Villy, who had now gone back to Denmark and lived in a home for the disabled. Villy's kidneys were ruined due to misuse of aspirin, and he could no longer work. Loá, Ingela and I stayed with Christian and Edith, while Áskell took the car up to Gothenburg to be shipped to San Francisco. Then he joined us again, and we all flew back to the U.S. and Boulder.

## The denouement

Áskell spent a great deal of time trying to get Franc to send him the accounts, but at last had to give up since his letters went unanswered. He put together an account of our own expenses and those for our students and helpers, but had to let Franc or the Institute of Botany in Ljubljana give theirs directly to the Smithsonian. At least he hoped they would do so. There was otherwise enough to do for both of us. I key-punched diligently, he wrote up on the material collected and both of us gave lectures (I at INSTAAR only) and took part in other activities. I was no longer a favorite of Rosella, who, for some reason, had been offended over a letter I wrote her, telling that I felt "almost at home in this Mediterranean area where people seemed to take pride in their jobs and did not just consider them a necessary evil to earn money for their leisure time." I was told that she considered this an "unfair criticism of America" which I had not at all intended. But she refused to speak to me after that, and I had to do my key-punching at INSTAAR or at the computer center, competing for space with all the other students and professors. Áskell also saw to it that Hugh Bollinger finished his doctoral thesis and was properly examined and passed with acclaim. He was a pleasant young man, very devoted to Áskell, and later set up a business in Utah for revegetation of old mining areas. As it turned out, he was Áskell's last student.

There was to be a conference of the International Organization of Biosystematists (IOPB) in July of 1973, and I was asked to help with its organization. It consisted mostly of writing and answering letters in various languages, arranging for localities for the lectures and other details involved in a scientific meeting of thousands of people. It was an interesting job but much more demanding than I had anticipated. I worked mostly together with Dr. Pennak, but finally we had to get help from the University Conference Bureau because it seemed to be a very popular meeting with participants from all over the world.

One day late in May, when I was working at Áskell's office and he was working at home, I received a phone call. It was from the secretary at the Graduate dean's office, asking for Áskell. I told her he was not available but that I could take a message. In a very unpleasant tone she told me that he was to come to the Dean's office at nine a.m. exactly next morning and that it was extremely important. There was no excuse for him to refuse to do so. I promised to deliver the message immediately and phoned Áskell, who wondered what that was all about.

I drove him to the Dean's office the next morning and then went to his office to continue my work. About an hour later he returned, and when I looked at him, he was white in the face, perspiring, and looked like he was going to faint. I got alarmed. "He asked me to retire!", he almost whispered. I could not believe my ears. "Let us go home," he said, and I packed up, and we left immediately. Back home and after he had collected himself he told me that the dean said he had misused the funds for the Yugoslav project, had not conducted it in a proper manner, and was no longer to work at it, and that he had to pay back what they considered to be misused money, a sum of almost \$10,000, to be delivered the very next day. Áskell was, of course, taken aback by such accusations and denied doing anything wrong, but the Dean did not listen to his protests. He coldly told him that if he did not follow orders, he would be brought to court to answer for his misdeeds. However, he could avoid this by signing a letter of resignation. He was to be back at nine a.m. the next morning with the money, and ready to sign the paper of resignation to be dated June 1.

Áskell also told me that during the entire meeting, the door to his secretary was ajar, and a low, humming noise like of a tape recorder could be heard from there. The Dean was also much more formal and polite than usual, so he was sure the conversation was taped. Now he had to go downtown and arrange with our bank. Fortunately we had money in a CD, but had to pay a fine for withdrawing it early. On our return, we discussed whether it would not be a good idea to bring a witness with him to the next meeting, and started to phone around. The first he called was the new chairman, Hobart Smith, but he did not want to have anything to do with it, claimed that he was not available at that early time in the morning, and so on. Áskell got a feeling he knew all about the affair and, perhaps, was even behind it. Then we tried to get hold of Bill Weber, but he was apparently out of town and could not be reached. At last Áskell phoned Jack Ives, and he immediately offered to come along and "defend" Áskell.

We did not sleep very well that night. What was behind all this? Did it have something to do with Mary? Was she "planted" on us and why? Had it had something to do with the trip to Bulgaria? It had, as far as we remembered, been approved. I even wondered secretly if it had something to do with Rosella's disapproval of my letter? But nothing made sense. Although the sun rose as usual next day, the morning felt gloomy and sinister to us. Jack accompanied Áskell to the meeting. Áskell did not want me to come along, although I had pleaded with him to let me do so ever since he came back. I knew that in difficult situations he had a tendency to panic and I thought I might be of help, being more calm and fully informed about our doings. But he refused, and I felt very badly about it. However, I knew that he only wanted to protect me and not get me "involved".

The dean refused to let Jack be present when Áskell was admitted, but let him come in for a "private discussion" afterwards. When Áskell demanded particulars about what we had "misused", he was told it was between the University and the Smithsonian but that it concerned our "private expenses."—"And if you do not sign your resignation now, you have been informed about the consequences." So he saw no other way out than to sign this paper, which stated that from this date on, the university was free from all obligations to us and that within five days we had to leave our premises and return everything we had that was the property of the university.

When he had signed, he was dismissed and Jack was allowed in. He told us later that he had pointed out to the dean that this was a colossal mistake and that they had just dismissed one of the finest scientists at the university without reason, and that both he and the university would no doubt regret this later. He vouched for Áskell's honesty and integrity, but to no avail. We were forever grateful to Jack for his support and friendship. These were the darkest days in our life. We immediately set about to clean out our office and laboratory, collected all microscopes and other instruments that belonged to the university and every little thing that they could possibly claim was theirs. It was all delivered to Hobart Smith's secretary, who checked it all off in a very highhanded manner. It was incredibly humiliating.

On the first of June, it was all done. Late in the day, Áskell had a phone call at home. A voice said: "You did right in resigning. Remember Riha." Nothing more. The voice sounded hoarse and distorted. He traced the call through the phone company to somewhere in Virginia. Could it be from the CIA? Riha, a Czech professor at the university, had "disappeared" a couple of years before under mysterious circumstances which, in spite of many rumors and much speculation, were never cleared up, but were believed to have been involved with CIA. Riha had once asked Áskell if he, as another foreigner, felt persecuted by the CIA. It was only the first of many annoying late night phone calls that we received during the next years. It became so irritating that we at last shut down the bell of the telephone during the night, because Áskell's ulcers began to act up again.

It has been hard for me to write down the last couple of pages. The events were very traumatic and we were never able to understand what was going on. Did anybody want to hurt us? To get us expelled from the country? If so, what had we done to deserve such a treatment? We had nothing to blame ourselves for. We could not figure out what was behind this treatment or why. And we were never given an opportunity to defend ourselves. But after much soul-searching, I have decided that I had to tell exactly what had happened and not keep it a secret any longer. It was incredibly humiliating to be treated as criminals, be persecuted and not know why or by whom. I just want you all to know that Áskell never did anything dishonest or anything to hurt this country. He never mixed into its politics although he did at times criticize what he believed was not right. He may have hurt somebody's feelings doing so, but whoever that was, that person did not have the courage to come right out and argue the matter with him. This backstabbing was hard to take, and I now believe that the shock Áskell got over this treatment was the cause of the Parkinsonism that he later developed. According to some medical sources, it may be triggered by shock.

We decided that I should go daily and pick up our mail, which usually was put in a box in the mail room. Áskell did not want to show his face in the department any more. He was too depressed, angry and upset. When I came there to fetch the mail, it was not in our usual "pigeon hole", where, instead, I found a label saying "Áskell Löve has resigned for personal reasons. No questions, please." A few of our real

friends came around the next couple of days to tell us of their loyalty to us, but we did not discuss any details with them. Although Áskell still went around in a daze, he was grateful to them for not turning their backs on us. Later on we learned via the grapevine that we were said to have bought Loá's car for the grant money and spent a lot on other personal things, which was, of course, completely false. Some may have believed it; our true friends did not and stood by us when they heard such slander.

Although we changed our mailing address, much mail still came to the university, and I picked it up daily from a special basket. Pennak insisted that I continue to help with the organization of the IOPB meeting and Jack Ives allowed me to continue to use the computer on their account. I was, thus, able to finish the work with the *Slovenian Chromosome Atlas* and prepare it for publication.

At the *Flora Europaea* meeting in Portugal, we had agreed with our friend Pichi Sermolli from Italy to make a chromosome list of the ferns. When Áskell had calmed down and regained his composure, he started on this task at the same time that he desperately tried to find a new position. He applied for all possible positions and wrote long lists of people he believed were ready to support him. But for some reason, many who had helped us before, this time seemed reluctant to assist us. We could not understand this until a friend of ours in Canada advised us that one of the sources for support that we had mentioned in an application he had received had advised not support but a very vituperous and unfair characterization of Áskell. It came from Boulder! Thus, somebody there was spreading slander and deliberately trying to prevent us from getting a new job. We never learned who it was, so could not take any action.

The IOPB congress was a success. As before, many friends came to see us, and we had the house full for dinner and receptions every night. Internationally Áskell held his high reputation and those who heard that he no longer worked at the university thought he had resigned just to be able to have more time for more research. His white hair that made him look older than he was, helped also. These visits helped to lift his spirit.

In 1974, Áskell was invited to take part in the International Excursion to Japan with the group he originally accompanied to Ireland. He had to decline because we now had to economize and not incur any unnecessary expenses. But to his surprise and delight, he was approached by a donor from San Francisco, who paid for his ticket and insisted on that he should take part. He did not reveal his name to us, and we feel it must have been our faithful Japanese students who were behind this. I was unable to accompany him this time because I suffered from high blood pressure, possibly brought on by all the stress we had been subjected to. In addition, I needed to be home to take care of Ingela while Loá finished up her degree for the Bachelor of Fine Arts. Thus, when in the spring the degree was conferred on her, Áskell was in Japan, and I and Ingela represented the family at the ceremony in the university stadium.

Just at the moment when the degrees were distributed, a student suddenly ran out on the field completely naked, streaked up on the podium, embraced and kissed the president and ran back to his seat! It all happened so fast that nobody had time really to react, but when the president calmly stated: "As you can see, we have a healthy student body here!", huge laughter broke out and everybody applauded. The fact that the "streaker" had some difficulty finding his gown again, did not make the matter any less funny. Later in the day, Loá received a beautiful bouquet of flowers from her father and I took her, Ingela and her friend Erkanı out for a nice little dinner. A harpist played, which fascinated Ingela.

Áskell's trip was very good. He was, as before when we visited Japan, showered with attention, loaded with literature and gifts, and was interviewed by Japanese newspapers concerning his ideas about how Japanese factories tried to prevent ecological damage by their activities. The group travelled from Kyushu in the south to Hokkaido in the north, saw volcanoes in full action in the south and the rare and beautiful cranes dance in the North. They were housed in the best hotels and feasted on delicate and delicious foods. Tuguo and Shoichi were there to receive him and he again had his morale well boosted.

In the fall the *Slovenian Chromosome Atlas* was published and caused quite a stir. It got very good reviews, but most considered the computerized system for looking up the individual species too compli-



cated. We therefore decided not to use it for the fern atlas we had started to prepare. Loá and I often took part in arts fairs, which meant that we left home in the early morning, set up our booth at the fair, and spent all day there trying to sell her beautiful jewelry. Most of her things were fairly expensive but very different from the usual cheap goods sold at fairs. She had most success with earrings, rings, and armbands, and got high prices for some of her better pieces.

I also offered my services as translator to the government institutions, the National Center for Atmospheric Research, and so on. I had already done minor translations for colleagues at work, but now I did it for pay and earned a fair amount for the household. This was a time when, in 1975, several industries started to "down-size", and Ted was very anxious that it would some day be his turn after many of his friends had been laid off. One day his boss approached and, Ted later told us, he was sure this was it. But, instead, he was asked whether he would be willing to leave Los Angeles and move up to the Ford facilities in San José! He felt a big stone fall off his chest and agreed to the offer, but asked to take the day off to fully recover from the pleasant shock and tell his wife. This was granted.

Goy was actually not so happy to have to leave her good friends in the neighborhood, but realized she had to. The salary and the opportunities for further advancement for Ted were much better. The company paid for their move, and they lived in a motel until they located a nice house in a subdivision just being built in Campbell, one of the so-called suburbs of San José. When they had moved in and gotten settled, we drove out for a visit. We had passed through San José many times on our way from Los Angeles to San Francisco or vice versa. But this time we got a better look at the city and liked what we saw. The city lies in a valley surrounded by mountains and it was full of orchards with beautiful flowering apricot and plum trees. It was not far either from San José to Napa, where Jon and Lura live, which was another advantage. And in San Francisco there was our friend Helen with whom we had kept contact ever since we met in Greenland. We had friends at Stanford and Berkeley as well.

When we were back in Boulder I started more and more to think that it might be a good idea if we, too, moved out to California. Perhaps Loá's jewelry would sell better among the rich people there? We would also be closer to Jon and Lura and not have to risk our lives driving over the Rockies and the Sierra in the middle of the winter. I knew I would miss the beautiful view from our house over the mountains and my shade tree in the garden, under which I had spent so much happy time. But the alternative seemed to outweigh all this. Perhaps we could even find a new position for Áskell there. So I gradually began to bring up the subject to Áskell; eventually he, too, thought we might gain something with a move.

Around Easter in 1976, Áskell and I drove out to look for a house. Goy had located a good real estate agent for us and we looked at a lot of houses, but did not find the right one then. But Goy continued on our behalf, and in June Áskell and Loá went out to look again. Ingela was now in school, so somebody needed to take care of her and this time it was my turn. They also had a nice dog, "Lucky", that needed to be looked after. One day Ingela had been invited by her friend Cindy for supper, and I had just prepared mine and brought it out on the table under the shade tree, when the telephone rang. It was Áskell and Loá; they had found just the right house with a large garden, an orange tree, and many other fruit trees in an area not too far from where Goy and Ted lived. They were very enthusiastic about it and it was available at any time. The previous owners were about to move out. When I returned in a happy mood to eat my dinner that had been left on the table in the garden, it was gone! The dog was lying at some distance, licking his lips and looking a little guilty. It had even drunk my milk!

As soon as Loá and Áskell returned, we set about to advertise and sell our houses. We had decided that we would live together in the new house and pay for it completely by using the money we could get for our houses. We sold our own fairly fast but it was more difficult to find a buyer for Loá's. Since we had to come up with the money for the family in San José at a set date, our real estate firm offered at last to buy Loá's for a very reasonable sum, actually a bit higher than we got for our own. When this all was settled, we started to pack, clean up, and prepare for the move. We also had a big "garage sale" where we got rid of many things we did not need to take along. As usual, we used the railroad and rented a boxcar which we filled with our stuff, the majority of which was books. Then we filled our three cars with what was left, and

said good bye to faithful friends neighbors. Áskell drove "his" Volvo and had Ingela as a passenger. Loá drove her station wagon including "Lucky" in the middle of the convoy and I followed in "my" Volvo to make up the rear.

On August 1, 1976, we took a last look at our premises, and Áskell drove down with the keys to the real estate agent, while Hugh Bollinger came with a pizza for us to share as a farewell meal. Then we waved goodbye to him and left the city, where we had enjoyed so much success and suffered such a great defeat. But now we looked forward to yet another new period in our lives and anticipated with high hopes what was to come.

## San José, California

Our little caravan succeeded in driving all the 1200 miles to San José unbroken and without getting any strangers coming between us. We took Highway 70 over Grand Junction and Green River in Utah, and then highway 50 from Salinas on. This highway was then relatively new and the traffic over it was still not very heavy. In Utah it passes over the so-called San Rafael Swell, through an almost unspoiled landscape with long stretches between human habitations. We loved it for its beautiful red and yellow rock formations and wide vistas over valleys with sagebrush and desert plants as the only vegetation.

We had planned to spend the night in a campground with Indian rock paintings but Áskell missed the turn-off and drove on to the next one near Ely, Nevada. That one was undeveloped but we put down our tent among a few other visitors and got a good nights rest in spite of the fact that it was rather crowded in the tent with the four of us and the dog as well.

Nevada reminds me in some way of Iceland. It may be the gray color of the sagebrush that is similar to that of the grey lichens and mosses in Iceland, but also the long ridges of mountains that look like those on the "Sudurlandsundirlendid", the southern plains east towards Hekla. However, the blue skies and the dry soils and occasional salt lakes are also very different.

We drove steadily all day, stopping only briefly for a quick snack at the road side or taking gas. It was a hot day and rather tiring to do all the driving alone over such long stretches without anybody to relieve you. In Sparks east of Reno we joined the busy Highway 80 and followed it until we could turn off onto 680. By that time it was dark; I was desperately tired and now the traffic was very heavy and demanded full attention. But finally we drove up to 4019 Twyla Lane in Campbell, where Goy and Ted awaited us.

The next day we drove over to the house on 5780 Chandler Court, San José, that Loa and Áskell had selected for us. It was situated about 12 miles from Goy's and Ted's in a nice middleclass neighborhood, built up around 1960. I liked it immediately. The house looked so much bigger than our Boulder house because both floors were above ground here since there was no basement. It had a big garden with orange and grapefruit trees and many other fruit trees as well. From the second story there was a beautiful view over the mountains in the east with the famous Lick observatory on top of Mt. Hamilton.

We introduced ourselves to the next door neighbors and found them to be a French husband, Jean Castagné, and his American wife, Esta, and their three teen-age children. Jean proved to be a most helpful neighbor who was always ready to lend a hand when needed. Opposite us lived Ken and Donna Koelsch, who also became good friends like many others in Chandler Court. It proved to be a very nice neighborhood.

We had been told that the train would take some ten to twelve days to reach San José, so we had good time to settle everything with the real estate agent and ask Jon in Napa to be prepared to come down with a truck and help move the things from the train to the house. Ted had also arranged with one of his neighbors to use his truck, so when the people from the railroad phoned, all was ready for the final move. The boxcar was placed on a spur that at that time ended at Pearl avenue a little north of Blossom Hill road, only about 3--4 miles from our house.

Just before Ted and Áskell were driving over there, I said to Áskell: "I think it is best you bring the papers from the railroad with you, just in case you need them." So he put them into a portfolio and took them along. They had believed that somebody from the railroad would be there to open the car, but none was so they tried to find out how to do it themselves. They needed to use a crowbar to remove what blocked the door.

Ted had just left with the first load and Áskell was waiting inside for him or Jon to come for the next one. Suddenly he heard a voice outside shouting: "Come out with your hands above your head!" He did so only to find a couple of policemen there with guns pointing at him. They asked in a rough tone what

he was doing in there. The people living nearby had reported that somebody was breaking into a boxcar. Fortunately Áskell was able to produce his papers and demonstrate that he was the rightful owner of the goods in the car. It all ended in harmony and he expressed his gratitude over the vigilance of the citizens around there. But later he told me that he had been quite upset and scared at having guns pointed at him and being treated—although briefly—as a common criminal. After that the transfer of our belongings went well and since we had had time to plan, each piece of furniture was soon in place and the empty house began to look like a home.

Ingela was not as happy as the rest of us. She missed Cindy, her best friend in Boulder, and felt lonely and deserted. But I had noted a little group of girls about her age passing by a couple of times on bicycles. So I asked that Ingela's bike be brought and told her to sit on the porch and wait, in case those girls should turn up again. And sure enough, soon they came past, stopped when they saw Ingela, and soon she joined them to explore the neighborhood. This was the start of a friendship between the Catholic Christine, the Buddhist Tracy and the Mormon Marilyn and Ingela that lasted throughout their school days. Tracy and Marilyn happened to be in the same class that Ingela was to attend that fall, but Christine was a year older.

Soon we had gotten all the furniture and our belongings in order, but the garage was still filled with boxes of books. Loa also needed a work space for her jewelry making. We looked at advertisements in the phone book and approached a firm that did alterations of buildings. However, it turned out to be a less than honest enterprise and we did not want anything to do with it. Instead we discussed the situation with Jean, our neighbor, and he had the perfect solution. His brother-in-law happened to be a carpenter, who was just visiting and for the moment unemployed. So he introduced us to Harvey and his wife, and they took on the job of converting the two-car garage into a "library" and a workshop.

Harvey succeeded in doing the work in spite of the fact that all the book boxes stood on the middle of the floor and he and his wife worked fast although Harvey occasionally disappeared for a day or so, probably due to too liberally celebrating the pay he got. But soon it was finished, the library was filled with book shelves, and the work shop had work benches such as Loa wished for. There was also a bit of space for preserves from the garden.

We also needed some long book-shelves for the living room, where we could keep non-scientific literature such as novels, arts books, and so on. Those Harvey preferred to build somewhere else and when he brought them on a truck, all the neighbors gathered to view them and help install them. They were astonished that anybody could own that many books: "Have you read all those?".

