

Traveling In Europe With Six Children Is So Much Fun: I May Never Do It Again

In 1969 my Fellows and I had three research papers accepted for presentation at the Congress of the International Society of Nephrology in Stockholm, Sweden. Mary and I decided to take our six children, who had never been to Europe with us, buy a VW microbus in Hamburg and after the meetings, take a vacation and tour Europe for a month.

We flew from New York to London and stayed for two days in a very old and quaint hotel. The chief attraction, in addition to a sunken dining room, was a mynah bird that greeted everyone with, "Hi, my name is Jacque, who are you?" We rode the subways, visited Buckingham Palace and watched the changing of the guard, walked in Kensington Park and visited Westminster Abbey. We saw where all of England's rulers from William the Conqueror to the present, with the exception of Edward III and Edward VIII, were buried. We went to the Tower of London and the London Bridge.

Jack Cade, one of our ancestors, was the leader of the Commons of Kent, which rebelled against the King in 1450 over excessive taxation of the shepherders in Kent. At the Battle of Seven Oaks, the Commons soundly defeated King Henry's army and went on to capture London. The fighting over, most of the men in the Commons thought the war had been won and went home. With his army dissolved, Jack Cade fled but was arrested and killed by Alexander Iden, the sheriff of Kent. He was drawn and quartered, his head chopped off, impaled on a pole and mounted on the original London Bridge, which once stood only yards from where I told the children about their brave and noble ancestor. To make the story complete; with the army disbanded and without their leader, the farmers of the Commons were subjected, as you probably surmised, to even higher taxes. Our boys showed a great deal of interest in all the blood, but it didn't interest the girls at all. They, however, were quite interested in Shakespeare's treatment of our revered ancestor, who was described as "that stubborn Cade." In another reference, he refers to him as "a villain with foul and stinking breath." I don't think Shakespeare really thought that but he wanted to please his king who was a descendant of the original villainous King Henry VI.

We then flew to Hamburg, Germany, bought our VW bus and stayed overnight at the Foxbau, an inn which was built in 1470. It had a beautiful rose garden and several rooms with timbers which had been in place since its construction 500 years ago.

The next day we drove to Wilhelm's Haven where our ancestors had taken ship to Texas in 1849. There we boarded an auto ferry that took us, during the night, to Lund, Sweden. In the morning we ate breakfast and started to go to our car to await docking when we noticed that Phoebe, our six year old, wasn't with us. We checked our staterooms again and went back to the dining room; then Michael and I ran around the deck. No Phoebe. We then went to the bridge to report a missing child. The executive officer told us everyone was too busy getting ready to dock for anyone to stop and help us. He did promise, however, that when the boat docked he would detail several men to search until our daughter was found. We went down to our car to wait for docking and there was Phoebe! She told us that she thought we were lost, but she was sure some sailor would help us find our car, so she had come there to wait for us.

June 12 was a beautiful summer day as we started up the east coast of Sweden. A

good two lane highway ran all the way to Stockholm. Houses with thatched roofs, quaint little villages, and everywhere lilacs blooming (blue, yellow, white and occasionally red) gave the whole world a sweet smell. The sea, on our right, and frequently in sight, shimmered in the bright noon light. We stopped in a small town south of Stockholm, ate supper and stayed in an old, old hotel for the night. The next morning, a Sunday, we ate breakfast and then went to a small Lutheran Church just down the road. We couldn't understand a word that was said, but the liturgy was the same as at our church in Gainesville, so we sang the chants and hymns in English and felt at home.

That afternoon we arrived in Stockholm and found our lodging in a thirteen story dormitory of the Karalinska Institute. It had an elevator that moved fast, not at all like the slow elevators that went only five stories at the medical school in Gainesville. The elevator was the most exciting thing our children had ever seen and for six days while we were there, they rode it up and down, up and down. Michael and Stephen frequently ran up the stairs trying to beat the elevator, but finished only a good second or third.

We went to the Gamla Stan (the Old City), saw the Royal Palace and stopped to see the Vasa, a battleship that sank in Stockholm harbor on her maiden voyage 600 years ago and had just been raised. We went to the Royal Park and Zoo where, because it was Mid-Summer Festival, beautiful young girls from all over Sweden were sun bathing, some in rather scant bathing suits. There were others who apparently had forgotten their swim attire. The girls were as interested as the boys. The animal zoo amazed me with its excellent displays but several of the children were upset watching a polar bear swim back and forth in its small pool.

