

home that there is no happiness in the misuse of authority or the accumulation of great wealth. This should be taught before school begins; but, if for some reason children are slow of learning, it should be continued right into the school system. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are good; but no child should be permitted to graduate from grammar school who cannot prove, at least, that dishonesty never pays. With a good sound background the young person is equipped to become a parent and to take on the challenge of a life enriched by integrities and compassion.

Reading would help us if we read the right books. It is nice to give children the privilege of improving themselves in their own way, but in the early years of life it must be clearly established that license is not liberty. We cannot permit people to do just as they please, but through education they can learn to do just as they should. With a fair start and honesty and common sense the young people of today can be the benefactors of ages still unborn.



On Homer's Birthplace

Seven cities warr'd for Homer, being dead,
Who, living, had no roof to shroud his head.

—Thomas Heywood (about 1596-1640)

[From *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells* (1635).]

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

—Thomas Seward (d. 1790)

Out of silence,
Out of tranquility,
All things evolve.
Noise, confusion, and hurry
Are the distractors—
The enemies of knowing.
But also they have been the friends
Who build into our consciousness
The meaning of silence
And the strength of tranquility.

—Anonymous

HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Part IV

In traveling around the world it often is advantageous to join small tours arranged by hotel managements. On several occasions in India I came into more or less direct contact with a certain lady. She was getting along in years, dressed in tweed suits on all occasions, and wore shoes appropriate to golf or cross-country walking. Her specialty was watercolor, and she always carried a small case containing paper and colored pigments and a portable easel. There was also a folding chair which she hung over her shoulder.

My specialty was photography, and in photographing during this visit to India it was almost impossible to get a picture of some famous locality without her in dead center. I remember the day when I decided to photograph a beautiful mausoleum built in memory of a maharajah's favorite elephant. I selected what appeared to be the best vantage point and started focusing my ever-dependable Graflex. Looking down to the scene as it would appear in the final picture, there she was—the inevitable painter with her hat veil waving in the breeze. She would remain there until the party left and would be the last to go.

Under these conditions I really gave up hope and began to enjoy the beauty of the rajah's gardens. Chancing to look up, I was astonished to note that the lady watercolor artist was not in sight. This was my supreme moment to photograph the tomb of the royal elephant. Quickly focusing the camera, I took the picture. Later, when the film was developed, it was a fine view; but peeking out from behind one of the granite columns was the artist. She was genteely posed and, no doubt, believed I would greatly enjoy her presence.

A number of important monuments recorded in my photographs are so close that only the detail can be seen, or so far away that the

lady with the watercolor equipment is only a dot in the foreground. After all, she was a very nice person; but her painting was a real achievement, and for her a photograph was something from a mechanical device without aesthetic appeal.

The Maharajas of Jaipur have been the subjects of numerous strange legends. The capital city of their state is one of the most interesting in India. The rulers have been progressive and democratic in their attitudes. The temperature is on the warm side, and nearly all the shopping streets have awnings of sheet iron or tin over their sidewalks. Even so, the heat is difficult to bear. The city of Jaipur is on the edge of heavy jungle-like growth, and every night regiments of monkeys attack the city from all sides and jump up and down on the tin roofs. The din can be heard for miles, and the situation is further complicated by the fact that tourists are expected to treat the monkeys with deep respect. As soon as the dawn comes, the monkeys disappear; but by that time it is so warm that very few travelers can sleep.

Another attraction is the Palace of the Winds, which is the guest house of the Maharajah. From the street it appears to be a vast and colorful structure, but it is mostly facade. However, the accommodations are adequate. The entire city seems to be of one color—a kind of reddish sandstone. The old capital of the state was called Amber and was on the crest of a high hill. Everyone who visits Jaipur is more or less expected to visit Amber, and the only way to do so with appropriate dignity is to ride on an elephant. Elephant rides have been discussed before in my writings, so mention will simply be made of the outstanding building in Amber which has an interior resembling a grand salon. The inner walls are all inlaid with fragments of mirrors arranged into exquisite designs. If you go into the room at night with a candle or lamp, the light is reflected from all the decorations on the walls until you seem to be standing somewhere in space surrounded by an infinite number of constellations. It might be well to mention that the Maharajahs of Jaipur were interested in the sciences and built extraordinary observatories.