In Boulder we had had bookshelves made of boards and bricks and we had brought the boards but sold the bricks. Bricks were hard to find here and in addition expensive but Áskell found some plastic implements that could be used instead to hold it all together. So we filled Áskell's den from floor to ceiling with bookshelves along all the walls. There he kept floras and other books that he could use for his work, while all the reprints were stored in the "library" together with the file cabinets with the card files over them. All was thus set for resuming our work.

Downstairs we had a sunken living room facing the street and a small dining room, and, facing the garden, a family room, a kitchen, Áskell's den and a "sewing room" that doubled as a guest room and later was to be converted into a "computer room". Upstairs Áskell and I had our bedroom, Ingela a small room for herself and Loa what was called the "master bedroom". In the hallway we had more bookshelves. Actually, there were bookshelves in every room. The garden had a covered patio, where we put a table with the slab of sandstone we had brought from Boulder and chairs to sit on during warm days. "Lucky", the dog was happy to tear around in the large garden and sniff at the fence separating him from the neighbors' dogs.

San José, during the 60s and 70s was the cradle of what later was to become known as "Silicon Valley", the heart of the computer industry. We lived only a short distance from one of the branches of IBM and therefore the schools in the neighborhood were quite good. Ingela went to Miner School, within

easy walk from our house, and was happy to find a very good teacher and intelligent classmates. They were a racially mixed bunch, many Japanese and Vietnamese/Chinese, some Filipinos and a few negroes in addition to a mixture of whites and Mexicans.

Áskell soon settled down to work just as he used to. He had all the literature he needed for it around him, but I am sure he still missed the academic life and his old colleagues. There was nobody except me to discuss with. He looked half-heartedly around for some job, but found none to suit him. The universities around here had no openings and he was not interested in teaching popular courses. We took for a while part in seminars given at Stanford, Berkeley and Davis, but he soon tired of the long drives in heavy traffic. He also felt a bit of an outsider, not really belonging among these groups, and he was not interested in the gatherings for a meal before the lectures. He was invited to give a talk at San José State University in honor of an old herbarium curator, Carl Sharsmith, who also served as a ranger in Yosemite, where we had once met him and had interesting discussions about the flora there. It was well received. A talk in Berkeley at lunchtime did not go as well but he gave several lectures in Davis that were successful.

Mostly, however, he filled his days with writing up material we had gathered but not yet published, making book reviews and editing the IOPB Chromosome Reports. He was very meticulous with them and had extensive correspondence with the authors about their reports, if he thought they could be improved.

He also took care of the garden, planted new trees, mowed the lawns, watered them and even dug a "kitchen garden" where he grew tomatoes, beans, strawberries, chard and many other things to augment our diet. He sometimes complained about the time it took, but I think he was very proud of the results.

Loa set to work on her jewelry and tried to sell it to different outlets, but found that there was little interest for it here. She also found out about fairs, where she could set up her booth and the two of us tried to sell her wares there. As usual, her earrings sold best, but on the whole it was not really a paying business. It improved a little when she joined a cooperative in Los Gatos. It had a store where the participants took turns to mind the shop, selling each other's things, pottery, paintings, silk prints, glassware, jewelry and so on. She acquired several good friends there and enjoyed it. Together with some of them she even took a course in jewelry making in Denmark.

In Boulder, Ingela had learned to ride and Gunner had given her a horse of her own, "Daisy". Now Loa had located a stable not far from our house, where they rented horses and gave lessons as well. She and Ingela joined up, and Ingela started to really learn how to ride well, even to jump over low fences. It was a fine place and they spent a lot of time there riding in the beautiful hills behind it.

As usual, I cooperated with Áskell on some of our scientific papers and finished up some of my own. But I also felt I needed to find some work to augment our considerably reduced income. In our daily paper I had read an article about a lady who after retirement had turned translator, and since I knew so many languages and had translated quite a bit for various government enterprises in Boulder, I set about to look for a similar job here. I located a number of translating services in the phone book and got interviews with all those in San José. Most of these covered areas I was not familiar with; some were sort of language schools, mainly teaching Hebrew, Arabic or Japanese and doing only occasional plain translations. All took my name, but few let me hear from them. The only one who responded positively was a firm in nearby Redwood City, Leo Kanner Associates. I was sent a small job from them to test my ability and I completed it as best I could. Apparently they were satisfied because this first job was followed by a second one together with instructions in exactly how they wanted it done. I returned my translation and, to my surprise, Leo Kanner himself delivered the third one to my door. He was, of course, invited in, and over a cup of coffee he sort of evaluated me and found me good enough for the kind of work his firm dealt with.

Leo was an interesting person. He was Jewish and had fled Germany with his family and settled in Sao Paolo, Brasil. From there he had come to Washington, D.C., and worked in some government job, when the first satellite was launched by the Russians. People were frantically looking for somebody who

could interpret Russian, and he realized suddenly that there was a great need for translators and interpreters in this country. Although he was an engineer, he soon set up a translation bureau and acquired a number of government agencies as customers. He then moved to California, where the climate suited him better than that on the east coast. His business was actually divided into two branches, one for oral interpretation from and to foreign languages, and one for plain translation of papers. The interpreters were sent all over the U.S.A. and the rest of the world to conferences and meetings, with booths in which they sat doing their jobs. The translators had their jobs mailed to them so that they did not take up office space. Thus, they could do the work in their homes and were not tied to certain work-hours as long as they returned the completed work at the date required. This arrangement suited me to a tee and, thus, I became one of the "associates", starting in earnest in November of 1976. Leo is now dead and the translating business is run under the same name by Hannah Feneron, of whom you will hear more later on.

The work is not very well paid although it actually requires quite a skill with languages and the diverse subjects it covers. Fortunately, I have a wide background and, with the aid of a couple of technical dictionaries, I am able to master almost all I am sent, whether scientific, technical or medical. The first couple of years my salary covered the cost of our food bill, but as the inflation grew, it no longer does that. It is nevertheless a good supplement to our budget.

However, I like this work for its variety. It keeps me up-to-date with some of the sciences and I learn a lot about technical matters, particularly from patents of new inventions and such. Sometimes I get to translate personal letters, old documents concerning family histories and various personal certificates and that can be very interesting. Of course, some of the jobs can be boring, but most are not and all fill the days. I sometimes find the deadlines hard to meet, but so far I have been late with only a handful during all these 20 years I have worked at it.

Thus, we had soon settled down to a sort of routine. It soon became evident that our lifestyle had changed: No more bustling academic life with more or less regular hours and duties, lectures, meetings, students and so on. Now it had become more family-oriented and, in a way, we were back to having school-age young children around us. Being grandparents in close contact with the youngest generation is not always easy. It takes a certain measure of learning to restrain oneself from criticism of things one does not approve of. You learn to observe and keep what you think to yourself and to realize that the upbringing we, ourselves, had got, and the one we had given our children are now considered old-fashioned. Children are given much more freedom, and politeness and proper behavior are no longer mandatory. However, gradually we all adjusted to each other and we all got along well.

We used some of our time to get better acquainted with our grandchildren and exploring the nature around San José together with them. We tried to get Lisa and Dawn to take part in our nature walks in nearby parks, but to our astonishment, nature seemed to scare them. They grew panicky over buzzing insects and did not at all enjoy learning about nature like Ingela did. They only felt secure in their familiar surroundings in Campbell and did not particularly like to behave as required in our house. But one thing they liked and that was to come with us to the Christmas party for children in the Icelandic Society, because there they got lots of cookies and could sing and dance around the tree and get presents from Santa Claus.

We had joined this club shortly after we came here and met a number of Icelanders there at the regular meetings. Among them was an Inga Black who had been a classmate of Thrainn, Áskell's brother. She had married an American, Allan, and lived with him and their two children in the hills above Berkeley. Through her we were invited to a small group, reading the novels of the Icelandic Nobel, Halldor Kiljan Laxness, in the original language and translating them into English. As it turned out, this little group became our best friends.

To begin with it was dominated by Fred Amory, professor of Old English at San Francisco University but living in Berkeley. He knew Icelandic fairly well but tended to misunderstand expressions and his pronunciation was bad. Some Icelandic sounds are almost impossible for English-speaking people to produce. All Áskell's attempts to correct him were futile. Fred was a bachelor when we first met him and

lived in a small house in Berkeley. He usually invited us out to a restaurant before the reading. Later he moved to a bigger house with a Jewish lady with two children. But the arrangement did not work out and, again, he moved to another small house in the Berkeley hills. After a few years he met another Jewish lady, Elaine, whom he married. They acquired an elegant house very high up in the hills with a beautiful view which, however, often is obscured by the fog and low clouds in that area. Elaine soon developed a dislike for the members of our Icelandic group, and gradually Fred stopped taking part in it.

Jan and Jerry James live in Santa Cruz and were then both librarians, she at a school, he at the University of California in Santa Cruz. Since the gatherings, except when Fred was host, usually start with a home-cooked meal, we learned that Jerry is also a superb cook and we thoroughly enjoy his skill. Jerry and Jan became our best friends. They live in an old house that looks a little like a haunted house and its story also tells of a murder, although they have never been aware of any ghost. It is a messy house but you always feel so welcome there. More about Jan and Jerry later.

Inga and Allan Black lived at first in a house that seemed to just hang on to a cliff wall in eastern Berkeley. It was terribly hard to drive up there on extremely steep and narrow roads and very difficult to park. But also there, we always felt welcome. Allan was then an engineer and worked in a dam building enterprise. He, Inga and their two small children had also lived in Pakistan for some time and had beautiful rugs and other mementos of that time in their home. Later they were to move to another more level house in Orinda still farther east because Allan did not like the fire hazard in the area of their first home. That this was not just imagination was shown years later after they had moved to Orinda when a fire started almost exactly along their old road and spread into a conflagration that devastated a large part of the Oakland-Berkeley area and killed many people. Their Orinda house is lovely and you sometimes see deer there, which come from the hills to eat of their plants. We spent many happy hours there. Unfortunately, Allan was not allowed to enjoy the new surroundings for long. He had suffered a severe heart attack in India when on assignment there and had had a major bypass operation. He recovered from it and seemed to be in good health again, when he suddenly collapsed and died. It was a tragedy, he was only in his early 50s. He was the first one in our group to die and we all sorely miss him. But Inga lives on in this house and we still love to visit her there.

Not far from Inga lived Thorsten Lundh, a retired Dean of education, who was one of the original members of our group. He was born in Sweden and was married to a lady of Swedish descent from North Dakota, where many Swedes had settled. He spoke Icelandic almost fluently and was a delightful old man. Unfortunately his wife developed Alzheimers disease and he had to take care of her, which interfered with his participating in the readings. He was over 80 when he, himself, had a stroke and died. We missed him.

Another more or less steady participant is Dorothy Gilbert, professor of poetry and translator of medieval French poetry. Over time, the group has been augmented by a number of others as well, who are interested in Icelandic and Laxness's novels. Among them Charlie Fineman stands out. He was for some years librarian in Santa Cruz, and stayed with us until he moved on. He was a superb linguist and quickly learned Icelandic well, both pronunciation and vocabulary. He had lived in Spain and, among others, France, where he took a course in cooking. He is a bachelor, but brought sometimes delicate cakes to Jan and Jerry's, or cooked some of the meals served in their house. Like Dorothy, he loves music and opera. But he was not happy in Santa Cruz and after a few years he moved on, first to Northwestern University in Chicago, and finally, to Harvard. There he feels he has found a position he likes and has even bought a house of his own there. He still keeps in touch with our group and we still feel he is "one of us".

Just about the time when Charlie left us, Esther Soelberg joined us. She is now one of our regular members. She came via Inga, who had given her lessons in Icelandic after Allan died. She is a colorful personality, Jewish but not as far as food or rites are concerned. Her husband, Michael, is a computer wizard and programmer, running a small but very lucrative business. They live in an apartment in Menlo Park so—like Fred—she invites us out for a superb dinner at Stanford Park Hotel in Palo Alto when she is host. Much more will be told of Esther later on.

Some young Icelanders, studying in Santa Cruz or Berkeley have also joined us. They are too young to have any personal memories of Laxness and some have never read his books but they enjoy them now and listen with pleasure to what we "oldtimers" have to tell about him and the books. We in turn benefit from their corrections of our translations. Among them are Gulla, who lives in Santa Cruz and is married to Gummi and has a lovely little daughter but comes rarely because of her, and Gudrun and Thorgeir who live in Berkeley with their two children. Thorgeir has a wonderful sense of humor and does much to make the meetings entertaining. Recently an American girl, Kendra Wills, and an Icelander, Gunnar Hansson, both students in Berkeley, have joined us too. Kendra spent two summers in Iceland and speaks the language almost fluently but with somewhat exaggerated rolling r's. We like them all.

Without this group, we would have been very lonely since we never made any other real friends among our neighbors. We have a very good relationship with them but they remain "acquaintances" rather than real friends. We have invited them for coffee, but none of them have invited us back. At Christmas we "exchange" cookies and at other times fruits and vegetables from our gardens. When we need it, they also gladly extend a helping hand to us.

On July Fourth, our neighborhood has until recently held a common picnic. The street is blocked off to traffic, a giant barbecue set up in the shade of some trees. tables arranged in the street and on the lawns of the houses, nicely decorated with bunting and flags. We all pitch in and contribute home-made snacks and tidbits, which are served in the garage of the Castangé's from around noon on. There are games for young and old, pancake toss, water balloon toss, volley ball and pool tournaments. The men, especially Jean Castangé and Ray Shimkowski but other husbands as well, tend to the loads of chicken over the open fires while we women chat and socialize and the youngsters play. It is all very pleasant. It did not really matter that some of the chicken got a little bit scorched or that some perhaps landed for a second on the lawn—"fire sterilizes"—but they and the brown beans, the tasty and garlicky salad and the warm bread are all delicious. It all ends late in the afternoon with cakes, pies and fruit desserts, brought by any guests present. Some times we were over a hundred participants, but as time went by and those once children grew up and moved away, the number has diminished. Finally, it is time to clean up, collect the garbage and tidy up the street. Although the fee for this feast covers the barbecue and drinks—beer, wine or soft drinks and coffee—I never saw anybody go to extremes or be rowdy. It was just a very nice family feast contributing to the feeling of living in a harmonious neighborhood. But now the Castagnés have moved to Paradise (a city north of here) it is doubtful that there will be any more such celebrations.

At one of these occasions I overheard one of the children calling Áskell "the man with the dog". He had taken up the habit of walking the dog daily in the neighborhood. Actually, Áskell was scared of dogs since childhood, but got over it when we now lived with them. "Lucky" did not last very long. He was somewhat hyperactive but very fond of Áskell and one day, when the paper boy came to the door and handed the paper to Áskell, he flew up and bit his hand, probably believing that he defended Áskell. In spite of Áskell's protests, "Lucky" had to be destroyed.

But it was not long before Loa and Ingela brought in a new dog, an Australian silky terrier, that somebody moving into an apartment had sold them. It was an interesting dog. It learned tricks quickly and it was able to sit up and beg for incredibly long times. We did not want him to beg at the table but Áskell could not resist sneaking him a tidbit now and then. We called him Todo. He, too, was an affectionate dog but had one big fault; he bit. It was peculiar, but if he was under a chair and you made a sudden move with your feet, you could be sure to find them caught in a firm grip of very sharp teeth. Fortunately, he seemed to restrict this behavior mostly to the close family. We soon learned to quickly lift our feet high up if the telephone rang, but then it was like a Pavlovian reaction: Todo bit the nearest foot. When he did so, his black eyes turned yellow and he seemed to be in a rage. But when he walked with "Askell in the neighborhood, he loved to have little children pat him and was the nicest little dog you could imagine. No punishment could correct his bad behavior.

One day, when we were going to have guests and I was busy cooking and preparing, Loa and Ingela came home from riding in Gilroy. They had moved from the stables nearby to another one, run by Gedi and Caroline Heindrich. He worked as an engineer at IBM but was a former officer who had



competed for his native Hungary in the Olympics in Berlin in riding events. Both Caroline and he gave lessons and provided stable space for horses. Loa and Ingela spent a lot of time there. One day they had noticed a little dog running around near the freeway, looking lost. When it was still there a couple of days later, now looking in bad shape, they stopped, took it up and inquired in the neighborhood if anybody knew it. Nobody did, so they decided to bring it home, dirty as it was. Instead of pitching in with the preparations they took it directly up into the bathroom and gave it a thorough bath. When they came down, it was with a nice-looking black dog, not what I had thought to be a brown one at first. A thick layer of sand was left in the tub.

Todo tolerated the newcomer at first, apparently believing that it was a "guest". But when he after a few days realized that Phillip, as it now was called, was to stay, he became mean to him. Phillip quickly learned to accept his "secondary position" and to hide, when Todo became too aggressive. He never seemed to learn tricks like "roll over" "catch", "play dead" and so on like Todo excelled at. It became increasingly difficult to manage Todo and one day, when Áskell did not lift his feet quickly enough when the phone rang, Todo almost bit his big toe off. This was too much. Loa decided that this could not go on, and in spite of vigorous protests from Áskell that poor Todo was "only a dog and did not understand better", she took him to the vet. He, like "Lucky", is now buried in a pet cemetery near Napa.

It took a couple of days before Phillip realized that his tormentor was not coming back. He seemed relieved. And one day when we discussed that he had not learned any tricks such as "roll over", suddenly he did it! And when we tried others of Todo's tricks, he performed them perfectly. It seems he had just not wanted to do it when Todo was there, but now he proved to be a very intelligent dog. He was definitely of a mixed breed but when people ask what "race" he is, Loa usually answers "a San Martin field hound". They are very impressed but confess that they have never heard of it and Loa says that it is, indeed, "one of a kind". She has invented the epithet since it was found in a field in San Martin, a village on the way to Gilroy. Phillip was then about 1--2 years old and is still with us, the best dog we have had.

Years later still another dog was added to the household. Ingela and her boyfriend, Geoff, picked it up running around on a freeway. Before examining it closely they named it George, but when they came home they discovered it was a girl! So Ingela said: "Well, let us say we named her after George Sands." George is a labrador-chow mix and has a black-violet tongue. She, too, is very gentle and affectionate and has accepted the fact that Philip, less than half her size, is the master of the house. They play rough but never nip at each other, and seem to really enjoy each other's company. Phillip is very protective of her and their yard, and barks at any strangers approaching. Although big, black and ferocious-looking, George is really very shy. She, too, can bark at the meter reader, but keeps always at a fair distance from him, while Phillip jumps at him and tries to keep him away from her. Both Phillip and George are, of course, Ingela's dogs but, as usual, it falls to the lot of her elders to take care of them.

Life was, however, not only work, walking the dog and the occasional interaction with the neighbors. When I look in our guest books, I see a lot of names of visitors, old friends, old students, scientists from all over the world passing by and renewing acquaintances made years, even decades earlier. It is indeed pleasant to still feel appreciated and highly respected in spite of it all.

But as usual, there were still dramatic events in the family life. We had noticed that Goy and Ted were not very happy. Ted wanted Goy to stay at home and take care of the children, but she wanted more freedom and outside contacts. So she had taken lots of courses at the colleges here, among others one in book keeping. In spite of Ted's objections, she also got herself a job as book-keeper for a store selling ladies' apparel. For a while, all was a bit better but not for long.

Axel, Ted's father had suffered a heart attack while visiting them and was taken to a hospital, where he got a pace-maker installed. This caused a minor stroke, and he was now recovering from it in their home. Áskell went there to look after him while Goy worked.

One evening in November, 1977, Ted called and asked us to come over at once. We believed that perhaps Axel had again taken ill or worse, and drove off right away. When we arrived Ted was very upset and handed us a letter to read. Lisa and Dawn sat dejected on the floor and it tore at my heart, when Lisa said: "Our mother has abandoned us!"

Ted had come home to find the children and Axel alone and Goy nowhere to be seen. Axel told him that she had left in the morning, unusually well dressed but without saying anything. Ted found a letter to himself and another to us on his dresser. His told him that Goy had left for good and a lot of other things he did not disclose. The one to us accused us of being bad parents always trying to "run her life" and that she did not intend to tolerate that any more and wanted to "live her own life". We became as upset as Ted was.

As we sat discussing and trying to figure out where she could have gone—she had not been to her job that day and none of the neighbors knew where she was—there was a ring on the door and when Ted answered we heard him talk to someone. He returned with a document from a lawyer in his hand. It said that Goy wanted to divorce him because of "irreconcilable differences". Ted was devastated. He really loved Goy. We could not understand how anybody in her right mind could simply run away from her husband and young children like that.