When the Congress ended, we drove diagonally across Sweden over large hills, around lovely lakes and through dark forests and down the west coast. We went to Goteborg where a sign at the city limits informed us it was the home of Ingemar Johansen, the world's heavy weight boxing champion. Other signs directed us to the gym where he trained and to the house where he lived. Michael, who was sixteen at the time, was mildly interested. We took the coastal road down to Helsingborg and drove out on the quay where the ferry between Helsingborg and Denmark, five miles away, tied up. In the distance, barely visible from Sweden, was a large castle we later learned was Elsinore, which was the setting for Shakespeare's play *Hamlet*. I had always thought Shakespeare built it in his imagination, but as we approached closer and closer to the battlements where the ghost of Hamlet's father prowled each night and told Hamlet that he must avenge his foul murder, Elsinore loomed above us and waves dashed against the walls. I felt as if I had been transported back 500 years. When I told the children about the ghost, Stephen became interested and began asking questions, frequently not waiting for an answer before asking another.

In Denmark we drove through one small town or village after another, stopped to look at farmhouses with thatched roofs and finally reached Copenhagen where we joined the natives and the tourists for cold cuts in front of the Hotel de Angletiera. We ate hot dogs, the Dane's national food, sold by street vendors everywhere, visited Tivoli, ate cotton candy and hot dogs, drank Apfelsaft, rode the highest roller coaster in the world, read a newspaper outdoors at 11:00 p.m. without any street light, went to bed at midnight and awoke at 2:00 a.m. when the sun began shining through our window.

We then drove to Germany and stopped at Hanover for the night. The next day we drove through East Germany on a narrow two lane highway which would take us to Berlin.

Fifty miles into East Germany there was a car stopped at a crossroad. I waited, I thought, an appropriate length of time and then, as the car in front of me was the only vehicle in sight, pulled out on the wrong side of the road and went ahead. Within seconds the car was beside us and its driver was yelling and motioning for us to stop. Its occupant was an East German policeman. He ordered me to get out of the car. I looked at him and told him, in English, I was an American and didn't understand what he had said. With gestures, he then signaled I should get out of the car. I did. He then demanded that I show him my identification papers and the auto ownership papers. I again told him, in English, I was an American and couldn't understand. He then told me I had sped around him on the wrong side of the road and he was arresting me and taking me to jail. I pled lack of understanding, again in English. I then got a fire and brimstone lecture about wicked, arrogant Americans who thought they could violate German laws because they had won the war. Again, I gave him my best blank look. Finally, he cursed a little, got back in his car and drove off. I stood staring blankly until he disappeared in the distance and then resumed the drive toward Berlin.

About a year later I was stopped in Gainesville for going through a stop sign. My "don't understand strategy" had worked so well in East Germany, I thought I would try it again. In response to each of his statements, I replied, "Ich bin Deutscher. Ich verstehe nicht." Apparently he didn't understand German, or perhaps he understood better than I spoke.

We arrived at the border between East Germany and Berlin after dark. There was a steady hard rain and a gusting cold wind. There were several guardhouses in a row at the side of the plaza. Floodlights were everywhere. The border guard ordered us out of the car. We followed orders. Out in the cold rain, I protested that the children were getting wet and might get sick. He told me to get everything out of the car. I did and then protested again about the treatment of the children. He ordered me to take all the seats out of the car. I told him I didn't know how, and he, with several not very nice words, told me he would do it. Five minutes later he gave up and I again complained about the treatment of our children. With poorly masked contempt, he told me the children could go sit in the guardhouse. When I came back he had a mirror on wheels and was rolling it back and forth under the car. I asked him why and he informed me they had found many people holding on under automobiles trying to escape from East Germany. When he was satisfied no one was hidden under or in the car, he told me I could go on. I started to get the children, he then said with a touch of kindness in his voice, "Don't." I was only going about sixty meters. I drove that sixty meters and endured the same search procedure again. After passing the second inspection, I had to endure a third, thankfully brief, inspection. That accomplished, our luggage was reloaded, the children retrieved, and we were again on our way. The border crossing, which, I was later told, was unusually brief, had taken just a few minutes longer than two hours. We stayed in Berlin for two days visiting with our friends, the Hierholzers, who we met when I was a physiology Fellow at Cornell eleven years earlier. We shopped on the Kurfurstendam, saw the cathedral that had been destroyed during World War II and left in ruins as a memorial to the accomplishments of the war. We looked at the radio tower in East Berlin, which was built to impress the world with the excellence of communist technology. From 300 feet above the city, visible over all of Berlin, every plate of glass reflected the sun's rays as the cross of Jesus. Honecker's and Communism's slaves tried many times to obliterate that cross which was still shining, over a now unified Germany, when we were last there three years ago. From Berlin we drove down the Autobahn to Dessau where our ancestors started their six month trip to

