

WEDNESDAY, 8th APRIL.

I slept so well, in fact, that I missed the bus to Corinth. When I woke the sun was shining in a blue sky, and it promised to be another roasting day - perhaps the natives will even take their overcoats off. It was a few minutes after 0930 when I reached the bus station, and the bus appeared to have left on time. There was not another till 1130, so I walked down to the station and booked a seat on the 1010 rail-car, which arrived at the same time as the 0930 bus. The seat was reserved, and it was a few minutes till the train was due in, so I went out to the nearest shops and bought a loaf of new bread and four oranges which served very well for breakfast and lunch, and, as it turned out, dinner as well. The rail-car was like the one at Salonika, new and very comfortably upholstered; it throbbed and pulsated like a mighty dynamo as it stood in the station, but made a very fast get-away right on time. The seat was all wrong - facing backwards and on the side away from the sea, with the sun coming in the window - but I could see all round fairly well.

We ran through yards and streets made of mud, with typical yellow houses, just a little delapidated, and busy factories belching out smoke. The hills were great black blocks against the sun; on either side of us there was a flat green plain, with enormous numbers of olive trees, corn about 18 inches high, and some arable ground which showed normal coloured earth at first but which soon changed to the usual red. A lot of houses are built on the plain, mostly in clumps. The hills rise sheer and gaunt, rounded but big lumps; then exactly the same type appeared to the left, not quite so big but looking better because they were lit up by the sun, showing barren, treeless mounds of rock, not much outcropping but mostly like an alligator's hide, like those at the Syrian frontier, but with a few vertical volcanic pillars. We climb to get round them, turning to the west a little, and run between these two great barren shrub-covered blocks about two miles apart, with the valley very well cultivated except where hillocks of armour sweep over it - rock, shrub, rock, shrub, as far as the eye can see. Then we are over, and go down into a sweeping broad valley, shimmering green in the heat; the mountains round it are really steep. All the rivers were dry, and much of the land is irrigated from mechanical wells. We went down amid olives planted in the green fields of corn, very dense and stretching for miles; then the

blue, blue sea appeared at 1040 in the shape of a large and calm bay. Round about it many chimneys smoked, and many ships lay at anchor. All around, on all four sides are the great blue hills, with the sea of lighter blue in their midst. Amid the vast olive groves, which are themselves amid the corn, there are clumps of industrial yellow houses for the factories, and occasionally there was a lovely fruit blossom.

As we ran up the Bay of Salamis, the hills



closed in and dropped straight into the crystal-clear, calm, still, green water. No wonder Aristotle wanted to classify the marine life of the Aegean - I wouldn't mind doing that myself. At 1055 we were cutting along the side of the precipice, and the bay was like the view from Fort William. Whenever the hills relented a little, and allowed some flat space at their foot, there were thousands of olives; but normally they rose straight above us, devoid of all but shrubbery. Even where the ground is stoney there are olives, so bent that their leaning shadows are deceptive and you don't really know where the sun is. Across the narrow channel Salamis is sharply peaked, rising up sheer and brown and barren. The water was blue-green and clear as crystal. We had a whistle stop at 1115 at somewhere beginning with "Meg-" and ending with "-a"; unlike the advertisement for golf-balls, the middle doesn't matter very much. Then we went on along the cliff side, with the sea disappearing into haze which hid the little rock-islands which float like scones on the placid surface - just a little mound of rock, no green at all. The view to the front, reading clockwise from noon, is - the blue sky, the reddish-white hill-cliffs, a few green trees, the road, the railway, more rock to just the suspicion of a shore - a strip of sand - , the wonderful water, and over the bay the mightly jagged peaks of Salamis.

At 1130 the hills beside us were not quite so near - there is a fairly sharply sloping plain of about a mile from where they rise, still as steep and rugged, very like the Alps except of softer stone. Then at 1145 we came down to the shore, and lower foothills hid the mountains from us. Mighty hills rise all round the Isthmus - on this side there is a respite for about a mile, rather like a raised beach, and on the other a line of humped foothills. We had a short stop at the Isthmus station at 1155 - in full view of the eastern entrance - and then climbed steeply from sea-level into a humpy arid plateau, with a little ditch somewhere beside us. This we approached and crossed at 1200 - so steep that it staggers you, so deep that it frightens you as if the earth had suddenly opened beneath you, and so BLUE that it hits you like someone turning a corner with a radiant dress on. I missed the chance of a lifetime, because the sun was right above it and illuminated the cutting right to the bottom; but it was too late to get the camera out, and we were over in a second. Then we went down and away from it, through not very fertile but cultivated land, dry and dusty, into Corinth (Nouveau) at 1210 exactly. Across the bay there rose a sheer wall of rock, running out to sea, and in front the snow-covered 7795 foot head of Killini.

Corinth Station was like any country one - low, open, dusty, and asleep. I had the address of a man who was interested in the Scripture Gift Mission, but of all the impossible addresses his was "The Municipal Buildings". I tried the station-master, and when all else had failed rashly said "Hotel de Ville"; his face brightened - "Hotel?" - I got out before I was booked for a week. Wandering down the hot streets I saw a first-aid post, and thought that they at least would know what I wanted, or at least could direct me to the Post Office. At least they didn't treat me as a patient, but they weren't much help. After several other enquiries I gave up looking for Mr. Podromos Kozakites, and asked for the bus for Corinth (Ancien). I had a few minutes to fill in until 1300, so I bought some more oranges and eat them in bus; it was still stifling hot. It was the first time I have got in a bus and asked for the same place, but I mounted in Corinth and asked the conductor for Corinth, for the ruins lie at some distance from the modern town. A run of fifteen minutes brought us to Ancient Corinth, which I discovered to be the terminus.

CORINTH is an ancient city of Greece, situated on the Isthmus of Corinth and occupying an admirable position for commercial importance. It stands at the junction of land routes north and south and sea routes east and west. Its reputation, as might be expected in a great sea-port, was none too good on the moral side; the Greeks had a word to denote indulgence in the more abandoned forms of wantonness - "korinthiazesthai", "behaving as they do in Corinth". Disaster came to Corinth in 146 B.C.; by that time the Roman supremacy had been imposed on the Greek lands, and in an attempt to throw off the Roman yoke Corinth took the lead. The Roman vengeance was savage. The Roman general Mummius razed Corinth to the ground, and the site lay derelict for exactly a hundred years. Then in 46 B.C. Julius Caesar refounded Corinth with the status of a Roman colony, a little Rome planted in other lands amid a non-Roman population. Nineteen years after it was refounded, it became the capital city of the Roman province of Achaia, which comprised Greece south of Thessaly. As the city's fortunes returned, so did its ill repute; in gross immorality it was conspicuous for its depravity even amid the depraved cities of a dying heathenism. Far from acting as a check on this profligacy, religion there officially sanctioned it; on the summit of the Corinthian acropolis, the Acrocorinthus, stood a temple of Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love,



a hellenised form of the OT Ashtoreth; and there were others at the foot of it. The city nestled under the huge mass of its rocky citadel, which darkened alternately its double seas. The converse view completes the picture rather well, showing the Gulf of Corinth and the modern town on its shore, with the great background of hills; the canal can just be seen and no more. Here then is the double view: Corinth and the Acrocorinth from the coast, and the Gulf of Corinth and modern Corinth from the top of Acrocorinth.