It was Loa who got the idea that she might have gone back to Montréal, perhaps to her best friend there, Lynn. With the aid of a telephone operator, we got Lynn's phone number, but the late hour and the time difference made us postpone a call to her until in the morning. When Ted finally got hold of Lynn, he asked for Mrs Swanson, and when Lynn asked: "Who is speaking?", he said: "Her lawyer." Goy was, of course, surprised that he had been able to locate her, but he assured her of his love and his concern for the children. It ended with her consent that he should come and get her back. It took about a week for him to arrange with his job, get permission from the school to let the children come with him and get tickets for the flight.

In the meantime Áskell and I did what we could for them. I talked to Goy's best friend in Campbell, Betty, and learned that she had driven her to the airport in San Francisco. Although she tried to defend Goy a bit, she, too, was not really pleased with the turn of the events. She, herself, did not have a very happy marriage, but stuck it out because of the children.

When Ted and Goy and the children again returned, all was bliss. Goy had actually gone to Montréal to find her old Greek boy-friend, but had discovered that he was happily married and the father of a little daughter, so she realized that she did not want to break up his life again. He had graduated from being a hamburger cook to a parking lot attendant. She realized that she had made a big mistake. So all returned again to normal after this scare.

In August of 1977 Arthur, Áskell's nephew and son of Trainn, came to us when studying for his doctor of medicine. He had already completed the basic courses in Iceland, and was now specializing. Áskell helped him find a room in the International Students House in Berkeley and although he lived there, our house was his sort of home-base for several years. Loa and Arthur got along extremely well and really enjoyed each other's company. When he first arrived in San Francisco after the flight from Iceland, he looked around in amazement: "Is everybody here Chinese?". He soon adjusted to the international conditions here and made several friends with whom he still keeps in contact.

In 1979, his mother, Betty, came to visit him and she, too, spent some time with us. She introduced Arthur to a lot of Chinese relatives in San Francisco that he had had no inkling of, but I do not think he kept up the contact. He studied diligently, specialized in viruses and passed his Dr. Med. and California license with flying colors. He then wanted to do his internship here and we had hoped it could be done in San José. But instead he was allotted a space in a hospital in the Watts area of Los Angeles. When he came there, he discovered it was an all black crime-ridden area and not even a good hospital, so after a few weeks he gave up on it and quit. He then returned to Iceland and practiced for some time in the country

there before finding a position in viral research in Reykjavik. Arthur comes to visit us every time some meeting brings him over to this continent.

Next summer Áskell's sister, Sigga, and her husband, Jon, came for a short visit. It was so nice to have family members come and be able to show them the beautiful nature around here that we enjoy so much, and for them the sunny and hot climate is a treat.

But in spite of it all, Áskell was always a bit homesick. Therefore he became extremely pleased when in 1981 he got a letter from Iceland, asking if he would like to act as substitute director of the Icelandic Agricultural Research Station, otherwise run by a former student of his, Björn Sigurdsson. He had for years worked for the U. N. FAO in Vienna and was to spend a couple of months there to finish up a project with them. Áskell's term would last from mid-June until mid-September. The answer was, of course, yes.

Since Amma no longer lived at Hraunteigur, now shared by Thrainn, Betty and Arthur and his family, and his beloved brother, Gudmundur, had died, he elected to live with Kobbí and Margret instead, particularly because they were located in the center of Reykjavik in a spacious house. The research station had moved from Ulfarsa, where we had it, to Keldur, a former very large farm a little outside the city itself. But it was easy to reach by bus and, as it turned out, some of those working there picked him up in the morning and took him back after hours.

He started out with his usual energy, eager to make a good work—perhaps hoping it would be permanent? But he soon discovered that he had forgotten the work habits in his old home land. People drifted in late, took plenty of time for morning coffee and lingered over lunch, served at the station. Then some little work was done until afternoon coffee and it often lasted almost until it was time to go home. He also discovered that there were lots of materials that had come in to the library but was still in unopened packages, years after arriving. He tried to fire up some work spirit, but only met with passive resistance. There was really only one person there, who responded with enthusiasm, a Thai girl, Kesara Fridriksson, married to an Icelandic pilot. She had a doctorate in genetics from Omaha but held a rather low position here as a kind of lab assistant. He felt he could really discuss with her and teach her new methods and procedures better than with his Icelandic colleges, who were equally reluctant to change their habits as the farmers we had first encountered when we arrived in Iceland from Sweden. Kesara has kept in touch with Áskell and me ever since.

The weather did not please him either, it was chilly, windy and it rained constantly, and everybody had a cold. He really missed the sun and heat in California. But he enjoyed the stay with Kobbí and his family very much, and made good friends especially with the youngest, Thorvaldur, who he used as his "guide" around the city. They even climbed all the way up the tower of the Hallgrímskirkja and admired the view over the city on one of the few sunny days. Leo had given Áskell a pass to a coffee shop he owned, and he and Toby made good use of it. They also visited all the relatives and Áskell met lots of old school mates. So, in all, it was not so bad.

However, I was really surprised when he phoned me to tell that Iffa, Gudmundur's widow, had decided to come back with him for an extended visit here. They were flying directly from Reykjavik to Chicago and should change to a flight to San José there. But, as usual, the IAL flight was delayed and they arrived in Chicago so late, that they had to stay overnight. In order to save on the expenses, Iffa decided that they should share a room. Áskell was upset about it but soon understood that it was no use to argue with his sister-in-law. When they finally arrived here, she apologized to me for her rashness, but I found it all hilarious, knowing—and trusting—Áskell.

Iffa was then a teacher and interested in learning how American schools functioned. So we took her for a visit to Ingela's public school. Ingela had by then already left it and passed two years in a middle school. There, a fine teacher got her class interested in the Arthurian legends and for a long time Ingela and her friend Tracy lived in a fantasy world of Arthurian dimensions. When she graduated from there, we had to make a choice between letting her continue at the local high school, where just then she risked being

bussed to some inner city school when they tried to "integrate" the racial mixtures here, or find a private school for her. Loa was then employed as a "temporary" worker in an office in Palo Alto and had discovered that, in nearby Menlo Park, there was a Sacred Heart High School of the same order that she had attended herself in Montréal. She applied for Ingela and she passed with flying colors an entrance exam and was, in addition, promised a scholarship to help with the rather steep tuition. Loa drove her there in the mornings when she herself was going to work and Ingela took the train back to San José after school was up. Áskell met her at the station and drove her home.

Iffa's visit to the public school was a success. Ingela's old teacher was delighted to meet her and "show off" his class, and she was happy to give a little talk to it about Iceland and especially over the applause it evoked when she told them that Iceland had a woman president. We also arranged for a visit to the Sacred Heart convent school, where she was taken around both to the elementary classes and the highschool. It is a very nice school, situated in a park-like environment with sports facilities, swimming pools, and other amenities. At that time it was only an all-girl's school; later it became co-educational. I think both Iffa and I were pleasantly impressed both by the environment and the programs. As in Montréal, the differences in economic status were eliminated by the nice uniforms and Ingela had schoolmates from extremely wealthy to quite poor families and of all kinds of colors.

Goy and Loa also took Iffa out shopping and were amazed at how she had stamina to go on for hours at a time in spite of always complaining of poor health. She had only one lung and, still, she smoked a lot. She was not pleased that she had to go out into the garden to do it, because we do not tolerate any smoking in the house. We also took her out into the nature around here and to the Pacific Ocean, into which she had to dip her toes. She loved it all.

But there was a small incident that has stuck in my mind ever since. When we had arrived in the Big Basin to see the redwoods there and parked the car, Áskell went over to pay the fee at the ranger station. When coming back, I looked at him and reflected on that he suddenly looked so old. It was not his usual energetic manner of walking, but a slow progress, so unlike him. But I kept it to myself.

During the last week of Iffa's stay she invited her sister, Audur, to join her. She was just then staying in New York with a daughter and son-in-law. Audur was very pleased and really enjoyed this brief look at the West. Again, there was a shopping spree, and when they left to stay with Jon and Lura for few days, their luggage had doubled and could barely be fitted into the car.

During all the time we lived in Canada and Colorado, we had had only one visit from a family member: Sigga, Áskell's sister, her husband and their little son, Denny (Steingrimur), came to see us for a few days when Jon was on a tour to relatives of his in America before they turned back to Iceland after his studies at M.I.T. Now, when we lived in California, the family seemed to be much more willing to come, or perhaps, they could now afford to do so.

The next one to come was Steini, the masoner half-brother. He wanted Áskell to arrange lodgings for him in San Francisco so that he could use that as a base for "taking the bus" to see him in San José and Jon in Napa. Áskell had to inform him that distances over here were a bit different from those in Iceland and that he and Jon lived as far from San Francisco as from Reykjavik to the coast under Vatnajökull, so he had better stay with us for a while and then with Jon or the other way around. So he chose to first visit Jon in Napa and then us.

Steini had travelled a good deal in Europe, especially Spain, thanks to his liberal social security pension. But he was not prepared for the distances here, even within cities. Jon and Lura live on a hill on the outskirts of Napa and are completely dependent on a car to get to the shopping areas. Jon was working but Lura took him along downtown and, while she was grocery shopping, he wandered off by himself and could usually be found in some bar, when she was through. On the 3rd of October, Jon and Lura drove him down to us, but saw the sights of San Francisco on the way, so he got to see that beautiful city, too.

When he first came to us, he was again amazed at how "far" everything was, but from our place, he could at least walk to a shopping center after I had shown him the way and provided him with a map, our address and telephone number to keep in his pocket, in case he got lost. And, indeed, he did. His English was practically non-existent so we worried a bit about his excursions, but he insisted that he could manage by himself. Of course, once he came back, riding with the ice-cream vendor, who had found him lost and another time a little boy led him home. He then usually carried a big bag, but did not show us what he had purchased. We also took him on a tour to see the redwoods in Big Basin and then on to the ocean in Santa Cruz. But by then he complained of a headache and seemed miserable, so we thought he perhaps was carsick. But after a rest in his room when back here, he seemed O.K. again and we sat chatting as usual in the evenings, sometimes enjoying the tapes he brought of his daughter Agnes piano recitals or the sketches of Icelandic landscapes that a friend of his had given him. Steini was himself very musical and he had always had a great interest in arts. But he always retired early.

He left on the 15th. Áskell was late getting started and had not prepared for the morning commuter traffic, so we just managed to reach the airport so that he could rush into the airplane just before it took off. He had offered to make his bed and keep his room himself while he was here, and I found it very considerate, since at that time I was working hard. Not all guests are that nice. But now, when we tidied up after him, we found the solution to some things that had puzzled us. He was supposed to smoke only outdoors, but the room reeked of tobacco. And under the bed we found the bags, he had carried home from his "shopping trips", full of empty beer bottles!

Áskell was by now working very hard on one of his most important papers concerning the taxonomy of the wheatgrasses. He had an enormous correspondence and was often in contact with the U.S.D.A. grass breeding station and its director, Douglas Dewey, in Logan, Utah. They would have hour-long conversations over the telephone. He also continued to edit the IOPB Chromosome Reports and did many reviews of books and papers. Together we went over some unpublished data going all the way back to Manitoba, and finally had them published. But he had also developed a persistent backache, which bothered him a lot and sometimes made him short-tempered. I also noted that instead of accepting his situation after the Yugoslav affair, he had become increasingly annoyed over his treatment and really very bitter against the University of Colorado and its people, even at everything American.

Loa's temporary job in Palo Alto had ended and she was now looking for something else. I happened to mention that to Hannah Feneron who now ran the translation branch of Leo Kanner. She had become a good friend of ours and visited us once in a while together with her husband John. When she heard this, she was happy to offer Loa a job with her since she needed a new assistant to do copying and other office tasks just then. It was excellent because in the mornings Loa could leave Ingela off at her school not far from Kanner's office. Leo himself was in charge of the interpreter branch, but kept a firm hold on all that went on in his firm.

Hannah was very pleased with Loa's work and she, in turn, liked what she was doing. After a year or two Leo decided to move the offices to a new location and Loa helped with the preparations for this. Therefore, on the eve of the move, it was a big surprise for her, when Leo suddenly dismissed her, claiming that they needed somebody more skilled than she was. It took her a day or two before she was able to tell us at home that she was unemployed. There was nothing to do but again start looking for temporary jobs and she worked at a couple of not so pleasant places as a telephone operator. However, on the last of these jobs, at Northern Telecom, a Canadian telecommunications firm with an international work force, she was a great success and in time, this changed into a permanent job. There she was able to utilize the many languages she was able to speak and her intelligent assistance of her customers made her very well liked.

Of course, this meant that Ingela now had to use the train to get to school, but Loa could take her to the station in the early morning and then take a nap in her car in the parking lot of the company before work started. As before, Áskell took Ingela home from the station in the afternoon. I, myself, was very upset at Leo's abrupt dismissal of Loa, but after contemplating the consequences for our economy if I

stopped working for the firm, I decided to swallow my pride and continue as before. It was much thanks to my friendship with Hannah that made me do so.

Ever since I first learned the rudiments of Russian when in Montréal, I had done small translations of articles, excerpts of books, etc., and gotten fairly good at it, much thanks to the help I got from Russian colleagues of ours who sent me dictionaries, books and even gramophone courses in this language. But I was nevertheless surprised and astonished when I was asked by Cambridge University Press in England to translate a book on the division of the Arctic into botanical zones. This was the beginning of a series of translation of works by Russian botanists that I was to do for them over the next decades. This was a challenging job and I loved it and learned a lot from it. The royalties earned from this meant, of course, also an extra income.

I also translated some French works about Bromeliads for a specialist, growing these peculiar plants and publishing books about them and for a Bromeliad Society. One of these books was very beautifully illustrated and published in a very limited edition, so it is probably by now quite valuable. I even translated an article about the Tertiary flora of the Aral Sea for Arthur Cronquist, who was pleased with my work.

In June, 1985, Ingela graduated from her high school at the Sacred Heart Convent. It was a very nice ceremony on the grounds of the convent with singing, dignified speeches and a blessing of the graduates while the bells of the convent tolled. All the graduates were dressed in white gowns and mortarboards and each was given a longstemmed red rose together with the diploma. A nice reception followed. Gunner, her father, and Dana, her stepsister, came from Colorado to help celebrate, and Ted and Goy were also present during the ceremony. In the evening we had a small dinner party for her at home and it was really a day to remember, a day to celebrate her entry into an adult world.

Now she had to decide what to do. She wanted to go on studying and had applied to and been accepted by the University of California at Santa Cruz. The first year she had, of course, to live in a dormitory. Her first room-mate had a Scandinavian name but turned out to be half Japanese and rather spoiled, and the two of them did not get along very well. So a switch was made and Ingela moved in with a Hawaiian room-mate and that was very successful. They had a lovely time together.

The following year, it was Lisa's turn to graduate from high school. Loa was working and could not attend, but Áskell and I were invited and so was Chris, Ted's sister. We sat together at the outdoors sports field, while Ted kept busy taking a movie of it all. It was a very different affair from that at the convent. The graduates were an unruly flock, dressed in black gowns and mortar boards and let the speakers hardly be heard over their noise; they threw a big beach ball among themselves, burst balloons and did the "wave" (standing up and sitting down in a wavelike pattern) instead of listening to the speakers. The music was provided by the school orchestra, which was the only one that could drown out the noise. When the graduates filed up to get their diplomas, it was the parents who added to the noise, clapping, shouting and whistling. Áskell, I and Chris felt almost embarrassed. Afterwards, Ted wanted to take us out to eat, but Lisa did not want to; she instead "craved" a pizza, so one was sent for and we ate it in the kitchen.

The guests from Iceland continued to drop in. Áskell's cousin on his mothers side, Jon Thordarson, and his wife, Inga-Tota, had visited us just after New Year, and they came again next year with a couple of sons of theirs. I had not met them before because they lived in Isafjörður but had now moved to Reykjavík. They proved to be very nice people and Inga-Tota and I have continued to correspond regularly ever since then.

In October of that year we had another visitor just about at the time of Áskell's birthday. It was our old friend from Canada, Bernard Boivin, who was returning from a trip to Australia together with Cosette, his wife, and his sister-in-law. We had not seen them for years and it was so nice to have them here with us, even for just a day and a night. Little did we know it was the last time we would have together. Bernard did

not tell us that he suffered from inoperable cancer and had taken this trip around the world to say farewell to family and friends. He died less than half a year later. Cosette and I still keep in touch.

Although Áskell continued to write up old, unpublished data of ours, alone or with me, he had no longer any of his old energy and had to take a nap every midday, which he had never done before. He stopped taking his walks with the dog and he did not enjoy his work any more. We started to discuss whether we should keep all our scientific books or sell them and started to scout around for some institution that might want to buy them. But now universities and libraries were suffering from reduced funds and we did not find any outlet for them in spite of much correspondence.

My sister and I had taken up the habit of phoning each other on our birthdays and have a long chat together. But I almost had a shock, when on my birthday in 1986, she started out by saying that she had decided to come and visit us and had already ordered an air ticket for March 15, intending to stay for 6 weeks! It was a great but very welcome surprise.

I had at that time lots of work to do for Leo Kanner and for Cambridge University Press, but found that I could afford to take time off to really enjoy her visit, the first and so far only one from my Swedish family. Áskell and I had frequently dropped in on her when visiting Europe but we had not seen each other since 1972.

She flew by SAS over the "north Polar route" to Los Angeles and had to take a plane from there up to here. She was a bit nervous, but all went well and Loa met her at the airport and brought her home. It was like we had never been separated; actually, we got along much better than when we had ever done before, and we learned to know each other much better. Nian has a wonderful sense of humor and filled the house with her laughter and good temper. Áskell and I took her to various places around here so that she got to see a great deal: Santa Cruz, Monterey with its new aquarium, Carmel, and Napa. It was mostly either I or Loa who drove but when we were up in Napa, Áskell insisted on driving home. It was a scary drive, he drove almost like a beginner, seemed uncertain and confused. He claimed the car was hard to drive and had trouble changing gears. So I made the decision then and there that from then on, I would do the driving over long distances.

The most memorable adventure Nian and I had together came at the end of her visit. I got a hefty bonus from LKA and Áskell suggested: "Why not go to Hawaii for it!" We agreed and set about to find a tour to give us a few days there before she had to return to Sweden. Suddenly she and I found ourselves in a airplane to Hawaii and greeted at the airport in Honolulu by a young and handsome Hawaiian beach boy, who put fragrant leis around our necks, kissed us and handed us a glass of pineapple juice. Nian was thrilled.

We were installed in a hotel in Waikiki and since I had been there before, I could take her for a walk in the evening to some of the sights I remembered. The next morning we had a shopping spree and a visit to the Dole pineapple cannery that ended with us stuffing ourselves with fresh pineapple, dripping with juice. There really is nothing like field-ripened fresh pineapple.

We also took a trip around Oahu in a bus with a very pleasant guide who exp[ained not only what we passed through but also informed us about the history of Hawaii and its people. We made several stops along the route, had a picnic on a beach but it was rather windy, and the potato chips flew from the plates. like snowflakes among the people, while we admired the surfers using the mighty waves. We saw the Mormon temple and its beautiful garden and visited an arboretum with tropical plants in Waimea, where we also saw some divers jumping off a high cliff into a deep pool. And we saw the endless fields of pineapple and learned about its cultivation. It was very pleasant. Nian also sent off a lot of postcards to her friends who had no idea that she was to take this extra trip, and she bought a lot of mementos as well. Of course, we also tried all kinds of delicious foods and fruits that were new to her.

But all good things come to an end. We flew back to San Francisco and took the bus to San José. Áskell did not remember that he was to pick us up at the bus terminal, so we had to phone for him. A few

days later we waved goodbye to each other and we have not seen each other since then. But we treasure the memories of this visit.

Áskell's condition continued to deteriorate. His backache and his difficulty walking grew worse. We had always gone shopping together, but he dragged his feet so badly in the stores, that I decided it was faster if I went by myself. We also noted that his handwriting had become almost illegible, so we began to seriously look at his symptoms. He demanded that our family doctor send him to a neurologist, since we suspected it could be a question of Parkinson's disease. And it did not take Dr. Culbertson long to agree that, indeed, that was what ailed him. He started him on a medicine and we immediately noted an improvement. For some years it seemed to hold the symptoms at bay and he could continue to work a little again.

Áskell had decided to offer his library to Iceland and its National Library after hearing from his cousin, Jon Thordarson, that it was being greatly expanded. An old schoolmate of his, Finnbogi Vilhjalmsón, was its head librarian. He had also served as professor of Icelandic in Winnipeg, Canada, when we were there, so we were longtime friends. Finnbogi came here to have a look at it and was duly impressed by the scope of our library. The only thing was, that the new Icelandic library was still at the stage of being constructed and it could take time before it was finished. In Iceland there is never any hurry; things just take their time. So nothing was decided, only left pending.

Finnbogi's visit happened to coincide with Áskell's 70th birthday on Oct. 20, 1986, and a meeting of our reading club. By coincidence Fred Amory became 60 a few days later and Jan and Jerry James had their birthdays a few days before, Jerry becoming 50. So Loa and I planned a really fine menu, topped off with a delicious cake decorated with the names of all the celebrants. It was a really festive occasion and Finnbogi gave Áskell a rousing speech that was highly appreciated. It was a day to remember and Áskell was still able to really enjoy it.