To visit Baroda is to get an entirely new impression of Indian culture. The city is well laid out with ample streets and parks. It



The hotel limousine meets the daily train in Amber, Jaipur, India. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

has fine schools and universities; and the maharajah, a successor of the powerful Gaekwar rulers, was dedicated to progress in every field of human endeavor. The imaginary Indian Prince in my story of *The Guru* is based upon the ruler of Baroda. It has been said that this most enlightened prince returned ninety percent of his income to the advancement of his people. There was a little art gallery in Baroda, which, if I remember correctly, had an excellent showing of the paintings of Abanindro Nāth Tagore. This, however, was not what fascinated me the most. In one of the galleries there was a vertical painting which seemed to be about eight feet in height and which was entirely devoted to a representation of the human body, especially the nervous system, while at the terminal of each nerve was a miniature painting of one of the Hindu deities. It was an incredible combination of anatomy and theology. In fact, I was so interested

that I nearly acquired the picture. The curator favored Tagore and said that if I would contribute to the purchase of another painting by this artist I could have the wonderful chart. He further told me that the work required the labor of two generations of religious artists.

Hotel accommodations in the bustling Indian city of Calcutta were few and inadequate, but I managed to secure what passed for a penthouse. It was fully equipped, including a teenage boy to run errands and act as interpreter. In many parts of India accommodations do not include bedding. One must carry his own mattress, sheets, pillows, towels, etc. This almost inevitably requires an attendant for the duration of a sojourn in the country. Incidentally, I am told that all attendants expect to return with you to the United States on life assignment.

The name Calcutta is from Kali and a word meaning "place of pilgrimage." In this city there is a remarkable group of temples, many of which have large statues of the sacred bull Nandi. They are often painted red and may be expected in temple precincts set aside for the worship of the god Shiva.

My old friend, Talbot Mundy, in his delightful book, *Om—The Mystery of Ahbor Valley*, devotes the opening section to how a religious riot begins in India. In some areas Brahmany bulls or zebus wander about unattended and comparatively ignored. If, however, one of these amiable animals decides to go to sleep on the trolley rails, there is no one qualified to remove him. If the animal ignores the bell on the trolley and cannot be coaxed, a hopeless delay usually results. When some heroic individual pushes or pulls the sacred bull from the trolley track, an international dilemma results—which can cause consternation in London in both the Commons and the Lords.

In the old days there were wonderful shops and bazaars in Calcutta. An art collector could spend a fortune without half trying. I remember a beautiful book, all the leaves of which were ivory, and the text was inlaid in gold. There were wonderful embroideries on silk, fantastic jewelry, and the full regalia of the nautch dancer. Soon after I arrived in Calcutta there was a major procession to honor Mohandas Gandhi for his release from a hunger strike. For some reason the sacred tooth of Buddha was brought from Ceylon (now



The great banyan tree in Calcutta. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



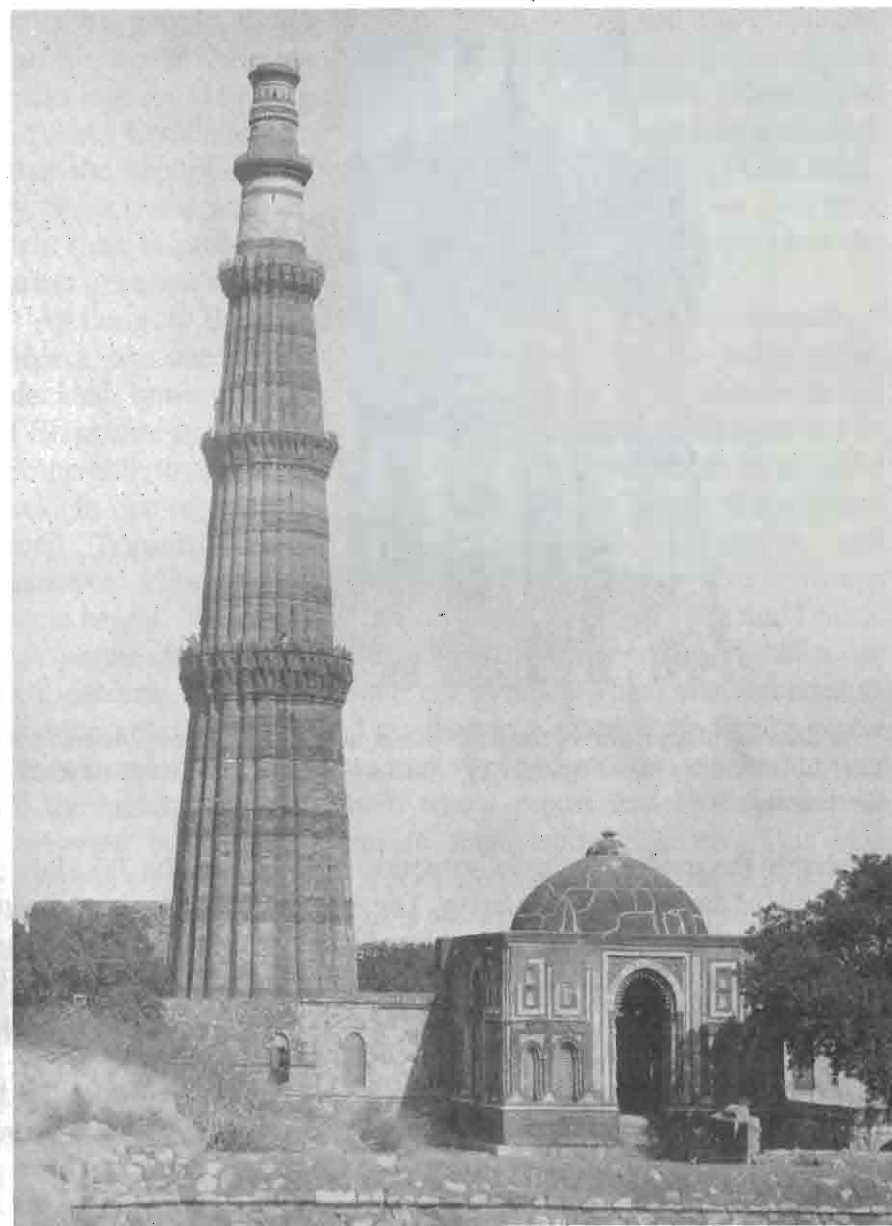
Sweeping under the great banyan tree, Calcutta. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