Here Paul came from Athens, and spent two years of his busy life. I got off the bus and went through a gate which looks down to acres of well preserved ruins, with the main street leading still into the centre. Until 1858 modern Corinth was built on top of the Roman city, but those who survived the earthquake of that year decided to build a new town nearer the Gulf. This allowed the excavators to uncover

streets, temples, baths, fountains, public squares, a line of porticos, foundations of shops, an odeum, an amphitheatre, and the entire wall.



I wandered down the main street, around which are scattered fragments of the



Roman city, and saw the fountain of Pirene, now in a cave. Then you turn a right angle bend and see more of the ruins stretching off to the right. The most conspicuous sight is seven Doric columns, the remains of the peristyle of a temple, which stand up on the plateau. (The land rises from the sea in two terraces, and the ruins are below the plain.) Although Corinthian pillars can be found throughout the world, there are only Doric here. On the left are the shells of shops which used to carry the luxuries of the world, and which are now empty hoops. Here an American was directing excavation, and he pointed out to me the Bema, where Paul must have been tried, and in front of where the Jews rioted.



Since this has been uncovered it has been the subject of investigation by investigators, replacing a fragment of the synagogue in this respect. It is certain that the basilica in which the Roman proconsul, Gallio, held his court.

At the end of the ruins - there appears to be a recognised order for visiting them - is the museum, which shows the wealth of the decorations of the ancient city. Room after room was filled with statues and fragments of vases pieced together, and they were fitting up more as fast as they could. The Roman town is believed to have covered six miles, and the site could be developed a lot more yet. I wandered back instead of going out into the road by the museum, and re-looked at the wealth of antiquities lying in the few acres available. Somehow it kept reminding me of Ephesus, a sister city in many senses, but always Acrocorinth made it unique. The mountain dominates the town; it rises so sheer that a few soldiers can guard it - I could see the fortifications and the ruins of the Temple on top. It goes abruptly up for 2000 feet, and the top is as rugged as the sides are bleak and scored and fretted. From the top, they say, is a view which justifies the climb. A sea is on either hand, and to the east can be seen the corresponding Acropolis of Athens, forty-five miles away, while to the west Parnassus towers above Delphi, its immense flanks and peak lifting themselves behind the high ravines. When the sea was dotted with the sails of a thousand galleys from Egypt, Asia, Italy and Spain, the "bridge of the sea" must have been a remarkable sight.

The 1500 bus back to Nouveau Corinth, as it seemed to be known, left sufficient time to walk to the canal before the railcar left for Athens. The dusty road followed the shore, white with some kind of powdered clay and baked in the sun; there is not much vegetation beside it, and the houses are built of soft mud bricks which absorb the frequent earthquake shocks better than stones, but the reward for having the courage to live in an area which may at any moment begin to shiver is to have the view of the mighty blue mountains rising all round the Gulf, and the paradise of clear green water near the shore deepening into the dark blue of the spring sky. Half an hour's walk brought me to the Western Entrance to the Canal, a broad stretch leading to the narrow



neck of land through which is cut the Corinth Canal. It was all so blue, under the blue sky, and looked most inviting; but when I went down to the shore and paddled I found that it was like ice - probably in contrast with the air temperature. In most of the fields there was a little well, and when I came to one which had a bucket attached, and near which there was a native,



I indicated in best international sign language that I should like to draw some and have a drink. He replied by washing his hands vigorously and drawing his hand across his throat, which was an eloquent enough reply; I thought that he might have given a more positive answer by telling me where there was drinking water, but perhaps that was beyond the scope of elementary sign language. I walked along the shore, which is backed by a low ridge of rocks of volcanic appearance, and was back at the station at 1625. The rail-car arrived at 1635, and I got a seat on the right-hand side, facing. The run back along the coasts was beautiful, though extremely hot, and as we crossed the canal I was prepared for a picture. The canal, which was thought of by Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, begun by Nero, but not completed until 1893, is $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles long, 25 yards wide, and 170 feet deep from the top to the water, with a 26 foot draught. The bridge in the foreground is for the road, and is just about the middle; the canal runs as straight as a knife through the miles of grey clay which used to join the Peloponnesus to Attica. Then we went along the exquisite bay with its olive trees no longer casting pools of shade on the burning rock but now mellowed by the setting sun, and the view across the still water was much clearer; it was just as beautiful as Trieste, and not unlike it. We were into the station by which we left at 1835, and I dashed back to the hotel to meet the Greek journalist whom I, expecting to have travelled by bus, had arranged to meet at 1830 if he could make it; either he couldn't, or else he had come and gone, but I never heard from him. In my room I cooked some noodle soup - bought in London for immediate consumption - and eat it as macaroni; then I washed, both myself and my clothes, and was in bed by 2000. I slept well and long, although it was oppressively hot and all the windows were wide open; it is an ill wind that blows nobody good - though there wasn't a breath of air that night - and all my washing was dry in a few hours, even though I wouldn't have minded a slight drop in the temperature.

THURSDAY, 9th APRIL.

I awoke about 0700, and was glad to see that it was cloudy, even though that would spoil the visibility from the plane. All round, the day started well; hot water came out of the tap, everything I had to put on was dry, and all my junk went into my case without undue persuasion. I left the Hotel Central at 0900, and carried my bag round to the BEA office, picking up some letters at the American Express on the way; there should have been four, but two, after arriving late and lying around, reached us in July. Then I wrote some post-cards in the G.P.O., and set off to finish my sight-seeing of Athens. Breakfast was better than usual - there was cheeze in the rolls this morning. Despite the clouds it was still far too hot. I went down through the markets where the usual mixture of dear and spurious was on sale - oriental silks, woollens, and antiques of all kinds. Then into the bazaars, where the smiths of various crafts ply their trades in their little open workshops; there was the street of the tailors, shoemakers, and many types of ironworkers. Days could be spent and a tremendous lot learned by watching these open-air workshops.

After looking in to the Church beside the Roman Agora (Market-place), I went past the Tower of the Winds. The agora's main attraction is four slender Doric columns, 26 feet high, which support a massive architrave erected in the year dot, that is when B.C. changed to A.D. The Tower is earlier, being a well-preserved octagonal marble edifice of the first century B.C., more accurately a Horologion of Andronikos of Kyrrhos. On the upper spaces of the eight walls, which are turned towards the different points of the compass, are reliefs representing the various winds, and below the lines of the sundials. I went on to the Greek Agora, and there had a meal of meat and peas in one of the many local eating-houses - the usual large room, open kitchen, marble-topped tables, and water tap. I just had time to take a look at the Theseum, the best preserved of all the Greek monuments, before going back through the markets to the B.E.A. office. There was an official bus waiting - one of these things which starts as a single decker and ends up as a double - and I went up to the back; I have never ridden a camel, but that bus was a pretty good substitute. There were some Americans who had a friend at New College, and I collected yet another address to look up. We rolled along the coast, past a lovely promenade where boys were bathing, and were soon at the airport.