However, all was not well with the family. We had again noticed that Goy and Ted did not get along, but at least, this time they made an effort and had gone for counselling. But nothing really worked. So I was not at all surprised when Goy one day invited me out for a drive and told me that she had decided to ask for a divorce. We discussed the matter calmly and I had to agree with her that the two of them were not suited for each other. When Ted shortly thereafter phoned me and asked for advice, I had to tell him that both Áskell and I had come to the conclusion that both of them would be better off apart and that the children now were grown up enough to be able to understand.

He was, of course upset, but at the same time I think he understood that nothing could save their marriage. So the divorce was "amicable," if you can express it so; Ted and I and Áskell remained friends and even Goy could talk to him calmly. The girls, Lisa and Dawn, were upset, Dawn most especially since Goy wanted them both to stay with Ted and did not want to have them at all. I had a hard time understanding this, and Dawn took it very hard, because she always loved her mother deeply. Lisa was more Ted's girl, so Dawn felt abandoned. But on the whole, things went smoothly and, after selling her part in their house to Ted, Goy moved out to a small apartment of her own. She continued to work for Samsung, the Korean computer enterprise.

On my birthday, Jan. 2, 1988, Ingela took me out to help her select a present for Loa's birthday a few weeks later. When we returned home and I opened the door to the darkened house, I got a big surprise: a shout of "Happy birthday" was heard and after my eyes had adjusted after a battery of flashbulbs, I found the house full of family and friends, gaily decorated and with a delicious odor of chicken in the air. It was a surprise party for my 70th birthday and I had no idea at all that it was planned. It was really a very happy party, presents galore and good company. I was deeply touched and very, very happy.

Since the outlook of placing our library in Iceland looked more and more remote, we continued to look around for a buyer. I am afraid that Áskell grossly overestimated what we could get for it. Admittedly, there were some very rare books and series of books found nowhere else in the U.S., but used books are



never valued very high. Usually you have to be satisfied if you get as much as 10% of the original price; ordinarily you get much less. But we had several visitors looking over the collection and being duly impressed, but nobody had the funds to purchase it. Even Arthur Cronquist from New York dropped in to have a look at it when he was near here, but he found that there were too many duplicates of what already was found in the library of the New York Botanical Garden. I really got a feeling that he mostly wanted to see how Áskell was doing. He puzzled me: he acted as a good friend but never hesitated to criticize Áskell's theories, even malign them, behind his back.

Áskell's condition continued to deteriorate. Now he mostly sat in his chair, dozing off, and he had to use a walker for getting around. He went to bed right after dinner, and took naps on the couch in the family room several times during the day. He continued to write the IOPB chromosome reports, but it took a major effort to get them ready for printing. When he reached report no. 100 in 1988, he decided to stop. He could not continue any longer. And that report was his last paper. Even composing a letter soon became too much for him.

The only thing that he seemed to enjoy were visitors from Iceland, with whom he could talk of memories from his school days and our time in Iceland. Among these visitors were Leo, his nephew and son of his brother Gumbur, Erica Fridriksdottir, Karel Voroka's wife, and Stefania Gudnadottir, widow of his favorite classmate. Then he livened up again for a short time and it was almost as in "olden days".

Research on Parkinson's disease was going on right here in San José, and they had composed a new medicine, Parlodel, that seemed to work well on some patients. Dr. Culberson suggested that we should try this since Áskell did not seem to fully benefit from his ordinary tablets any more. So we agreed to it. It took some time to get off his old medicine and to switch over to the new one. It seemed to give him some discomfort, nausea among others, but that was expected to soon disappear. So we ignored it. But after about two weeks of this, Áskell complained at dinner that I had given him too much to eat, left the table and went up to rest. Suddenly, we heard a noise from upstairs, like someone knocking on the floor, so I went up to check.

I found him vomiting blood over a pail that he kept at his bedside. There was blood all over the bed, his clothes and his face. I called Loa who came immediately and while she took care of him I phoned the emergency room of the hospital, described his symptoms and asked what to do. They said to bring him in immediately and asked if I needed an ambulance. But I said it would probably be faster to take him there by ourselves. We got him down the stairs carefully and loaded him into the car and in less than 10 minutes we had him admitted to the emergency room. His blood pressure was very low, he was very pale and almost lethargic. A couple of doctors examined him and told us what we already had understood, that it was a bleeding ulcer.

After the initial heavy bleeding, probably resulting in the stomach filling with blood, giving him the feeling of having eaten too much, it just continued to seep but did not stop. One bottle after the other was filled and about 11 o'clock at night, we were told that he had to be taken up to the Intensive Care Unit where they would give him a transfusion. All we could do was to gather his cloths and go home, the hospital would keep in touch if there was any change.

We were of course upset. Goy had been invited by Samsung to go to their headquarters in Seoul, Korea, and had left some time before and was probably enjoying all the new things and sights over there now. She was due home in about a weeks time. We debated whether to call her but decided that it was better to wait and see first, so as not to ruin her trip that she had looked so much forward to. It might also be difficult to locate her there, since several excursions outside the capital were planned. And we hoped that Áskell would certainly recover as he did the last time in Montréal.

It was not easy to sleep and relax. At about 3 o'clock at night, the hospital phoned: Áskell did not want to cooperate: Please, talk to him and tell him that we are doing what we can for him. I tried to calm him down as best I could and after some time he agreed to "be good". But about 5 o'clock they phoned

again: "Please, come and help us with him." So, since I no longer can see well enough to drive in the dark, Loa, too, had to dress and drive me there. They had to put him in a straight jacket and he fought against it vigorously. I talked to him, pleaded with him and begged him to calm down and assured him that the treatment they were giving him was the only way to save his life. After some time he calmed down and allowed them to insert the catheters into his arms, so that the transfusion could proceed. Finally he fell asleep, so I could leave again.

We got a couple of hours of sleep before Loa had to leave for her work. I drove to the hospital to see him again and found him hallucinating badly but, apparently, the bleeding was considerably reduced. Medicines were injected into the hoses and his arms were tied to the bed, so he could not tear them out. I had phoned Jon and Lura in Napa to come down and see him; they did so, and Jon said they did not doubt that he would soon be better. and it calmed me down a bit. I continued to visit him for the 15-minute periods allowed several times a day at the same time as I was trying to work at my assignments and deliver them on time as usual.

However, Áskell continued to hallucinate, the bleeding continued in spite of several transfusions, and the doctors told me that it might be necessary to operate on him to stop it, but that they hesitated because of his age and weakened condition. But, as we discussed, we noticed a new wave of blood pass through his hoses, and it was decided that an operation had to be tried, although the outlook was not promising. So I had to fill in forms, give my permission and so on, and it felt like signing a death warrant for the one I loved most of all.

Then I broke down, phoned Loa to come, and sat alone in a waiting room, sobbing uncontrollably until she came and comforted me. We waited a couple of hours and then a nurse came to take us to see the doctor. My heart was beating furiously and my mouth felt dry. What would we hear? Was he still alive or...

Then the doctor, a woman, appeared, smiled at us and said: "He will be all right! It was actually a very small vessel that caused all the trouble. I removed a bit of his duodenum, so he will never suffer from ulcers again. But he had also a rather large gallstone, which I removed, so he does not have to worry about that either." The feeling of relief was enormous.

Áskell was now placed in "acute care" and we could go up and see him there. We did but he was barely fully conscious yet, and we soon left to let him rest. The sun was again shining brightly when we drove home.

Apparently the narcosis had affected him badly and for several days he continued hallucinating, being hard to manage and when fully conscious, demanding and difficult. Goy had phoned from Korea to tell Loa to meet her at the airport and take her home. Loa then told her what had happened; when she came with me to see him, he did not recognize her. She became very upset and cried. It was all too sudden for her.

However, he gradually recovered, and one day we were told he could go home. So we quickly rearranged our sleeping accommodations, put beds for us in the guest room downstairs where we had a toilet just at the side so I could help him there when needed. He had a long scar across his abdomen and I tried to be so careful as I could so as not to hurt him when supporting him.

The next day, the 17th of October and Dawn's birthday, he insisted on being dressed and sat most of the day in a rocking chair in our dining room, happy to be home again. The day passed uneventfully. All went well and I was just beginning to prepare dinner in the kitchen, when I felt something under my feet. I had felt that often before just preceding some of the frequent earthquakes we had had that year in San José. We are just a few miles from the big St. Andreas fault that has caused so much trouble in California. So I took a firm grip on the edge of the sink.

The house started to shake, first a little, but it did not subside as usual. The shaking grew more and more violent. I held on for dear life. Lamps swayed, things fell off shelves and there was a lot of noise. It was like a giant had lifted up the house and shaken it vigorously. It lasted only 15--20 seconds, but felt like an eternity.

Finally, it stopped, and I turned around to see how Áskell fared. To my horror I found him lying prone on the floor under the pendulum clock that hung askew on the wall. I rushed to him, but the next quake almost through me, too, off my feet. However, I was able to lift him up and put him back in the chair. Fortunately, his scar had not broken open, but he was badly scared.

At last, I could take a look around the house. It was a mess. To my relief the furnace and the water heater seemed intact but there was no electricity and I could not see the flame under the gas-operated water-heater, so I did not dare to light a match to check closer. The rest of the house was in disorder, pictures askew, things on shelves thrown all over the floors but thanks to the wall-to-wall carpeting, nothing was broken. However, in Áskell's den, there was total chaos. The bookshelves had collapsed and there were books and boards all over his desk, his chair and the floor. If Áskell had been sitting at his desk as he always did, he would have been killed, since the heaviest and largest volumes were, unwisely, placed on the top shelves. Now we could do nothing, only wait for Loa and Ingela to come home. We hoped they were all right.

Loa had just left her job and come out into the parking lot, when the quake hit. She grabbed hold of a truck and held on, looking amazed at lighter cars dancing around. She was able to drive home but had to stop a couple of times when the shaking was too hard and it took longer than usual because the electricity was out everywhere. Ingela, who this term lived at home and commuted to Santa Cruz, worked in her spare time in a nearby pet shop. She hid under the counter in the store during the worst shaking and then she had to help finding all the birds and animals which had flown and run out of their cages that had been shaken open and put them back in. But eventually she, too, made it safely back home.

We had to eat a cold meal in the dark. We listened to the battery-operated radio and found that the quake had covered a large area and reached 7.2 on the Richter scale, i.e., it was a major earthquake. There was also a lot of damage everywhere, and parts of the Bay Bridge and a two-level highway had collapsed with a heavy loss of lives. Parts of San Francisco were burning and several houses had collapsed there, and nearer here, in Los Gatos, houses had jumped off their foundations. Santa Cruz had sustained heavy damage. The chimney on Jan and Jerry's house had collapsed, the books were all over the floors but they themselves were not hurt.

I helped Áskell to bed after dinner. There was no smell of gas, so we had lighted some candles. Then there was a knock on the door, and when we opened, some neighbors with tools stood outside and asked if we needed help. It is a wonderful feeling when you realize what good neighbors you have. They helped me check the gas under the water heater and it was burning all right, so we did not need to worry about that. But they could not do much to help with the rest of the mess in the house.

We did not want to use the telephone. You are always told not to use it when there is such an emergency, for officials need to use any working lines. So it was not until next day that we found that Goy and her family were O.K. The swimming pool had produced such waves, that water had run into their bedroom through the open patio door, but otherwise there were only a few broken things, no major damage.

However, we ourselves got several calls from worried family and friends who had heard about the disaster over the radio or TV. Nian called from Sweden but it was hard to hear, the lines were still not functioning too well. We had other calls from Denmark, Canada—even from Ole, Loa's former brother-in-law in Baffin Land—and from Erkanı, Loa's Turkish friend. Everybody seemed concerned about us.

The aftershocks continued for quite some time, some up to and over 5 R, but we were able to gradually clean up the mess. We had piles of books everywhere on the floor because we did not want to build up the bookcases as high as before. However, since Áskell did not seem able to continue to do any

more scientific work, we finally decided to accept an offer from the dealer of second-hand books and publisher of some of our own works, Cramer in Germany. It came to nowhere near what we had hoped to get for them, but since no institution in the U.S. wanted the books, we really had no other choice.

Áskell's recovery was fairly fast as far as the body was concerned, but he had completely lost his old energy, spent most of the days just sitting in an easy chair and looking at soap-operas or dozing off. He was, however, still able to complete the last IOPB report for Taxon, even if it took a major effort. And he still enjoyed visitors, especially when Jack and Pauline Ives dropped in. They were our good friends from Montreal and Boulder and had now moved to Davis.

But most of all he, and I, enjoyed the feast that our daughters put on for us and all our friends on April 30, 1990, our 50th wedding anniversary. All day long, flowers arrived and the house looked like a flower shop with beautifully arranged baskets and bouquets. Then the family and friends arrived for an afternoon reception with a magnificent cake, champagne, speeches, and more gifts. We got a microwave oven and a new color TV and much more. It was a wonderful day to remember and one on which to think back, recalling all what the two of us had lived together. We felt really blessed.

The next big event was Ingela's graduation as B.A. (folk lore) from Santa Cruz. Her father, her stepsister Dana, and Joe Lazar, Dana's grandfather came all the way from Boulder, Colorado, in the elegant Cadillac of the latter. Gunner drew quite a bit of attention, since he dressed as a cowboy in boots, hat and all, while the rest of the visitors were dressed in summer attire. The day was glorious and the campus and its artworks beautiful. The ceremonies were nice and not overly long, because the sun was very hot already in mid-June. Ingela looked so lovely in her gown, cap and fragrant Hawaiian lei, a gift from her room-mate when she walked up to receive her diploma. Jan and Jerry also attended because the last couple of semesters, Ingela had lived in their house and been treated almost like a daughter of theirs. Geoff, her boyfriend, to whom she had been engaged since the earthquake, was of course also there. Cousin Arthur, visiting from Iceland for a couple of weeks, was also present. And best of all, Áskell was able to take part, one of the last major family events he really enjoyed. Later, in the fall, Leo, another of Áskell's nephews, dropped in with his youngest son, Áskell Yngri, so that he could get an opportunity to meet with his namesake and listen to him talk about his youth. Áskell certainly appreciated and enjoyed that.

But when Dawn got her AA from West Valley College here in San José, he was too tired to come and see it all. Dawn had dropped out of school, but decided to take a high school equivalence test and then attend West Valley College, while working and trying to earn her way. Now she wanted to go on to study anthropology. Lisa was already studying toward the B.A in child psychology. The ceremony at West Valley College was very nice. I had not been there before but was pleasantly surprised at how nice it was. Both Goy and Ted, who maintained a civil relationship, were there and were proud of Dawn's achievement. I took lots of pictures to be able to show it all to Áskell afterwards.

Now it was very difficult for Áskell to walk, since his balance was increasingly bad and he had had a couple of falls. I had to be very alert when I was working, so that I could hear if he needed assistance. I had given him a big Swiss cowbell to keep at his side so he could ring for me, if needed. We had also to be very careful with stairs; when going upstairs, I walked behind him, pushing on when needed, and when going downstairs, I walked ahead so he could support himself on me if the cane and the railing were not enough.

I was now very busy translating a big Russian volume, N. I. Vavilov's *Origin and Geography of the Cultivated Plants* for Cambridge University Press. It was enormously interesting and led us to test several vegetables and grains that we had not tried before. It indeed enriched our diet. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to learn that a public relations representative from the Vavilov Institute in Leningrad was taking a course at the University in Davis and wanted to come and see me about my translation. Pat McGuire, a former student of ours now working at Davis, brought Sergei Alexanian down here in his car and we had a very interesting afternoon and evening together. Sergei spoke excellent English and gave me much information that I did not have before. We topped the whole visit off with a dinner, at which I served

a number of the vegetables mentioned in the book. He found that both delicious and interesting. Sergey also presented me with a "Vavilov medal", minted in commemoration of the 100th birthday of the famous scientist.

For Áskell's 75th birthday in 1991, we again had a family afternoon coffee with a magnificent cake and other goodies. But this time I am not so sure if he really enjoyed it. He seemed half absentminded and it shows also in the pictures we took of him. He looks so old. Now he had grown a beard since he could no longer shave, not even with his electrical razor. But the beard became him very well and made him look so dignified. When Dawn saw him, she burst out: "Now you will look like a real Santa Claus for Christmas, grandpa!"

Our life became more and more monotonous. Áskell had reached the maximum dose of his medicine and nothing more could be done for him. He had a hard time even turning in his bed, and I had some times to help turn him over in the middle of the night. It was difficult for him to dress, so I had to assist him with it, and it took longer and longer to get him downstairs and into the family room. He seemed even to lose interest in looking at the TV and he went to bed immediately after dinner. The worst thing was that he seemed to have become afraid of being alone. When I had to go errands, he always asked: "When will you be back? Don't be long." And when he went to bed he wanted the bedroom door to remain open and the light at his side turned on.

There had been a disastrous fire in Berkeley that had destroyed several hundred houses and caused the death of many, many people. Most of the burned houses had wooden roofs like that of our own. Since we had a persistent drought, that had lasted for some five years, everything was tinder dry and the fire hazard extreme. We also had a very strict water rationing. I was worried about how to get Áskell out of the house, should something similar happen in San José. So Loa and I decided that we needed a fireproof roof and replaced the old one with one of red, sand-coated steel tiles. It looks beautiful and now we could feel safe. It was, of course, expensive, but it also raised the value of the house if, at any time, we should need to sell it. But we sort of compensated for this expense by finally selling all our about 40,000 reprints to the University of Colorado, where we believed that at least our friend, Bill Weber, could make good use of it.

In 1992, Loa had a visitor from afar: Erhani, the friend who had rented a room from her in Boulder and had become almost like a family member. He was now professor of physics in Turkey, but had taken a refresher course in his subject in Boulder and then come here to spend a few days with Loa. They had a lovely time together. Otherwise we had few visitors; beside the families in San José and Napa only some from Iceland such as Leo, Arthur and Ellen came here. Those Áskell seemed to enjoy. But when we had our reading club here, he always went to bed directly after the meal. And when the club met at other houses, either Goy or Loa drove me there—I could no longer see to drive in the dark—while the other one "baby-sat papa."

Áskell also seemed to forget what was said to him almost immediately. So once, when I and Loa were invited to Jan and Jerry in Santa Cruz to meet a visitor from Iceland and have a barbecue on real Icelandic lamb brought by him, I had told him that Loa and I would not be back for dinner, but Goy would feed him and put him to bed. He seemed to understand. So when Goy had arrived at about 3 p. m. we left, satisfied that all was well.

We had a very pleasant visit in Santa Cruz; the weather was beautiful and warm and we were sitting out on the patio enjoying the wonderful lamb, when the phone rang. It was Goy. She had had a lot of difficulties finding the telephone number to Jan and Jerry, but now she told me that Áskell refused to cooperate with her and wanted me to come back immediately. I talked to him and tried to calm him down, reminding him that he had agreed that Goy should be in charge and that she would do just as well as I. At last he allowed me to stay a little longer. But after a short while, there was another phone call: now Goy was in tears: "I cannot handle him any longer, you had better come back." So we had to leave, and the hosts and their guests felt sorry for us.

When we returned, Áskell was in a rage and Goy in tears and afraid of him. I had to put my foot down and command him to behave; at last he did, and we got him up and to bed. But Goy was so upset that she vowed never to sit with him again. For some time Goy had not been satisfied with her job at Samsung, and felt that she had reached a stage where she could not advance any farther, since the "glass ceiling" of women at this male-dominated Korean firm was very low. But it was nevertheless a surprise for us when late in August, 1993, she came for a visit and told us that she had quit her job and was moving to North Carolina. She had been involved in some computer "chat room", and through friends there, had been convinced that the job situation there was better. Of course we became upset and tried to tell her that she certainly had equally good chances here in the Silicon Valley. But she said she had already packed her belongings and ordered a moving firm to pick it up during the following week. Then Dawn had her vacation and would drive with her in the car to Charlotte, while the furniture was on the way. When she left, she said her usual goodbye and we assumed she would come back and say a proper farewell before she left for good.

When we did not hear anything from her, I finally called to ask when she would come but was told that she was leaving the following morning and that her last visit with us had been the final goodbye. I became very upset and told her that Áskell had waited for her all week and would be so disappointed, since this might be that last opportunity for her to see him. Now she, in turn, got upset at me and we argued some. Finally she agreed to say goodbye to her father over the telephone only and talked to him for a short while. It was the last time he heard her voice.

He was, indeed, very disappointed, felt that she was rejecting him and could not understand how she could do so. He became even more withdrawn than before. I was at first angry and felt that she was just fleeing any responsibilities to her father. It took me quite some time to get over this and realize that Goy, too, must have felt it hard to leave us. Loa did her best to comfort me and promised to faithfully stay with us whatever happened.