Sri Lanka) and carried through the streets in an elaborate and massive reliquary. As I had given a lecture in Calcutta, I was invited to walk in the parade and the story was well-publicized in the local press.

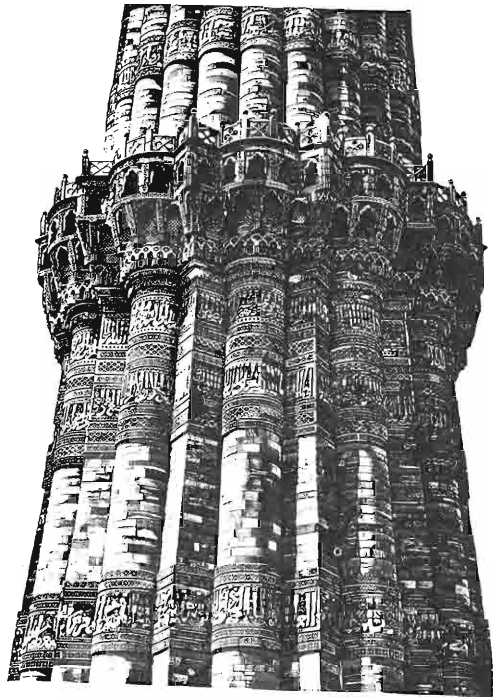
Because of the physical and moral boycotts on British goods and articles of dress, most of the patriotic Hindus favored the dhoti—or man's long loincloth—and the sacred thread worn around the neck as a kind of charm. I met the editor of the principal newspaper. He was seated behind a fine and expensive desk with an electric fan, telephone, and all the paraphernalia of the traditional newspaper executive. He was wearing, however, merely a dhoti and a white cap of homespun cloth in the shape of that which is part of the fatigue uniform of the American soldier. Incidentally, I was presented with a similar hat which was a little small, so it had to be opened at the back.

Only a few weeks ago in a Santa Barbara bookstore I made an interesting discovery, which I have added to the PRS Library collection. It is a set of two volumes in elephant folio describing the tour of Asia and Africa by the late Czar Nicholas II, when he was still heir apparent to the Imperial Russian throne. The work is magnificently illustrated, and on one of the pages is a picture of a section of the Kutb Minar in Delhi, capital of India. The red sandstone tower is an outstanding example of Moslem architecture. I had resolved to climb the tower by its internal staircase of three hundred and seventy-eight steps but compromised with the first balcony, where I am shown on the viewer's left waving my arm vigorously.

The Indian feudal system was a thing of wonder and a confusion forever. Before the establishment of the Republic, India consisted of over five hundred feudatory states ruled by hereditary Hindu or Moslem potentates. Some of these feudatory states were not much larger than Los Angeles County, whereas others covered large areas and their populations ran into millions. In addition, there were conventional states which were more closely allied with the British Raj. There was a somewhat similar situation in Europe, where a considerable group of principalities, republics, and free cities were embroiled in more or less continuous conflicts. Each of these independent countries had unusual attractions and profited well from tourism.