We hung around the waiting room for a bit, as there was over an hour to fill in, and during that I recognised the large man beside me as the Mr. Sylvester Smith who had preached at the Garden Tomb on Sunday. I spoke to him, and he took me over to meet his party; they seemed suspicious of strangers, and asked frigidly whether I was "one of them" - presumably the Church of the Nazarenes. He replied that I wasn't, but that I was "all right"; I wasn't very keen on all this, but in any case they departed a few minutes later for New York - TWA. I went out and watched the continual stream of arrivals and departures - BEA, LAI, TWA, Air France, MATS, and Greek military. As soon as the runway was clear of one, another came in; it was a most fascinating and cosmopolitan collection - from Istanbul, Palestine, Persia, Egypt, Rome, Cyprus, and so on - the whole world seemed to be unrolled in front of us. At last our plane was mobilised; after an hour's wait, a harrassed stewardess*shepherded us quickly through the customs and passport offices. Outside the departure office, in the sun on the tarmac, we waited another half-hour while the queue of departing passengers dwindled in front, and grew behind. At 1330 a Viking called "Lord Bridport" rolled up, and we piled in; at 1340 we shook off the dust of Greece.

We turned quickly over Athens, and headed

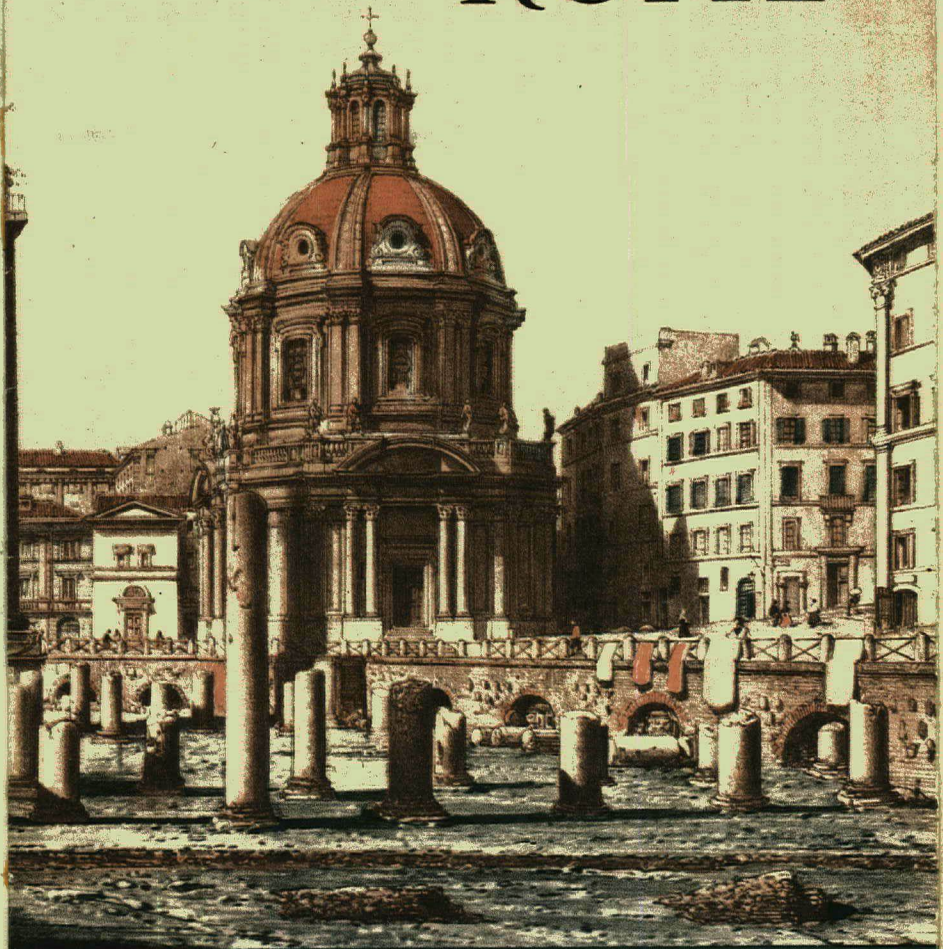


BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS "VIKING" CLASS AEROPLANE



from Athens to Corinth. We went right over the south side of the bay of Salamis, and straight along the canal; we kept just off the south shore of the Gulf of Corinth, and the Peloponnesus lay like a relief map below. The hills stood sharp and wooded, with gentle valleys, and the shore red and green. The blue sea was fringed with green, and the rivers were lines of mud, disgorging clay which tints the water away to the west. We could see a long way, despite the mist. The hills are very wild and independent, often snow-covered, and the valleys between quite cut off; what a lesson in Greek history lay beneath us! We crossed the land for a few seconds at Patras - a small town at the foot of a six thousand foot peak - and then went round the coast with Kephallenia, surprisingly big and high for an island, to the left. Across the corridor and out the other window I could see the snakey bends of the river Akheloo, and the flat coast around it. Then we passed between Kephallenia and Levkas at 1440, and set out across the Ionian Sea, which the ancients by tradition tried to fly in vain. We, instead of melting and falling in, kept up a steady 200 mph through the air (185 over the ground) at 4500 feet - according to the Flight Bulletin. It said that at 2:20 we passed Patras on the left, and that we were then 120 miles from Athens; we passed Levkas Island one mile to the right. The sea was smooth, with just odd flakes of white, but our attention was diverted from it by the steward, Mr. Kerr, bringing an excellent lunch; it would have been better if the cabin temperature had not hung around 80° so steadily. By the time the meal was cleared, and the temperature had dropped to 70, we were in and out of cloud patches; we crossed the shore in the Gulf of Taranto at 1550, and had a pleasant geography lesson, when the cloud permitted, all the way up Italy. At 1620 we dropped quickly and quietly into the Eternal City.

ROME



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TOUR N° 1: ANCIENT ROME

MORNING DRIVE - DEPARTURES FROM HOTELS BEGINNING AT 9 A. M.
RETURN TO THE HOTELS AT ABOUT 12.30 NOON

ITINERARY

Via V. Veneto, Via Bissolati, Piazza S. Bernardo, Fountain of Moses, Via XX Settembre, Four Seasons Fountains, **Quirinal Palace** (short stop), Statues and Fountain of Horse Tamers, Via della Consulta, Via dei Serpenti, Via degli Annibaldi, **St. Peter in Chains** with the famous statue of Moses by Michael Angel (visit), **Colosseum** (visit), Temple of Venus, Constantine Arch, Via San Gregorio Magno, Piazza Circo Massimo, Axum Column, the Archaeological Walks, Baths of Caracalla, the Old Appian Way, Tomb of Scipio, Colombarium, Arch of Drusus, St. Sebastian's Gate, Chapel of Domine Quo Vadis, Tombs of Priscilla and Geta, **Catacombs of St. Calixtus** (visit), St. Sebastian Basilica, Tomb of Caecilia Metella, Circus Maximus, Piazzale Romolo e Remo, Aventine Hill, Palatine Hill, Palaces of the Cesars, Bocca della Verità, Santa Maria in Cosmedin, Arch of Janus, Temple of Vesta, Temple of Fortuna Virilis, House of Rienzi, Via del Mare, Theatre of Marcellus, Tarpeian Rocks, Via della Consolazione, **Roman Forum** (stop and view of the principal monuments: Arch of Titus, Via Sacra, Constantine Basilica, Temple of Romulus etc.), Forum of Cesar, Via dei Fori Imperiali, Forum of Augustus, Forum of Nerva, Basilica of Maxentius, Trajan Markets, Forum of Trajan, Via S. Pietro in Carcere, the **Capitol** (short stop), equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, Palace of the Conservators, Via delle 3 Pile, Ara Coeli, Piazza and Church of the Gesù, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Largo Argentina, Temples of the Republican Era, Via de' Cestari, **Pantheon** (visit), Piazza Montecitorio, Parliament House, Piazza Colonna, Marcus Aurelius Column, Chigi Palace, Corso, Via del Tritone, Piazza Barberini, Fountain of the Tritone, Via V. Veneto.



