

THE KRUPP INTERN

STANFORD
UNIVERSITY



Dear Professor Beitz,

the **Krupp Internship Program for Stanford Students in Germany** is thirty years old. As we approached this anniversary, we invited alumni of the program to share their memories with us, so that we could share them with you. Each voice is unique and yet each resonates on a common sounding board: that special partnership between a German foundation and an American university initiated by a visionary man. We would like to celebrate three decades of partnership by sharing their voices with you.

But how? The testimonials are too lengthy and too numerous to relate in their entirety. As a device for telling their story, I have excerpted and thematically organized a plethora of voices, melding them into one – the voice of **THE KRUPP INTERN**, a real artifice: S/he did do and think everything related here. S/he is a mobile multi-talent, having worked in banks and manufacturing firms, museums and theaters, high tech and medical labs all over united Germany; s/he made bicycle maps for the *Elbsandstein* park, helped develop an electronic nose for medical diagnostics, persuaded *BMW* to add coffee cup holders to their X Series, worked as director's assistant at the Berlin *Schaubühne* and studied migration patterns of Barnacle Geese in the *Wattenmeer*. **THE KRUPP INTERN** has already spent a hundred thousand days in German workplaces; if you include preparatory studies in Berlin, s/he has spent nearly seven lifetimes in Germany so far (and without aging a single day: s/he was, is and will remain some 20 years old).

The memories and reflections expressed in **THE KRUPP INTERN'S** voice are quoted verbatim in color in the language in which they wrote to us, be it German or English; the internship year of each voice is flagged at the end of each quote, signalling when one voice ends and another begins while concretizing the different eras of the program represented here. Words printed in black identify the editorial weave that makes one cohesive tale out of many.

Hochverehrter Herr Professor Beitz,

das **Krupp Internship Program for Stanford Students in Germany** besteht jetzt seit 30 Jahren. Im Vorfeld dieses Jubiläums haben wir die Ehemaligen des Praktikant(inn)enprogramms eingeladen, sich für Sie, Herr Professor Beitz, an ihren Deutschlandaufenthalt zu erinnern. Jede Stimme ist einmalig und doch erklingen sie auf einer gemeinsamen Klaviatur – die der besonderen Partnerschaft zwischen einer deutschen Stiftung und einer amerikanischen Universität, wie sie einst ein visionärer Kopf ersann. Die Erfahrungsberichte würdigen auf beispielhafte Weise drei Jahrzehnte dieser Partnerschaft.

Aber wie lassen sich die besagten Erfahrungen erfassen? Der Mitteilungen sind es gar zu viele – und in ihrer Gänze sind sie zu lang, als dass man sie hier vollständig wiedergeben könnte. Daher haben wir uns eines Kunstgriffes bedient: exzerpiert und gebündelt ertönen die vielfältigen Stimmen als eine einzige – die vereinte Stimme **DES KRUPP INTERN**. Wer ist er oder sie? Auf jeden Fall hat er/sie all das gedacht und getan, was hier erzählt wird. Er/sie ist ein mobiles Multitalent, hat in Banken und Produktionsstätten gearbeitet, in Museen und Theatern, in High Tech- und Medizin-Laboren überall im wiedervereinigten Deutschland. Er/sie hat Fahrradkarten für das *Elbsandsteingebirge* erstellt, bei der Entwicklung einer elektronischen Nase für die medizinische Diagnostik mitgearbeitet, *BMW* davon überzeugt, dass ihre X-Serie dringend mit Halterungen für Kaffeebecher ausgestattet werden musste, war Regieassistent an der Berliner *Schaubühne* und beobachtete die Wanderbewegungen der Weißwangengans im *Wattenmeer*. Der/die **KRUPP PRAKTIKANT/IN** hat schon 100.000 Arbeitstage an deutschen Arbeitsplätzen geleistet. Wenn man die dem Praktikum vorangehende Studienzeit am Stanford Center in Berlin mit einbezieht, dann wurden bisher sieben ganze Lebenszeiten in Deutschland verbracht – ohne jegliches Altern. Er/sie ist, war und bleibt stets in etwa 20 Jahre alt.