The Tower of Victory at Delhi with Mr. Hall on the first balcony, viewer's left, waving.



A drawing of a section of the Kutub Minar near Delhi. From: *Travels in the East of Nicholas II—Emperor of Russia—When Cesarewitch—1890-1891*, Westminster, 1896.

Probably the most prominent attraction in India was the Taj Mahal, the tomb of the wife of Shah Jahan. The emperor's love for his favorite wife, Mumtāz Mahal, is considered the greatest of all Indian romances. He had intended to build a similar mausoleum for himself on the opposite side of the Jumna River but was imprisoned by his own son. He is now buried beside his beloved companion.

Some of the native rulers remained more or less independent and, on occasion, arbitrary until their temporal powers were taken from them. Others, however, were among the most liberal and benevolent of the rulers of the world. As already mentioned in part, the state of Baroda was governed by a very intelligent and philanthropic man who had been born to humble estate but was selected by the court astrologer to create a new dynasty. He believed in equal education

for all his people, male and female, and established a medical college for women. He also set up a system of traveling libraries on trucks that could bring good books to the most remote villages. The two states Cochin and Travancore were also very well-managed; and, when the Republic of India took over the postal system of the country, these states were allowed to continue to handle their own mail for a time because their procedures were more efficient than the earlier republic's facilities.

Arriving at Bombay, I had a short spell of illness—which, I suspect, was due to some mysterious foodstuff that was indigestible. I decided, however, that it was positively necessary to visit the Island of Elephanta in the harbor of Bombay. Elephanta is famous for its great eighth to ninth century A.D. cave temples hewn out of the solid rock. In one of these vast rooms is the famous image of the three-faced Trimurti—depicting Shiva as creator, preserver, and destroyer—carved into the wall and approximately twelve or fifteen feet in height. The image is the heads and shoulders only, and I made a desperate effort to photograph it. In those days a flashlight for use with cameras was an uncertain contrivance which was intended to produce a flash of light and resulted in a smothering smoke worse than a London fog. If you wanted a second picture, you had to wait till the smoke cleared. There was a report that Pythagoras was welcomed by the Brahmans to the Elephanta caves. This is a debatable point, however. It is possible that on the island there existed older caverns where sacred rites were performed. In my enthusiasm for such possibilities, however, I nearly missed my boat and made a flying trip to the launch and just managed to get on the vessel while it was on its way to the Suez Canal.

Incredible as it may seem, my travels in the Near East and North Africa were completely peaceful and undisturbed. There was no danger of having your boat sunk under you or languishing for an incredible length of time as a hostage. Everything was serene when I checked into Shepherds Hotel in Cairo. There was a little unusual excitement in the air because an exhibition of the treasures of the tomb of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen had just opened in the Cairo Museum. It was certainly a fascinating display, and rumors of the



Entrance to the caves of Elephanta in the harbor of Bombay. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

famous curse were already in the air. Shepherds Hotel was the principal Cairo hostelry in those days, and part of its facade was decorated with forepaws derived from those of the sphinx. There were pleasant porches extending on each side of the entrance; and, while quietly seated, one could look down on a sea of red fezes. On each side of the main entrance of the hotel was an elaborate statue of a Nubian dancer, which I understand has vanished along with the hotel.

Across from Shepherds was a very fine store handling Egyptian antiquities. I was assured that most of the items were genuine and of very high quality. The proprietor spoke excellent English and was much interested in the secret religious rituals of the ancient Egyptians. Assuring me that secret societies still existed and that there were continuing efforts to discover the scientific, medical, and philosophical remnants of the ancient culture, he said that if I would

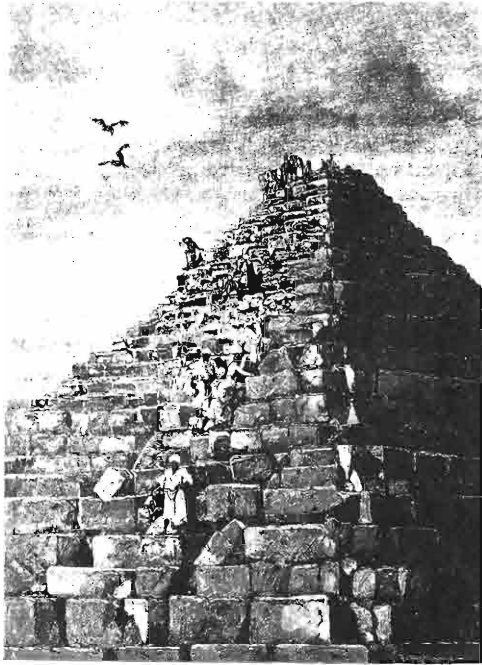
stay in Egypt for a reasonable length of time I could meet some of the members of these secret groups.