However, there was nothing we could do but accept the fact. Goy was grown up and fully responsible for herself and her actions. We could only hope that she would find a job soon and adjust to her new surroundings and be happy there. When Dawn returned, she could tell us about her. Goy's apartment in Charlotte seemed to be in a nice neighborhood and she had also met the best friend of hers, Ron. Later we got pictures of it all and the surroundings and the city of Charlotte. We had driven through it long ago but I really did not remember much of it, so was pleased to see what it looked like now. It had apparently changed a lot since we were there. In the autumn we also got pictures from the Blue Ridge mountains east of Charlotte and the beautiful fall colors there. Goy seemed happy and contented, but had not yet found a permanent job.

Christmas without Goy was a bit strange, but it went well and all of us felt like a happy family with Áskell at the head of the table. Ingela now had a new boy-friend, Scott McLelland, who joined us for the first time. She had broken up with Geoff early in the fall since he had dropped out of his veterinary studies and proved very unreliable economically and otherwise. Scott had noticed Ingela when she worked in a store, selling horse gear in Davis. They had talked together and become good friends and when Scott noticed that she no longer carried her ring, he asked her out. Soon they were more than friends in spite of the fact that Scott was much older than she, but they had so many interests in common that they decided to move together. Ingela had her horses and Scott had both horses and a couple of asses, dogs and even a white arctic wolf, Nimbus. He had a big heart for animals, and when he saw some that had not been treated well he adopted them and made them well again. He also had a big parrot and Ingela brought her own horses, dogs and birds so that together they had a real menagerie. They bought an old farmhouse in Yolo north of Davis, where they could keep it all. The best thing was that Scott insisted that Ingela should resume her studies and, since he wanted to study law, she agreed.

However, 1994 did not start well. Loa lost her job at Northern Telecom that she liked so much and where she had been so appreciated. This was the time in Silicon valley when the big companies laid off a lot of workers and tried to "downsize" as it was called. She had helped test a new switchboard system until it worked perfectly; and to her surprise it led to herself and her fellow telephone operator becoming

superfluous. So she got her "pink slip", and when she came in the next day, the switchboard was gone, and there was nothing for her to do. The people she had served were also upset and told her they would sorely miss her, but that did not help much to cheer her up. Now she had to start looking for another job, but times were not good for that. Fortunately she had a severance pay for the next 6 months to tide her over, but after that she had to join the ranks of the steadily growing number of unemployed.

In February our friend Paul Martin dropped in for a short visit. We had first met in Montréal and enjoyed much in common there and had kept a firm friendship ever since. Now Paul was retired from his professorship in Tucson, Arizona, but had attended a conference in San Francisco. We had a very pleasant visit, laughed and talked about common memories of Montréal. Paul had suffered from polio when young and had difficulties walking, so Áskell, who had a very good day and was unusually alert, suggested he should try a walker, such as he himself had. I was so pleased to see Áskell so alive that day; it was a rare treat.

But it was, nevertheless undeniable that his condition deteriorated almost from day to day. He fell more and more often in spite of the walker, but usually the wall-to-wall carpeting protected him from injuries. However, in the beginning of March he had a very nasty fall when he reached out to turn off some light. It was obvious that he had hurt himself badly because he complained loudly. With great difficulty Loa and I got him up to bed, but he did not sleep well and had obviously bad pains. When I tried to help him out of bed in the morning, it was impossible and evident that the damage done was worse than we had believed at first. So I phoned the emergency department at our hospital and described the fall and they wanted him in for an X-ray to see if something was broken. They sent an ambulance to take him to the hospital. It turned out to be a crushed vertebra in the lower back where a cast was of no use. The emergency doctor told us that it was not a serious injury and that just a few days of bedrest would be enough. We could leave him in the hospital or take him home if we wanted. Remembering how difficult it had been for him last time in the hospital, we decided it was better to take him home. We came to regret that decision.

Men do not bear pain very well, so we did not take his complaints too seriously at first. The hospital had provided us with a potty stool to keep at his bedside but in spite of that and the use of diapers, there was laundry every day. He became more and more difficult to handle, especially when it started to get dark at the end of the day. His constipation also grew worse since he did not move around and I needed a nurse to help him with it. At last he became completely irrational, and when one evening I tried to keep him down in bed, he grabbed my hair and tried to "scalp" me. I had to call Loa for help and it was all the two of us could do to loosen his grip on me. I got really scared. He was very strong in spite of it all and if I had been alone he could have hurt me severely. When I asked the social worker at the hospital what to do, she proposed that I should put him into a nursinghome where he could get 24-hour care so that I could get some rest and be free from worry. He obviously needed more care than we could give him at home.

It was not easy to find a nursing home, but finally the Almaden Care and Rehabilitation Home in Los Gatos was able to take him in for 14 days, whereafter we had to find another place if needed. Tragic as it was that Loa was still unemployed, I was lucky to have her at my side during this difficult time. She quickly found a van-service that could transport Áskell cheaper than the ambulance since we could not yet drive him in any of our cars, and she visited all the nursing homes suggested to select the best for him, while I guarded him at home.

This nursing home was located about 15 miles from where we live and it took about one half hour to drive there, but it was the one closest to us that was acceptable. He would get 24-hour care and the physical therapy needed for helping him to walk again. The room he was placed in together with an elderly gentleman recuperating from a heart attack was bright and nice and the nurses were cheerful and helpful. The food was acceptable but he needed help to eat it, so I drove there daily to feed him and stay with him for some time, so he knew we were not just "abandoning" him. We really hoped he could come home again.

But, apparently, his condition continued to be worrisome and his "sundowner's syndrome" grew more severe. He tried to get out of bed and had another bad fall, so that the doctor wanted him to have a CAT scan, in case he had suffered a concussion. Again we had to use the van-transportation for the drive to and back from the hospital. Fortunately the CAT scan showed no concussion but it revealed a certain widening of the brain cavities which is typical of Parkinson's disease. Now he needed to be put in restraints when in bed. He made some progress walking and liked the therapist, but we were sorry when we were advised to find a new home for him again when the bed he had occupied had to be vacated for another patient.

Among the homes Loa had looked at first, there was one nearby that she recommended: the Plum Tree. It was only about one half mile farther away. Jon came down from Napa to visit his brother and after that he and I went over and looked at the Plum Tree, which he found suitable. It was just a few dollars more expensive— \$110 a day plus what therapy was needed, but looked even better than Almaden. Had we known better when he first had his accident, we should have left him in the hospital, and if he then had been taken directly from there to recuperate at a nursing home, Medicare would have paid fully for the first one hundred days of rehabilitation. But since we sent him from home, we had to bear all the costs ourselves, and we felt that the money now just flowed out of our pockets.

However, the new home was of a higher class. The rooms were nice, the staff—mostly Filipino—very pleasant and the food excellent, served in a dining room with linen table cloths and napkins. When I came to help feed him the main meal, I was always served a cup of coffee. There were two nice gardens, where we could sit out in good weather and enjoy the flowering tulip trees, watch the hummingbirds and listen to other birds singing, while I read him the mail or Icelandic papers. But he seemed to care less and less. The person in charge of the activities for the patients tried to get him to take part in what was going on: some days he did, others he refused. His physical therapist finally gave up and he now used a wheelchair almost exclusively. His speech had become a bit slurred and sometimes hard to understand, so he was also given speech therapy and he liked that person very well. His doctor, who saw him once a week, felt that he had adjusted reasonably well to the new conditions, but I was not so sure.

The other patients were a varied lot. The majority were women and many suffered from Alzheimer's. There were a few men as well, and at first Áskell was placed in a room with a young boy, 17 years of age, who a car accident had left in a vegetative state, unable to speak, move or react to any stimulus. It was too depressing, so he was moved in with another Parkinson's sufferer, a Mr. Bergman. We sometimes shared a table at dinnertime and he was very pleasant. Other times we dined with some ladies, one of whom always solved cross-word puzzles, and another of German descent who was constantly displeased with everything: service, food and all, although I could not see any reason for it. There were some who were very old but in surprisingly good shape and celebrated their 100th birthdays in a very festive way, surrounded by family and friends. But there were also many who were bedridden, just waiting for release from their suffering. Occasionally there were those recuperating from broken limbs or operations, with whom one could have more interesting conversations.

One day at about the beginning of May, we dined together with Mr Bergman, but I noticed that he did not touch his food. He did not talk either, just seemed to be half asleep. It was, however, not very unusual for the patients to fall asleep over the meal, and I paid attention to it only when the nurse asked him why he did not eat. He answered: "I am not hungry", stood up and left for his room. He could walk by himself and unaided, only shook a little and did not really display any of the ordinary Parkinson's symptoms. He also seemed to be younger than Áskell. Both of them got along well, and he never complained about Áskell being unruly, just said it did not bother him. When I had not seen him for several days, I asked Áskell why, and got the surprising answer that he had died. The nurse confirmed this when I asked her, but the nurses never gave any details about the conditions of the patients, so I did not learn what caused this unexpected turn of events.

Mr Bergman's bed was now taken over by another patient, whose name I never learned. He was called "the Wanderer" by the personnel since he constantly strolled through the corridors, always wearing a



baseball cap. He stopped here and there, joked and laughed with the other patients, and seemed to have a good sense of humor. He was not very old, perhaps in his late 40's or early 50's. At first all seemed to go well, but suddenly Áskell started to complain, avoided him and claimed that his jokes were "filthy." I told him I had not noticed that; on the contrary he seemed very nice and cheerful. I never saw him on weekends, so assumed that his family took him home then and brought him back on Mondays for the rest of the week.

When one day I came to see Áskell, the nurse called me aside and told me that they had again moved Áskell to another room, since he and the "Wanderer" did not seem to get along too well. I asked Áskell why, but he did not answer, and was in a bad mood. He did not have any appetite either, and did not want to eat at all and was almost totally unresponsive, so I asked the nurse to check on him in case anything was wrong. I also met the "Wanderer" and asked him why he and Áskell had been separated. He looked a bit embarrassed at me and said: "He stinks", and took off on his endless stroll.

The next day I found Áskell still in bed when I came in at noon. He had a fever and did not answer me when I talked to him. I got hold of his nurse. It was a different one from the one in the other wing of the building, and she was easier to talk to and more open. She also seemed more concerned about her patient. She told me that when she changed his diapers she had noticed differences in the appearance of his urine and had, with some difficulty, been able to obtain a sample that had been sent in to the laboratory in Palo Alto. She hoped to have an answer about the analysis in a day or two. I told her I was sorry I had not been informed immediately so that I could have brought the sample to our Kaiser Hospital laboratory, where I could have had it analyzed right away. But she convinced me it was not so urgent since the fever was not very high. I was, however, very worried, stayed to watch him longer than usual, and went home just in time to make dinner for Loa and myself. We talked it over and decided that we both should drive over to check on him again before bedtime.

When we came back to the nursing home, the fever had increased and he was half unconscious, so we decided to stay with him. It was Thursday, May 26. We sat at his bedside, and the night nurse arranged for two easy-chairs, a pillow and a blanket each, so that we would not be too uncomfortable. We tried to doze off and get some rest, but it was not easy. As the night progressed, Áskell's breathing became more and more labored, but when they checked on his fever, blood pressure and pulse at intervals, the fever slowly lowered to almost normal. We tried to get him to drink; when he refused to swallow, we wetted his lips with ice cubes. At daybreak the condition seemed to have improved, so we decided we could go home and rest a bit before returning. It looked like the worst was over. But on Friday he was again in bad shape, and again we spent the night at his bedside.

On Saturday we were invited to Inga Black in Orinda, but I decided not to go, since I was still very worried about Áskell and would rather be with him. So I phoned her, and she was sorry to hear it. She was the only one of our friends who had come to see Áskell in the nursing home. Jan and Jerry had planned to do so, but other things had interfered so far. Of course, the family had come fairly often. Scott and Ingela had both come in, and Lisa came quite often and "adopted" him as a patient of her own, practicing her child psychology theories on him. Dawn found it hard to see him; she was obviously afraid it might be the last time because he reminded her of her other grandfather on his deathbed. I had, of course, already contacted Goy when he first took ill. I also decided to talk to Jon and Lura in Napa and ask them to come and see him. Jon at first thought it would be better to postpone any visit until Áskell felt better again, but gave in and promised to come on Sunday.

When we returned after a brief rest at home on Saturday morning, the nurse told us she had succeeded in giving Áskell some breakfast, although just a spoonful or two of his oatmeal porridge. She thought it was a good sign. But as the day passed we did not notice any improvement, rather the opposite. Áskell seemed to sink into a coma, again his breathing became labored and again we remained with him over night. We went home in the early morning of the 29th to freshen up and to call Goy and tell her that it appeared by now to be too late for her to try to come. He might not live long enough to see her. She was, of course, upset.

Lisa was there when we returned, and told us to talk to him although we got no response, since it was quite possible he nevertheless heard us. So we tried to do it, but it was hard. She left when Jon and Lura came. Eric, their oldest, had driven them down. At the same time we heard that the response from the Palo Alto lab was in, and the doctor had ordered an antibiotic against the urinary tract infection that had been diagnosed. Loa immediately took the recipe to our Kaiser pharmacy, so there would be no further delay.

Áskell was now in a deep coma and his breath was very labored. I could see on Jon that he now realized that his brother's condition was worse than he had expected. I left him with Áskell while I took Lura for a tour around the premises. We sat for a short while in one of the little gardens, and I broke down completely and cried. I think I then finally realized fully that Áskell was being torn from me. Loa came back with the medicine just as Jon and Lura were leaving, and the nurse immediately injected the first dose. Then we were left alone with Áskell, waiting for the medicine to take effect.

It was very quiet. The window was open out into the garden and the warm breeze slowly moved the thin curtain. In the trees the birds were singing and the sweet scent of flowers could be felt in the air. It was very peaceful. Suddenly a very slight shudder shook Áskell's body and we both looked at him. Then Loa said quietly: "He stopped breathing." I felt for his pulse but could not find it, and Loa rushed off to find a nurse. They came running back and the nurse listened to his heart, but turned to us with tears in her eyes: "Yes, it is over." Loa and I fell into each others arms and cried bitterly. It was exactly 3 o'clock p.m., May 29.

It all seemed to have gone so fast; we could not believe that Áskell was no more. I closed his eyes and slowly pulled the sheet up over his face. I remembered the words Loa once had uttered when a good friend of ours had unexpectedly passed away: "Death is so final."

As we sat there crying, the nurse returned and told us that she had notified the funeral home with which we had a contract and that they were coming to take Áskell away. Again I was alarmed; so soon! I was not ready never to see him anymore.

It took a couple of hours for them to reach San José and find the nursing home. But on arrival, they asked us to sit out in the corridor while they "prepared" him. I kissed Áskell goodbye, but did not realize that it was for the last time. We could hear them working in the room and see them bring out dirty linen, but we were not at all prepared when all of a sudden, the litter with his body, all completely shrouded in black, was rolled out and almost passed us by. We had to half run after it in the corridor only to see it loaded into a waiting hearse that drove away with him. I found it terrible that he was torn away from us so abruptly. I had wanted to say farewell more properly. But all that was left for us was to gather his clothes and other belongings in the big black plastic bags the nurse handed us. She was very compassionate and tried to comfort me, but it did not help much. I felt completely empty and terribly alone. Then we drove home. The sun was setting, and I felt it was the end of an era.

## Alone

I could not sleep. I kept thinking of poor Áskell lying there in a sterile drawer in ice-cold storage, waiting for his turn to be cremated while I was lying—alone—in my warm and comfortable bed. The fact that I would never see him again was incredibly hard to face. Out of sheer habit, I kept listening for his breath. But there was only complete silence, an empty void.

Had I done right when I said no to life support when the nurse asked us about it? We had long since agreed that none of us wanted it but preferred to die naturally when the time came. But if I had allowed it, would he have survived long enough for the medicine to take hold and save him? Would he have wanted it? I told myself it would only have meant more years of a life in misery from his Parkinsonism. Had I done right to let him go? The thoughts kept whirling in my brain for hours, but at last nature took its course and I fell asleep out of sheer exhaustion.

It was only a couple of years later that I found a sort of answer to my questions, when I discovered a slip of paper from the Hotel La Fonda in Santa Fé, where he had written:

"On the whole, life is utterly meaningless and so is death.

But life has nevertheless a meaning for the individual as a member of the group for the survival of the species.

To the majority of people life means only a struggle for food and other necessities, work and again work to keep this and the next generation alive. And after all the millions of human lives, it is only a small minority that has come up to the ideal of a meaningful life, life for and within a culture that tries to make life easier and better for all."

We should spend our life for others, first for our brothers and sisters in the strict sense of these words but also in their widest sense: for all of mankind now and in the future."

I feel that he had lived up to his ideal.

The next few days were very difficult. We had already notified Jon, Lura, and Goy in the evening after we returned from the nursing home. Unfortunately, Ingela was away, assisting a riding friend with her horse at a competition in southern California, but Scott promised to give her the sad message when she returned. We knew it would be hard on her. She and Áskell had always been very close.

Then we had to tell our other relatives and friends, too. I was grateful to Loa, who took on this task but I still had to talk to many of them. We asked them not to send flowers, but in spite of that we got a great many, and the neighbors also came with some when they learned of his passing. All the kind words went to our hearts but could not fill the emptiness we felt.

There were also so many duties to observe. The Social Security and other federal and state offices had to be notified, death certificates ordered and so on, and the cold business attitude of these institutions felt merciless. Fortunately we had a Living Trust, so the transfer of property and the money in the banks went almost automatically. However, all this took time, and the days were full of tasks to be done.

We decided to give his clothes to the Salvation Army. I knew he would approve of it because he had always had a high regard for that institution that had helped him and his family when times were hard in his childhood. Jon and Lura came down and got some of his personal things, and others were distributed to the grandchildren and the family in Iceland.

Áskell had emphatically stated that he did not want any religious services over himself but that he wanted his ashes to be buried in Iceland at the side of his mother and father. His remains were cremated on June 9th, and a day or two later I and Loa went to retrieve them from the funeral home in Burlingame. After sitting a long while in a dark and somber waiting room, we were called into another small, but

brighter, room and presented with a black velvet pouch, containing a metal box with his ashes sealed inside. I cradled it in my arms when we drove him home for the last time, and Loa decided to take the beautiful route back along highway 280 rather than the busy and commercial 101. At home I placed the urn on his night table, and it filled me with a feeling of having him back with me again before he could be brought home to Iceland. It gave me a chance to say a more proper farewell.

But sometimes there is only a short step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

As mentioned earlier, I had started to correspond with Eugenia Dorogostaiskaya when in 1957 I first started to learn Russian and wrote a letter in that language to Boris Tikhomirov, her boss, concerning a question about arctic plants. He was professor of botany at the Soviet Academy of Sciences in Leningrad and she was his secretary. She was touched by my attempts to learn Russian and offered to help me, sent me a dictionary and offered to correct my letters. We had kept up this correspondence through the years and she contributed much to my skill in translating botanical Russian. This was very helpful for Áskell's and my studies of the circumpolar flora, and through her we made many new contacts with Russian botanists and had a fine exchange of papers and books with them. Eventually Eugenia earned her Doctor of Botany on a thesis about weeds brought somehow into the Arctic by people and now thriving there around a research camp in the Taimyr tundra. She was married to an archeologist, Kronid, who also wrote poetry.

Eugenia's father had been a professor of limnology who had built up a research station on Lake Baikal and was instrumental in trying to protect this biologically remarkable area from pollution. As so many fine scientists, he was finally imprisoned by Stalin for reasons not clearly stated, tormented, and eventually executed. The family does not know where he is buried. However, during the Krushchev era, his name was again recognized, and Eugenia is now trying to publish his biography.

During the 1960s she acted as a guide for an American limnologist, Herman Forest, who with his wife did research on Lake Baikal. Herman and Grace became her very best friends, and they visited her also later on in Leningrad together with their sons. The couple for a long time had tried to get Eugenia to come and visit them in their home in Rochester, N.Y., but it was only during the winter of 1993--94 that this finally became possible. They had also contacted me, and I, too, was eager to at last have an opportunity to meet my long-time friend. Unfortunately, the development of Áskell's illness and death caused our plans for her to be altered. Since most likely this was her one and only opportunity to visit the U.S.A. I decided that I could not deprive her of the long-anticipated visit to me but that, because of the circumstances, it had to be shortened to a week only. The program to show her as much as possible of the botany around San José and to see people she wanted to meet here was compressed. She would be coming here from San Diego, where she had visited with one of Herman's sons, and we would take her to see the redwoods, the San José area, and San Francisco, perhaps even the Napa Valley. Herman paid for all of her trips, and Grace sent me advice about her diet and even some loaves of Russian-style rye bread she had baked, since Eugenia did not like American bread. They had also paid for new teeth for her, since she could not get any on her meager pension in Russia. Herman and Grace were, indeed, very generous to her. They had hosted her and her travel companion, a 12-year-old little granddaughter by the name of Masha, for several weeks before they set out on the tour to another son of the Forests in Chicago, to the one in San Diego, and to me. From here the two travellers would return to Rochester before returning to Leningrad.

