

## MY TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

by Fran Hall

I suppose everyone, at some time or other, has a dream of something he might do later in life. I had a lot of dreams. I remember when I was quite young I found out the world was round instead of flat. After all, my world was Northfield, Minnesota; a very tiny place by geographical standards; and so my world was very limited in those days, those early days of grade school. But still, I wondered, what's on the other side of the world? What kind of people live in those countries? What language do they speak? How do they live? And I wondered that especially about people living in the tropics. I just couldn't understand how people could take that terrible heat all the time.

And as I grew up I just kept wondering if I could ever do some of those things, see some of those countries. But my little world of Northfield kind of prevented that. But I didn't give up. My first opportunity came to work in Yellowstone Park and, after all, that's quite away from Northfield. Harvey Stork had set it up so I could get a job at Yellowstone Park for the summer. I thought that was very nice, after all, it's a long way out there. And how was I going to get there? Well, naturally, I would do what everybody did in those days - I'd hitchhike.

And so I set off one day, up through Minneapolis, up through Fargo and west to Yellowstone Park. Oh, what a wonderful trip. And I was early, there was still snow and it was still cold. I had to get there early so we could get some of that work done early, get ready for all those tourists who were coming. Well, the Yellowstone job led to another one in the Tetons, and I began to realize that I might get to a few places in this old world. And then, luckily, I went away to war, worked for Minneapolis Honeywell.

Made a little money; I was able to buy a camera, a movie camera. A thing called the Cine Special made by Eastman Kodak and, at the time, the best movie camera that there was, the best camera for a long time. And that summer Tallie and I were working in Mesa Verde. At the end of our working we decided that we would take a trip all the way across the country; from Colorado all the way up through Canada to a bunch of little islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence called the Magdalen Islands, or "Madeleine" in French. And we spent a few weeks there, made a little movie. I still have it; kind of an interesting thing to look at now, such a long time ago. But it made me realize that maybe I could go to any place I liked on this world.

And then I got a job with the National Audubon Society after I made a film on "Land of the Four Corners" - a nature film looking at some of those tiny bugs and things close up. Audubon loved it, and so I went to work. Now I knew I could go just about anyplace I wanted, except I needed money and there was not a lot of money to be made lecturing for the National Audubon Society. They paid us a fee, and from that we had to pay our motel bills, our food bills and our gasoline and cars so it didn't leave a lot, but it did leave some. Each year we went to a different place. Finally, after many films, we were making a film on "By the Shores of Gitchigoomie"; a nature trip around Lake Superior named after Longfellow's poem about Hiawatha:

By the shores of Gitchigoomie, By the shining big sea water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nikomas, Daughter of the moon, Nikomas.

So we made the film, and we were almost done. We had been going around the north side, all the way over to Sault Sainte Marie and then around the southern side of the lake, and we were over on the first peninsula, up around Bayfield, Wisconsin. We had made the trip camping along the way. We had a tent, a little umbrella tent; I don't know where we got the thing, we found it somewhere; it went up quickly and it protected us against the rain. Didn't do much good against the wind, but we would sit in there and hold up the center pole, and that helped.

We were camped at a campground outside Bayfield and it was afternoon. We had set up the tent and were sitting in there and all of a sudden it began to rain. Oh, did it rain! It poured down and finally that little river began to run right under the tent. Well, of course, that didn't bother much because it was a canvas bottom and the water didn't come up into the tent but it was not a pleasant situation. I remember looking out the door and there was an Airstream trailer sitting right beside us and inside that trailer were two people sitting at a table in front of a window having lunch, dry as a bone. No worry for them about rain or anything else that might come along - they were home. And I made up my mind right then and there - if we could swing it, we were going to get an Airstream trailer.

On one of our next lecture tours we were down in the Ohio area. I went in to see Airstream, where they were manufactured. I wanted to see the president, he was gone, but I did see the general manager, guy by the name of Chuck Manchester. I said, "You know, we make nature films and we lecture with them all over the country. We show these films to a lot of people and it just might work out that we could put that Airstream trailer in the film. And before long, we would interest a lot of people in that particular trailer; they would see it and wonder and ask us about it. It was good advertising."

I suggested to the Airstream people that they let us use a trailer and we would travel around the country with it; we would also put it in our films. Well, Chuck thought that was a great idea, good advertising. I think he was impressed with the fact that we had brains enough to think about it. "Sure," he said, "We can do that. We'll give you a trailer. You hook it up to your car, put it on the hitch, and every year bring it back and we'll give you another one. We don't want you to wear it out very much so we can sell it again."

Wonderful! Great! How can you beat that? Then he said something that really intrigued me. He said, "You know, we're going to be running a trailer trip around the world next year. Maybe you'd be interested in going along as the photographer."

Oh, boy, can you imagine being told that by anybody? Especially a person that was curious about what was on the other side of the world. So he said, "Maybe you should apply for the job." I said, "Consider us applied!"

That was it - I didn't let him forget it. I'd stop and call him because, after a little bit, we became very good friends with Chuck. Nice guy. Nice looking fellow. I'd call him up; ask him what progress there was. They'd tell me they'd interviewed a few photographers and my jaw would drop, of course, because I'd think, "Oh well, they've got one picked out then already, they don't need us." I never had any idea at all that we would ever be selected.

Then one day, out of a clear blue sky, came a call from Chuck. He said, "Can you come to the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago," on such and such a date, "we want to interview you."

Well, I don't think anything would have stopped us, so we went to the Edgewater Beach on the prescribed date. The entire Airstream hierarchy was there, they wanted to interview us. Chuck Caron, he was from the Los Angeles advertising agency that handled all of Airstream's accounts, and the president of the company was there. Chuck was there, the head of the Wally Byam Caravan was there, and they talked to us. I thought no way in the world are we ever going to get through to people like this. And so we interviewed and the next day took off, hoping against hope that something would happen. It wasn't too long, a few days, got another call from Chuck. He said, "You've got it." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "You're the only photographer we've interviewed that seems to have his feet on the ground. You've got the job, you're going around the world." I couldn't believe it, Tallie couldn't believe it, but we wanted to believe it.

So, along with everyone else, we began to make preparations. We were told what we had to do, where we had to meet at a certain time. I called Audubon - canceled my next year's lecture tour, told them what was going to happen. I don't think they liked the idea but, on the other hand, how could you not like an idea of going around the world with a trailer caravan?

So we got ready. We went to Jackson Center in Ohio, picked up our truck and the trailer - the trucks had been donated by the Ford Motor Company, they were all four-wheel drive pickup trucks. I had a back end put on mine, a low cover, so we could put things inside without getting wet and we drove to Los Angeles. On the prescribed date we met everybody else and got ready for the great adventure of our lifetime. I had to pinch myself quite often to make myself believe it was all taking place - I couldn't believe it; that this little guy from Northfield, Minnesota, a tiny dot on the map, would now be a photographer for an Airstream caravan going around the world! We would leave Los Angeles and we would arrive back, whenever we got there, in Miami, Florida.