TOUR N° 2: CHRISTIAN AND MODERN ROME

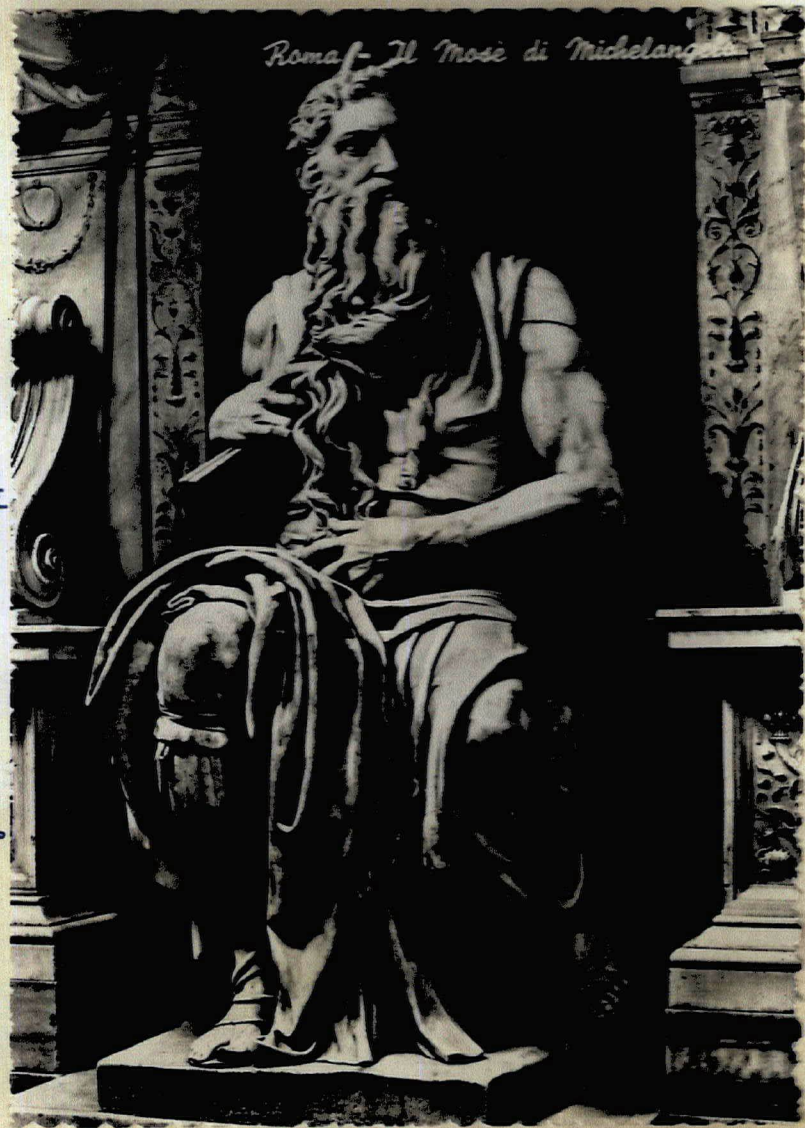
AFTERNOON DRIVE - DEPARTURES FROM HOTELS BEGINNING AT 2 P. M.
RETURN TO THE HOTELS AT ABOUT 5.45 P. M.

ITINERARY

Via V. Veneto, Via Ludovisi, Via F. Crispi, Via Due Macelli, **Piazza di Spagna** (short stop), Fountain of the Barcaccia, Via del Babuino, **Piazza del Popolo** (short stop), Via Ferdinando di Savoia, Ponte Margherita, Piazza della Libertà, Lungotevere dei Mellini, Palace of Justice, Lungotevere Castello, Castel S. Angelo, Via della Conciliazione, St. Peter's Square, Bernini's colonnade, **Basilica of St. Peter** (visit to the world's largest Temple of Christianity), Borgo S. Spirito, Via dei Penitenzieri, Via del Gianicolo, **Janiculum Hill** (stop at the Lighthouse to admire the best panoramic view of the Eternal City), Monuments of Giuseppe and Anita Garibaldi, Villa Corsini, Paola Fountain, Viale Trastevere, Lungotevere Anguillara, St. Bartholomew's Island on the Tiber, Palatine Bridge, Aventine, Journalists Village, Via S. Saba, Viale Giotto, view from above of Caracalla's Baths and the famous open air Opera Theatre, Viale Antoniniana, Piazza Numa Pompilio, Via Druso, Porta Metronia, Via dell'Amba Aradam, **Basilica of St. John Lateran** (visit), the Holy Stairs, Baptistry, Via Merulana, **Basilica of St. Mary Major** (visit), Via Goberti, Termini Station, Piazza Esedra, Fountain of the Naiads, Baths of Diocletian, Basilica of St. Mary of the Angels, Via Nazionale, Palace of Exhibitions, Tunnel, Bank of Italy, Via IV Novembre, **Piazza Venezia** (short stop), Monument to Victor Emanuel II, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Colonna Palace, Piazza and Church of SS. Apostoli, Piazza della Pilotta, Via de' Lucchesi, **Trevi Fountain** (short stop), Via della Stamperia, Via del Tritone, Via Sistina, Trinità dei Monti, Villa Medici, **Pincio** (stop to see the beautiful view over Rome and the sunset from the terrace), Villa Borghese Park, Aurelian Walls, Porta Pinciana, Via V. Veneto.

FARES PER PERSON (including transportation, guide and entrance fees): **HALF DAY: Lire 1.500 - FULL DAY: Lire 2.700**

ADVANTAGES OF THESE TOURS: { 1) Saving of over 30% on the usual two-day tours
2) Time saved for other excursions, for shopping or leisure.