Die in der Stimme des/der **KRUPP-PRAKTIKANT/IN** wiedergegebenen Erinnerungen und Gedanken werden im Folgenden wortgetreu zitiert, in der Sprache, in der sie ursprünglich verfasst wurden, mal Englisch, mal Deutsch. Zur Verdeutlichung wurde dieser Originalton farbig unterlegt. Das Praktikumsjahr ist am Ende des jeweiligen Zitats vermerkt, somit wird auch der Übergang von einer Stimme zur nächsten markiert. Zusammengefasst umfassen die einzelnen Zitate die gesamte Laufzeit des Programms. Die schwarz gedruckten Wörter und Passagen kennzeichnen den redaktionellen Webfaden, der die vielen Geschichten zu einem Geschehen werden lässt.

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Day One. My internship was scary, humbling, daunting, lonely, self-challenging, eye-opening, isolating, intense, fierce, and cold (of course, Frankfurt in the winter!). Most frightening of all: it was real-life, *wirklich*. They began training me to be their phlebotomist, something I was sure required more training in safety and technique than I was being given at the time! Suddenly it was my job to answer about 50 questions a day – none of which I actually knew the answer to ... including on a cell phone to someone in Bavaria I could hardly understand ... I spent much of the first week hyperventilating. Hin und wieder war es etwas schwierig für mich ... hier in einem fremden Land. Es konnte auch passieren, dass etwas Einsamkeit oder eine Art Heimweh in den Alltag eintrat, trotzdem wir als erwachsene Menschen gewertet wurden ... Für mich hiess es, die Abhängigkeit vom vertrauten heimatlichen Boden überbrücken zu lernen. As a Mexican-American woman, brown skin, brown eyes, black hair I had visions of World War II ... but one foot after the other I walked up to the door and the rest is history ... every step I took led to a safe and welcoming environment. I found the German people to be so highly educated and aware and inviting.

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Yes, the experience was challenging. But that was exactly what made it educational, exhilarating, transformative, liberating, *spannend, lehrreich und lebensändernd*. I was fortunate to be working with a supportive group of warm, integrating, genuine Germans. I have such incredible memories walking through the underpass that connected the *Intendantengebäude* and the Opera's main building. The feeling of anticipation: what stages were the rehearsals at today? Wonder: who would I run into? The experience proved to be worldly and practical (as in *Praktikum* ...), unlike anything I had done before. It was confidence-building; I felt very happy when a small contribution of code that I'd written earned praise as being elegant. My internship was even chocolate-filled (we got 25 DM of chocolate with every paycheck and I spent every *Pfennig!*). (We Californians have a penchant for modifiers – thank you for bearing with me as I continue my 30-year litany of affirmative adjectives). My Krupp Internships have been invaluable, broadening (because I came home with another worldview to complement – and in some cases supplant – the one I'd had), fascinating, unique, stimulating, inspiring, memorable, engrossing, rewarding, adventurous, instructional, and thought-provoking. And curiously, they were at once career-affirming and career-changing – either way, catalytic ... a great leap forward for my professional experience.

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But it was the little things, the “aha” moments, that made for lasting impressions. The German fondness for sleeping in very cold rooms. The doorless elevator (*Paternoster*) at Krupp. How difficult it was for working persons to do weekly food-shopping in Germany in the early 90s ... people generally thought what was good for store employees was also good for the whole community. Walking out of KaDeWe and hearing a tenor singing an operatic aria in a voice powerfully carrying over the noise of traffic and the streetcar. How Germans shopped with their baskets or tote bags when we in the US were still using paper and plastic bags. Watching Turkish girls, swathed in black head scarves, poring over the celebrity photos in the latest teen magazine ... just as their urban German counterparts did. Those different – and equally valid – ways of confronting problems, from the everyday (e.g., how to design a toilet) to the abstract (e.g., deontological reasoning). Small things, like how Germans have a song for every season, or that they don't cook for dinner ...