Well, as anyone can imagine, it was a difficult thing to comprehend but I didn't spend much time trying to comprehend it - I just went full blast. I had four different kinds of cameras, I had to get film for all of them. I spent one whole day signing traveler's checks that Andy Charles, the president and leader of our group, was going to carry for me. Then, whenever I needed money, I would get them from him. I don't remember how many I signed; it must have been seven, eight, nine, ten thousand dollars worth, all in small denominations because big ones you can't cash in some of those countries.

And on the appointed day, we were ready. We left our rigs at a parking lot with all the other people - there were going to be about 108 of us all together. People had come from all walks of life, all across the United States. No one was young; I think probably Tallie and I were about as young as anyone on the trip and there were some that were quite old - going for the adventure of their lifetime. And it would be the adventure of a lifetime, traveling slowly from Singapore to Lisbon.

Well, some people were going to fly; the rigs were all going to be put on a freighter and the freighter would then head for Singapore, all the way across that giant Pacific Ocean. The people, in turn, would not be on that freighter. I think one or two, perhaps the mechanic, went along on the freighter. We had a mechanic, we had a newspaper writer and his wife and two kids, and we had Andy Charles who would lead. And we had Andy's son, Nick, and his sister who would have a special rig, manufactured especially for them, and they would go ahead of the caravan, all along that route from Singapore to Lisbon and make arrangements and tell the people up ahead that we were coming. We rarely saw Nick, he was always up there ahead of us. Once in awhile he'd drop back

to check with us during that whole three year period.

Some of us were going to fly to various spots along the way to Singapore. Some would go to Guam, some would go south to Australia, some would go to New Zealand; but we would all meet on a particular day in Singapore. And on that day the ship was supposed to arrive with our trucks and trailers for the great adventure. There were about 43 rigs, probably 44 with Nick's special outfit. The mechanic had his own setup - he had a truck with a welding apparatus and, oh, he could do just about anything, repair almost anything. And he had to. And the writer would take notes along the way and finally do stories and send them back for publication. And I would take pictures to go along with those stories. So everybody got acquainted.

Tallie and I went on the President Cleveland, a large luxury liner. It would go from Los Angeles to Hong Kong, and there would drop us off. From there we would fly down to Singapore. Our first stop would be in Hawaii and, of course, Tallie and I had already been there several times on the lecture circuit so there was nothing new about that. But still, it was fun to go in on a ship, stay a few days and take off again because previously we had always flown to Hawaii. So on the appointed day again we boarded the President Cleveland and headed west. We had little idea of where everyone else was or how they were going, although there was quite a group on the Cleveland. All we knew is that we would all meet in Singapore.

We had quite a group of people. I could go through the list and tell you what each one did - there were some retired schoolteachers, there was a retired school principal - he had the smallest trailer in the lot, a little "Bambi" they called it. On the other hand, it was much easier to pull than some of those 25-footers. We had a couple of old maids - one of them had been a schoolteacher, the other had been in business. They were very nice and they were elderly.

We had one man from Detroit who ran a manufacturing company that made screws and so he was kind of narrow-minded - he could only think of a screw machine. And we had a couple from Montreal, Quebec, Canada. They were the oldest people on the trip and they actually lived a long time after the trip was over. I think probably the trip helped them a good deal. Let's see, the young man who was the writer was from Miami; McGregor Smith was his name. His folks were quite wealthy and Mac was a newspaper writer and, we thought, would write a fantastic book about the whole trip. When he was all done with it, then he would write stories along the way, although most of us never had any idea of what became of those stories.

Let's see...Oh golly, we had a fellow from Texas, his wife and son. Preston Bunnell was the son, Art Bunnell the father; he had been married twice, or maybe more than that; he had his wife along with him. She was a good bit younger than he was and she was Preston's mother. Pres was about 13 or 14 at the time and he and I became good friends. He kind of followed around with me.

There were so many people and, of course, over a long period of time you realize you're going to like some of them and you're going to really dislike a few others. It was a typical trip - some were whiners. Amazingly, the little retired school principal was probably the biggest whiner of the bunch. And some were just the opposite - some were A-#1 people. We had two young men with us; one kind of talked his way into the trip as kind of a helper to anybody who needed it and thankfully he went along. Another one about the same age as this fellow was the son of an elderly couple that were going on the trip. And along the way, they really needed him. I'm not going to go through the

whole list, there were just too many of them. There were about 108 people.

From Hawaii, we went to Japan and landed in Yokohama. Yokohama is the port for Tokyo. In Tokyo; we were only there a short time, we had to go back to the ship because the ship was going on to Hong Kong; we stayed in a hotel for a couple of days. Right across the street; I don't remember the name of the hotel; was the famous hotel built by Frank Lloyd Wright, the world famous architect of many years ago. Of course, I had to go over one day and take a look at it. It was kind of a strange-looking building, but the thing that struck me was how low the ceilings were. Obviously, it was made for the Japanese people who are much shorter. I was just not struck with it, although it had become world famous. I don't know if it's still there, or not. I suppose it is.

We were berthed at Yokohama with the President Cleveland so after our stay at the hotel, Tallie and I got on a taxi headed for Yokohama which is down the famous Tokaido Highway. Great big, wide highway, goes straight down to Yokohama. And I'd heard about taxis on the Tokaido so when we got in the taxi I told the man to hurry up as best I could in sign language. He gave a big grin and away we went. Every so often he'd look back with that same grin and I'd wave him onward. God, what a ride we had. I think it's about 50 miles, something like that. Wild ride, twisting in and out of traffic. I wasn't afraid because I knew he wasn't going to wreck his car just because of me.

Well, back at the harbor I noticed a Russian ship was sitting there, very close to where we were. I talked to somebody and they said that the Russian Olympic team was on the ship. I was also told that there was a bus sitting nearby that had part of the team on it, part of the track team. Well, I'd always been a fan of broadjumping, that's what I used to do when I was in high school, and I knew that the Russian held the world record; a fellow by the name of Ter Ovanesyan. They were all sitting on the bus waiting to go somewhere or get back on the ship, I wasn't sure which, but some of them spoke English and I asked if Ovanesyan was on the bus, and they said yes. So they pointed him out - I went in and got his autograph. I think that's the first time in my life I've ever done anything like that, getting somebody's autograph. To this day I don't know where it is. I've probably got it somewhere, but I've forgotten about it long ago.