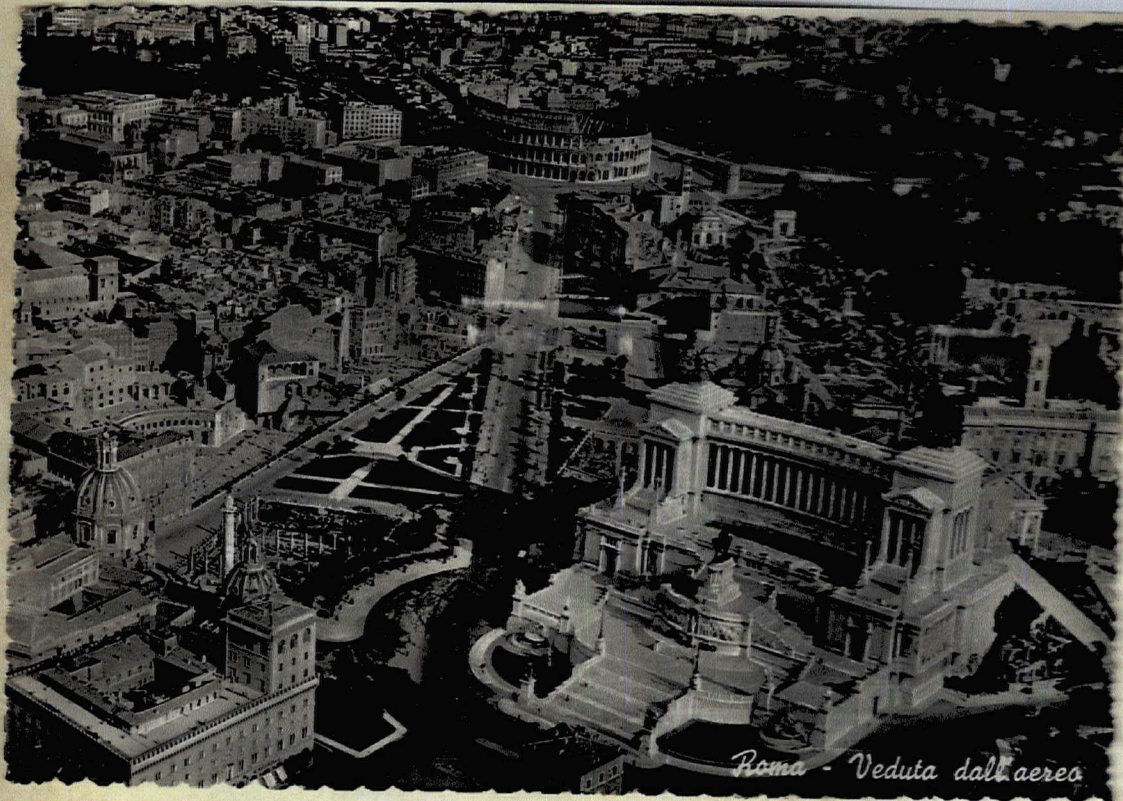


The Statue of Moses
by Michaelangelo
His "signature" appears
on Moses beard.

Annoyed that the
realistic statue
would not talk
to him, Michaelangelo
threw his hammer
at it and chipped
the right knee.

I thought that the
statue must be a
copy, and then I
remembered where I had seen it before:-↓





THE COLOSSEUM

The most grandiose monument in all Rome is the Colosseum, so called because of its huge size. Construction was started by the Emperor Vespasian in 72 a.d. and lasted 15 years. About 40,000 slaves worked continuously for over 6,000 days and when the work was completed it was celebrated with feasting which lasted a hundred days. This theatre was the scene of the battles of the gladiators: like our boxing-matches, only the fight took place not between individuals but between two opposing teams of armed men, and those who were beaten were invariably killed.

Each time a gladiator was forced to the ground, the Emperor in his box raised his fist: if he turned it up, then the gladiator's life was spared. Later on the Colosseum became famous for the martyrdom of the Christians who were devoured by the wild beasts, which were kept for this purpose in subterranean rooms and passages underneath the Circus. 80,000 Christians, men, women, and

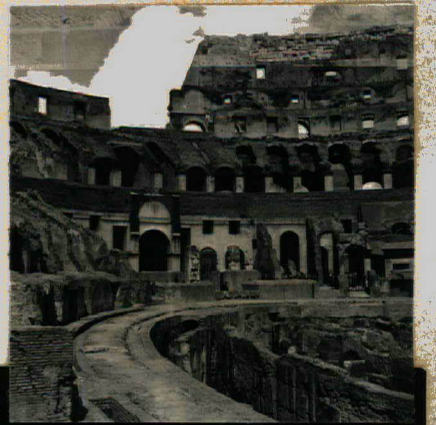
children suffered this terrible fate beneath the eyes of the crowd which thronged the circus.

For five centuries it was used as an open air theatre, as an arena for battles between men and beasts and for many other uses. One Pope decided to pull it down and drive a road through, but somehow or other this was never done; another Pope wanted to transform it into a model wool factory with work rooms and two room flats for the workers. This undertaking would have given work to 8,000 wool spinners, but the death of the Pope prevented it being carried out. All the holes in the walls on the outside of the building have been made in order to extract the lead and metal fixtures which connected each stone to its neighbour. The ruins of one side of the Colosseum are due partly to the breach which was made during one of the many battles for Rome, when a party of troops who were holding the Colosseum were attacked from outside; and in part they are due to earthquakes and to the Romans themselves who have used the Colosseum stones to build those wonderful villas you see all over the place.





(S.M.) ROMA - COLOSSEO - INTERNO



Roma di notte - Il Colosseo

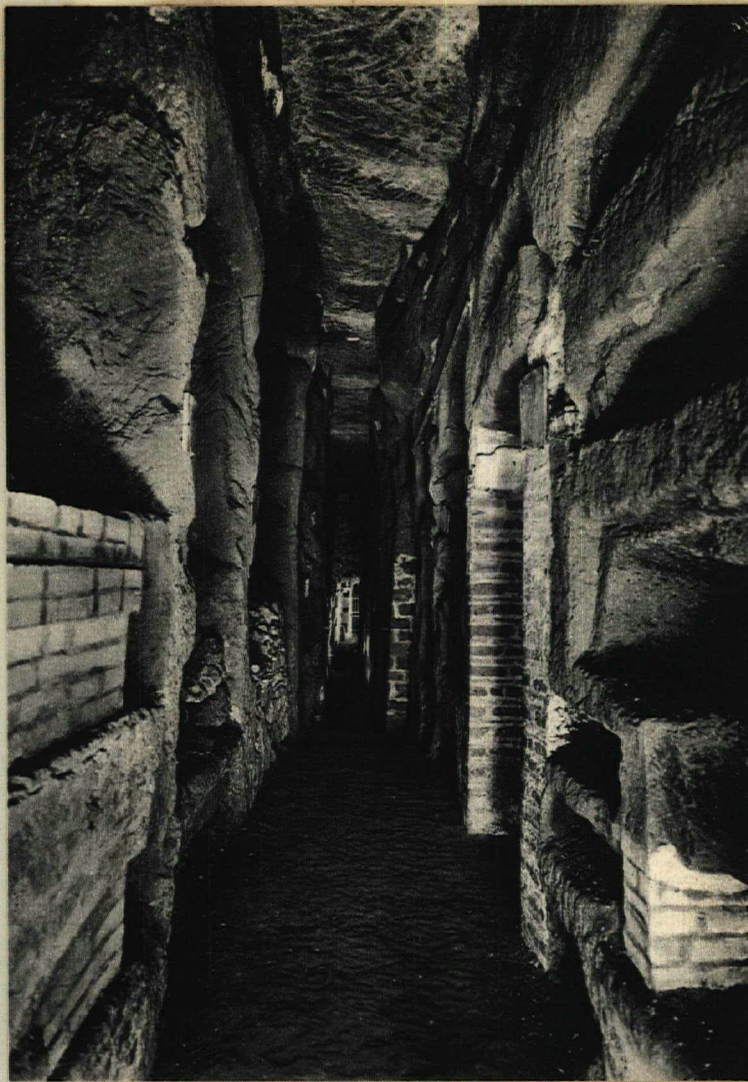


The Catacombs of
St. Callisto.