Speaking of which: the food! At the risk of sounding as though I'd been half starved in the US, Germany was gastronomically enriching (as an intern I tried *Hackepeter* for the first time, learned how to eat a soft-boiled egg out of the shell with dignity and experienced the pleasures of drinking a *Schnaps* after a meal – *das hilft der Verdauung*). The Krupp Seminar treated us to a great *Gruenkohl mit Pinkel* dinner in Bremen after taking us to the Daimler plant; I got to enjoy fresh baked bread... delicious coffees, and incredible beers – the food and drink seemed so much better in Germany. I came to understand that a German waitress is not less effusive than her American counterpart because „the Germans“ are a serious people, but because she does not have to rely on my tips to earn a decent living. I learned that *Kaffeepause* was not a “waste of time” but an important part of team-building and informal collaboration, and that workers at Krupp Atlas Elektronik in Bremen are passionate about their “*Mahlzeit*”, greeting each other in the hallways with that very word anytime between the hours of 10 – 14. We ate buttered pretzels for “*zweites Frühstück*”, with *Weißwurst* if it was someone's birthday, and a beer tap in the cafeteria. I fondly remember breakfasts with German *Azubis*... we were always served *Brötchen*, but I was the only one who always ended up with a lap full of crumbs... my first real introduction to culture as a type of embodied knowledge.

Looking back on it now, the thing that stands out from the experience is the people. I wondered if Germans would be friendly. They were tremendous. My experience in Germany... completely changed my views on Germany, which then completely changed my views of the world... and of my home country (USA). By living and working in Germany I came to understand and appreciate the wonderful country that Germany is. My preconceived notions were blown out of the water. Before I went to Germany I had thought the Germans were somewhat icy creatures, but the fact that I am still in close touch with the German friends I made so many years ago has definitely changed this perception... they tend to be reserved in the beginning, but their faithful friendship and effort to keep in touch, which is so crucial to remaining long-distance friends over the years, has moved me deeply. I expected... more Lederhosen, less *Curry-Wurst*. I was well aware of the stereotypes of the cold, efficient Germans. Take Inge... I assumed she was cold, heartless, unfriendly. By the time my internship was up, she was indisputably a friend, and took that friendship to heart with more seriousness and commitment than a typical American “friendship”... What this taught me was a deep appreciation for the German distinction between “*Bekannte*” and “*Freund*”. Though they may not be overly friendly at first, once you befriend them, they are extremely kind and will bend over backwards for you. They like to try new things and be involved in the community. But in fact Germans sometimes get close quickly... like when I got my first *Bussi* during Fasching in Cologne from a random woman. As it turned out, making friends is as simple as inviting someone to lunch... Yes, they like their privacy, and they may not smile every time they see you, but they are nice. They are very conversational (if you initiate) and eager to help/solve your problems; they are, in fact, a very warm, fun people with a very lighthearted side once you get through first impressions. I developed a great appreciation for and a love of Germany and Germans.

Ich war beeindruckt von der Gastfreundschaft der Deutschen... viel Toleranz und Gelassenheit... Es war angenehm für mich zu erleben wie freundlich die Bevölkerung ist in Deutschland, von offenem Sinn, und immer sehr zuverlässig.

1986

Though not everyone, I must admit, seemed to fit that mold: I had a coworker, Ritschie, who was antisemitic; that was interesting. Once, early on in my internship he complained to me about a politician whom he didn't like, "and he's Jewish!" ... Another coworker (who had escaped from the East in a boat) said I ought not let on that I'm Jewish as Ritschie had once said that all Jews should be shot. Anyway, I slowly let on that I might possibly be Jewish, and by the end of the summer, Ritschie was passionately expressing how every person needs to be judged individually and not based on their race, religion or anything else...

When I had four days left in Stuttgart after the end of my lease, he invited me to stay with him and his family ... and it was great. I'm glad we both stuck it out and got past the stereotypes. One assumption that I had made was that Germany

2004

would not be as ethnically/culturally diverse as the US. I was pleasantly surprised to find that there are many people of different cultures/ethnicities from around the world living and thriving in Germany. *Als Ausländer in Deutschland war es*

1997

eindrücklich für mich zu erfahren wie fortschrittlich Deutschland geworden ist.

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In other words, the Krupp internship was, for me, a sort of lens for viewing Germany ... a way to get past these initial judgments and stereotypes that Americans and Germans hold about each other. By interacting with people in a work setting over an extended period of time, we get a more complete understanding of both the cultural and individual identity of those around us, which I would like to believe fosters international respect and more global thinking for everyone involved.

