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Hope College
To some five hundred American students who have spent a semester or two in Vienna during the past several years, the Institute of European Studies on Neuer Markt has become a home away from home. For the past two years this has also been true in the summer when Hope students have centered their activities around the comfortable lounges of the Institute.

As Austrian institutions go, the Institute of European Studies is a mere youngster, having been established shortly after the Second World War. But since it is also the United States' only organized branch of the University of Vienna, which was founded in 1365, the Institute of European Studies effectively combines the most important aspects of both the old cultural tradition of Austria and the youthful spirit of post-war Europe.

Mr. Paul F. Koutny, the founder and director of the Institute, personifies this new European spirit. Mr. Koutny, who spent part of the Second World War in a Nazi prison after he was captured as a member of the Austrian underground, came to the United States shortly after the war on a scholarship. He graduated from St. Thomas College in Minnesota. While in the United States he met so many students who expressed the desire to see Europe and to study there, that he decided to do something about it after he returned to Austria.

In 1950 the first group of thirty American students arrived in Vienna to spend the year. As the program grew, University officials agreed to incorporate the Institute and to recognize it as the "Junior Year Program" of the University. Young professors, who could lecture in English, were added to the staff and opportunity for first hand contact with many aspects of the old and new Europe added a new dimension to the academic program of the young Americans who came to Vienna.

The IES curriculum is divided into two semesters that coincide with those of the University of Vienna. Students usually enroll for one academic year, but can enroll also for one semester.

Students arrive from the United States early enough to take a three week tour of Western Europe under the supervision of the Institute. Instructors accompany them from the start and explain the customs, history, art, and political issues of the countries visited.

The contact between the Institute of European Studies and the Hope College Vienna Summer School dates back to the summer of 1956 when Dr. Fried was in Vienna with a small group of Hope students. A morning with Mr. Koutny and Professor Hugo Hantch, dean of the University of Vienna Faculty of Philosophy and head of the Institute, paid brief visits to Holland during the past winter. Both were delighted by the warm reception they received at Hope College. Mr. Koutny has two small sons and plans to send them to the United States for at least part of their education.

"In this daily shrinking world our education must broaden," states Mr. Koutny. This is best achieved, he feels, by giving young people the opportunity to meet people of different backgrounds and cultures in their own homes, by studying and living with them. The Institute of European Studies, and in the summer the Hope College Vienna Summer School, are dedicated to exactly this objective.
American Dessert Treat Baffles Viennese Cooks

Frau Schnee Saves Day

A request from Dr. Sickinger has developed into a major activity in our summer school program. If all promises are kept, more pies will be baked in the Institute kitchen in six weeks than an American housewife normally bakes in a year.

Can you imagine life without apple pie? We should appreciate this famous American dessert, for we find that it is unknown in most European countries. And because Austrians have never heard of it, Dr. Sickinger requested last year that the cooks at the Institute be taught to bake pie. He had learned to enjoy this dessert while he spent a year in America.

Lacking adequate equipment such as pie tins, measuring cups, and cups, we worked at this project only twice last summer. Baking pies in small frying pans was a trifle difficult and not too successful. The cooks were interested but needed constant supervision as every step in the process had to be carefully explained in German. New words were learned on both sides, but this lesson in German and English did nothing to speed up the process of baking ten pies for forty to sixty hungry people.

After returning to Michigan last fall, Professor Fried and Frau Schnee sent nine aluminum pie tins, the complete stock of two hardware stores, to the Institute as a gift. Included were a measuring cup, measuring spoons, a pastry blender, and a recipe — in German — for apple pie.

However, the task must have seemed insurmountable to the cooks, for they did not attempt it; instead, they awaited our return. The first week the utensils were dusted, a date was set, and everyone eagerly waited to help.

Portions of two days were spent at this task because working in a small kitchen with five cooks who are preparing a full meal is a bit clumsy. So, on Thursday morning, the girls arrived at 7:30 A.M. to prepare the dough for one of the famous American desserts, apple pie.

Two delivery men, one with fresh vegetables and the other with a truck full of apples, were viewed lovingly by the entire group and pronounced as "wunderschön". The mere suggestion of cheese with apple pie was decided to forego that delicacy, though we still hang in mid-air!

When the first four pies came out of the oven, they were viewed lovingly by the entire group and pronounced as "extremely good". Since the girls merely place their heads well into the oven, emerge, and hold hands and arms in the same place for a few moments. That the method is successful was proved by the perfect job they did at the baking process.