We got on the ship and a few days later we were at Hong Kong. Along the way we ran into the tail-end of a big storm and I remember the ship's bow was going way up and way down, hitting these giant waves; wasn't rolling from side to side so much. I sat out in the open air up on the deck and, strangely enough, I didn't get seasick although I'd been seasick several times before. I had never been seasick on the President Cleveland, although a lot of people were during the tail-end of that typhoon that we were in. We arrived at Hong Kong and almost immediately took our belongings, went to a hotel on the mainland side. Hong Kong itself, most of it is on an island, but we stayed over on the mainland at a big hotel, real nice, and then we walked around the town.

I tried to get my tape recorder fixed because it was not working and someone finally directed me to a place way out on the edge of town. I had to take a taxi, and I went out and the man assured me he could repair the tape recorder. He worked on it for a little bit and I took it back, but it never worked. It never really worked on the whole trip around the world and it was a sad thing because there was so much that I could have taped. Never again would I ever do a trip like that without a tape recorder that was working. I could have had my whole story right there - every day I could have recorded what happened on that particular day. My God, what a story that would have been, somebody could have made a novel out of it. But anyway, it never worked so we had to put up with it.

Mac, our writer, also had one that never worked for him either, as far as I know. At least I didn't try to borrow it because I thought maybe he would want it to do some recording because he was supposed to write a book about the whole thing when it got over with. And I guess he did write a book. It was called "Thank You, Marco Polo" but actually the book was more or less a story of the Smith family traveling around the world. Read the book and you'd probably never even know that they were along with a whole group of trailers and 108 people. You would have thought they were doing the whole darn trip all by themselves. Well, of course, Airstream was very disappointed. They didn't get much for stories out of Mac. Chuck Manchester actually flew over to Israel to talk to Mac to see what was wrong. He should have flown over to Calcutta or someplace like that and talked to him, he would have done a much better job. But, all in all, Mac just didn't do a very good job on the whole thing. Anyway, that was the way that went.

There wasn't much in Hong Kong. All kinds of shopping - we looked around for clothing because that's what you're supposed to buy in Hong Kong. I bought silk by the yard and also had a few shirts made, but I bought the silk because I knew that someone, later on back in Minnesota, might like to have something made of it.

We flew down to Singapore and I went out to the ship carrying the trucks and trailers the night before. Took a boat ride out, got somebody to take me out. Stayed on the ship and the next morning I could photograph the ship as it came up to the dock and then I got off the ship right away and photographed them unloading the trucks and trailers. It was kind of an awesome sight, really, and kind of a scary thing at the same time; to see the crane lifting one of these 28 foot Airstream trailers and hanging it out there in mid-air and you know exactly what's going to happen if it falls as much as ten or twelve feet. But they did a marvelous job; put everything down very nice and easy. No problems whatever. I wished later we had the same situation at Calcutta when we unloaded later on.

Anyway, everything worked perfectly. When everything was ready we lined up the trucks and trailers and had a police escort through Singapore out to our camping spot, out on the north side of the city. We were there for a week, we were lined up along the side of a large athletic field. People came from all over the city to see us, take a look at us, wondering what in the world we were going to do. When we told them we were going to drive around the world, they wouldn't believe it. "Oh," they said, "you can't do that. You'll never make it around the world." Well, it was not very encouraging and soon after we started north, I think some of us wondered about the same thing.

In any case, we stayed there for a week. We loaded up our trailers with everything we thought we'd need in the way of food and other supplies, loaded our tanks with gasoline and propane and also drove around the city and went shopping on Arab Street which is the famous shopping street. I bought a lot of cloth that had been hand-imprinted. Oh, we were to buy things all along the way, actually, but most of our clothing material we bought in either Hong Kong or Singapore. That's where you get the most value for your money, today anyway.

I had a very interesting experience in Singapore. We were there for a week and one night someone said there was a ceremony going on down the street a little bit from our hotel so I went down to have a look at it. What this group was trying to do; it was a family group; and the old man of the family had died a few days before and they were trying to get his spirit into the right place. Well, of course, to someone that doesn't believe in anything like that it didn't really mean much to me except that I thought it was very colorful. And so I went right down with them, I borrowed a tape

recorder, I said, "Well, I'm going to get some of this music," so I sat right in with the orchestra while they were playing. They got a big kick out of that. I did record a little bit of it, not very much, didn't work very well. Most of the evening, as a matter of fact, they were singing and chanting all these various tunes getting ready to cross a little bridge that they had built. And once they crossed that bridge, the old man's spirit would be in the right place.

The eldest son was the one who led the procession across the bridge. I think it took place about three o'clock in the morning. And that was the end of it. The orchestra, of course, had been hired and they were hired to do this, I suppose, many times so it was nothing new to them. It was old hat; they didn't worry about the spirit of the old man, they were doing what they were paid to do - to play some tunes and play the right ones and do a little bit of singing - so when I came and joined them, they got a big charge out of that and didn't pay much attention to the family. Although I did try and interview the oldest son, and he informed me a little bit about what they were doing. Most of the people in Singapore speak English one way or another. But he did lead the procession over that little bridge. It didn't amount to much and it wasn't over water or anything but it was symbolic to get his spirit over the bridge and into the great beyond and into the right spot. Well, I hope it all worked out the way they thought it would.

We also went to the zoo in Singapore where a good deal of the wildlife is right out in the open and all around you. I remember the monkeys sitting there in the trees, very tame, sat right there - you could walk almost up to them and take pictures of them. In fact, that's what I did.

But it just seemed that the week had passed all too soon, and I'm not so sure that some of our caravanners were eager to start north because once we left Singapore, we were not going to see much of anything until we got up to Kuala Lumpur and then, beyond that, there was less than what we had seen before, and that would take us all the way to Bangkok. And that was a long way, all the way up that Malay Peninsula, past the Isthmus of Kra and so forth.

Anyway, one day after we had had meetings every night to see if we needed anything more, and if everything was set and ready to go north, all of a sudden one day we started out. Long procession, same as the way we'd come into Singapore from the dock area. All the way up to the Straits of Johor which separates Singapore from Malaysia, across the bridge and we were already in a different country, our very first one after Singapore. And we started north never knowing what was around the next curve. Well the road wasn't bad as far as Kuala Lumpur; large city, very striking place, ultra-modern. Supposed to have one of the tallest buildings in the world now. Kind of frightening to see a place like this right out in the midst of mostly jungle. But it's become a very economic spot and, of course, it's pretty much the headquarters for Malaysia.

We spent just a few days there - I photographed the old Islamic temple. It was now being left as it was and the new one was being built on the outskirts of the city. There really wasn't a lot to do in Kuala Lumpur. We mostly tried to see if we needed anything else before we started north. We did have a little ceremony one night at our camp and this was at a camp that had a building and some of the native peoples of Malaysia came in to show us how to operate a blow gun. These are pieces of wood that are hollow and they're about eight feet long and they have a thing on one end that makes your lips airtight when you blow. They have small darts that are made from bamboo and when they're used, the tip is dipped in a very potent poison that the natives know all about. They collect it in the wild. They shoot monkeys and then follow them until they die.