2011

Many of my new insights into Germany came through daily contact in the workplace. I learned most exactly about German eating habits from working with Germans. I learned about work-group dynamics and pecking order. I learned about dress habits/standards. I learned about German appearance and behavior standards... I learned about how Germans express pride in their work and work-group. I learned to know (isn't *kennenlernen* a great word!) German tradesmen (carpenters, plumbers...). One thing I'd wrongly assumed about the German work culture was that the atmosphere in the workplace would be very serious and exact... the atmosphere was always relaxed, patient and friendly, even when someone made occasional mistakes in his/her work. Everyone was nice!

Prior to coming to Germany, I'd assumed that Germans and Europeans were less effective/efficient at work due to their working fewer hours per week and taking longer vacations than Americans. I found that to not be the case, and that insight has definitely influenced my own attitudes towards taking vacation and "down time" in my career. I found the favorable stereotype of relatively strong and efficient work habits of Germans to be true. But also, in line with those strong work habits, refreshingly found that Germans largely work to live vs live to work and have passion for "living", traveling, and experiencing the world (and being ultra-efficient affords them opportunity to do so). One day I asked why there were no checks and balances to catch errors in inputting information. I was looked at with amazement: "No checks are required - no German would input incorrect information!" In most of my jobs since leaving Stanford, the idea of a 37-hour workweek - and even of having "hobbies" outside of work - would be laughable! That's an element of German culture the United States could definitely benefit from. And not the only one: During my undergraduate experience, I spent a good deal of time trying to understand "Germanness"... so I assumed that the application of patient care in Germany would look a lot different than in the US. Perhaps their hospitals would be somewhat lackluster, the patient less valuable, and the doctors more authoritarian. *Aber nein!* The hospital I worked in was laid out in a very relaxed setting, with old buildings and new buildings side-by-side. There was much dedicated green space through which the patients could wander, and verandas for lounging. As fresh air is so critical to the rehabilitation of the German taken ill, windows and doors left open to the summer air. As for the staff, their treatment of patients was honest and respectful. They took time to listen to their patients' concerns. I developed an appreciation for the way Germans approach a job or transaction. There is a sincere and no-nonsense attitude that, while at times less flexible, does give the counterparty a great deal of confidence that what is promised will be delivered. I appreciated the straightforward way of communicating in many contexts. Though in some ways, German office culture seemed far behind. Back in 1991, I felt like Germans were really afraid of technology. The only people on our floor who would touch the PC were me and the IT guy. Only secretaries typed - even youngish (20 something) product managers handed off their hand-written notes to the secretary to type. So in that way, I felt they were really behind. But in another - totally open office formats - they were totally ahead. It's now "the" preferred high tech startup office layout to encourage in-person collaboration, and they were doing it 20 years ago.

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There were great moments. My telling experience came after one particularly difficult draw of blood. After I left the patient's room and stepped into the lab room, I put down my tray and literally did a little victory dance. My heart was pounding, my breath was deep and refreshing, and my mind was clear and focussed. I had what I consider to be a visceral reaction to using my hands, head, and heart in the care of patients. Or when my main mentor took me for a ride on the banked-curved test track at the VW testing complex. As we hit 250 kph ... we were so far up the curved bank we were basically sticking to a vertical wall ... my host took his hands off the wheel and declared, "you can go back to America and tell them that yes, driving fast is no problem if you have things under control!" But learning on the job was tough, too. I used to be pre-med. My first week working in the ICU, when I spent 45 minutes with two other doctors trying to resuscitate a patient, and the patient died, I realized that although clinical work is fascinating, it was too depressing for my personality, and I made the decision to pursue a research-oriented career ... If I had not done this internship, I would be in medical school right now, and I would possibly have a fair amount of medical school debt prior to making the realization that research is a better career path for me.