We arranged that Eugenia and Masha should sleep in Áskell's and my bedroom, and I moved down to a cot in the "computer room" downstairs. They were coming by Amtrack to the railway station in San José, which was just being remodelled. Loa and I drove downtown, and with some difficulty we found a parking space; as we came into the station, the train from Los Angeles had pulled in and people were streaming out. It was Loa who caught sight of Eugenia and her little granddaughter and finally, after 43 years, Eugenia and I could embrace. She is two years older than I and slightly taller and much heavier but was hardly looking her 78 years. Masha, who carried the luggage, looked much younger than her 12 years, rather like a 8--9 year old American child. We later discovered that she was brought along like a little "slave" of Eugenia's.

They had left San Diego around five o'clock in the morning and been driven by car to Los Angeles to take the train from there. Now it was seven o'clock in the evening. We had a light dinner; after that we sat down and chatted for some time in the family room. Eugenia speaks a fair English but little Masha only a rudimentary one. A little after nine, Eugenia said she was tired and wanted to go to bed. We went up with them to the bedroom, showed them the accommodations, and I asked if I should leave the bathroom light on in case any of them needed to use it during the night. Eugenia said emphatically that she never needed that and that it would be completely unnecessary to leave any lights on. So Loa and I went back down, discussed what to do next day, looked at the TV news, and then we, too, went to bed at our usual time.

I was sleeping soundly when at about 1 a.m. I was suddenly awakened by a loud crash. It sounded like someone had driven a car through a fence or had a collision. Since I heard no more, I thought it might even have been a dream and fell asleep again. But shortly after, there was a knock on the door and Loa put in her head and said: "Mom, Eugenia fell! You'd better come." I rushed up and followed her. In the hallway Eugenia was lying moaning and obviously hurt. She told us she had fallen backward out of the stairs—"I was long time in air"—and landed on her back.

In spite of what she had insisted, she had needed to go to the bathroom but did not want to put on any light in order not to wake Masha. In the darkness and, unfamiliar with the surroundings, she turned right instead of left, tumbled down into the stairwell, caught hold of the first best thing, a picture on the wall, leaned backward, fell over the railing, and landed on the floor, nine feet below. The picture was hurled into the middle of the living room. It was a sheer miracle that she had not killed herself: she landed on the soft, shaggy carpeting and did not hit any objects. Apparently, she was briefly unconscious, then she started to moan and call for Masha, who slept soundly through it all. Loa heard her and thought perhaps I had fallen and went up to investigate.

We realized that Eugenia's condition was grave, and called 911, the emergency number, explained what had happened, and asked them to send an ambulance. It came within minutes. The paramedics could hardly believe that she had survived such a fall, put a neck brace on her and moved her very carefully to a litter. Loa drove with them to the hospital in her own car. It was only during all the stir and talking that Masha woke up. She was of course upset, and I tried to comfort her as best I could. But, when I went up with her and lay down at her side, she almost immediately fell asleep again. Children are so resilient.

I, myself, did not feel so well. I had actually briefly fainted when I rushed up so abruptly, alarming Loa even more. At about 4 a.m., Loa returned and told us that Eugenia had escaped with a crushed vertebra in her lower back, similar to the injury Áskell had suffered. But wise from that experience, she left Eugenia in the hospital until we could assess the situation.

The next morning we had to inform Herman and Grace, who became as upset as we were, and all the other people she was to meet. I also called my insurance agent to tell of the accident. Then I took Masha with me and went to the hospital to visit Eugenia. Masha was relieved to see her grandmother, now looking better than she did the night before. Eugenia was still in pain but seemed happy with the care she received. The nurse told me that she would be sent home in a day or two if there were no complications. A social worker—by coincidence the same who had helped me with arrangements for Áskell—advised me to rent a hospital bed for her and a nurse to help with her care in our home. I also met with her doctor who, fortunately, was able to speak some Russian, about her condition, which he deemed soon would be back to normal again without leaving any permanent symptoms.

At home we ordered a hospital bed to be installed in the family room and found a nursing service that could send us somebody to care for her hygiene. I moved back into our bedroom, and Masha was moved into what had been Ingela's room, the first time in her life she had a room all to herself. We found out that she could actually speak more English than we thought at first, and she seemed to understand more, too, except when it was about something she did not want to do; then it was either: "I do not understand enough English" or "I am just a little girl, I can't do that". It was difficult to entertain her, since there are no longer any children her age in the neighborhood, but Loa did her best, took her to Gilroy to see the horses

and another time to see the redwoods, the only thing that really impressed her. She loved to play with the dogs, but was often too rough and had to be stopped, which she resented.

We also discovered that she had no manners; Loa had to teach her some of the ordinary courtesies of American life, like saying "thank you", which she found quite unnecessary. "Please" did not exist in her vocabulary either. She just pointed to what she wanted and said: "Buy me that" or "give me this". Loa took upon herself the difficult task of acting as "Ms Manners".

On the third day after the accident Eugenia was brought home by ambulance and installed in the family room. It was now the real circus started. I had already learned from Herman and Grace that their two visitors were very demanding but had not anticipated to what an extent. As in the play, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, Eugenia now took over the house, expected us to be at her beck and call constantly, complained loudly when she did not get what she wanted and even screamed to high heaven if frustrated. All food had to be run through the food processor so she did not have to chew it, and then she complained that I was a bad cook. But she loved the fresh fruit from the garden. It was just the right time for cherries and apricots, and Masha took care of the cherries by the fistful. Eugenia loved the apricots, had actually never tasted fresh ones before. She claimed that she was diabetic, but there was no limit to the number of sweet apricots she could consume in a day. She crushed them in her hand to make them easy to swallow without chewing, and dripped juice all over.

I had to give her her pain killers and other medicine, give her injections of heparin so she should not get blood clots, and help her when she needed to use the potty stool. It was straight back to the care I had given Áskell. During the night she would scream for Masha, who of course slept like a log, so that I had to go up and downstairs several times to cover her up with the bed clothes she had thrown on the floor when feeling too hot. She complained about the unpleasant California weather: "Too hot days, too cold nights."

The nurse should have come at 7 o'clock in the morning to help wash her, but rarely appeared until eight or nine, although I had to be up in time to wait for her. At first Eugenia protested loudly at being washed every day, which she found completely unnecessary. In Leningrad she lived in one small room together with her grandson, Nikita, and they shared the bathroom with five other families, so a bath was practically out of the question. But she soon learned to enjoy it. Masha, too, enjoyed the opportunity to bathe and shower, which at first resulted in a flooded bathroom, until she had learned to do it right.

Annie, the black nurse, had also to change her bedding every day because it was always soaking wet in the morning. I had to do the laundry every day just as I did for Áskell. But in her case it was not incontinence. We discovered the reason, and it was disgusting. She told us that she followed the advice of "a famous Indian doctor" who prescribed drinking one's own urine in the morning as a cure against breast cancer, which she claimed to have healed in this manner. She used her drinking glass for this purpose, wetting herself and the bed. She refused to stop this filthy habit.

At first I tolerated her antics, because I realized that she was still in pain and my guest, whom I owed all the kindness and care I could give after her accident. I tried to understand her ways of behavior. We had very little real exchange of views. She did, however, tell me of her father and his life and wanted me to do a lot of translations for her, but I had no time for that because of my own work. She was not interested in listening to me, wanted only to tell about herself. In Leningrad she lived under conditions which we can hardly imagine, cramped living quarters, low salary and pension, shortage of goods, and a communist government that was oppressive but nevertheless gave her a feeling of being taken care of. Here she found the two of us, Loa and me, living in an incredibly luxurious home and, seemingly, able to afford all we wanted. Masha told us that Herman's house was "even nicer" than ours. So in their view, we must be fabulously rich. It may to some extent have applied to the Forests, but Loa and I now were on a very limited budget. The expenses we had for these guests dug a deep hole in our funds.

But eventually my patience grew thin. I was dead tired. Not a night of uninterrupted sleep, worries about the economy, irritably waiting for the nurse, Annie, to come and to leave again without me having to listen to her family affairs as well. So I called the doctor who had treated Eugenia and asked him to come and tell me and convince Eugenia that she was now in good enough condition to return home. He agreed. Then I contacted Herman, who thought the best way was to send her and Masha directly home by air from here and offered to arrange the tickets for this.

But then Loa insisted that we place Eugenia in a nursing home for the remaining days, so that I could get some rest. With some difficulty we located one in the north end of the city and took her there by the van-service we had used before. However, when we arrived, they refused to admit her for so short a time although I had clearly stated that it was a matter of a few days only in my conversations with them. They said she first had to be examined by their local doctor and he would not be in until after the weekend. So we had to take Eugenia back home, but the van had already left. After much wrangling the home offered to take her in their van. It was a most upsetting episode and an expensive one as well.

When Herman had arranged the tickets, we had to let Eugenia's family in Leningrad know. Masha had to talk to her mother as she had done after the accident happened, but wanted to be sure that it was at a time after her father had gone to work and before her mother left for hers, because she seemed to be afraid of her father and his temper. Eugenia had also told me that her son-in-law was difficult and did not like her. It seemed to be a dysfunctional family. But it was settled that Masha's mother should take care of Eugenia until she was able to return to her own apartment.

There followed some exhausting days, packing their belongings and getting everything ready for the long trip. Annie and I had let Eugenia walk around a bit in the house with the aid of one of Áskell's walkers and taught her to stand up from her seat in an airplane. Loa had to buy a new piece of luggage for them because of all the gifts they had accumulated during their stay in the U.S., and then pack it for them. But I did not trust Annie to be on time to get Eugenia ready for the five a.m. departure, when the van-service would pick us up, so I had to ask the nursing organization to send somebody more reliable this time.

Finally, at the crack of dawn on July fifth, we got everything ready and could take off in the van for San Francisco airport. Masha had got firm instructions about the route, the tickets and the care of her grandmother, when her medicine should be taken, what she should eat and so on. I rode in the van with Eugenia, and Loa followed in her car with Masha and the luggage. Of course Eugenia forgot her purse with the tickets, but Loa saw it, and a brief stop along the highway settled this problem. We had ordered wheelchair assistance at the airport, and that functioned perfectly. The staff was, indeed, very helpful and considerate. Eugenia and Masha were the first ones to board the plane for New York, and Loa and I were allowed on with them to give the flight attendants instructions. I said farewell to Eugenia and asked her to write me when she arrived safely home. It was a long trip with change of planes in New York and Helsinki before arriving in Leningrad. but her answer stunned me: "Stamps are too expensive." She did not even say a word of thanks.

When Loa and I came back into the lobby, we decided to wait to see the airplane take off. We wanted to be sure that our "dear" guests were really on their way. Then we had a light breakfast before returning home. We had barely come in through the door when Loa phoned the medical supply people to come immediately and take back the hospital bed so that we could restore the family room to its normal state. They did, and we worked all day to clean up the rest of the house as well and get everything back in order. Then we went out and had a really nice meal at a good restaurant to celebrate our new-won freedom. After that I went to bed and slept for three days. We have not heard from Eugenia since then.

It was only now I realized how empty the house was without Áskell. When he had been absent before, I had missed him, but I knew he would return, and then it was as if his spirit was still there. Now there was nothing, just a void and an overpowering feeling of loneliness. What is it that makes you "sense" a human being even when he or she is not near? And what is it that creates the feeling of no contact at all

when somebody is gone forever? Is there after all a soul? A spirit? There is so much we cannot explain, so much we still do not understand. We can only wonder.

But life goes on, and after a death there are still so much to do. Now letters were streaming in, about a hundred of them, from family, friends, students, and colleagues all over the world. Most required an answer. I knew that Áskell had been well liked by most, but I did not realize that even his adversaries held him in high esteem. "We often disagreed, but I still admired his faithfulness to his ideas and his logical reasoning. He was a great scientist." I knew he was considered "controversial" by many, but there were more who eventually accepted his ideas and now were shocked to learn that he was no more. Some of his students wrote that they were devastated at learning the sad news. Many considered him as their spiritual father and now felt orphaned. I wonder if Áskell had actually realized how much he meant to so many? Still, he was very proud about the "recognition" he got from IOPB in 1992. I quote the first two paragraphs of it here since it seems to say what most of the letters to me after his death express:

"At its meeting in St. Louis, Missouri, on June 11, 1992, the Council of the International Organization of Plant Biosystematists unanimously resolved to record its appreciation of the lifetime contributions to plant biosystematics by Drs. Áskell and Doris Löve.

"An Icelander, Áskell Löve trained in Sweden (where he met Doris) and has been professionally active in Iceland, Canada, and the United States over the period 1935--88, principally in cytotaxonomy. In 1961, he chaired the organizing committee that led to the establishment of the International Organization of Plant Biosystematists; his enthusiasm for the subject and his dynamism as a teacher and leader were major factors in the growth and development of biosystematics."

It was signed by Shoiki Kawano (from Kyoto, Japan), then president of the organization) but I learned that our dear friend Bill Weber had also been active in proposing this award. I am glad it came while he was still alive and able to appreciate it. So often we only recognize somebody when he or she is dead and can no longer enjoy it.

Later, another student of ours, M.S. Chennaveeraiah from Bangalore, India, donated a biennial scholarship in Áskell's name to be presented to the young student who had published the best thesis in cytotaxonomy during the 2-year period elapsed. It makes me proud that his name will for a long time be remembered in far off India.

During 1994 and 1995, several obituaries honoring him appeared in scientific journals from the U.S.A., Canada, Japan, India, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, and perhaps elsewhere as well, although I do not know for sure since we no longer subscribe to all the journals we used to keep. Most describe his scientific career but emphasize also his honesty, wide knowledge, humanity and sense of humor. Some call him a "renaissance man".

Bill Weber published the list of his Áskell's publications. It covers no less than 750 titles, most of which are scientific papers and books, but there are also some popular articles and poetry from his school days, when he was the "school poet", as well as his "Golden Pen Award" paper of 1937, a prize for the best essay written by a graduate that year. Few have published so much over such a wide range of subjects.

One of the obituaries that particularly illustrated him was written by our post-doctorate fellow, Scottish-borne Jim Ritchie, who was with us in Winnipeg during the 1950s. I quote a part of it here: "...the warmth, enthusiasm, sound advice and friendship of the Löve's was of immeasurable value and importance...." It was inspiring and even awesome to be in their orbit and to take part in the lively discussions on topics as varied as the identity of some herbarium specimens, the species concept, or the merits of some musical composer. I often recall my wonderment at my first visit to their home [in Boulder], when Áskell took me to his study, the entire basement of the house, where over 30,000 reprints and several hundred books crowded the wall shelves, reflecting accurately his vast knowledge of plant taxonomy and the several major related fields of natural science. All this was shared freely with the sparkling enthusiasm



and twinkling humour that was part of his wonderful personality. Of course he had professional detractors, because, like most of us, he was fearless in expressing new, unfashionable ideas, and in questioning some parts of conventional tenets. But his approach was always totally honest, friendly, and rooted in a passionate curiosity about the natural world and a profound desire to promote the science of botany." It warms my heart and comforts me that he is remembered so positively by so many colleagues, students and friends all over the world.

The reason for his abrupt retirement due to the peculiar treatment by the people of the Smithsonian Institution and the governing body of the University of Colorado in Boulder seems unimportant, perhaps even unknown to almost everybody not involved with it. But Bill Weber and I have not forgotten. Bill wants to check more deeply into this and to let the world know why the career of this outstanding scholar was prematurely squashed and his health ruined. I, too, want to know more about what had been behind his dismissal and why he had kept matters secret from me. It still hurts to know that he had hidden something from me in Yugoslavia, when he knew I was there and ready, if needed, to defend and protect him as best I could or to suggest ways out of any dilemma. But he must have been more concerned about my, Loa's, and Ingela's safety, not only there but also later on in Boulder. What was really said during those late night phone calls that made him so upset?

In the closet of his den, there is a steel case where he kept "important" papers, birth certificates and such, but I had never looked into it as long as he lived. I could have done so any time but it never occurred to me until now, when I was beginning to look through all the papers he had left behind. There were innumerable notes, manuscripts of articles published, letters from and papers about his family and much more, but it took me a long time to come to the steel case. I kept postponing it. When I finally opened it, I just sorted out the papers that better belonged in the family archive that his brother Thrainn keeps, so that cousin Arthur could bring them back when he came in August to get Áskell's ashes for burial in the family grave. There was also a bunch of papers concerning the Yugoslav affair, but I could not get myself to tackle them yet.

My dear grandmother said once that the best thing to do when a dear husband has died is to move to a new apartment and start life over again in new surroundings. But in our case it would have been impractical. The house was fully paid for and we needed only to keep it up and pay taxes and insurance on it. The price of houses has risen by about a factor of three since we bought ours, but because the taxes are based on the original price, they are not very high and nowhere near what rented, even simple accommodations now cost. So we stay put in the house we love.

Loa was still without a job. The time for finding jobs was still bleak with a lot of "down-sizing" going on. So she decided that she should re-upholster our living room and dining room furniture. She had not done anything like that before but bought a book of instructions and set to work after locating new materials. It is really amazing what she can accomplish with her hands when she sets her mind on something. The dining room chairs were fairly simple; we had actually done them over once before. But the living room easy-chairs, sofa and rocking chair were more complicated, and their springs also needed retying. It was hard work but succeeded beautifully. For the rocking chair she had found an especially nice fabric, which made it the most beautiful piece of all the furniture. The whole room looked like new and our friends were full of admiration and could hardly believe that Loa had done it all herself. However, all the repetitive work had given her a carpal tunnel syndrome that took its time to heal.

Áskell had retained his Icelandic citizenship all his life and would never have wanted to give it up. Goy had long since become an American, but Loa, Ingela and I were still Icelanders. Now there were discussions about welfare reform in political circles. The status of immigrants was due to change and even long-time legal immigrants now risked losing privileges like Medicare and other assistance from the government. The old so-called "green cards" that were the legitimate identification of legal immigrants were to be terminated and one could decide either to apply for American citizenship or for a new card, but then taking the risk of losing your privileges.

We did not need a long time to decide. I had long since urged Loa to seek American citizenship which would have made it easier for her to find a job in Silicon Valley, and Ingela had never lived in Iceland, only visited for a few days at a time. I had already changed my citizenship, when I had to give up my Swedish one and turn Icelander during the war, but I never felt like one. I like it here, feel at home here and have my family around me here. So we all applied.

We were not the only ones. Thousands of people reasoned as we did, the pile of applications grew over the heads of the Immigration and Naturalization people, and it could take up to a year before one was called in for the final examination. Loa and I put in our applications, complete with all documents necessary: finger prints, portraits and all, to the authorities here in San José and Ingela hers to those in Sacramento in the month of August. Too late I realized that it also meant that we could not leave the country until the papers had been processed, and all we could do was to sit back and wait. It meant that I could not go with Arthur, when he returned to Iceland, or later to attend the interment of Áskell there. It was hard, but I knew that the family would take care of the arrangements and do it well. I only hope they understood my dilemma and did not think me uncaring or callous.

Arthur arrived on the fifth of August. It was, as always, a pleasure to have him here but we all missed Áskell. Here I had prepared several thick bundles of paper, manuscripts and notes written by Áskell in Icelandic for him to bring back. There was also the original of his "Golden Pen" essay, which I knew the family wanted to have. We also packed about half of his diaries, all written in Icelandic. I did not think there was any reason for keeping them here since none of his offspring is able to read Icelandic or even decipher his difficult handwriting. But there were too many to go at one time, and Arthur knew he would be back soon again to take the rest. I had translated the Golden Pen essay, *A Day on the Bird Cliff*, into English and made several copies of it. It is a wonderful description of nature on Cape North, where his father was a lighthouse guard and he spent happy times in his youth. It describes among other things how bird's eggs are collected from the shelves of the bird cliffs by men descending on long ropes. It is a practice almost died out by now, but his vivid account of it makes his essay a valuable piece of history.

On the seventh of August, a Sunday, Loa and I had invited all the family and all our friends to an afternoon coffee to say hello to Arthur and, in a way, farewell to Áskell. According to his wishes there had been no other ceremonies, no memorial service or such, but we felt this was to make up for that, although it was not expressly mentioned in the invitation. It was a good reunion, a happy day, and it was only when leaving that Jerry said a few words in memory of Áskell, that touched us all deeply and expressed in a fine manner what we all felt. Everyone got a copy of *A Day on the Bird cliff* as a parting gift from Áskell, when they left. It was much appreciated.