During the war they shot Japanese people. You know, it was amazing; they could hide in the woods, stick that long blow pipe out through the foliage and a simple blow and the dart was on its way. The Japanese never knew where it came from, there was no sound, there was no bang and they didn't know what to do. As soon as a guy would shoot his blow gun he would drop to the ground and the soldiers would spray the area with rifle fire, but it didn't make much difference. It was amazing how accurate they were. They had one fellow here at the camp that night. He was only about five feet tall, had a funny toothless grin, he took that blow pipe, fixed it all up and he had a target way up in the top of the room at the far end of it. He just held that thing up very steady and then a simple blow and the dart was on its way. It was amazing - he put almost all of them into the center of the target. But, of course, they're used to it, they've done that for years.

I did buy a blow gun. I brought it home and still have it. In fact, some years after the trip one of my neighbor boys, young David Lee, sat on the front porch with me and we fixed it up, made some of the darts and we were shooting darts in a tree across the street from us. It's amazing the velocity you can put on one of those things - all the way across the street from our front porch. We had a lot of fun with that blow gun, we operated it several times but we had to make the darts, that was kind of a job. You had to wrap a little silk cotton; we used plain old cotton from a cotton plant, but the people over there used cotton from the cotton tree and they wrap that around the end of it so that when they blow it, it has a force behind it, otherwise the air would all go by that little dart.

Well, we had an exhibit that night. Everybody was amazed at the dexterity and the accuracy that young man put into that blow gun. I think several people with us bought blow guns that night.

From Kuala Lumpur, north, we knew that we were going to be pretty well away from civilization. There was one town up the road - it was George Town which was on the island of Pinang. A little town on the mainland, or the Malay Peninsula, the town is Butterworth. There we parked the entire caravan, then took two or three of them onto the ferry and went over to George Town. George Town is a free port; in other words, you don't have any big, high taxes on everything you buy. And here I also photographed the men loading rubber and so forth onto the boats in the harbor at George Town. Rubber that would probably go to the USA or to Europe or someplace that was highly mechanized, modern, so forth, turn it into tires and many other items, of course. And it was very interesting to see them load these huge bales of rubber and they would load huge sacks of some kind of material. I don't know what it was; it could have been tin because in that part of the world we get most of our tin supply.

Of course, as we went north we saw more and more of the huge rubber plantations. I photographed the little plants that are set out, little trees. Large fields, rubber plantations. I photographed the collection of the rubber. Natives going from tree to tree with this huge bucket they would eventually put on their back and carry it back to the weighing station where their particular amount of white sappy rubber material was weighed and credited against their picking it up. Everything done by hand. And the rubber will then be turned into kind of a bulky rubber that comes in huge bales, bounces around when they load it onto the ships. George Town actually has a harbor that is too shallow for the large ocean-going ships to come in, so they have to put it on smaller boats first, and take it out and load it onto the big ships.

Now out on the big ships it's usually loaded mechanically but on the dock side, when it's put on the small boats, it's all done by hand by natives so there's a steady parade. Each man has a load on his



back, walks up a couple planks and tips it over into the small boat. Steady procession, all day long. Stop for lunch, stop for a break mid-morning, mid-afternoon. And some of the loads they carry, well, I'm sure I couldn't carry them. And they really struggle sometimes, tremendous loads on their backs; probably a couple hundred pounds on their back.

Some kind of material in sacks - I thought it could be tin because in this area we also saw them mining tin. They do that in a very simple way; they blast away the soil with a high-pressure water hose and then they mine it very much like you would pan for gold. It's a black material and the work is almost all done by women. And quite often they will stand out there in the water in that open, shallow mine all day long, panning for tin after they have washed it all down with a high-pressure hose. I can see why tin might be expensive, although I'm sure these people are not paid any large wages. As I said, the tin mining is almost all done by women, except for the high-pressure hose work and you can barely even see their faces because they protect their heads with kind of an old-fashioned bonnet like we used to see on the farm ladies in Minnesota. And you can hardly see their face because they're shielding it from that brilliant tropical sun which is shining down on them all the time. Amazing, you'd think they'd really come up with some problems standing in that water all day. No boots, right out there with some shoes and bare legs.

The rubber bales are very large and I don't see how they actually could carry them because they must be very heavy. The milky material is changed into these huge bales of rubber. It's not milky colored by then at all, but the sap of the rubber tree comes out in a very white sap, kind of a thick mucous stuff.

Let's see, what else did we see up the Malay Peninsula...Well, it is the world's largest supplier of rubber, of course, and the rubber tree is not native there at all. The rubber tree is native to Brazil and many years ago the trees were taken out of Brazil against the law down there. It was a terrible crime to take a rubber tree out of Brazil, if you were caught doing that, that was the end of your life right then and there. But, nevertheless, they got them out, they propagated them. Most of the propagation originally was done in Kew Gardens in London and from there, transferred to Malaysia which at that time was under the control of the British and so that's where the large rubber plantations are today.

We had some marvelous entertainment in George Town. The people came out and saluted us with some beautiful dancing, some native music and some native costumes of these people. Very colorful. I wish I had some of the music that was played, but as I said, if I'd just had a real good tape recorder we'd have had a marvelous story of that whole trip.

From George Town and Butterworth we knew that now we were really going out in the wild. So we started north; road was pretty good. We stopped along the east coast in a lovely spot where there were islands offshore that all stuck up out of the water like a large lump that had been stuck out there by someone. And we thought to ourselves, my God, what a place this would be for a resort - people would come here from all over the world to enjoy this view. Well, they did, but after we were there. And there we met a young man who was with the American Peace Corps. He came to our camp one evening and talked to us about what he was doing - his work. And I think he was kind of happy to see a bunch of Americans, I don't think he had seen any for quite awhile. And we were kind of eager to see another American, too.

We also visited a temple on the edge of one of these small towns. Beautiful place, lot of Buddha figures in there and incense sticks - "joss" sticks, they call them - where they pick up a joss stick and light it and stick it into some material there, like Catholics would light a candle. As a matter of fact, they also do light candles which is where the Catholics got it in the first place, because people in that part of the world burned candles long before the Catholics ever heard of it. And temples sitting out in the bush, you know. Beautiful things, and they attract the people from all over the area.

We passed one lumber mill after another, almost drove me crazy to think I couldn't stop and pick up some wood, load up the back of that truck and bring it all the way home. God, there must have been some fantastic stuff there - never got a chance to see it, had to keep going.