The wall of the Crypt
of Saint Cecilia, with
pictures of the saint
and of the Redeemer.



"The Crypt of the
Pope" - 3rd. Century.



THE CATACOMBS

This is the name given to the Christian cemeteries dug deep underground where the first christians gathered secretly to hide from persecution, to listen to the sermons of their teachers and to pray. It was here that they were buried, near the tombs of the martyrs whose bodies were rescued at night from the cross and from instruments of torture and taken secretly to the Catacombs where they were buried and venerated by the faithful. Later many of the bodies of the saints and martyrs were removed from the Catacombs and installed in chapels and basilicas. In one single church in Rome there are to be found the relics of 2,300 martyrs, which were taken from the Catacombs. The Catacombs were real subterranean cities, dug thirty to thirty-five meters underground on three or four separate stories. There was a close network of very narrow passages, or « streets », and galleries onto which opened burial rooms

or cells, each built to contain one body stretched horizontally. It is impossible to calculate how vast the Catacombs are and how far this mysterious subterranean city stretches: But you get an idea when you think that even nowadays it sometimes happens in a quarter of the town quite distant from the Catacombs, that the building of a house has to be stopped because it is found that the foundations are directly above one of the infinite networks of tunnels which honeycomb the rock upon which Rome is built.

It wasn't only to pray that the christians gathered in the Catacombs. Sometimes they met to consume meals known as « funeral banquets ». Archeologists and students who foolishly wandered too far down the tunnels have sometimes got lost and never returned; once a whole party of young priests got lost and was never found in spite of the search parties which were organized. For this reason only part of the Catacombs is open to visitors and it is advisable never to go without a guide.



The Pillars
which mark
the Roman
Courts of
Justice.



THE ROMAN FORUM

The Forum was the center of Rome's city life. For twelve centuries the Forum was the scene of all the major events, civil and political, in Rome's history.

The imposing remains of columns, archways, temples, palaces, basilicas, altars, colonnades are still to be seen. Along the Via Sacra, or Holy Way, which crosses it, there were once the statues of the Emperors, some of them of gold. In the course of excavations carried out throughout the centuries some of the statues have been found. The remains of the Casa delle Vestali, the dwelling place of the Vestal Virgins, are still imposing. These priestesses had two missions in life: to remain chaste all their lives, and to keep the sacred fire, which was kept in a special vase, perpetually alight. Should a Vestal let the fire go out, she was dragged naked to a dark corner of the palace and whipped until she bled. And this was nothing compared to the punishment reserved for her if she yielded to the temptation of love. In this case she was led in a procession across the Forum and taken to a cave where she was buried alive. To make up for this, the Vestals, who became priestesses at the age of ten, had many privileges: they were kept by the people, they had a guard of honour like the most important citizens, they had a chariot at their disposal on feast days, and a seat in the first row at the theaters and circus and, finally, they had the right to grant a free pardon to those who had been condemned to death.

A description of the Palace of the Emperors which looks down on the Forum would take up too much space: imagine a palace in a fairy story with water spouting from a hundred fountains on to multicoloured marble; with walls and ceilings covered with the most wonderful paintings. The palace contained even a stadium. You may think that all these Emperors were mad and, without offending their memory,

it is true to say that of 103, 73 died violently, murdered.

But to be fair, we must admit that some of them were quite honest and democratic. The greatest of all, Augustus, used to go out walking alone dressed quite humbly in a cloak made at home by his daughter. He went and voted like any other citizen, bathed at the public baths, spent evenings at the homes of friends who were relatively poor, and liked to go about with old soldiers who had once fought under him. In fact he was a very good and a very fine man.

Other very well preserved relics of the Forum are the Triumphal Archways under which the Emperors used to pass after having conquered their enemies. During the last centuries of the Empire the Triumph became a very spectacular ceremony. The procession passed in this order: first came a number of elephants, hundreds of tame wild beasts and tigers in chains. The Emperor rode on a chariot of gold and ivory, drawn by white horses or even by stags. Then came the gladiators and the conquered Kings, loaded with chains, then groups of men representing each of the conquered people, and a host of illustrious personages and brave warriors. The Emperor's greatest pride was to have a conquered king, or even a conquered queen to show. Cleopatra, as you know, preferred to kill herself; but another queen accepted this dishonour she was called Zenobia and was queen of Palmyra, a state situated more or less where Iran is now. She was beautiful, courageous and chaste. In war she rode at the head of her troops, and had made up her mind to conquer Rome — a very mad thing to think of in those days. Naturally, she finished as one of the attractions in a Roman triumph, but she made a great hit: she was so loaded with jewels that she could hardly walk and the chains on her wrists were made of gold. Once the Triumph was ended, the Emperor granted her life and set aside a villa with a garden where the queen lived quite peacefully with her children.