One huge eye opener was the magic – and challenge – of foreign language. Upon arrival, I was instantly ... illiterate. I ... struggled with my German, which I think was about equivalent to a three or four year old. The transition into the Bavarian ... workplace was pretty daunting. I felt like I was in a linguistic straightjacket: "Es ging schief in die Hose." I still remember how everyone howled at a *Stammtisch* when I explained how something went wrong with that phrase – the equivalent of, "It went wrong down the drain." But things soon got better. Within three weeks on the job I was making phone calls to executives/businessmen to discuss joint ventures with American companies. Me? I couldn't believe it even while I was on the phone call delicately sputtering out the words in German. I loved the everyday formality of conducting basic transactions with Germans. I fondly remember how every "danke" "dankeschoen" or "dankesehr" was met crisply in a call-and-response manner with a "bitte" "bitteschoen" or "bittersehr". (The predictable certainty of these interactions is somewhat lacking these days in ever more snarky parts of the world). I have a newfound appreciation for the power of language to open doors to new cultures; I remember, for example, explaining to the 12 or 13 colleagues who were from the People's Republic of China, communicating with a few words of German and ample hand gestures ... that chocolate-chip cookies can become flat in the oven, even though the oven doesn't have a mechanism to push them down. I also got my first real feel for accents and dialects during the internship. I played soccer with a coworker who lapsed from *Hochdeutsch* into *Bayerish* when things went badly on the pitch. Another coworker, from Austria, had what I took to be an odd speech impediment in his German, until, on a weekend trip to Salzburg, I discovered everyone there had the same "impediment". Then one day the breakthrough came: Waking up in my dorm at Daimler Benz AG and realizing that I was now fluent in German because I no longer was translating words between German and English but German was now part of my vocabulary. It occurred when I woke up and immediately thought "Es klingelt", when the alarm went off. From that morning on I was thinking in German. I came back to Stanford eager and able to take graduate seminars in German. Since then, I have continued to read German for pleasure, and even published translations of correspondence and journal articles in physics and mathematics. Most importantly to me, German played an important role in getting to know my wife, who lived in Germany between the ages of 7 and 21 and who now teaches high school German. These days, happily I travel frequently to Germany.

Back in the day... the politics of divided Germany were sometimes tense and always fascinating. Berlin had a tough, distant, nervous sensation at that period of time

1986

before the wall came down. I call it "island fever". The first six or eight weekends I was in Berlin, I visited various parts of the wall. I had this urge to start out in a random direction and travel as far as I could until I hit the wall. What I found was that the wall was different in different parts of the city, just as the city is different in various neighborhoods. After a couple of months, I realized I was subconsciously feeling trapped and mapping my bounds. As soon as I was aware of the feeling, it

1983

disappeared and Berlin became my world. Berlin was surrounded by a wall and even if you were lost, you were never that lost, because you were inside the wall. I traveled once to West Germany by train through East Germany and I did not have a passport or other identification with me because I did not think about the fact that I was traveling from one country through another country. I created quite a buzz on that

1986

train. I will never forget going for swims with one of my German *DED* colleagues in a nearby lake that was split in half between West and East. The western side frolicked with life and the eastern side was completely dead, dominated by a guard tower and barbed wire. We used to like to "trespass" across the border buoys until the tower guards would call out from their loudspeakers and tell us to get back on the western side. To have lived in divided Berlin is an experience I will never forget.

1988

I was telling Frau Schreiber, a colleague at the bank, about a visit to East Berlin; she said that she had never been there, despite having spent her entire life in West Berlin... it blew my mind and made me realize how even the most absurd situations can eventually start to seem normal. Much of the insight I gained was into the world

1989

of East Berlin and East Germany: that people went window-shopping on Alexanderplatz; eating crummy-looking apples that were full of the flavor that must have been sucked out of our bright-red ones at home; the excitement in a cafeteria where bananas were available; the significance of a play in which actors kicked busts of Lenin onstage; the perplexity of a border-guard when he realized the book he'd caught us "smuggling in" was a copy of something by Karl Marx. I am especially happy to have had some experience of this world that no longer exists.