Texas in 1850 by floating down the Elba River on rafts. In Dessau, strictly off limits to foreign tourists, many buildings were still in ruins. It was a Sunday morning and many of the people were riding bikes (very few had automobiles) to a park on the river. In what was left of downtown Dessau we found an undamaged house and store with a faded sign that read, "A. Schuetze, shoe making and repairs." He was a relative who had been killed by bombing during the war. From Dessau we drove to Munich where we ate at the Luitpol, a restaurant that was over 300 years old. Late that afternoon we visited the Frauenkirche and then drove farther south through the foothills of the Alps. We stayed at an inn on a large lake which dimly reflected the sunset through a soft misty rain. It made me think of the "*feather waft downward by an eagle in his flight*" in Longfellow's poem. The next evening we were in Mittenwald where Mathias Klotz and his son Aegidius had lived and founded the German school of violin making in 1670. We stopped to admire a bronze statue of Mathias on the town square. We found rooms that evening on the second floor of a small inn. From our balcony, to the east was a tall mountain glowing in the late afternoon sun. There were four rainbows, one above another, complete with all their bands gleaming in the afternoon sun. I don't think the original rainbow God set in the sky could have been more beautiful. The next day we were at Hohen Schwangau and saw Neu Schwanstein, Ludwig's "Cinderella" castle, with its soaring towers and walls. We then drove down a gravel road past great cliffs and water falls, through dark woods, by beautiful lakes and ate at a Gasthaus where we had trout caught only minutes earlier from a lake just across the road. From there we went to Salzburg, saw the Mozart Haus and places where the *Sound of Music* had been filmed, and took a side trip to Oberndorf to see where Franz Gruber and Joseph Mohr wrote *Silent Night*.

The writing of *Silent Night*, I think, was ordained by God. Franz Gruber was the son of linen weavers and was expected to follow his parents' profession when he was thirteen years old. He attended the village public school and sang in the choir at the parish church. There he attracted the attention of the parish public school teacher who taught him letters and the church organist and choir director who taught him music. He became skilled enough to be the assistant organist. His public school instruction finished, Gruber was told to get a job at the linen factory. The parish priest and the school teacher talked with Gruber's parents and told them the church school would continue his education and encourage his musical abilities so that the talent God had given him would not be wasted. His parents, though desperately in need of the money he could earn, finally released him to continue his academic and musical studies. Thus, ten years later he taught music and served as the organist at the village church in Oberndorf.

Joseph Mohr was the illegitimate son of a soldier. Almost nothing is known of his mother, and his father was transferred to another post before Joseph was born. A Catholic priest took responsibility for Joseph's education and the boy, when grown, became a priest. Before he finished his education, Joseph contracted tuberculosis and it was thought he should spend the rest of his life in a monastery. The Bishop, who had come to respect Joseph, finally agreed, however, to Joseph's pleading and sent him out as the assistant priest in the small town of Oberndorf.

The parishioners liked Father Mohr and in a short time he became well known and loved. The head priest, however, didn't like him and was afraid he would spread tuberculosis among the people. He almost immediately wrote the Bishop asking that Joseph be returned to his monastery. The Bishop refused, but was unable to placate the head priest whose dislike

for Father Mohr increased each day. Mohr remained in Oberndorf and a year later met Gruber.

Both Mohr and Gruber had overcome great obstacles placed in their paths. They became fast friends and played chess together. Both played the guitar and they met to play and sing. Long walks in the forest overlooking the town sealed their friendship.

The Oberndorf church organ was old and had the distressing habit of breaking down. It chose two days before Christmas in 1808 to break down for the sixth time that year. Music, always an important element of worship, became even more important at Christmas, but without an organ....?