It was absolutely necessary to visit the little town of Giza and contemplate the pyramids. While standing in front of the great pyramid, I noticed a young European couple; and in a few minutes I was in conversation with them. He was a French architect, well-informed on Egypt and archaeology; and he said very simply, "If I could not see this building with my own eyes, no one could ever have convinced me that it exists."

There is a ritual for those visiting the pyramids. It is the one occasion for a camel ride, the objective being to see the sphinx. Camels are objectionable animals. They have long necks which enable them to nip at the feet of their riders. Finally, however, I got up on a camel; and with a few ugly grunts it got to its feet and accompanied by an Egyptian guide started off in search of the sphinx.

The trip was something over two hundred feet. The sphinx was around the corner, slightly behind the pyramid. I came across two European scholars, who explained that efforts were being made to find out if there were any passageways between the sphinx and the pyramid. Steel rods had been driven into nearly all parts of the image, but no signs of internal cavities had been discovered. It is said that the sphinx was originally the male form of an Egyptian deity, but this is not certain. The beard had been broken away and was found between the paws. This does not prove conclusively, however, that a male visage was intended. Some Egyptian queens wore artificial beards in formal ceremonies. Be that as it may, the image was probably carved from an outcropping of stone with the paws added. There was a chapel between the front legs, but nothing remarkable was discovered relating to it.

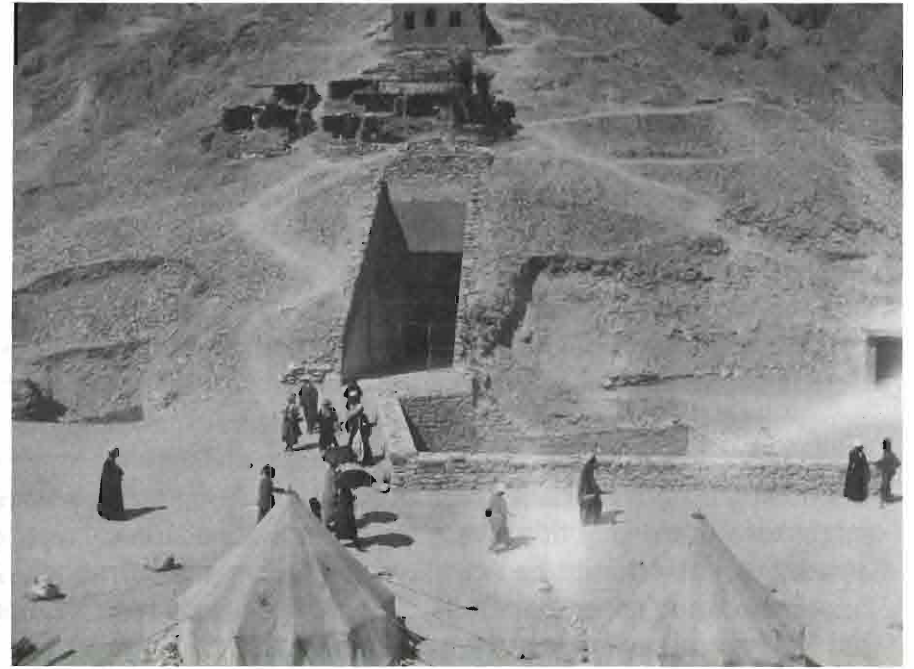
After the arduous journey back to the pyramid, a major decision was necessary. Would I climb the outside or examine the inside? Following careful consideration, I decided to explore the interior of the great monument. Even this, however, was not easy. To reach the breach made by the Caliph Al Mamoun you have to be helped over rows of rock about three feet high. This is usually accomplished by one dragoman pulling from above and two pushing from below.



Climbing the great pyramid. This is a lithograph of a group which has reached the summit. The ascent is extremely difficult and usually requires two native helpers for each visiting climber. From: *Travels in the East of Nicholas II—Emperor of Russia—When Cesarewitch—1890-1891*, Westminster, 1896.