And then we came to a place called Takua Pa. Little town on the west coast, and from here we learned from our maps that there was no road going north. Well, that's quite a shock, but they were making a road. Now you can imagine what it's like when you make a road in a temperate zone; you can't imagine what it's like when you make it in the jungle. And that is the road we were going to have to drive for miles and miles. It was a trip. This was when a lot of our people thought they might just as well turn around and go home but not Andy Charles. Andy knew he was going to go ahead so we all did...he showed us the way and we were all eager to do it.

We stayed overnight in Takua Pa. The next day we went out to get a little view of what the road might look like. Well, we got a short distance out of town and we ran across where they were building a new road. As far as we could see between the trees there was nothing but mud, and stuck out in the center of it was a road grader and I thought, "My God, if they got stuck, how are we going to get through?" But this didn't seem to faze Andy. We helped, in fact I have movies of us pulling that road grader out of the mud, and then we started in.

It was terrible. I don't think any one of us ever expected to get through it, and then we wondered what would happen if we didn't get through it, who was going to rescue us? Well, somebody would, of course. Probably would have had to sit there for a month. But they were working on the road - there were no bridges. If we came to a little stream we just revved up the motor and went through it and we were, of course, all in four-wheel drive. But you just can't imagine what that road was like unless you were on it. And you didn't dare stop unless you found a place where you may get started again and they were few and far between. One of them was a railroad bridge. We came up on the bridge on one side and realized there was no road across, we had to drive across the tracks. But trains were few and far between and so we made it through. And we passed many, many rice paddies where farmers were out there with their bullocks, plowing underwater, getting ready for the crop. They probably have three crops a year in that particular area because they are so close to the tropics. The weather was hot, but we were fairly young and so it didn't really matter about the heat.

We came to one place where it was really bad and we were tearing out the bottoms of our trailers. As a matter of fact, I think every trailer bottom was torn out on that road. And it so happened that that was the worst road we were on in the whole trip, and it was at the very beginning of the trip. And I think most of us got to thinking, "My God, if we get something like this in the future, how are we going to make it around the world?" But once we got to Prachuap Khiri Khan we came to the end of the building of the road, and we came to where they were starting to build from the north. The road wasn't too bad there and then we came to a spot where there were deep ruts and we really

had to go slow to get through. In one particular place where we were going fairly slowly so we didn't tear out any more of the bottom, all of a sudden a car appears beside us with a French license and the car is being pushed by four or five men and one guy is in it steering. They were French, never said a word to us, they just went on by, and we didn't say anything to them. French are peculiar people in many ways.

And then we came to where the road was a bit better and I found that I was behind Andy and three or four trailers, and Tallie and I were kind of by ourselves. What I was doing was trying to get ahead so I could get pictures of them coming in some particularly bad spot - the whole caravan. All of a sudden we came to a place in the road that made a quick left turn. Wasn't much of a road - two tracks would more adequately describe it - and we came to a small stream that had a bridge over it. But this was a peculiar bridge; the bridge was made of logs laid lengthwise across the creek, across the banks. I thought that was peculiar because the logs were round and, of course, you'd slip off those things with your car wheels. But I looked at it and I realized that Andy and several other trailers had gone across it, so I thought, "Well, if they made it, I'll make it." So I revved up the motor and gave her a shot. We got almost all the way across - I looked back in the mirror and saw the wheels of the trailer drop, but I was going at such a speed that I made it, I pulled the wheels up over the bank on that side but the bridge was gone - there was none.

We pulled up around the corner, stopped and went back and looked at it, wondered how anybody else was going to get across - no way in the world that we could see. But there wasn't much we could do and I didn't want to be there when the rest of them came up and saw what I had done to that bridge so we took off and we got up the road and came across Andy and the other bunch and we sat there and waited and waited and waited. I think we must have sat there for about three or four hours before the rest of them came along, and then we realized what had happened was that Byron, our mechanic, had gotten out a chainsaw. They'd gone back in the woods, cut trees, and brought them out, put them down and made a bridge and then came across. But that's the kind of stuff we came across.

What a joy it was to reach that town there on the coast south of Bangkok and hit that blacktop road and drive all the way into Bangkok on a beautiful highway. Bangkok is a large city. There are no real skyscrapers there, or at least there weren't when we were there; there were some nice large modern hotels. But we were amazed at the beauty of it. Everywhere you looked there's some kind of a temple. I think one of the most striking for me was the Temple of the Reclining Buddha. It's the largest reclining Buddha in the world; it must be a hundred feet long and it's under cover and the Buddha is lying down on his elbow with his head propped up. Of course, the same benign smile on his face that is on most of the Buddha figures.

We stayed in Bangkok for at least a week, and I think the thing that most people wanted most of all when they got to Bangkok was some ice cream. We'd been on the road quite awhile already and nothing like that in any of those towns before, so everyone headed for an ice cream shop. We camped in a large field at one of the colleges and we took rides on the Chao Phraya River. It's a large river that runs through the center of Bangkok and out into the ocean. But the great beauty of Bangkok is not only the temples, but the klongs. These are waterways that pass for streets in much of the city. It's interesting to go out on these streets in the morning and take a look at all of the goings on - people having breakfast, the monks with their saffron colored robes going from one place to another with their begging bowl. Each one getting a little bit of rice; nobody ever turns

them down, but they only give them rice and after they get so much of it, they stop to have the meal and it's probably the only meal they're going to have all day.

Another sight is the little boats with the woman sitting in one end, and the boat will be full of some kind of vegetables or some product that she is selling there on the klong in the early morning. By noon, most of the selling activity is concluded because it's very warm - nice and hot at that time. Remember, you're not far from the Tropics.

And the ladies are selling beetle nut. It's a palm nut, they crush it and chew it and you can tell by their lips if they're chewing it because it turns kind of reddish and quite often their lips and around their mouth has a reddish ring to it. It gives them a little lift I guess. I chewed some of it, I couldn't see anything to it but I suppose you have to be on it for a long time. Many people in that part of the world chew beetle nut and many people make a living selling it. I bought some of it in little packages in a store; not out there on the klong, but in a little store in Bangkok. I don't think I have it any more, I brought it all the way home with me and I've tried to chew it a little bit but it didn't mean very much.

The boats that we would rent to go up and down the klongs were flat-bottomed boats with a roof on it and open on all sides with a man in the back who runs a motor. And, if you ask, he'll be telling you all about things as you go along. Another interesting thing on the klong is that the farmers come in from the fields, some of them bring charcoal, some bring wood of various kinds, some bring rice. And it'll be a boat that's loaded to the gunwales, oh, stacked way up above the gunwales actually and they will pole that boat through the klong. No motor, just pushing - a man on the front and a man on the back. And there's a little walkway along the side of the boat so the man on the back pushes and walks forward as the boat moves, depends upon what direction they're going, of course. Some of these boats are not very large but families actually live on them. It's their only home and they are what's called "transports" - they bring the produce in from the countryside to sell in the city of Bangkok. Produce that is produced on the farms - rice paddies.