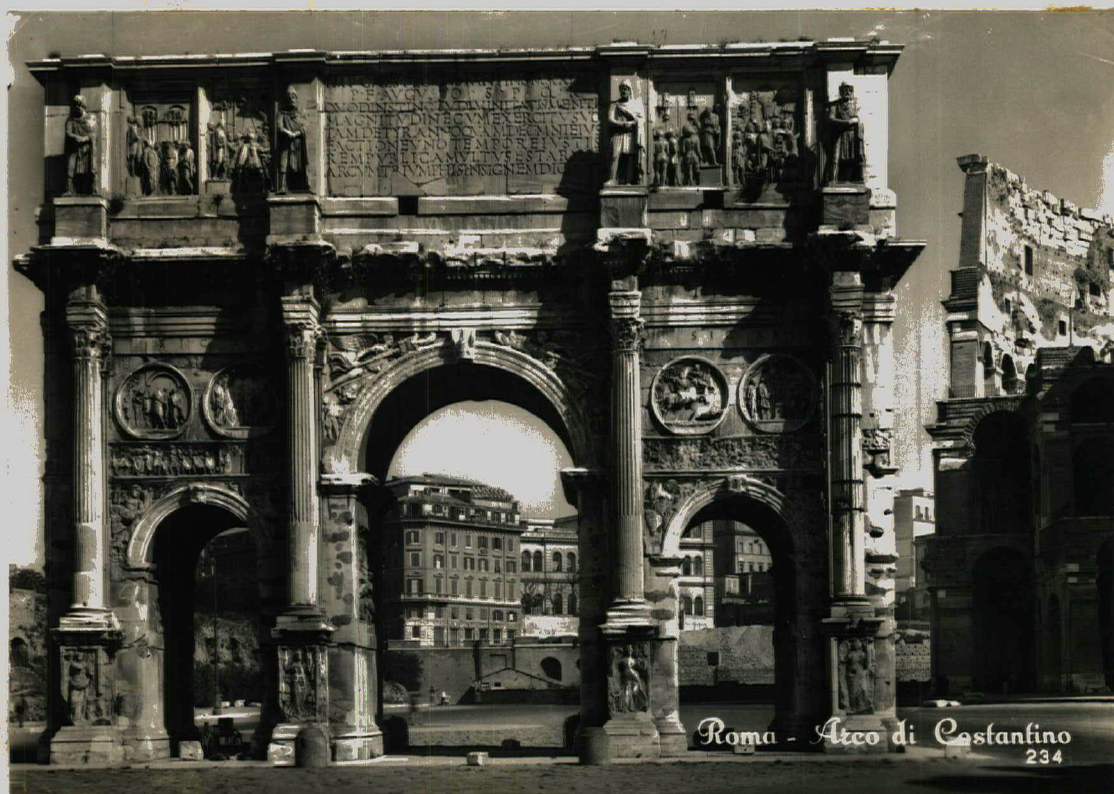
Roma - Il Pantheon

THE PANTHEON

It is a real miracle if the Pantheon is still standing. It is the best preserved temple in Rome, but a century and a half ago the French, who had conquered Rome, after taking away a large quantity of statues and works of art, decided to pull down the Pantheon piece by piece, carry it all to France and have it rebuilt in Paris. Only chance prevented this from being done. And so the temple is still standing, although it has been hit eight times by lightning, although in the past whole walls were torn down, as usual to build other palaces, and although all its metal fixtures were removed.

The cupula is the largest and the most perfect in Rome and was covered on the outside with sheets of gilded copper which, unfortunately but quite naturally, were stolen

little by little. Its proportions are so perfect that the diameter of the cupula is exactly the same as its height above the ground: 43 and a half metres. Its circular shape has interested not only students of architecture but also speculators and business men who, at one stage, wanted to hire it and introduce the unknown sport of cock fighting to Rome. In the Pantheon are buried the Kings of the house of Savoy; veterans and war invalids mount guard over the tombs. Raphael too, the greatest painter in history, is buried there. He was extraordinarily handsome and died very young. On the day of his funeral the coffin was carried by eight princes and was preceded by his last, unfinished painting; the street was transformed into a huge carpet of roses. Women high and low, heavily veiled, came to weep on the tomb of the great and beautiful artist, for whom all Rome went into mourning.



Roma - Arco di Costantino
234



S A I N T P E T E R ' S

The Piazza San Pietro is the greatest and most majestic work of architecture ever created. It is enclosed at either end by two semicircular fourfold colonnades, containing 284 columns and 88 pillars.

The semicircles are so perfectly designed that if you stand in the center of the square on a spot marked by two circular stones set in the pavement, you can see all the columns in perfect alignment: in other words only one of the four columns in each of the fourfold colonnades is visible. In the center of the square there is an obelisk over 15 centuries old. To raise the obelisk they had to invent a special machine. In those days it was an unbelievably difficult job. When it came to the extremely delicate operation of lifting the obelisk, the Pope, fearing that the shouts or movements of the crowd might disturb the engineers and workmen, gave orders that anyone who disturbed the operation with so much as a word, should be punished in exemplary fashion. Suddenly, in the middle of the operation, the ropes by means of which the obelisk was being raised, began to show signs of breaking, owing to the extreme friction. One of the onlookers understanding the danger and in spite of the order given cried out « Water the ropes! » This was immediately done and the obelisk was triumphantly raised. The man, who was afraid he would have to pay for this disobedience with his life, was instead rewarded by the Pope who appointed him and his heirs authorized sellers of the sprigs of olive which are distributed to the faithful at Easter time. In this way he earned much more than if he had been given a large sum of money as a reward.

On entering the church everything is on such a grandiose scale that even the sense of normal proportion is lost. For

instance, stand some way away and look at one of the holy water bowls held up by angels: how large do you think the angel is? You'll probably think its natural size. But if you go up and look at it closely you'll find that you are dwarfs by comparison to the angels. The « Basilica » itself is 186 metres long and 152 wide. It occupies a surface of 15,160 sq metres. You can count up to 392 statues and 748 columns of precious marble. Emperors were crowned, kings and princes were baptized in this church.

The bronze statue of Saint Peter is surmounted by a canopy. If you look closely at the foot of the statue you will find that it is worn away by the lips of millions of faithful who have stooped to kiss it. In a niche in the Cappella della Pietà (Chapel of Piety) you will find the holy « column of the possessed » (la Colonna degli Spiritati). Those who were possessed with devils used to be tied to this column which was supposed to possess remarkable powers of healing. The column was taken from the temple of Jerusalem. Jesus is said to have leant on it when he spoke to the people. That is why it is supposed to possess the power of casting out devils.

The cupula was designed by Michelangelo. It has a diameter of 42 meters and is 124 meters high. There are lifts and stairways which will take you right up to the top where you can stand inside the sphere on top of the cupula. 16 people can stand together in the sphere. The view of Rome from the top of Saint Peter's is really magnificent. Even if the climb leaves you panting you won't regret it. Emperors, empresses, kings and princes have made the climb before you so you will be in good company. Their names are recorded in stone plaques on the wall. Before the war, once a year on the 29th June, the whole dome was lit up by thousands of torches, placed there with great labour and risk by a gang of specialised workmen.

In the days of Nero, Christians were martyred on this site, then the Circus of Caligula. The original wood-roofed St. Peter's stood for 1,200 years. The new one was begun in 1506 by Pope Julius II. Construction required 120 years. Michelangelo began his labours at the age of 71.



Città del Vaticano - Piazza S. Pietro - La Basilica



"The Thirty-nine Steps."



The Triumphal Arch of Titus, erected on his return from sacking Jerusalem.

CASTEL SANT'ANGELO

Was built by the Emperor Hadrian as a tomb for himself and for his family and later became a fortress, then a prison. As a fortress it played a particularly important part in the history of Rome, because the master of the castle was inevitably master of the town. During the frequent sieges of Rome, the Popes sought refuge in the castle together with their court and their treasure. In one of the halls you may see a chest, in which used to be kept a treasure worth — nowadays — about 75 million dollars. The castle was joined to Saint Peters by a strongly built and walled in passage — so that the Pope could escape to the castle from Saint Peters when he was attacked. The cannons on the castle dominated the plain and that part of the town which lies on the other side of the Tiber.

But the castle is even more famous — or infamous — as a prison. Prisoners, once they had entered, never retur-

ned. They disappeared through trap doors which opened suddenly in the floors, or languished in cells with no doors but only a tiny opening in the ceiling through which they were thrown in; or else they were hung from the battlements of the castle. The bodies ended up in the Tiber. Only one prisoner ever succeeded in escaping, and that was Benvenuto Cellini the famous artist whose escape reads like the pages of an adventure story.