The moment the first four pies came out of the oven, they were viewed lovingly by the entire group and pronounced as "wunderschön". The mere suggestion of cheese with the pie sent Dr. Sickinger into a state of nausea, so he was decided to forego that delicacy, though we still feel the addition would be an improvement.

As the tea-carts were wheeled into the students' dining room, the roar of approval was heard around the room. But... now the request has been made for pie at least once a week! So, blueberry pie is scheduled and chocolate pie to follow that. Perhaps if they watch and help, the girls will be able to bake pies for the students in the fall. Thus, another small contribution to a more pleasant international relationship has been made!
Vienna, Historic Meeting Place of East and West Reflects Imperial Tradition and Artistic Climate

By Dr. Richard Sickinger

One of the most powerful institutions of our age, tourism, shifting infinitely more people out of their own countries and all over the world than any of the hitherto known migrations, has finally begun to reach Vienna. However, it is still little known. There are quite a few people who expect nothing more than foreign intrigue, mainly carried on in the sewer system, and by no means looking only to the past. No other similarities which are placed on them by their tradition, which remains are still to be found.

The tradition of the Habsburgs, or rather thinking in supranational terms, is still very much alive here. The name of the Vienna, considered by many historians of art to be the most beautiful in Europe: there is hardly a country which is not represented by at least a few old families, but the names in a telephone directory will show you the same; the Viennese, though German speaking, come from all over Europe; to this meeting place.

There is, as a matter of fact, some truth in this impression. The peace treaties after World War I dismembered the Habsburg Empire, ancient and almost the last bulwark between the East and the West of Europe, an old crossroad which the Romans built a city, where scholars and men of the business world of the East and West can meet in a more relaxed and human way.

As a matter of fact, the Vienna continued to develop as a capital city of one of the smaller states of Europe; it is also the home of a much younger generation of artists and composers, such as Arnold Schoenberg, who contributed much to the development of modern music.

You will find gems of historical architecture, mainly of the late and movable Austro-Bougeois, but also the first modern church of the world, or, out in the industrial districts, the city housing projects, which were revolutionary for town-planning when begun in the early twenties.

You should not only visit the churches and palaces, but try to get in contact with the Viennese. Statistics will show you that they must be pretty hard-working; otherwise they could not have a living standard and a rate of increased exports like the Germans. But, somehow, they have managed to escape the speed of our age. Clock seem to go a bit slower in Austria. After a while, you will find yourself relaxed and less worried. In a café, even if you order only a coffee or a small apertif, you will be brought all the papers and magazines you can possibly read. Every half hour a new silver tray with a glass of water will appear as you continue reading, writing letters, or meeting your friends. Nobody will expect you to leave as soon as you finish your coffee.

If you manage to penetrate through the layer of vienner places for tourists, you will find yourself in the garden of a house growing on the banks of the river, or, out in the suburbs. Everyone brings a sort of picnic lunch and unpacks cold cuts, orders the excellent home-grown wine, and relaxes after a day's work. In the hills it is cool, even on a hot summer day. Cool and quiet engulf you as the lights of the city begin to twinkle in the darkness below.

But you can also find this Viennese spirit in a restaurant downtown, or in the home of a friend. Everywhere there is such an atmosphere of attaching no importance to things than they deserve. The Viennese save their time and energy for such things as a house concert, a good chat with friends, or a stroll through the town.

You will find for yourself as you go through Vienna, that it cannot escape the pressure exerted by the heart of Europe. You will find that treasures and traditions of the past are not dead weight, but only a richer challenge for the present and the future.

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JOAN HAMLIN TRIUMPHANT — Joan Hamlin stands in front of a Viennese Boutique shop after triumphing over the auctioneer for her desired jewelry. After a while, we noticed that the room was emptying rapidly. We followed the crowds out of the door and headed for a central room which looked like a courtroom. Everyone was pushing and shoving for seats, so Mary and I decided to get into the spirit of things and push, too. We found ourselves located in the back of the room. (Austrians are very powerful.)

At this point we became aware of a mob of people standing up and milling around the front. The sound of coins jingling was not hard to discern. Due to our lack of knowledge of Austrian auctions, we experienced a moment of fear when we thought the auction was only conducted for that little group up in front. We were not to hear anything from our seats in the back! As it turned out, this was not the case, but the little group of people up in front had a significance which we were to discover later.