They also have a peculiar boat that has a motor on it that runs in a more or less horizontal position. It has a long shaft coming out the back - the shaft may be 10 to 15 feet long. On the end of it is a propeller. Now they start that motor and then, in order to move they just tip that long shaft down into the water and away they go, scooting across the rice paddies and so forth. It's amazing the shallow water they can go in and for some people this is the main transport into town, across the water in one of those boats. And sometimes the boat will be loaded with people and the water may be an inch below the gunwale but nobody ever seems to capsize and they all get there. So, with this motor with the long shaft, makes it very easy to turn and you can do some very sharp turns. It's the first time we'd ever seen anything like that on a motorboat. They were quite plentiful as a matter of fact as we traveled north out of Bangkok.

What a beautiful city, and I think we saw almost all of the temples and I'd photographed most of them. We met the people, they're very nice people. And here in Bangkok I met the member of the Explorer's Club. There were two of them, actually, in Thailand. There was a father and son. At that time I was also a member of the Explorer's Club out of New York City and I noticed in my directory that they were living in Bangkok so I went to visit them. We had quite a time visiting and the older man told me that he was going to be up at his summer home up north of Chiang Mai and we were going to drive to Chiang Mai. He invited Tallie and I to come to his summer home one day

when we were in Chiang Mai. I'll tell that story a little later.

We were also invited by the Prime Minister of Thailand to have a dinner which they catered for our entire group. And during that time we met the Prime Minister and we met the head of the Secret Police and the military staff and all that. It was a very impressive thing. But after a week or so we decided it was time to go north. We were in no hurry, of course. We were going to take a long time to go around the world and nobody was in a hurry, everybody was retired. So after about a week we decided that we should go north. One morning we started up the road, heading for Chiang Mai. It's the largest city in the northern part of Thailand, famous for many things.

Oh, we had a lot of fun on this trip. We hadn't gone very far before the local forest service informed us that they would like to put on a show for us. This meant that we would park in one particular place back in the woods. It was not in a town of any kind, along a little stream. On that day the elephants would arrive and they would perform for us the very same tasks that they would do back in the forest; hauling logs, rolling them along; so for the entire afternoon we had a show of elephant workers. The mahout, the man on the back, is the young man who stays with this particular elephant. He trains the elephant to begin with and he stays with that elephant throughout his life or the elephant's life, and they're about the same length of time. So the elephant gets to know this human being very well and the elephant is a very intelligent animal.

So we had a show. They even had some young elephants that they showed how they train them to roll or pick up logs. And, of course, a young elephant - the tusks are very short and very thin, and so they were only allowed to pick up very small logs, maybe six inches in diameter, whereas the mature elephants would pick up something like a foot and a half in diameter. And if it was too big for them to get on top of their tusks, then they would roll it and the amazing thing is that they would act as a team. In other words, if they had a log maybe 30 feet long, they would put three elephants on it, one on each end and one in the middle and then these three elephants would work together and they would roll that log to where they wanted it. It was quite a show and, of course, the mahouts had to show off how the elephant knelt down and thanked everybody for clapping for him. Oh, it was just a lot of everything. And then, after they were just about through with what they were going to perform for us, one of our caravanners, Guy Hawks, by name, decided that he was going to see if an elephant could pull his truck and trailer. So he talked one of the mahouts into coming over to his truck and trailer, he still had them hooked together, and they put the ropes on the elephant and on the truck and trailer and, no problem at all - he just pulled that thing along like nothing. And we got pictures of it, everybody laughed and had a great time. But Guy Hawks was the fellow who was always trying to do something different.

Anyway, at the end of the show, late in the day, the elephants had done their duty so the mahouts walked them down the road a little bit, not very far, to a stream. A nice stream of clear water and they walked out in that stream and the elephants immediately laid down on the sand and the mahouts jumped off and began to wash them; dipping water up onto them, sometimes with their hand, sometimes with a bucket, whatever they could find; and the elephant would just lie there and really enjoy that bath that he was getting at the end of the day. Even though the skin is very thick on an elephant, it's rather tender and we could see that the elephants were really enjoying this - best part of the day for them. Finally, after they were all washed and cooled off, they got up again and paraded down the road in a long line of elephants. It was quite a day.

Going farther north, one evening we had a show. We had no lights so quite often the show was either in the headlights of our trucks or right out in the open and we provided what light we could, flashlights and so forth. On this particular night they showed us a thing called "kickball". I've seen it in the States in the last few years. They would form a circle with their arms entwined, maybe six feet diameter or maybe a little less than that, and then somebody drops a ball into the center and they keep it from hitting the ground. They try to kick it so the other person can't get at it and they're very, very adept with their feet. Actually, sometimes they would kick the ball up and over their heads and come down behind them, and then they would raise the foot and kick the ball back into the center with the bottom of their foot. It was amazing.

Another town had an island that was covered with monkeys and there was a moat of water around it so the monkeys had to stay on the island unless they wanted to swim, and monkeys don't particularly like water.

A little bit farther north we came to a great dam that had been built by an American company, I can't think of the name but now it's a very famous old construction company in America. They went all over the world building dams and buildings and so forth. They had built this dam to contain the Ping River. It was a very large dam and some of the Americans were still there who had been working on it, but it was done. And the lake was full behind it so they thought it would be a nice gesture to line up a few boats that they had behind the dam in the water, and they put our whole group of people on two or three of them and we made a trip up the lake. Not very exciting except that we could see primitive jungle country all along the water's edge. But the people who were there kind of enjoyed seeing some Americans and getting on the boat, we could talk to them for quite a time.

The next day we came to one of the most famous places in Thailand - it's called Sukhotai. Old Sukhotai - a fantastic place. Here, way out in the wilds, away from any town of any kind, are these giant Buddha figures. Now, the most beautiful ones and the most perfect ones have been hauled into town, into Bangkok, where they're on exhibit in museums, but many of them still remain out here in the country. And it's kind of unusual to see this giant figure - they're probably 50 feet high, 40 feet, 30 feet, various sizes - to see them sitting out there with that same benign smile and the crossed legs, all carved out of some kind of stone. It was beautiful. And there were dozens of them. Also some small temple buildings. Nobody lives here anymore, but people did live here a long time ago and so it's quite famous - Old Sukhotai. And as it so happens, the day we there, that evening the moon was a full moon and I got out my movie camera and I photographed the moon shining on some of these giant Buddha figures. And you know, it gives you a kind of an eerie feeling - there you are, out there in the open, way out in the wild almost. Only you and that giant figure with the moon coming up behind it. It was a lovely sight.