It is then necessary to crawl up the main gallery to reach the King's Chamber, or first make a detour on hands and knees for a considerable distance to see the Queen's Chamber. The sarcophagus in the King's Chamber has been considerably mutilated by souvenir hunters and seems very small. It is not large enough to contain an elaborate mummified pharaoh, and the usual secret room to contain the mortuary paraphernalia has never been found. Many tourists come out of the pyramid with a severe cold. The desert heat is intense, but the chilly inside chambers of the pyramid feel like refrigerators; and the traveler emerges from the sepulchral cold of the interior chambers into the heat of the desert.

In years gone by guides lifted ambitious travelers to the flat summit of the great pyramid. When the time came to descend, there was often



A royal tomb in the Valley of the Kings. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

further financial involvement—and you found that in the ascent you had purchased only a one-way trip.

Around the pyramid and every other likely spot one could buy Egyptian antiquities that were attractive but were nearly all made in Italy. Almost anything an infatuated tourist might like, including handsome scarabs, necklaces of ancient glass beads, small statuettes, and fragments of mummy cases, appeared irresistible to the unwary traveler. It is customary to ship in these antiques by the carload, bury them for a few weeks or months in convenient spots, and excavate them again as demand requires. There were, however, reliable dealers from whom authentic items with government endorsement were securable; but the prices were very high and were almost prohibitive even when I was there.

Everyone should also have a short ride on a donkey. These little animals are about the size of a Great Dane. They are mangy and

the targets of numerous flies. The saddles are rather primitive, and while you ride along you may be astonished to discover that the donkey is gone. It has walked out from under the saddle and left you standing in some unexpected place. All in all, however, Egypt is fascinating.

On the way to Jerusalem one of the other occupants of my compartment was a gentleman of the cloth. He was a youngish man with a very gentle expression and was obviously making his first journey to the birthplace of his faith. The night was dark and cold and the trip rather long, so before it was over we drifted into a discussion of philosophy. It was obvious that this clergyman had certain doubts concerning the doctrines of his faith, and the conversation drifted into Oriental philosophy and the law of reincarnation. He was not offended and seemed rather comforted at the thought that persons might have a second or third chance to earn salvation. Having reached a meeting of the minds, he was silent for a time and then shook his head murmuring rather plaintively, "I think I believe in reincarnation; but, if I mention it, I will be excommunicated."

Soon after this discussion the train slowed down and we had arrived in Jerusalem. It was bitterly cold, and a heavy sleet showered through the air. Fastening our coats and gathering up our luggage, we headed for the railroad station. From a side window I looked in and saw a pleasant fire burning in the grate. At least we would be warm until the arranged for transportation arrived. Reaching the doorway, we made the discovery that the station was securely locked for the night. There was no way in, and we shivered for nearly half an hour. An open vehicle came at last, and a roundabout trip to the hotel was a dismal experience.

In the old days guest accommodations in Jerusalem were rough. I was warned that in a certain inn the proprietor had several trick chairs scattered through his rooms. They looked substantial and even a little valuable; but when you sat down in them they would immediately collapse. The owner, overcome by grief, felt it his moral duty to charge you for the broken chair. The moment you left he put it together again and awaited the next victim.

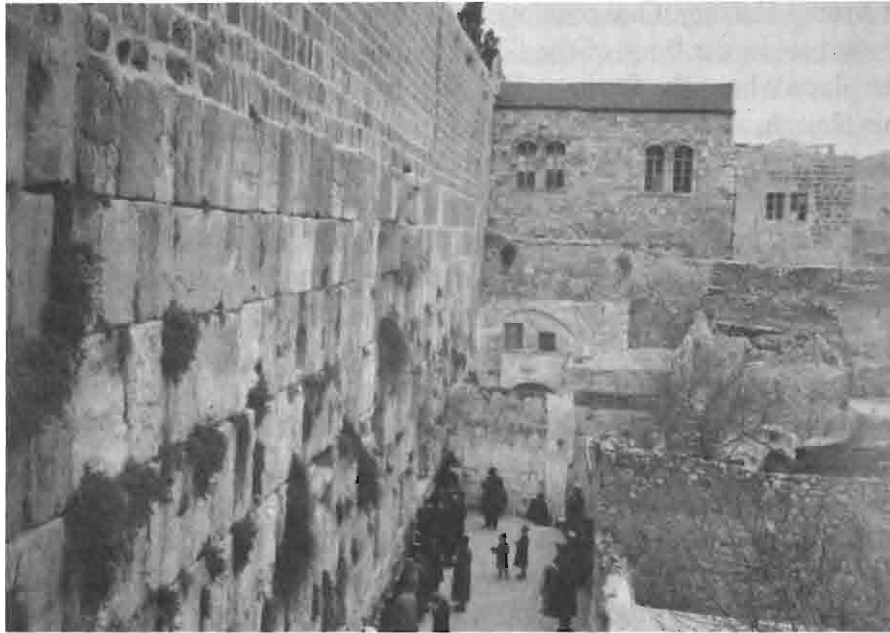
There has always been a difference of opinion as to the location