1982

After the Berlin Wall fell, my Krupp Internship sometimes took me to what Germans still sometimes call “*die neuen Länder*” (despite the fact that they were there the whole time). I was fortunate to be in Berlin during the months after the “fall” of the Berlin Wall... The encounters I had with natives of East Berlin stay with me. These people were incredibly generous (serving us the precious stores of coffee and chocolate they saved for special occasions), open and interested in the “outside” world. They were also incredibly modest, having few material possessions. I took long walks through Erfurt and Weimar on the weekends and daily after work. I observed and listened and digested like I never had before. Living in Dresden dramatically changed my impression about that region and about the GDR. I found that most of the criticisms I had heard about the *Neue Länder* were not true at all. The people were quite friendly once you get to know them, there was a vibrant small business culture (it’s the medium-size firms the *Neue Länder* are lacking), the cities were quite clean and well-maintained, the civil service was professional and effective in the limited capacity with which I interacted with them (better than Berlin from my experience), and the people worked hard... The former East certainly has its problems, but I found that the stereotype so common in the West was largely untrue. My journalism Internship provided me an unparalleled view into East German society and the thorniest issues of reunification – property rights, cultural divides, economic disparities. This deeper understanding of the challenges surrounding the reunification gave me a great appreciation and admiration for the way people from both sides were able to overcome differences entrenched over decades and make the reunification work.

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My Krupp Internship acquainted me not only with the lived realities of the German Question and the Cold War, but also with German political culture in a broader sense. Many young people in Germany were not happy with America.

1986

But the war widows always loved us. Conversation soon turned to politics, and to the military in particular. I tried to understand how a country that seemed today so fiercely pacifist could meanwhile employ a compulsory draft...

I echoed what American generals have argued since Vietnam – that a conscripted army won’t fight as well as an all-volunteer force. My German friend then

2009

countered, “Why would you want an army that’s good at fighting?” Living in Berlin challenged many of my assumptions about what the developed world can be. I was stunned by the quality and reliability of the public transportation (German complaints about *BVG* aside), the wisdom of labor laws designed to keep jobs on German soil, the level of respect that was generally granted to workers, and incentives designed to encourage companies to move people to part-time work (instead of laying them off) to reduce unemployment. Previous assumption:

2009

Germans are united and proud to be German (they had moved on from the events that took place in the 30’s and 40’s). Reality: Germans still do not call themselves “German.” Rather, they call themselves Berliners, Munchners, etc. Even the young are still very much affected by the events that took place in the 30’s

2007

and 40’s. When I found my 20-year-old self with a press pass around my neck attending Marlene Dietrich’s burial on the newspaper’s behalf, I fully realized how political Marlene Dietrich was, how much she still divided the passions of those who thought of her as a traitor for leaving her homeland and those who thought of her as brave for renouncing the Nazi regime. It was at that moment that I reached a new personal level of understanding of how intertwined German history is with its present.

1992

1994 So many encounters, so much learned. I can directly trace back everything over the past 20-years (the career, lifestyle, premature gray hair etc.) to a simple decision made in *Villa Hügel* all those years ago. Also, the power of your network is special. You never know where it will take or what doors it will open. I was able to “give back” to the Krupp Program in a small way by facilitating the placement of interns with SAP ... we are now seeing a “second generation” of interns, with a Krupp Program alumnus helping set up a new group of interns with a company in Germany. My experience working with refugees in the Leipzig refugee camp, as well as students from diverse backgrounds at the *Jüdisches Gymnasium* has been invaluable as we navigate the Cambodian system to develop a school for children with disadvantaged backgrounds – the pilot school for what we hope to be 50+ around the world over the next decade or so. My Krupp internship absolutely changed my plans... Prior to this internship, I had not seriously considered a career in journalism. This internship gave me insight into what it was really like and inspired me to pursue that career path myself. I spent 8 years at CNN as a newswriter, editor and producer as a result. As for me, my “aha” moment led me to realize that I was much more interested in technology as a social and cultural phenomenon rather than as an engineer. I cannot imagine how I would have come to have a career as a historian and as the director of an independent research library without the experiences I shared in Germany, in Berlin, and at Haus Cramer. I returned to Siemens in Germany nearly fifteen years later. From 2002 – 2004, I was working in venture capital as Chairman of a medical device company ... Our company had developed pattern recognition software for detecting early-stage cancers on medical images. I had the chance to present the software and company to Siemens Medical... they bought the entire company. The software is now being sold with Siemens medical imaging devices, and many of my former colleagues are still working with Siemens today... It is with deep gratitude that I want to thank Dr. Beitz and the Krupp Foundation for getting my career off to a strong start with my first work experience with Siemens over twenty years ago.