We didn't have to go much farther north before we came to Chiang Mai, and all the while we'd been driving north, we'd been driving through some large forests of teakwood trees. A good many of them had been cut down, of course, the forests had been depleted on a large scale in Thailand, and they're still being depleted. Teak is the wood they want most of all, it's very durable in water and in the old days, and even today if you can get it, they use it to make the deck of a ship or a boat. It withstands water very well, it has kind of an oil in it. For that reason, I find it very difficult to work on a turning lathe. Well, I shouldn't say difficult, but it's different. It also has some sand in it so it dulls tools very quickly. Oil and silica. For that reason it's a very durable wood and ideal for

the deck of a boat.

But finally we arrived at Chiang Mai, a fair-sized city. There's a university there and that's where we parked our cars and our trailers and then we could shower in the shower halls in the dormitories for which I have always been sorry because on my left foot I picked up a fungus growth that, to this day, I cannot get rid of it. I've tried all kinds of anti-fungal creams, and they'll control it for a little bit but after awhile it comes back again. All I have to do is find a nice, moist climate and it'll come back. But that was beside the point. Old Chiang Mai is the place where they make lacquerware - oh, it is such gorgeous stuff. And then they decorate it with gold leaf. Very artistic. I have the whole manufacturing process on film. Whatever they're going to make, the first thing they do is weave a very thin strip of bamboo into the shape that they want. Let's say it's a cup. They make the cup first out of woven bamboo. Then they dip it progressively in one coat, or they paint it on, of lacquer.

Now lacquer as we know it in the States is artificial, but the real old lacquer comes from an insect, the lac insect. And it was collected in the old days and it's still collected. And this is the original lacquer. It is made from the lac insect. Now, first of all this woven wicker cup is either painted or dipped into a little tank of lacquer, usually it's painted on, it dries very quickly. When it's dry they put another layer on and so they paint one layer after another until the whole thing is very thin but very smooth. Then they put some gold leaf on it. Very, very thin gold leaf and they decorate the thing by painting over the leaf or cutting it so that it makes the pattern that's on the cup. Oh, they can make things like, I think I've bought a thing that the upper part of it's like a bird with the beak and the bill and everything and the bottom is kind of oval-shaped, and they fit together and make a little place where you might hide trinkets or something.

There's a couple of stories about Chiang Mai that I'd like to tell here. One is, there's a small village not too far from Chiang Mai where the beautiful umbrellas are made. Now they're made of paper or they're made of silk. The paper ones are made of a kind of an oiled paper and, of course, they don't last very long, but on the other hand they don't cost very much. And this one little village is entirely taken over with making umbrellas. I was particularly interested in a young fellow who happened to be a dwarf. He sat there and he worked on the silk umbrellas and he sat there all day long doing the same design, about four or five times, or maybe more, on the top of a silk umbrella. All freehand, and that was the only thing he did was paint the top of those silk umbrellas. And I don't imagine they got much money for it, wages are very low in that part of the world.

I'd like to tell a story about my friend, a member of the Explorer's Club. He came to our camp and talked - he was telling us about a tribe in the northern part of Burma called the Wa tribe. They lived right up against the Chinese border and they were not really head hunters, but when they captured an enemy, they would cut off his head and they would take that head and stick it on a pole just outside the entrance to their village. These were called pole yards and sometimes there'd be twenty or thirty or forty of them just outside the village entrance, all up there on a pole. And, of course, in that kind of a climate it doesn't take long for the meat to run off, and so forth, and all you have left is a skull, so eventually it would be more aptly called a skeleton yard and this friend of mine had visited the Wa tribe.

As a young man he was a minister and he was going up there to see if he could teach them anything about Christianity. He was much afraid because you have to ride a horse along the trail and when you enter that country you know you're being watched, but you never know what they're going to

do to you or what they're going to think. Well, he was lucky because as he got near the village he was accosted by some of the Wa tribe and they prostrated themselves on the ground in front of him without him saying anything. And he thought this was unusual, he'd expected to be grabbed and interrogated and so forth - where he came from and everything. But the thing was, he had fulfilled a prophecy of some of the elders of the Wa tribe who had prophesied that sometime in the future a person would come to their village bearing a different kind of religion and that he would be white. And so, he fulfilled the prophecy and became almost a God in the eyes of the Wa tribe so he never had to worry about losing his head. But these tribes are all around the northern border of Burma and a few of them in Thailand.

On top of the hill, just outside Chiang Mai, is a temple. Lovely, beautiful temple which you have to walk up to the top of it, and I can't tell you how many steps there are, must be around 800 of them at least, and so it's a pretty uphill trip. Well worth it when you get there and you also get amazing views of the surrounding country and you can look right down onto Chiang Mai. Then, if you keep going over the top of that mountain, you'll go down the other side on the trail and you'll come rather soon to a small village of a hill tribe. Many of our people went along, we took a little tour, all those that could walk that far. I took my cameras. Well, the village is kind of a nondescript place, they make a living, if you want to call it that, by raising opium poppies. This is one of the places where the drugs come from in northern Thailand. They are smuggled out and, of course, quite often wind up in the USA. It's a small village of thatched houses, everything is done primitively, there's a small trough made of wood that brings water into the village from a nearby stream. The water's very good, of course, no pollution here to speak of except in the village itself.

We were invited into some of the houses but it's very dark inside and as I wandered around the village looking for things to photograph, I came across two or three caravanners who were talking to a young lady. Well, she was smoking a cigarette that they had given her and they were all kind of laughing and I said, "What's the trouble?" They said, "Well, if you give her a cigarette she'll open up her blouse and show you what she's got." Well, it didn't take long before somebody had given her a cigarette, she opened up her blouse, got a big toothless grin on her face. I couldn't help wondering as I looked, how old do you suppose she was? Not very old, yet she looked very old. They age quickly, life expectancy very short. And so, she was at least getting a cigarette for what she was doing but she didn't really have much to show, I can guarantee you that. And what she had was kind of hanging down in ripples.

As we walked around this village, I noticed many people were, men especially, were puffing on what we call a water pipe. And I realized they were smoking the very material that they were harvesting from the opium poppies. It was a very common thing and I suppose some of these people have a great difficulty getting along without, but on the other hand, this is what they raise, this is what they send out into the world and I suppose a good many of them use it themselves. And I think if I had to live that kind of life I might be tempted to do the very same thing. We spent about an hour down there in the village, looking it over and all the aspects of it, how lucky we were not to have to live in a place like that. Then we walked back up the hill and down the other side, and back into Chiang Mai. I think I described the way they make their lacquerware, so no use going over that again.