of Mount Calvary. One contingency affirms that there is an elaborate design set in the floor of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher to mark the place where the Saviour died. Every traveler to Jerusalem visits this church, and within its holy precincts Eastern and Western Christianity observe their respective traditions. It is here that visitors are shown where the true cross stood. The sacred spot is marked with a circular gold tablet, and the places where the crosses of the thieves stood are commemorated by inlays of black marble. Another group is equally certain that Golgotha, which means the place of the skull, was an outcropping of rock actually outside the walls of Jerusalem.

Here for hundreds of years the prayers of Israel have sounded day and night from the wailing wall. The massive stones have been worn smooth by the hands of pilgrims reaching to touch the foundations of Herod's Temple. I was able to secure several good photographs of this wall—which, strangely enough, forms an embankment for the Mosque of Omar. There is a spirit of intense believing in this ancient city.

The night I arrived in Jerusalem the temperature was around zero. It was very cold with virtually no heating facilities. The next morning I rode down to the shores of Galilee and found orchards with fresh oranges. Here we came to the River Jordan. While I was there, it was not much of a stream; but an actual baptism was taking place. A friend in the States who had a small congregation asked me to bring him a little bottle of the Jordan water to be used in his church. I faithfully remembered my promise and with some difficulty filled a bottle with a pint of fluid heavily laden with miniature plant organisms. Unfortunately, it never reached home—for it exploded a few days later in my suitcase.

There is also a breach in the wall of Jerusalem made by command of Kaiser Wilhelm II, in order that he could make a ceremonial entrance. Not far distant is the entrance to the quarry of King Solomon beneath Mt. Moriah. The stone there is very soft and can be cut with a saw, but after it is exposed to the air for a time it hardens. Young businessmen in the vicinity sell small cubes of this stone as souvenirs. Since those days, unfortunately, there have also been extremes of political temperature.



The wailing wall of Jerusalem. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

The rock Moriah, by the way, according to biblical recording, was the site of Solomon's Temple. It had been the threshing floor of the Jebusites. After the destruction of the first Temple and the leveling of Herod's restoration, it came to be associated with the life of Mohammed. On the rocky crest of Mt. Moriah stands the Mosque of Omar, one of the most revered shrines of the Moslem world. Directly under the center of the rock is a small cavern, where it is believed that Mohammed prayed and meditated. There is a concavity in the ceiling of the underside of the rock Moriah. When Mohammed was praying, he stood up—the stone retreating so that he would not hit his head against the ceiling of the cavern. It was from this same rock that the Prophet made his night journey to heaven. It is unlikely that Mohammed was ever actually in Jerusalem; but the legends persist that he made a magical journey to Jerusalem riding on a wonderful creature called "El-borak," which means a flash of lightning.



The ancient olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

The Mount of Olives across the valley from Jerusalem is still a place of pilgrimage. There is an ancient olive tree there in an advanced state of decrepitude. No effort is made to prove that this is the original tree, but it is believed to be a direct descendant and has been venerated for centuries. Within that small area which we call the Holy Land there are a number of sacred places. While some actual localities are uncertain, the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem is probably authentic. The doorway leading into this church has a heavy stone lintel placed so low that no one can enter the building without kneeling. Worshipers of many nations have entered this church bearing gifts, and there are elaborate ornaments surrounding the space where the manger first stood. While on this trip, I also passed by the tomb of Lazarus—entering the burial room by descending a flight of steep stone steps.

When I arrived in Naples, I was met by a sad-faced young man

in the costume of the local constabulary—including a three-cornered hat and a short cape. Obviously seeking consolation, he explained that he had been raised in the United States and had decided to make a short trip to Naples to see his parents. Without his consent and with strenuous protestations, he was inducted into the police force with little hope of release for several years. Regulations were not too strict, and he appointed himself as my personal guardian. At that time, Mussolini was very popular because he was improving the sanitary conditions of the city. Passing the opera house, I decided to attend the performance of *Carmen* which was booked that evening. When I was seated, I found myself between two old friends who liked to chat. The one on my right had eaten considerable garlic, and the one on my left had imbibed generously of sour wine. After several minutes of mixed fragrances, I offered to change seats with one of them and was immediately accepted as a benefactor.