That evening Mohr went for a walk in the forest above the town. There had been a snowfall in the afternoon and the ground was covered by new fallen snow, the branches of the Tannenbaum were bent by its weight. Mohr stopped to look down on the town with its twinkling lights; stars shown brightly in the clear, cold and dark sky. The world was completely quiet, hushed as it can be only after a new snowfall, when Mohr took out a pen and paper and wrote "*Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright*". He finished his beautiful poem and the next morning showed it to his friend Franz, who picked up his guitar and played music which accented the beauty of Joseph's words. Christmas Eve at the midnight mass they sang it together accompanied by Franz's guitar.

Paul, the apostle, wrote "*And in the fullness of time God brought forth a son.*" As a result of the wildly improbable resolution of great obstacles facing each of them, Gruber and Mohr had become friends. I think their paths were planned so that together they could give the world its most beautiful hymn. God's fingerprint on our lives.

The old church where Gruber and Mohr worshipped and made music is gone. A small chapel stands where it once stood. The door is never locked and we went in to see the stained glass windows perpetuating their faces and honoring them and their marvelous creation.

A couple of miles away, on a wet Saturday afternoon, we stopped to see the new parish church, which was beautiful and housed a great organ, which at the time we visited, was broken down.

We then drove to Innsbruck and up the Inn River Valley. Great mountains rose above us on all sides, clouds formed in the valleys, then climbed the sides of the mountains where they caught the wind and disappeared in the distance. Cattle grazed on the side of every mountain; houses, so far up the mountains, they looked tiny, were scattered everywhere, and always the river, placid, adagio flowing, then racing like a scherzo and shimmering in the sun. We came to a farm with a "Zimmer frei" sign where we stopped for the night. The family had their own cows and sheep and had three rooms they let out for travelers. We walked up the mountainside with our host to a dense forest, stopped and watched the river shining in the late afternoon sun and the mountain tops stretching off in the distance; one of the most beautiful and peaceful sights I've seen. Again, God's fingerprint. We ate with the family, had milk still warm from the cow, listened to the wind rushing through the valley, admired the stars, and then slept.

The next day we reached Liechtenstein and stopped in Vaduz, the capital and only city. We saw the Royal Palace, now a museum, bought stamps, and ate at an outdoor cafe. Phoebe had asked in every country how to say "please" and "thank you", and, while we were waiting to be served, she asked how to say the magic words in Liechtenstein. When we told her "bitte schon" and "danka", she got a puzzled look on her face and said "In Lichten

Steinn?" That evening we walked down to the Rhine and watched the water race by on its way to visit the Lorelei and then hurry on to the sea. Then we drove through Switzerland and into Germany. When we crossed the border it was already a dark, and for mid-July, quite cold night. A few miles along a winding road through a dense forest, we saw a sign announcing the name of a village I can't remember. Around the next turn we saw an inn partially hidden behind a huge mound at least twenty feet tall and a hundred feet long. We stopped and learned that the road we were on was part of the route of the Old Roman Road going to Koln on the upper Rhine. The inn had been established when the Roman legions and private citizens used the road. The original inn had been destroyed around 1100, but the present building was built according to the specifications of the original. On the second floor there were eleven bedrooms to the front of the building with ten rooms and a stairwell to the rear. The rooms were about six feet wide and nine feet deep. A hallway with a window at each end separated front from back, as it had been for almost a thousand years. We were very impressed. After eating a fine meal in the basement dining room, which was kept warm by a large ceramic tile oven, we went up to bed. While the dining room had been snug and comfortable, the only heating on the second floor was provided by the animals in the stable below. You might, on reading the description of the room size, have wondered how a bed and washstand could fit in that small space. The answer: The wash stand was one and a half profane cubits. A Persian profane cubit, in case you don't remember, was eighteen inches long, while a royal cubit was twenty inches. The bed was three and a half cubits long and two cubits wide. Even though we were rather tired when we lay down that night, Mary and I didn't sleep well.

