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At 91, a Historian Relates the Story Of Her Own Life

By RITA REIF

In the cool dark of a re-cent morning, Margarete Bieber, age 91, rose a half hour earlier than usual. It was 6:30 and there were preparations to complete before her assistants would come to work at 10 and her visitors would arrive later in the day.

She took her cane, reject-ing the walker that the doc-tor had prescribed because he thought it would be safer than the cane and she carefully assembled her clothing so that she could dress sitting down. She moved slowly and there was pain. But once she had put on the black crepe dress, trimmed with lace jabot and cuffs, slipping it on over her head, grate-ful that there were no fasten-ings to fuss with, she was ready to face the day.

When this archeologist, art historian, educator and au-thor was younger, she dealt with larger obstacles than the doorsills and the long narrow hallway she negotiates with difficulty within the boundaries of her five-room apartment. (She is nearly crippled with arthritis in both legs and is further impeded by cataracts on both eyes and a loss

hearing.)

Following Diggings

As a young woman, she followed archeological routes through Italy, Greece and Turkey and, later, she fled Germany, her homeland, when Hitler came to power.

And Dr. Bieber, who will be 92 on July 31st, still works hard and laughs a lot. But now the world, and the honors it has to offer, comes to her, to the book-lined, modestly furnished rooms of her home on the upper West Side.

minced meat and vegetable patties that Dr. Bieber eats for her main meal at midday.

There is also Helen Wang, a Chinese girl from Taiwan (the fourth she has had) who sleeps in the apartment and is present for emergencies as well as to do the dishes. Dr. Bieber tries to be as independent as possible.

"When there is a pain, if it gets better in three days, I don't call the doctor," she said, an impish look brightening her face. When her ailments threaten to get the best of her, Dr. Bieber said, "I talk to my body."

Making the Horses Go

The words she uses on such occasions are the stern words she used as a child in Schönau, Germany (now Swierzawa, Poland), words that made her father's carriage horses gallop.
"I say: 'Hop, hop, hop-

now you must get it right,""

she said.

Margarete Bieber remembers her childhood in that West Prussian town where she was the second of four children. Her father was an industrialist who had flour

But it was Dr. Bieber's mother who championed the girl's desire—as outlandish as it seemed then-for a higher education. After some years at a girl's finishing school, Margarete Bieber became the first girl to attend the Helene Lange gymnasium (high school) in Berlin. Later she was one of a very few women studying at the University of Berlin and the University of Bonn where she won her Ph.D. magna cum laude, in 1907.

Then came seven



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