A few days later Arthur left with the ashes securely packed in his luggage. I myself packed them down, and that was my final farewell to him. From now on I was totally alone with Loa and the youngest generation.

The summer went by, the Laxness meetings resumed but still no word from Iceland about the burial. It was only in late September, when Sigrun telephoned to tell me, that the burial was going to take place the very next day, Saturday, September 24th. Afterwards the whole family would gather at her house for coffee. Again I felt things were out of my control. I had believed I would be asked if I had any particular wishes, but that was apparently considered unnecessary. So there was no possibility for me to ask some people I would have liked to invite and although I mentioned this to Sigrun and she tried to get hold of them, it was too late; they were all elsewhere and could not be reached at such a short notice.

However, Sigrun and Leo, for whom Áskell had always meant so much, had arranged everything and Sigrun wrote me later and told about it all and included pictures of Leo talking at the grave, the wreath with red, white, and blue flowers from us all here in the U.S. and the coffee following it all. It must have involved a lot of work and I am very, very grateful to them for all this. Sigrun continues to take care of Áskell's grave for me and decorates it with fresh flowers and perennials, and lights candles over it at Christmas time, as is the custom in Europe. She is really also the only one in the family who writes me

more or less regularly in spite of the fact she has a large family to take care of herself. I am very grateful for that.

Life slowly got back to normal. I translated as before, Loa was looking for a job, sold her dolls at horse shows and visited Ingela and Scott over the weekends. In October she had a visit from her old Australian friend, Sandra, who now had turned into a mystic, studying with Indians in Montana. She is a colorful personality, certainly a bit crazy but never boring. Otherwise not much happened. We led a very quiet and, for me, empty life. I felt very lonely.

I dreaded the first Christmas without Áskell. But it went off really well. The house was decorated just as usual with the old, familiar things, and the Christmas tree was as beautiful as ever. For weeks the kitchen had smelled of cookies being baked and, on the morning of Christmas Eve I took samples of them over to neighbors and friends. Ingela and Scott, Lisa and Dawn joined Loa and me as usual in the delicious Christmas Eve dinner, traditionally prepared by Loa: Danish "flaeskesteg med svaer" (pork roast with rind) with peas, red cabbage, ordinary and sugar-roasted potatoes and, for dessert "ris a la mande", (rice pudding with a single almond) with strawberry sauce. We always watch each other carefully to see who has gotten the almond because he or she wins "the almond gift", that is, a small box of chocolates or other sweets. We had a good time, we talked, joked and laughed and felt happy together. Although as usual we had decided to limit the gifts to a minimum, the boxes and parcels under the tree overflowed when Dawn distributed them. She had always helped Áskell with that task but managed it very well by herself now. And when we had finally cleared away all the papers, ribbons and bows, it was time for coffee and Christmas cookies of all the usual kinds originating from the many different countries of our family history.

Christmas Day was quiet. We do not celebrate it like Americans do but it is a day for quiet reflection and looking through and enjoying the gifts obtained. On the other hand, Americans do not celebrate Boxing Day, or the Second Day of Christmas as we call it in the Nordic countries, when you usually are visited by friends or go visiting them. This year Loa and I decided to invite Ted and Melinda, his new girl-friend, whom we had not yet met, for an afternoon coffee. We maintain a good relationship with Ted. After all, he is still the father of my grandchildren and thus, in a way, he still more or less belongs to the family. Melinda turned out to be a pleasant lady who obviously made Ted happy and it pleased me to see that.

As usual Loa had baked a nice gingerbread house for Christmas, and ordinarily we have a "housebreaking" party at New Year at the same time as we celebrate my birthday on January 2nd. This year only Scott and Ingela came down for it; Lisa and Dawn had other commitments. It was nice anyhow and the beautiful creation was quickly demolished, although we could not consume it all in one go, so there were bits and pieces left to be gradually enjoyed. Loa's gingerbread houses vary from year to year from simple to very elaborate. One year there was a castle complete with drawbridge, turrets and crenellations; another year it was a barn with a paddock, horses, farmers, and animals. Sometimes Santa's sled is waiting in front of the house, other times his reindeer stand on the roof. There is no end to the skill and imagination which go into these creations. It takes a lot of work but we would not want to miss it.

Then it was back to everyday humdrum again. There was considerably less mail now since Áskell was not there and fewer guests as well. However, some time ago I had made contact with an old classmate of mine, Olov Svensson, now Gardebring, who lived in Olympia, Washington. When we started to correspond and discuss our lives, it turned out that they had been remarkably parallel. Both he and I had studied in Lund, although we never met there because he took psychology and I biology. I married an Icelander and he married Brita from Småland, who among others studied Icelandic. After Olov got his doctorate, they spent some time in Germany and Switzerland before coming to the U.S.A. When we were in Winnipeg, they lived in North Dakota, and when we lived in Boulder, some of their four children attended the university there, although not any of our courses. But we did not run into each other there either. It was only when I spotted Olov's name and address on a card sent to me from a meeting of classmates in Stockholm, that I decided to contact him, since Olympia is not so far from here. After that we have corresponded a lot and found that we have many common interests and contact points. It was therefore a great pleasure for Loa and me, when Olov and Brita decided to come for a visit in connection

with a trip to the Ashland Shakespeare festival in southern Oregon. We had a few very nice days together, reliving schooldays and common friends and everything that had happened since we all left Sweden.

I had by that time begun to have trouble walking. After Áskell died, I realized that I led a too sedentary life and decided to take a walk in the neighborhood every day. But now my legs did not want to function properly, and when I stood up, I had to sort of feel my feet before I could take the first steps. After that it was O.K. However, if I walked too fast or too long, my heart sometimes seemed to skip a beat, or start to beat too fast or irregularly, and I saw black spots before my eyes and had to stop and breathe deeply to get back to normal. When I complained to my doctor, he did not seem to take it seriously and told me to use a cane to keep my balance. But I insisted on seeing a neurologist, Dr. Culberson, who had treated Áskell, and he gave me a thorough examination and lots of tests, using the most modern methods including MRI. It turned out that the leg trouble was caused by nerves being affected by arthritis in the spine. There was really nothing that could be done for it. It was just something that I have to grin and bear and blame on "old age".

In a way, I was relieved that it was not more serious, because our dear friend Jan James had taken ill with a serious infection on the spine that required an operation which left her almost paralyzed. Jerry was devastated and afraid he would lose her. The two of them are a very devoted couple and a model of a happy marriage. When Loa and I visited Jan in the hospital, she could not move her legs at all and barely her arms and hands. We wondered if we would ever see her again. One complication after the other set in and she hovered between life and death but she did not totally give up. Jerry had their house remodelled to accommodate a wheelchair-bound patient, but after months of unsuccessful treatment, Jan was simply sent back home. Later she learned that the doctor had given up and believed it best for her to die in her own home.

It was then the miracle happened. When she saw all the changes Jerry had made and all the expenses he had gone to in order to make her life comfortable, she decided that she had to get well again to show him that she appreciated it. And gradually she improved, slowly but steadily. She worked hard with a therapist to get back the mobility of her limbs. At first they had a live-in help for her in the house, but after almost two years time, Jan can now actually walk by herself again and manage the household as before. She used to be very heavy, but has lost a lot of weight and looks much older, but we are all so happy for her and she is a model for all of us, inspiring us never to give up, however hopeless it may seem.

During the spring, Shoiki Kawano dropped in together with his artist son, Noriburo, some colleagues and students. It was his first visit since Áskell died and the conversation turned mostly around him but also about Tuguo Tateoka who had studied with us in Montréal at the same time as Shoi. Although Tuguo was much younger than Áskell, he had recently died from cancer of the throat due to excessive smoking and drinking. He had been an outstanding specialist on grass taxonomy and cytology, but his lifestyle led to a premature and very painful death. When Shoi left, he slipped me an envelope and told me to open it later. When I had waved goodbye to them all and put things back in order, I finally opened the envelope. Then I got the surprise of my life. It contained a check for \$2,000! I did not know what to do. Only later I learned that it is the custom in Japan to give money to recent widows. I was really embarrassed at his generosity, but it cannot be denied that the gift was also welcome.

The best thing that happened that spring (1995) was that Loa at last became employed again. This time it was our good friend Esther Soelberg, who attends our Laxness evenings, who needed an assistant to help her file heaps of clippings from newspapers and journals, to bring order in her stock of journals and catalogues and, to a minor extent, help with little Rebecca, then just about one year of age. Esther is married to Michael Barrall, a computer wizard and programmer and one of the shyest people I have ever met. It was just the kind of job that suited Loa and it allowed her to stay home and help me Mondays and Fridays. She and Esther get along very well and sometimes Esther, who does not drive, invites her to take courses with her in some handicrafts that interest both of them. By now Loa has become a sort of assistant mother for Rebecca, helping a good deal to give her a more "normal" upbringing than she would otherwise get. Esther is a very intelligent single child of a New York family and has really no experience of child

rearing, siblings or such. She is also overprotective, in part because her mother died of melanoma when she was in her teens. Growing up in "dangerous New York" has also instilled a lot of exaggerated fears in her, and Loa's common sense and good humor seem to be of good help to her. Loa also loves Rebecca and teaches her much that she might otherwise not learn. I think all three benefit from the cooperation.

Bill Weber and I correspond diligently. It turned out that Áskell had deposited a lot of papers concerning the Yugoslav affair with him; shortly after Áskell's death he suggested that we either make them public so that the everybody should know how unfairly Áskell had been treated, or arrange to store the information in the Hunt Library that keeps an archive of papers from or about scientists so that people who want to can look into their lives and careers later on. I agreed that this was a good idea and we contacted the Hunt to learn about the conditions there. However, we found that once you have deposited any papers with them, you have also relinquished all rights to them to the institute. We felt that the papers still needed a closer look before we let them go. So we postponed the decision until later.

However, it was when sorting through all those papers that I suddenly got the idea that I ought to write a "family history" for my daughters and grandchildren, so that they should have something in writing to fall back on should they at any time become interested in their "roots". So, when I was not busy translating for Leo Kanner Associates, I filled my time by digging back into all the books, old letters and papers I could find concerning the origin of our families, the Swedish, the Danish, and the Icelandic ones. And, when the family tree had been established, I decided to go on and review what the life of Áskell and I together had entailed.

By now almost eight months had passed since we applied for citizenship. Finally we got a letter from the authorities, calling us to come for an examination in the beginning of June. We had studied American history and government on and off in a manual intended for applicants for citizenship but now I put in a lot of work to master all the intricacies that Americans usually learn at school. When the date came up, we went downtown in good time and were shown into a waiting hall, where we had to sit and wait amid a lot of other people, speaking a Babel of different tongues.

After a long time, Loa was called in first. It did not take very long before she appeared again, smiling and assuring me it was "a snap". Then it was my turn. The test person was very pleasant, made me feel at ease, and the questions were indeed simple. He asked, for instance, who is the president of the United States, which I felt was almost a joke, and I had to write: "I like the United States" to prove that I mastered the written language. Then he congratulated me and it was all over. I almost regretted all the time I had spent poring over the manual.

About a month later, we were "sworn in" as it is called. The ceremony took place in the Convention Center in mid-town. When we arrived there, not sure where to go, we easily found a long line, snaking from the entrance for almost two blocks and steadily growing longer. It was slowly advancing, and by time we could enter the building, deliver the forms we had filled out, and receive an envelope filled with documents—the citizenship papers, a welcome from the president and more. In the large hall we were seated among well over a thousand other new citizens and had to listen to boring speeches about our duty to take part in elections and so on. I was surprised that there were no decorations, no flowers, no music, or anything to make the locale a bit festive on such an important day, but there was only a single flag on the podium. Suddenly a judge appeared in his robes. We were all told to stand up, raise the right hand, and repeat the oath of allegiance. He read it in a loud voice, while there was only a sort of low mumble from the masses in the hall. After pledging allegiance to the flag, the judge said: "Congratulations. Now you are American citizens." Then he left, and we all filed out again. I felt disappointed. I had expected it to be more of a memorable event. I heard others express the same opinion. But the day was saved by a magnificent bouquet of red, white and blue flowers that awaited us at home from our friend, Charlie Fineman. And in the evening, Loa and I celebrated with a dinner at a good restaurant.

For some time I had been unable to see well enough to drive after dark so that I had become wholly dependent on Loa for that. Now I started to have difficulty even during daytime, especially when

passing from bright sunlight into shady areas or vice versa. The worst thing was that when I went in for renewing my drivers licence, I failed the test: I could not see the letters well enough and thought it was too dark in the room, but the callous tester said it was bright enough, and took my license away from me.

I thought new glasses might help and had my eyes checked for that. It was a very thorough examination and it revealed that old age had caught up with me and that my left eye was severely ruined by so-called macular degeneration. I was advised to see a specialist immediately. Some forms of this disease can be halted, others not, but there is no cure for it. Unfortunately, the specialist was located in Hayward, and Loa had to drive me there several times before our Kaiser HMO (health maintenance organization) got one in San José. My form of degeneration was unfortunately of the kind for which no help is available, so my left eye is actually legally blind. I have lost all direct vision on it, have only some peripheral left. The right eye is also slightly affected so I need frequent check-ups to ensure it does not get worse. However, so far it has stayed stable.

Now I could not drive our old Volvo any more and was totally dependent on Loa for all transportation. There are, of course, buses, but the nearest stop is really too far for me to walk to without getting totally exhausted, and besides, the buses rarely go where I want to go. So, in a way, I am a "prisoner" in our home, unable to go anywhere without bothering Loa.

We decided to sell the old Volvo. It had served us faithfully since 1966, taken us all over the United States and even parts of Europe, where it was bought. It had well over 250,000 miles on the meter. It felt like selling a good old friend, but it was no use to let it just stand there and have us pay insurance and taxes on it. We put an ad in the newspaper, and it did not take even a day before we had a customer. A young boy wanted a car of his own as his graduation gift. Next day, the father drove over and inspected the car, test drove it and bought it right away for \$1,500 cash. We were very pleased.

Thus, 1995 passed rather quickly and soon it was Christmas again. This time Goy decided to come home for a short visit, mainly to her own daughters, Lisa and Dawn, but also to spend a day or two with me. I looked forward so much to that. There were so many questions I wanted to ask her, because I felt I had lost real contact with her and did not know what her new life and friends were like.

But in a way, the visit was a disappointment for me. Christmas Eve was happy enough; we were all here and had a good time together, recalling old memories. Goy learned a lot about her children's visits to us in Boulder, that she had not known before. There were a lot of happy memories and we all enjoyed them. However, when she finally came to spend time with Loa and me, she brought her lap-top computer so that she could keep in touch with her friends in Charlotte, and we hardly had any time to talk among ourselves. I felt like there was an impenetrable wall between us. Later I came to the conclusion that Goy is actually very shy with me and has for some reason a hard time showing her feelings for her parent and sister. I do not doubt that she loves us all but she cannot express it. Actually, we have better contact over the telephone when we are far apart.

There were two major family events in 1996. The first one was Loa's 50th birthday on January 15. It is almost traumatic for a parent when the youngest child reaches the half-century mark. It suddenly makes you feel very old. However, the day was duly celebrated: we had invited several of Loa's friends to come and help me, Ingela and Scott and the rest of the family to honor her at an afternoon coffee and it was a very nice gathering, much laughter, good conversation and general happiness.

A few days later, I got a phone call from my sister, Nian, who told me that her husband, Sture, 88 years old, had died on Jan. 16th. It was not entirely unexpected. He had spent some time in a nursing home, because Nian could no longer care for him alone. Her arthritic joints (both hip joints replaced and that of the right shoulder waiting to be replaced) could not lift heavy men's clothing, push his wheelchair or help him otherwise. Now, he had developed pneumonia, and the end had come quietly. All Nian's family gathered for the funeral a couple of days later. Nian was not overly distressed, the last couple of years had been difficult for her and she had had time to prepare herself for the role of a widow. She has her daughter

Ingela and her family nearby in Kristianstad and she has many friends in Åhus. She is also economically well off, which is a blessing. So she is able to travel around when she wants to, sometimes visiting her daughter Sanne on Öland, sometimes friends in Germany.

My life is more monotonous. My friends all live at a distance from here and we meet usually at most once a month when the Laxness group gathers. But I fill the days by doing translations, taking short walks in the neighborhood, and such.

The second major family event occurred in April, when Goy's ex-husband, Ted, married Melinda on the 20th. Many people find it strange that we still count him to the "family" but I had long realized that he and Goy were not compatible, so we remain friends. Therefore Loa and I were invited to the wedding, which was held in a sort of a "botanical garden" of an old manor house in Palo Alto. Although it was only April, the weather was warm enough for an outdoor ceremony and the dinner following it. There were many other guests as well, most from Melinda's family. It was sort of fun to watch their expressions when we were asked: "Are you relatives of the groom?" and we answered: "No. we are his former mother- and sister-in-law". It was a very nice ceremony, in which both Lisa and Dawn took part, reciting some poems. Both of them have by now adjusted to Melinda and have, to my delight, a happy relationship with her.

As already mentioned, Loa works only three days a week, Tuesday through Thursday, and can take me shopping or doing errands on the other days, although she often goes to visit Ingela and Scott over the weekends. Then I am alone with the dogs.

Most of the people along our street have been here longer than we have, and it was almost a shock to learn that our next door neighbors, the Castagne's, had decided to leave and sell their house. Jean, or John as all others call this Frenchman, had retired from his job as a baker and now he and Esta wanted to move to Paradise, a small place north of here. He and the Polish neighbors a few houses away, Ray and Lottie Shimkovski, were the ones who usually had arranged the great Fourth-of-July block party. This year there would be none, and we all were going to miss it.

Another of the neighbors, Pam Huck, who had lost her husband about the same time as I lost mine, lived in poverty and had a small day-care that barely kept her alive. Her house was by now fully paid, but there was no money to keep it up. It was beginning to look a bit shabby. Therefore still another of the neighbors, the Bakers, got the idea that instead of the big party, we should all pitch in and help Pam fix up her house. The idea was enthusiastically received, but instead of using the Fourth of July itself, when many had other plans, we used the following Sunday for the effort. Early in the morning we all gathered at Pam's house. Preparations had been made, materials were all in place, and we started the work right away. The house was first scrubbed down, then painted a new nice grayish shade with white trim. The garden was weeded, unwanted plants removed and new ones planted, and by 3 o'clock it was all finished, cleaned up, and Pam was so happy that she cried. We really felt proud of our effort. It had been a very hot day, over 90°, and Ray and Lottie suggested that we all take a dip in the pools of some of the neighbors and then gather for the traditional barbecue at their house. It was a very happy ending of a good day.

In July I got a surprise visitor. Herman Forest, Eugenia's friend and sponsor, had been visiting his son in San Diego and a friend in San Francisco and decided to pop in. It was a pleasant visit. We had actually met at some scientific meeting about 30 years ago, but I had really forgotten what he looked like. I was, however, surprised that he was highly critical of Eugenia and Masha as guests in his own home and that he now felt that they had taken advantage of him and his generosity. I was a bit careful with what I said about our common guests since I was sure he wanted to continue his friendship with them and I did not want him to pass on any criticism from my side. But he was not surprised over their behavior. They had been hard on him and Grace as well, while in their home. Herman and I still keep in touch so that I now and then learn what has happened to Eugenia but I still do not hear from herself at all.

To the delight of all our friends in our Laxness group, Jan James has recovered almost fully from her severe illness and is now able to walk, supported only by a cane or a walker. Her oldest daughter,

Heather, who lives in Oakland, decided to invite us all to celebrate this miracle. Heather and her husband live in a nice house on a hill that can be reached by a very steep set of stairs. How they got Jan into the house I do not know, but I had great difficulty negotiating those stairs. I had for some time had difficulty walking on flat ground, felt like I was going to faint and had to shorten the distance walked considerably. But I got up the hill and the stairs and the party was a great success.

However, the next morning when I came down to make my breakfast, I suddenly felt faint and had to sit down. After a short rest I stood up again to continue, but again I felt like my heart was racing at an uncontrollable speed. I could barely draw my breath and I felt horrified. I tried to keep calm, breathe deeply and slowly and not panic. It took almost five minutes before the heart returned to normal speed again. I was exhausted, sweaty and scared. I am not afraid of dying, I know it is unavoidable. But I just did not want Loa to come down and find me dead in the chair.

I had an appointment with my doctor for a regular check-up a day later, so I decided to wait and talk it over with him then. He examined me carefully and agreed that it had, indeed, been a very mild heart attack and prescribed beta-blockers to keep its pace regular. I have not had any trouble since then; the medicine seems to work well. But I have not been back to really normal again after this trouble. My ability to walk continues to deteriorate slowly and my former energy has never really returned. Old age is no fun and nobody can halt its ravages.