Soon, however, the man up in front banged a gavel, upon which silence descended on the room. He then uttered a little speech in German. Mary and I took this opportunity to glide into the room. The majority of people did not appear particularly well-to-do. There were many older ladies who clustered together and spoke back and forth in excited whispers. There were some old men who sat and did nothing. Some of them even yawned in their beads a couple of times and then dropped off to sleep. There were some who could only be described as the "typical American businessman," better known in America as the "man in the gray flannel suit." Most of them carried briefcases and looked bored until the bidding started, when they instantly became alert.

One thing we did notice very shortly was that they all carried lists of numbers. These numbers did not make sense to us until the man in front opened the bidding. Only then did we realize the significance of the numbers. Because it is impossible to see jewelry articles from the back of the room, each one has a number. People are allowed to study them ahead of time and then write down the numbers of the articles for which they wish to bid. When the number is called from the front, the opening bid is read. The person wishing to bid on that article raises his hand. If his bid is unchallenged, he can take it for that price. Otherwise, the auctioneer called shrill, "Auktion!" from the opening bid, "Vierzir... Auktion!" until all but one party have lowered their hands. That person receives the merchandise at the last price given by the auctioneer.

As can well be imagined, the bidding proceeded very slowly, and became more and more drastic as the prices climbed higher. Poor Mary and I — we did so want to bid, but how could we, when we had no idea what we were biding for? So, we arrived at a decision — we would bid on any very cheap article, and so long as it didn't climb too high, we would be willing to take the consequences. The results were hilarious!

After fifteen minutes of bidding, the man announced an article for five shillings. Up went Mary's hand. However, someone else decided to bid at the same time, and, as the bidding mounted higher, Mary slowly withdrew her hand. At this point, her face was white. I had firmly established in my own mind that this was the end of our bidding.

But "never-say-die!" Two seconds later Mary heard another bid for ten shillings, and flew out of her hair again. This time she was uncontested. Bidding me good-bye, she stalked up to the front. Just as she approached the rostrum, the auctioneer stopped the auction, glared at her, and directed a question in German to her. With everything going on, she, with that limited knowledge of German, Mary's only possible comment was "Nein, nein." (We later found out the question pertained to whether or not we had a bidding licence at the beginning of the auction.) At any rate, the auctioneer proceeded to wave Mary aside, and that was the last I saw of her for about fifteen minutes, since she was engulfed by the mob still circling the front.

A short while later, she reappeared, sank down breathlessly in her seat, and confided in pathetic whisperings to her companions.

"Joan, I honestly don't know what I've got," she whined. She then pulled out an envelope and dumped into my lap what appeared to be twenty-four silver curtain rods.

About that time, people turned around and stared at our peculiar purchase. They began nudging and whispering to their companions. Before long, we had a bowing mass of people pointing at us and the curtain rods, or whatever the things were. I was ready to sink through the floor, and I am certain Mary would gladly have done the same. One helpful man across from us pointed to his head as if to indicate the curtain rods should be used to adorn it. Another lady pointed to her neck, a necklace perhaps. At this point, I didn't care if Mary slipped them through her ears or nose or hung them around her neck. All I wanted her to do was get them out of sight before anyone else noticed them, and this she did in a hurry.

It was now my turn to bid, but due to the recent developments I found myself in a state of mortal fear. However, upon hearing an opening bid of ten shillings for a "thing" and feeling Mary's hand in my side, I threw up my hand. Fear descended upon me, as I saw other hands going up all around me. By this time my right was so great that my arm became paralyzed in the air. I sat there in petrified horror as the bidding rose higher.

Suddenly there was silence. The bidding was finished on this particular article (I had no idea what it was). You can imagine my consternation when Mary announced I was the successful bidder. I couldn't have believed it! I had not known what the thing was; nor had I any idea why Mary and I decided to bid on it all. I laid down my eight shillings on the counter. The lady who had won the bid and was going up to claim her reward, Mary looked dubious, but I had thoroughly convinced myself this was true. Suddenly, the auctioneer announced the room was again silent. The auctioneer was glaring around the room with great disapproval. It appeared no one had come up to claim the curtain rods that had been bid upon. With reddened face, I sank lower into my seat, and could only gape with relief when the "thing" was rebid and some delighted lady charged up to claim her poor misbid article.

I had resolved I would not bid again, but as the auctioneer called "acht" shillings again, rang the gong, and the "thing" went up, I was somewhat comforted by the thought that everyone else had been bid upon. With reddened face, I sank lower into my seat, and could only gape with relief when the "thing" was rebid and some delighted lady charged up to claim her poor misbid article.

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