In the morning we had a good Bauern Fruhstuck (peasant breakfast) and learned about the huge mound in front of the inn. The first floor was a stable where the animals stayed much of the winter and during cold nights during summer. While we ate, our host was busy mucking out the stable. The straw and manure from the stable accumulates during the winter and spring and in summer is liquified and spread on the fields as fertilizer. That knowledge brought back memories of my frugal German forebears and helped us understand why Switzerland had such a pungent odor. We stopped at all the ruined castles, saw the Bishop of Bingen's Mouse Tower on the Rhine mentioned in Longfellow's poem, *The Children's Hour*, and, behind it, across the river, the mountainside where Charlemagne planted the first grapevine in Germany.

We bought two pounds of cherries from a roadside vendor and soon the children had a cherry pit fight. After three warnings, which they ignored, I stopped and told them that if one more cherry pit, in or out of the fruit, was thrown, I would stop and give them a choice between a whipping with my belt or being left to find their own way back to Gainesville. For about fifteen minutes none of them said a word and the only sign of life in the back of the bus was breathing.

Ready for them to cheer up a bit, I asked them what they had liked best on the trip. Expecting them to vote for the tower in East Berlin or the beautiful mountains, the waterfalls, the four tier rainbow, or one of the buildings, or magnificent ruins we had seen, Mary and I were slightly taken aback when Celia said, "the elevator in Stockholm." Michael said nothing had been particularly interesting and he would much rather have been in Gainesville taking care of his calf. Phoebe agreed with Celia and Martha couldn't decide if her favorite thing had been the elevator or five kugels of Gemmischte Eis (five balls of mixed ice cream) she

had eaten in Munich. Stephen, without hesitation, voted for the skeleton in the dungeon at the castle of Gertz von Berlekingen on the Neckar. Emily voted last and with great joy said "Holland." That afternoon, Holland was still 250 miles ahead of us. When Mary pointed out that fact, Emily replied she knew that, but she still liked it best.

That afternoon we came to Die Phalz, a castle on an island in the middle of the Rhine. The ceilings of the rooms and the hallways were all so low we thought it must have been built by midgets. The big attraction for all six children were the potties. The rooms had been built out from the walls of the castle over the river. All were two seaters and the holes cut through the plank gave a view of the river below. If one wee-wee'd a short stream, one could watch it twist in the wind until it hit the water sixty feet below. There were thirteen potty rooms, each with two seats, and all six children, I think, wee-wee'd through all twenty six holes. While we were in the boat going back to the shore, I asked them again what had been their favorite thing, and with varying degrees of conviction, four stayed with their earlier choice while Martha and Celia thought it was perhaps, Die Phalz.

We drove down the Rhine to see Die Lorelei where we took a great picture of the girls sitting on the very rock Lorelei sat on while looking out over the river and singing so she would be in good voice when some poor unsuspecting sailors came up the river. Alas, traffic was light that day. Visiting castles all the way, we stopped in Braubach where another branch of our family had lived before immigrating to Texas 119 years earlier. We toured the castle which had been a German artillery control site for guns which had shot at some relatives from the Braubach branch of our family when they were crossing the river during the war. Following the Rhine to its turn westward, we stopped at Aachen where the big attraction was a potty with the water tank almost to the ceiling, activated by pulling a brass knob attached to a long cord. Mary and I had to issue very strict orders after at least twenty flushes not to use it again unless they really had to wee-wee. The Hague and the Zieder Zee, where they learned a song, *Two Children Who Lived By The Old Zieder Zee, Little Lena And Hans*, passed by, and we saw canals with boats going up and down in the shade of the Pferd Costansa trees. Emily's eyes were bright. When we reached a windmill with its arms actually going around, she was ecstatic and wanted her picture taken in front of it so she could remember it forever. We bought wooden shoes for everyone in the family and still have a pair decorated with bright red lacquer that were especially for Emily, who thought she was in heaven.

When we had our poll of favorite things while driving down the Rhine, I asked myself why we had wasted three months salary on six little Philistines. One look at Emily's face in front of that windmill and I knew it would have been cheap had it cost three years salary.

We drove through Normandy on our way to Le Havre to take the *France* back to the U.S. and stopped at a small city for the night. I don't remember the name, but it was in a valley and we could see it from the top of a hill. Church spires gleamed in the late afternoon sun; smoke ascended in a rosy golden haze. I thought of the fighting that had raged through the area 25 and 50 years earlier and thought of the last two lines, "*I am the grass, I cover all*" from a Sandberg poem.