During a plague which killed off thousands of people in Rome, an angel appeared miraculously on the summit of the tower brandishing a flaming sword. The angel replaced the sword in its sheath and this was a sign that the plague was ended. To commemorate this event a statue was erected to the angel in the place where he appeared and the castle takes its name from this miraculous event.

The castle is joined to the other bank of the Tiber by a bridge decorated with statues. But on the site of this bridge there was once another one with a roof held up by forty-two wonderful columns.





" O Tiber, Father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray "

Traditionally yellow because
of the sand brought down.



CONCLUSION AND GOODBYE

What we have told you about Rome is only an infinitely small part of its immense history, and what we have shown you merely a fraction of its beauty. We would like it to be just a brief conversation between friends such as you might indulge in during a rapid tour of the city. But you have a proverb: « When in Rome do as Romans do ». Believe me, the Romans, all except the learned, the studious, and the artists, don't know Rome any better than you do now. But they love the very stones of which it is made, they love its universality, its eternity; its calm way of life which throughout

the ages has united citizens of all the world. A writer 1800 years ago said that to live happily in Rome one should:

Never be in a hurry;
Eat well;
Wear short dresses;
Never drink things too cold;
Choose beautiful women and fresh fruit;
And... take a laxative every eight days.

And now, friends, goodbye and, if you threw a coin into the Trevi fountain, « until we meet again » or « arrivederci » as we say!



Rome to
Munich.

The Scenery on the
 way up the Brenner
 Pass from the South.





The Scenery going up the Brenner Pass



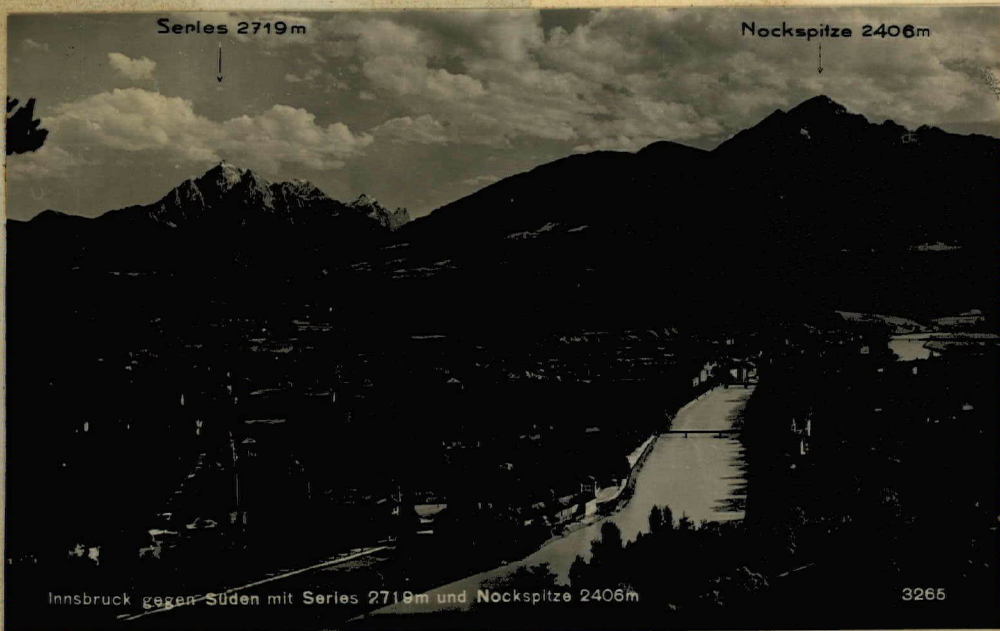
..... still going up

..... the TOP



.....and coming down the Austrian side.





INNSBRUCK



H A N D R E C E I P T

1 ² BLANKET (2) DATE IN 11-4-53
 2 ² SHEET DATE OUT 12-4-53
 3 ¹ PILLOW ROOM 4
 4 ¹ P/CASE

..... IAN BALFOUR
 FULL NAME PRINTED

..... Jan Es. Balfo-
 SIGNATURE
 The
 RANK
 22513573
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 APO

"Tourist, One, Bed for the use of"
 The Quartermaster's "Visitors' Book" at Neubiberg Air Base.

The Political Divisions of West Germany





The Danube at Ulm.



The annotated time-table supplied on the train.

D 367 2. 3. bis Köln 1. 2. 3.	München - Stuttgart - Köln - Münster (Westf) x
	mit Kurswagen 3. München - Bruxelles 1. 2. Venezia - Bruxelles 1. 2. 3. Merano - Hoek van Holland 1. 2. 3. Wien - Paris Est 1. 2. Wien - Stuttgart

What it feels like to sign away one's last penny.

Zweigniederlassung: **München**
Wechselstube: München Hauptbahnhof



Deutsche Verkehrs-Kredit-Bank
Aktiengesellschaft

Kauft am	öS	£	ffrs.	sfrs.	div.	Kurs	Kurswert	-% Gebühr	DM-Betrag
11						9/11			2.10

Deutsche Verkehrs-Kredit-Bank

Aktiengesellschaft

Zweigniederlassung München
Wechselstube München Hbf.

Name:
 Anschrift:
 Reisepass: (Ort u. Nr.)



Schlenburg, alte Wasserburg bei Osnabrück

Photo: Lichtenberg

Wir wünschen Ihnen eine angenehme Reise!

Dieser „D-Zug-Begleiter“ informiert Sie auf den nachfolgenden Seiten über die amtlichen Fahrzeiten mit den Anschlußmöglichkeiten dieses Schnell-Zuges.



5. DEUTSCHE HANDWERKSMESSE
MÜNCHEN · vom 9. bis 19. APRIL 1953
 Größte Handwerksmesse Europas · Über 600 Warengruppen
 55 Handwerkszweige · Aktuelle Sonderschauen u. a. Rationalisierung im Handwerk · Messezeit täglich von 9 bis 18 Uhr
 Straßenbahn und Taxiverbindung von München Hbf-Südbau

Ein Zeichen des guten Geschmacks



tapeziert wohnen
 Jeder Fachhändler ist Ihr Berater

BITTE MITNEHMEN!



14358





Wasserturm



Christuskirche
ERINNERUNG
an
Mannheim



Wasserturm und Friedrichsplatz



Planken



Plankenhof



Kurpfalzbrücke



Paradeplatz mit Kaufhaus



Friedrich-Ebert-Brücke



The Rhine Valley.

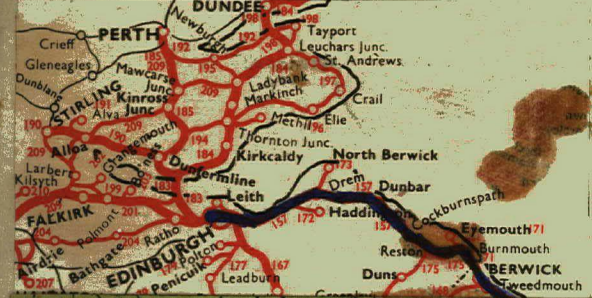
THE RHINE GORGE
from Mainz to Coblenz.



From the Drawbar.



Sunday 12th and Monday 13th April, 1953.



The Hook -
Harwich -
London -
Edinburgh.....



..... and so to bed.