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Much lives on, one way and another, in memory and in effect. But there is one cherished thing I could not take with me when I departed: Being there, in the German places that had become home – the place where the magic stayed when I left. I would do it all over again in a heartbeat. I remember realizing, on my 21st birthday, that there really is beauty in a rainy summer night in Hamburg; enjoying the pleasant train ride to Oberpfaffenhofen every morning; living and working in Husum; working in Schwalbach... a scintillating experience; walking at the edge of the Aasee, a long, thin lake that reaches right into central Münster ... people strolling on the lake’s frozen, snow-covered surface... young couples, groups of teenagers, kids playing with dogs and balls; ... Warnemunde, I enjoyed it immensely. And Berlin, an impression as fanciful as it is enduring and endearing: *Ich lief gerade auf der Baustelle (Potsdamer Platz) als ich Moeven herumfliegen sah. Da der Boden in Berlin ziehmlich sandig ist und es auch ausreichend Wasser gibt dachte ich mir, hmm, in Berlin zu sein ist fast wie am Strand zu sein. Tja... wenn man von den kalten Temperaturen und dem Eis absieht!* In closing, I’d like to harken back to the days when I worked only in the sciences or engineering, to share a final nostalgic detail, pristine in its uniqueness and after twenty-seven years still vibrant in its immediacy: Never shall I forget seeing the stress lines of automobile engines using double exposure laser holography before and after tightening the exhaust manifold bolts on an engine.

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THE KRUPP INTERN has spoken. Many words, but two remain ...

I very clearly remember the trip to meet Berthold Beitz. I am just delighted to hear that he has been blessed with good health and long life. To me he was a great role model of an intellectual, cultured man who was also at the helm of great wealth and thus power. I admired the self-discipline that was conveyed in his bearing, the wisdom and confidence with which he spoke. Here with a belated, personal thanks to him!

1992

These are the two words most frequently expressed, words as simple and as they are sincere:

Thank you, Professor Beitz, for your vision, your inspiration, your support – and for the generous hospitality you and your colleagues have extended to **the thousand-faced KRUPP INTERN** at large in Germany.

— *Dr. Karen Kramer, on behalf of **THE KRUPP INTERN** and Stanford University*

**KRUPP INTERNSHIP PROGRAM
FOR STANFORD STUDENTS IN GERMANY**

MILESTONES

1981 – 1982

A pilot project designed to locate internships for Stanford students of engineering and the natural sciences studying at Stanford-in-Berlin is conducted under the auspices of the Deutsche Akademische Austauschdienst (DAAD).

1982 – 1983

The successful pilot project is adopted by the Alfried Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach-Stiftung of Essen, Germany, as the **Krupp Internship Program for Stanford Students in Germany**. In subsequent years the Program is expanded to include students of all academic disciplines.

1990 – 1991

The program places the first interns in eastern Germany – in Berlin (Deutscher Fernsehfunk, WEMEX Werkzeugmaschinenhandel GmbH), Brieselang (Gemeindeverwaltung), Dresden (Alternative Fraktion), and Meissen (Europa-Zentrum Meissen e.V.).

1993 – 1994

The program is further expanded, allowing students with tight academic schedules to do Krupp Internships during the summer.

1996

The 500th Krupp Intern is placed: Victoria Jew (Materials Science & Engineering) at the Fraunhofer Institute for Biomedical Engineering (IBMT) in St. Ingbert.

2005

First edition of the annual electronic newsletter “Briefe aus Berlin.”

2006

The Curatorium of the Krupp Foundation approves renewal of the grant to secure the Program through its 30th year.

2011

Placement of the 1000th Krupp Intern, Molly Bauer (Museum Folkwang, Essen), celebrated with alumni of the Program at the annual Internship Seminar at Villa Hügel in Essen.

2012

30th anniversary of the Program is celebrated at Villa Hügel, hosted by Prof. Dr. Berthold Beitz, Chairman of the Board of the Alfried Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach-Stiftung who initiated the Program in 1982, Stanford University President emeritus Prof. Dr. Gerhard Casper, and Director of the Bing Overseas Studies Program, Prof. Dr. Robert Sinclair.

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Dr. Karen Kramer, Stanford University
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