It was dark when we drove into the downtown and began looking for a place to stay. After several stops that were "all full", Mary saw a motel with a neon vacancy sign in the window. I went in. They, indeed, had several vacancies, and following Mary's instructions, I

asked if I could see one. The woman at the desk was very pleasant and showed me a room on the second floor with a large, comfortable bed, its own shower and potty and another fixture I had never seen before, but later learned was a bidet. Everything was clean and attractive. We went downstairs and when I told the lady I wanted three rooms for the night, she was obviously surprised and asked why? I explained that my wife and I had two boys and four girls. She said, "Oh, you don't want to stay here." I then explained in my definitely non-Parisian French that I was desperate to find lodging for the night. She laughed and said, "No, you don't understand. This is a whorehouse." Still laughing, she called a family hotel owned by some of her friends just three blocks away. The proprietor was laughing as she greeted us. It was a delightful place, the meal was cooked just for us and we had raw milk to drink again.

We arrived at Le Havre at noon the next day and found a hotel which was one room and a stairway wide. On the courtyard in front, overlooking a large square were several tables with large, bright umbrellas to protect guests from the sun. We ate our meals outdoors and watched the people, the cars, and the bicycles pass by. A plump old woman and her husband operated the hotel. They didn't see their grandchildren, who lived in Paris, very often, and were, therefore, anxious to spoil ours. Excellent hot chocolate, ice cream, assorted sweets, occasional chicken or pork and never any mention of vegetables, all their arts used with great skill, enabled them to reach their goal in the three days we were there.

Mary and I left the six children with our hosts so spoiling could proceed apace while we went to load our bus on the *France* for its trans-Atlantic voyage. It was very interesting. They lifted it well up in the air, washed the underside and the tires with a high pressure stream of water several times and then washed the inside with soap and water. Mary and I then walked back to our hotel where we congratulated our hosts on the excellent progress they had made toward their objective.

The next day we said good-bye to our surrogate grandparents and boarded the *France* for the first leg of our voyage, which was to South Hampton. It was a relatively rough crossing and about half way across, Mary went to our cabin to rest and confided she thought she was pregnant. Every time the destroyer I had been on put out to sea, I had gotten seasick. So, very familiar with the phenomenon, I assured her that seasickness was the correct diagnosis and happily this proved correct.

After the ship was tied up and while we were eating dinner, Phoebe started a ship-board romance with our handsome French waiter. Out on deck there was a thirty knot wind blowing as we walked to the bow of the ship. The mooring lines, which were six inch hawsers, were vibrating like violin strings around the harmonic in the exact middle of the line, and there was a secondary harmonic on each side. We watched until the sun went down and then went to our staterooms for the night.

The trip from South Hampton to New York took three days. The weather was perfect. We saw several whales and many ships in the distance. Watching the wake brought memories of my Navy days. There was a good string quartet which played every afternoon, the meals were excellent and each evening there was a dance in the grand ballroom. A swimming pool on the aft deck, several movies and game rooms, all supervised, kept the children happy and busy. Mary and I could lounge, nap, watch the ocean and the sky and admire God's handiwork. At night we could face the wind on the fore deck or admire the stars from the fantail. I felt I was a brother to Abraham who had watched those same stars three thousand years ago as he sat on the plain of Mamre. I understood why God had chosen shepherds to be his

people and why so many of the sailors I had sailed with had an enduring faith in the Father who made them.

We entered the Varazano Narrows and saw the Statue of Liberty reflecting the sun's rays through an early morning haze. All six of us, with tears in our eyes, cheered. We collected our bus at the dock, loaded our baggage and our souvenirs from Holland, and stopped at the first service station because cars had all but one gallon of gas drained before they were loaded on the *France*.

I remember the scene on the dock, stopping for gas and driving up the West Side Highway to the George Washington Bridge. I remember we got to New Jersey and drove by the house in New Milford where we had lived ten years earlier. I remember driving down a hill in North Carolina, but nothing else during the thirteen hundred mile trip home.

About ten years later we got out the slides we had taken on our great adventure. With every slide on the wall there was a chorus of "Oh, I remember that," and "Oh, that was really fun." I polled them once more as to their favorite thing in Europe. Five stayed with their first choice of the best thing they had seen. Only Michael had changed his mind. He was glad he had left his calf at home and voted for Jacque, the mynah bird.