It so happened, however, that the performance of *Carmen* was unbelievably bad. Music loving Italians are not patient under such conditions; and the poor soprano was the object of booing, howling, yelling, and a bombardment of small objects plus several chairs thrown from the front row. It must have been an off-night, as this opera company later toured the United States and gave many performances in Los Angeles. One season they did a *Carmen* in Southern California—and the soprano sang very well, but the tenor was barely acceptable.

A visit to the Isle of Capri proved to be reasonably pleasant. I managed to get in and out of the Blue Grotto in a rowboat, even though the bay was a bit choppy. Up above, in my day, the island had an art colony dominated by a bewhiskered Italian with a beret and carrying a pipe nearly a foot in length. He said he was the most photographed, drawn, and painted model in the entire world; and, incidentally, he made a comfortable living.

The Roman Emperor Tiberius owned a summer palace on Capri and sometimes disposed of those who displeased him by tossing them over the edge of a cliff. Having a slight dissatisfaction with his professional astrologer, Tiberius contemplated dropping him into the Bay of Naples. He asked the astrologer if he could read his own



The photogenic model on the Island of Capri. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

horoscope; and, when the soothsayer said yes, the Emperor inquired, “How are your stars today?” With a look of terror on his face, the astrologer answered that he was in the gravest mortal danger and that only the gods or the Emperor could save him. Tiberius, who already considered himself as a divine being, was so flattered that he spared the old man.

In the middle 1920s Benito Mussolini was very popular in Italy and had already done considerable work in excavating Pompeii and Herculaneum. There were a number of restorations of splendid villas where Roman aristocrats had spent their vacations. It was not difficult to restore many beautiful structures, and even humble shops, because the city had been buried in ashes—and most of those who perished had died of suffocation. There was comparatively little damage, except from later flooding. Evidently, the citizens of Pompeii were liberal-minded; and here and there the modern government had

placed curtains in front of indelicate paintings and mosaic inlays, which appeared to embarrass the politicians and the local clergy.

Herculaneum was actually under part of the city of Naples on the side facing Vesuvius. Herculaneum was destroyed by lava, and everything was incinerated. After the lava had cooled, it was as hard as rock and restoration was limited. Most of the articles brought to light by excavation were on permanent display in Naples in the Museo Archeologico Nazionale. To visit Herculaneum one had to go down some thirty or forty feet and wander about galleries by the light of a few vents which reached the surface. Gradually, the site had been further cleared; and parts of Herculaneum can be seen in the suburbs of Naples.

In the small town of Pozzuoli outside of Naples there is a volcanic area with steam coming through the ground in many places. My trusted guide told me that the crust of the earth in some spots was only three to six feet thick. If you hit the ground with a cane, you could hear hollow sounds beneath your feet. I was among that courageous few who walked around among bubbling little hot springs in safety. If you followed directly behind your guide and never strayed to right or left, the guide assured visitors that the ground was "very accomodash."

Gibraltar, often referred to as "the rock," was one of the Pillars of Hercules described in ancient writings and was for some time a bastion of the British Empire. When I visited it in my younger days, it was regarded as a mighty fortress; and many of the gun placements were carved out of the solid stone. Today its military significance is negligible, but it has become a controversial issue.

The most famous tourist attractions of Gibraltar are the monkeys. They are everywhere and extremely precocious. While you are sitting in a street cafe, a monkey may neatly remove your hat and carry it to some rocky crag beyond hope of rescue. Fountain pens are also favorites, and occasionally a watch is spirited out of a vest pocket. Elaborate flowered and feathered ladies' headgear are most attractive to these simian thieves. They have a certain sense of honor, however, for they will return stolen articles several days later to the wrong people.



My trusty guide at Pozzuoli. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

It so happened that I had a note to an automobile agent who had a store in Gibraltar. When I dropped by his place, it was completely locked up. Returning the next day, there was still no sign of life—so I visited a nearby shop. The obliging proprietor explained with a smile that no one knew when the manager of the automobile agency would return. It might be weeks or even months. When I asked how he took care of his business, it was explained that he always closed shop after selling a car. There was no sense in waiting for another customer. Business was only important when you ran out of money. A good car salesman, after he had accumulated the funds for a vacation on the Riviera or a summer in Sicily, gathered up his family and faded away.

[To Be Continued]