In the beginning of September, Loa discovered that the poles supporting the patio structure were in very bad shape. Our neighbor across the back fence, Paul Arnold, is a contractor and, naturally, we asked him what to do. He came over and inspected the structure, found it remarkable that it had not already collapsed, and recommended a friend of his for rebuilding it. A little after that, he, his son and his son-in-law tore down the rotten wood and the next day Hal, his friend, started to build up a new plastic, very simple and attractive, patio roof supported by three pillars. It changed the look of the patio considerably, made it look much larger and, as a bonus, the reflection from the white plastic roof made the family room much brighter than before. It cost a good deal of money, but when you have a house, you also have to keep it up. Now, we really should replace the fence between us and Freeda, but she needs a new roof first and the fence still hangs in there, mainly supported by some chicken wire.

Loa's little private enterprise, "Saddle Babies", where she sells her hand-made dolls in regulation riding outfits at horse shows and such, was now augmented by little hand-made horses, about two feet tall. The first time she had them up for sale, she immediately sold one of them. Again, it is amazing what she can produce when she wants to. But, since the price of both the dolls and the horses are very high, she does not sell very many at each event. I think, however, that it fills a creative need she feels and, thus, makes her happy.

She also loves the horse shows, where she has found many friends, and she can often help Ingela with the horses. Sometimes they go far away to such meetings, for instance, all the way up to Redding in the Central Valley. It was at one such place that her old Honda suddenly broke down. It had functioned perfectly the day before, but in the morning it made a strange sound and "died" completely. They got a local garage to check it, but had to leave it there, while they took the horses back to Yolo. Both could ride in Ingela's truck, towing the horse trailer. Then Loa had to take the train back to San José. A few days later Loa learned that the car was beyond repair. Something had broken and hopelessly ruined other parts as well. So there was nothing to do but get it back to Yolo, and Scott assisted with that. Then, as Loa's car-body was in better shape than Ingela's, but Ingela's engine was in better shape than Loa's, they decided to move Ingela's engine into Loa's car-body. This repair lasted only for a short time, unfortunately. Loa was able with Scott's help to get herself a new red Honda, since she cannot be without a car. Ingela now has to make do with the old truck for her needs. She and Scott have a year left of courses for their law degrees. Then they hope to get good, well-paying jobs so that they can buy another new car.

Christmas, 1966, was as usual good, too many parcels in spite of all good intentions to have less, good food and good company. And now it is 1997, only three years left of this century.



Life has become very monotonous. There is much less mail and much fewer guests than when Áskell was alive. My walking continues to deteriorate and my vision is getting worse. I need several pairs of glasses, for reading, for ordinary work, for looking at TV or operating the computer and for seeing at far distances. I finally had to ask for less work to translate. Deadlines were hard to meet since I cannot work for more than a couple of hours at the computer or typewriter without getting exhausted. I feel bad about this but, after all, I will be 80 next birthday and not many can do jobs like I still can at that age. On the other hand, there are also many who are in much better shape than I am, can run marathons and write scientific papers, too. Some botanists have been productive up into their 90s.

However, once in a while something nice happens. One day we had a telephone call from a lady who wanted to come and see me. She had worked with Douglas Dewey in Utah, with whom Áskell had cooperated on wheatgrasses. She and her husband had now retired and were living in San José, not very far from us. A few days later Cathy and Ting Hsiao came for a visit. They are the kind of people one immediately "takes to" and feels comfortable with. Cathy had also worked with some of the wheatgrasses together with Dewey, and Ting had been a biology professor. Both were born in China and had come to here via Taiwan. Cathy brought me some of her last papers, which I later read with great interest. We became good friends at once.

A little later we were invited to their new home. It is very beautiful and reflects good taste. They had spent a year in the Netherlands and visited Denmark, and it could be seen from their interior decoration. Cathy is also an artist, specializing in wood-carving, and she loves Danish-type cross-stitch embroidery just as I do. With her and Ting I can also discuss scientific matters, and that is a good feeling. We have actually discovered a mistake Áskell made when naming certain diploid wheatgrasses, and I almost feel ready to correct it, but need to gather more information first. It would be nice to add another scientific paper to all the rest of mine at this late date.

The summer has passed, warm, sometimes hot, but mostly comfortable, and now it is September of 1997. Sixty years have passed since I first laid eyes on that peculiar person in the black cap who asked for directions in a strange, broken language. Sixty years—it is a long time. Little did I think that I would pass almost all that time in his company. What was it that attracted me to him more than to anybody else? It was not his looks, his face was at that time still badly disfigured by the big scar. His manners were strange, his language still almost incomprehensible to others. But the more I got to know him, talk to him and learn from him, the deeper our friendship grew.

We came from such different backgrounds. I was a spoiled upper middle class girl with little experience of the lives of others; he came from abject poverty and had had to earn his way from an early age. But it was his mind that most attracted me. He had read so much, experienced so much, formed ideas and ideals and was set on getting ahead toward greatness in his chosen field. In his company I felt that I matured, grew up to be a person with my own mind, who dared to become independent of my family and its conservative views. I started to see the world from a different point of view.

However, in spite of our totally different origins, our life together has been unusually rich. It has not always been an easy life; when we had struggled up to a peak, fate sometimes pushed us back down into dark valleys and the struggle had to start all over again. But we were together, we were an inseparable team all the time until Áskell passed away from me.

When I look back, it is the happy days that I remember most. I loved Áskell dearly and he was totally devoted to me. But I was not blind to his faults either. I tried my best to correct what was amiss, often with little result. He was terribly stubborn and set in his ways.

Sometimes I wonder how he appeared to others. He has been called "controversial", and he was. Some people adored and revered him, others hated and despised him. He was never afraid to state his mind, even if it hurt others, but he preferred truth to "white lies" for convenience sake. This made him many enemies. He also broke with conventional ideas in his field and created a whole new science of

biosystematics. Many could not tolerate to have their circles disturbed, others gradually were converted to his views and became staunch supporters. I am happy to notice that the younger generation seems more and more attracted to his views.

He was also inordinately proud of the scientific status he had reached, not least of his Swedish doctorate degree, which he found far superior to those of American doctors, and he did not hesitate to say so either. He stepped on many toes by doing so. His socialist ideas also infuriated many and made him in their view a dangerous, almost "un-American" person. This, he felt, was in a way the reason behind his final disgrace, the Yugoslavian incident.

I am still trying to come to grips with it. What was behind it all? Had he done something so terrible that he needed to be severely punished and disgraced? And—most of all—why did he not confide in me and ask for my support and advice? Why did he prefer to discuss it all with others and not with me? In a way, that is what hurts me most. Did he no longer trust me? Did he in some peculiar turn of mind think I was part of the trouble? Or, was he afraid that I, Loa and Ingela were at risk and tried by all means to keep us out of it, so we would not get hurt? I realize that I will never get an answer to these questions. I have struggled with myself to decide if I should reveal what was going on in Yugoslavia. Did Áskell want it to remain a secret? His diaries contain no mention of it. Was he ashamed of himself and his actions, contrary to his beliefs giving in to threats and intimidation? But I think it should be revealed because he was, indeed, an innocent victim of political machinations, whatever was behind them.

Therefore I finally decided to thoroughly read through the papers in the steel box in order to find some sort of an answer or, at least, a clue to what had gone on. The box holds a lot of papers dealing with his correspondence with the Smithsonian. The earliest ones depict his hopes and plans for the new venture, his enthusiasm and his desire for doing a good job, but then there is a lot of frustration when his plans are not accepted and his struggle to keep the project going is obvious. He simply refused to accept that there was "a better American scientist" who could take over and finish what he had started. He knew there was none. But I also think that he infuriated whomever he discussed it with in Washington and in Belgrad by pointing out that his own education was infinitely superior to theirs or whomever they had in mind for Áskell's job. Therefore, when all other means were exhausted for his removal, they decided to trick him into illegal actions, that could be used to oust him.

I found a long letter written by Áskell to his friend John (Jack) Fogg, a Philadelphia botanist friend of his, outlining both Áskell's life, philosophy, education and achievements up to the time he was "rejected". It is a long, rambling piece and, in the end, it was never sent. But Áskell had made a copy of it and deposited it with Bill Weber, who finally sent me a copy of it, too.

A very similar letter, detailing the "trickery" during the last summer in Yugoslavia, was sent to Kennedy Schmertz at the Smithsonian from Austria, since Áskell by then no longer trusted that it would reach him safely, if sent from Yugoslavia. There is a handwritten script of it in the box and it reads, according to Áskell's own words in the letter to Fogg, "almost like a script for a detective novel". The Schmertz letter is far too long to quote in full here, but I think some excerpts will reveal the "nightmare" he experienced all that summer. It should also be noted that Schmertz never acknowledged the receipt of it.

The box also contains copies of letters between Frank Susnik, our Yugoslav co-principal of the project, and the Smithsonian as well as the American Embassy in Belgrad that reveal that they tried, unsuccessfully, to get the Yugoslavs to help "dismiss" Áskell and that they knew that Áskell with his strong sense of right and wrong would be "difficult to get rid of". This correspondence was unknown to Áskell, until Frank Susnik provided him with copies of the Yugoslav text and translation of it.

When we arrived in Ljubljana at the middle of May, 1972, we expected that we could pick up the grant money within a couple of days as we did last time. But this time the U. S. Embassy in Belgrade refused to release the money and blamed it on ZAMTES, the Yugoslav office of scientific affairs which refused its release. We had not brought much money of our own, but Frank helped us to an advance from

the University to tide us over. We were, however, told that this was actually "illegal", based on some sort of obscure regulations and "national security". Consequently, we could not pay our rent nor the salary of the assistants. Askell was even told that no money might be available until August!

It should be mentioned that I was completely ignorant of what was going on. I thought that Askell's strange behavior was due to his sorrow over his mother's death, but I did not at all suspect that something serious was going on. Loa and I usually worked in Stina's house and only rarely went with Askell to the Institute or the lab in the Botanical Garden, so I did not know of all the telephone conversations Askell had with the U. S. people in Belgrade.

I will now quote from the letter to Schmertz:

"On June 14, according to a note in my book of transactions, etc., one of the associates of the Scientific Attaché, who presented himself on the phone as Mr. Stern (?Strn) of the Office of the Scientific Attaché at the American Embassy, phoned me in the morning when I had just arrived at the Institute of Biology. He told me that the Attaché, as had been indicated to me earlier, had informed him that it seemed likely that ZAMTES would not act on our funds until in August after the vacations and that Dr. Liimatainen [the Attaché] therefore had proposed that he, Mr. Stern, help me to get an advance or a loan, equivalent to the salaries of our group, through a Ljubljana business man, Mr. Frankodruz, who he said was well-known and trusted by the Embassy. When I asked if there were any conditions, I was told that since such a by-passing of ZAMTES might be misunderstood by the very sensitive government, the transaction must be kept absolutely secret as a "national security matter", and that the lender would require that when we repay him immediately after receiving the funds from ZAMTES, whenever that could be, he must be given also the sum intended as 'per diem' for all five of us in the budget because of his high risk. I could not refrain from using the word "extortion" about this, and wondered if it would not be wiser and less expensive and more honest toward us and especially our assistants to ask the University to help us without such rapacity, since its authorities had clearly shown interest in doing so when lending us money without any interest on our arrival.

"The answer to this was categorically negative, and it was at last indicated that even that small loan had been against some serious 'regulations'. Mr Stern advised me that they were only trying to help me, not to force me to accept this, but admitted that they saw no other way out 'because of the attitude of ZAMTES'. He regretfully warned me not to mention this to Dr. Susnik or to discuss it with anybody, especially not with my wife and co-principal investigator, and I believe some of his words, which I did not write down at once and thus cannot recall exactly, could or perhaps should be interpreted as threatening though not unfriendly. Naturally, I became upset when hearing this proposal which I found to be an outrageous and unfair reduction of our otherwise reasonable summer budget. I had qualms, mainly because of our assistants, although I had not yet told them about the 'per diem' and still believed their three months salary to be reasonably adequate even in this most expensive of Yugoslavian cities.

"I pointed out to Mr. Stern that this was a serious deviation from and actually a drastic reduction in our budget, which certainly must be approved by the Smithsonian office, and I asked to be allowed to discuss it with the attaché himself. I was told that he was out of town but I was instead, after a few minutes (not seconds). connected with Mr Barlovec, the second in command. (I must add within parentheses that I have actually met only the former scientific attaché, Mr. de Clerck, last year and that summer I only talked on the phone with Mr. Barlovec. I have so far this summer only talked on the phone with Mr Liimatainen and his associates, Barlovec and Stern. I understand from some remarks by Dr. Susnik that Mr. Liimatainen has already visited Ljubljana during the time we have been here this summer. Mrs. Kirk and Dr. Arp [our assistants] have told me that also Mr. Barlovec visited them at our laboratory in the Botanical Garden and he invited Mrs. Kirk out to a restaurant. Why neither of these gentlemen visited us rather than our assistants is a puzzle to me).

"When Mr. Barlovec at last came to the phone, he told me that the proposal presented by Mr. Stern had been discussed and found to be the only acceptable possibility out of our difficulties, and reminded me

that the Embassy was authorized to approve or propose or even force upon us any changes in the budget, which later would be reported to Washington. Since I recalled that Mr. Whitehead of your office had, before we left for Yugoslavia, told me at least twice on the phone that if we needed an approval of even drastic changes in details of the budget, the Embassy was fully authorized to allow this, as far as it did not involve an increase in the total sum. I accepted this explanation. I also recalled that, when I asked Mr. Whitehead in the fall of 1971, if I should report on paper that the Embassy, through a phone call from Mr. Barlovec, had asked for an adjustment in the air fare for Mrs. Reid [the wife of our first assistant, Bill Reid, in 1971] to be sent to him because Dr. Susnik had told him that Mrs. Reid was not actually contributing to the project (which was correct). Mr Whitehead told me that this would be reported by the Embassy and that I should not mention it to avoid confusion.

"When recalling also this, I felt more assured, although I asked Mr. Barlovec if he could inform you and get your approval. That, he said, had already been accomplished before I was contacted by his colleague. Since I am here with a group of five to accomplish considerable research work during a short summer, I must admit that I felt trapped and with a dagger pointed at me. But since I feel I must trust the diplomats at the Embassy, I reluctantly agreed to accept the proposal. I was then instructed how to contact Mr. Frankodruz by telephone. But he also strongly advised me once more not to even mention this to Dr. Susnik or anyone else and then especially not to my assistants or to my wife. I believe Mr. Barlovec is a Yugoslav working at the Embassy, so I was astonished to have him warn that all this caution had to be taken because of the risks for 'persecution, or worse, in this communist police state.' This he dared to say over the telephone from a foreign embassy to me, a foreigner whom he does not know.

"I contacted Mr. Frankodruz [the name means 'friend of Frank'. Was, after all, Frank also involved?] around noon of June 14 and found out through the desk, answering the telephone. that the number given me by Mr. Stern is that of one of the banks in the city; the girl hesitated somewhat before we were connected. Mr. Frankodruz told me exactly how I could recognize him near the entrance of another bank not far from his own, although he himself did not tell me that he spoke from a bank. Less than an hour later, when I had returned from lunch at home, I met him at the place agreed upon. He is a somewhat gaunt and thin man of my size, in his middle seventies I believe, and with some signs of high blood pressure. His face is pleasant and confident-looking, that of a man of evident affluence and culture. He speaks English well but hesitantly and told me that he was more fluent in German. Mr Frankodruz and I sat down at a table in a corner, where he took out a thick brown envelope, without any writing or text on it, from his naturally colored and clearly hand-made leather briefcase. He gave the envelope to me and said that it included the sum agreed upon in Dinars at the rate of the day. I counted that sum later. I offered him a receipt but he turned it down saying that the officers at the Embassy were his security. I then offered to go out with him for a cup of coffee or milk, but he politely declined. I also asked if he would not sign his name and address on the envelope, but he smiled and said that even that was not possible. Then he rose to his feet and said: "Since this is a communistic police state, perhaps we ought to depart separately", and almost at once he left the bank. I did not see him on the street when I, myself, departed."

When Áskell was back in the Institute, he had a phone call from Mr. Stern telling him that he had heard from Mr. Frankodruz that the transaction had taken place and then he ordered him to immediately pay the assistants their salaries for two months and let them sign two blank—and he repeated 'blank'—receipts, saying that the Embassy would later decide what should be written on these receipts. I was present when he paid the students and remember being somewhat puzzled at the explanation given for this unusual procedure. But I was of the impression that this was the "real" money that had finally arrived and did not ask any questions, was only pleased that we could now concentrate on our research.

Áskell was now prepared to work with the borrowed funds until August, and therefore he was surprised when only 9 days later, on June 23, Frank Susnik told him that he had been informed both by ZAMTES and Dr. Liimatainen that the money had been approved and that a bank cheque would be sent immediately. It arrived on Saturday the 24th and on the following Monday, Frank helped Áskell cash it. But, as before, he was not allowed to deposit it in an account and had to keep it all at home. So he

immediately paid our rent to Stina, our patient landlady, and the loan from the University, and for this he received proper receipts.

Later he was ordered by Mr. Stern to do some other peculiar transfers of money to the University, for instance, in exchange for gasoline coupons for travelling and "because of national security" no receipts were given or he had to provide blank receipts, which he was told would be filled in and later handed to him upon our departure. As mentioned earlier, we never again saw these receipts or Áskell's notebook, which they had also demanded, nor received any proper accounting of our transactions. All this upset him tremendously but he dared not discuss this with me or Frank because he had promised not to do so. He was brought up to keep his promises when once made, however absurd they were.

It is only now that I realize what a terrible ordeal this must have been for him. We have always had such an open relationship and never kept any secrets from each other. It explains his strange behavior that summer that I thought was due to the depression after the death of his mother. But I do not understand why he never told me later about what had passed but preferred to share it with others. Did he want to shield me, to keep me ignorant about it all so that I could not become involved? Was it his love for me and his family that made him accept things contrary to his conscience?

When, next spring, he was called to the Dean's office in Boulder and summarily confronted with the whole mess and asked to resign, he was not even given a chance to defend himself or to explain what had taken place, but instead told that if he tried to object, he would be prosecuted and deported. Arrangements for this had already been made. So, again, he swallowed his pride and preferred to keep silent and give me, Loa and Ingela a chance to stay in the country we love. I am grateful to Bill Weber for the information he has given me; it explains some things, but leaves me with other questions that will never be answered.

I will never know who or what was behind it all. Was it somebody who personally wanted to hurt him or revenge himself on him, somebody in Boulder, somebody in Washington, at the Smithsonian? Was it, as he himself suspected, the CIA or the FBI? Or did it all go back to the original "black-listing" in Iceland? His socialist ideas certainly posed no threat to the United States. But whoever or whatever it was, it succeeded in destroying him.

The whole "Yugoslav incident" ruined his life, his career and his health. But—in my eyes—not his honor and not his scientific standing. It will forever remain unsullied. He and I completed our Yugoslav work and published a major chromosome list of Slovenian plants that won much praise. We continued to work and publish as long as Áskell's health allowed, and we were able to enjoy life although our economic conditions were far from what they had been before.

Today it is the 24th of September, the day three years ago that he was laid to rest in Iceland at the side of his mother and his father. He is back home where he belongs.

Time has come to put an end to this biography and I would like to finish up by quoting Áskell's

#### "Ten Commandments of a Scientist"

1. Do not feel absolutely certain of anything.
2. Do not think it worthwhile to proceed to conceal evidence, for the evidence is sure to come to light.
3. Never try to discourage thinking, for you are sure to succeed.
4. When you meet with opposition, endeavor to overcome it by argument and not by authority, for a victory dependent upon authority is unreal and illusory.
5. Have no respect for the authority of others, for there are always contrary authorities to be found.

6. Do not use power to suppress opinions you think are pernicious, for if you do, the opinions will suppress you.
7. Do not fear to be eccentric in opinion, for every opinion now accepted was once eccentric.
8. Find more pleasure in intelligent dissent than in passive agreement, for if you value intelligence, as you should, the former implies a deeper agreement than the latter.
9. Be scrupulously truthful, even if the truth is inconvenient when you try to conceal it.
10. Do not feel envious of the happiness of others who live in a fool's paradise, for only a fool will think that is happiness.

## POSTSCRIPT

After much discussion, sorting of loads of papers and arranging them, Bill Weber and I have decided to deposit Áskell's papers concerning the Yugoslav incident in Hunts Institution for Botanical Documentation, Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213--3890, U.S.A.. There they will be available to whoever wants to dig into them or write about Áskell. But this also means that we have relinquished our rights to these papers. However, we feel it more important that they are safely deposited for the future and not simply remain forgotten and—perhaps—discarded or lost in private possession. In this way whoever wants to dig into the sad story can have proof of how unjustly and unfairly Áskell was treated when all he wanted was to do a good job and take good care of his family. Perhaps it will even one day be found out who was behind it all.