But I will tell you how we went to visit my Explorer Club friend. After talking to our group, he asked me if my wife and I would like to come to their summer home which was up near the border



with Burma. Well, when you go north of Chiang Mai there's not much of anything until you do get to the border, except that there are two or three little places that are called checkpoints, and there would be military at these checkpoints. And then right at the border, of course you're going to have to produce some documents to get across and it's in pretty wild country so I wasn't sure whether we should go or not, but it didn't take me long to change my mind and decided that we'd better do it. So he gave us complete instructions of how to get to his spot, and he said, "Now you're going to come across three checkpoints." He said, "I'm going to tell them that you're coming so don't pay any attention to them, they won't stop you."

Well, knowing the military I wasn't exactly sure of that, but we started out on a Sunday morning driving in our truck only, no trailer behind us, and it wasn't long before we came across our first checkpoint - a bunch of nondescript soldiers standing out there. And they waved us on, saluted us actually, waved us on, so I thought, well - this is okay. The next one, pretty much the same thing, so I sailed right through, didn't even stop. We never did get to the third one because his place came up before we got that far. We had to keep our eyes open because it was in a rather usual stretch of the highway and the turnoff road was not easy to find, but he had described it and told us the exact distance and everything. And so we did find it without too much trouble. Turned in the little side road and soon came to his little house back there in the jungle. The two of them, he and his wife, welcomed us. We stayed there for three days.

We had a great time. One of the first things I found in looking up into the tree near the house was a huge wasp nest. I had never seen anything that large before. I took a couple shots of it with my telephoto lens and then while I was doing that, I noticed that there was a, looked like a telephone wire, probably was, crossing the stream. The house is right on a stream. And on that wire was a little bunch of something moving. I couldn't tell what it was from the shoreline, but when I got up closer to it, and with my telephoto lens in the camera, I realized it was a group of ants, a little ball of ants. They were on their way across that wire and they were carrying the body of one of those large warrior wasps that had inhabited that nest in the tree up above.

It was a good example of how nature takes care of everything. That wasp had probably died of a natural death; I'm sure that the ants didn't kill it. But the ants found the body and they decided to take it home, make use of it. And they will make use of it. They'll make use of everything in the body of that wasp except the hard chitin of skin. And that hard outer chitin of skin will, by itself, turn back into the soil in a rather short time. I got some excellent pictures of the ants carrying that dead wasp body. It's a very large wasp by the way, one of the largest in the world. And the nest itself, I think, is one of the largest in the world. The great warrior wasps. But as I looked at that group of ants carrying that thing across the wire, I thought what a labor for what they're going to get out of it. And I also couldn't help but wonder as I looked at it, who is giving directions? Who's the superintendent, who's the director? I don't think they have one and yet they managed to get that thing across that wire within a fairly short time.

Another thing we did here, our friends said, "Well, let's go out in the jungle to see if we can find some elephants." So one day we drove up the road away and turned back in, parked the car right in the jungle. Then we began to walk around and he had brought along a gun. I said, "What are you going to do with a gun, are you going to shoot an elephant?" "Oh no," he said. "I never would do that." But he said, "Sometimes these elephants that we see back here in the jungle are wild and some of them are kind of mean." He said, "We never know what they're going to do. I have this

gun along just in case.” I looked at the bore of that gun. I couldn't believe it, that thing had a hole in it that was an inch in diameter. I said, “What on earth are you going to do with this thing. If you shoot that, it'll kill you.” “Well,” he said, “It'll probably knock me back six feet. I hope I never have to do it, but I carry it along as a safety feature.” Well, we didn't see any elephants unfortunately. Found a lot of other little things like bugs and things and, of course, we didn't have to look for them, they found us.

Yeah, well, I made a mistake here so I have to go back and do a lot of things over again. Ah, that's all right...

Before we had left Bangkok and headed north, we knew that we were not going to be allowed to drive through northern Burma; the Burmese government said they could not protect us. We had intended to spend Christmas Eve in northern Burma at a place called Myitkyina but that was never to be. We had sent two people from Chiang Mai back to Bangkok to see if they could find a freighter that was coming in and also going on to Calcutta. I don't know how we could have been so lucky, but we were. Those two gentlemen went back to Bangkok and were lucky enough to find a steamer that was, well, they made their living by whatever they could pick up, wherever they could pick it up, and deliver it somewhere else. God knows what all the cargoes were, probably no one knows, but they did have room and they would take us to Calcutta. But we had to be back in Bangkok on this proper time and we all managed to make it. The rigs were loaded aboard the ship without any hitch and we, as the people of the caravan, had to get to Calcutta in some way, we couldn't ride on the ship. I don't think anybody wanted to anyway, it was a kind of a raggedy old thing. And we could only hope that they would get there with what we had for trucks and trailers.

But they loaded everything without event and we took off on airplanes for Rangoon, Burma. We could go through Burma, but we couldn't return. If you went into Burma, at that time you had to keep on going and go right out again. Rangoon was an interesting place but it was in the initial throes of a dictator called General Ne Win and things were very difficult for the local populace. Everything was rigorously enforced. We couldn't see much business being conducted anywhere. The only great sight we could think of in Rangoon, at that time anyway, was a thing called the Schwedagon. It's a Buddhist Temple and probably the largest one in the world. A great central spire reaches up into the sky and is covered with gold leaf. I asked about how often it's covered and they said whenever they need it and it would cost about \$2,000,000 in gold leaf. But gold leaf is very thin, of course, doesn't last all that long with rains and storms and so forth. But around the base of this great central spire are dozens and dozens of small shrines. We didn't know anything about them, nobody bothered us however, told us we couldn't go here or couldn't go there. Nobody paid much attention to us actually and I could photograph wherever I wanted.

We had to take a taxi to get to the Schwedagon and back to our hotel. And one day I wanted to see what it was like out in the country of Burma so Tallie and I hired a taxi and we went out north of town. We couldn't really go very far, the taxi driver was limited. And we came as far as we could go and there was a little spot along the road where people were selling things. And the man in the taxi drove his taxi up under a shade tree and there was a man standing there in front of him who sprinkled a few incantations on the taxi and the taxi driver drove forward and backwards the inevitable three times. And then he would be safe in the traffic of Rangoon if he put a small amount of change in the palm of the man who sprinkled the incantations. Well, it's funny what people believe. Doesn't do much good to try and convince them otherwise and maybe there really is some

merit to it, who knows? You can't prove it's wrong and you can't prove it's right. And most of those incantations and things are myths anyway, but they've been around so long that people want to believe them. They want to believe in something. And so maybe he will be protected from the traffic of Rangoon with those incantations sprinkled on his hood. Who knows? I don't. It was kind of interesting.

But back in town, we could only stay a certain amount of time and we had taken up that time before long; some of our people did manage to fly up to Mandalay. We all wanted to drive to Mandalay, but we were not allowed to do it. Anyway, we didn't stay long in Rangoon, we exhausted our time. I think we were allowed seven days, something like that. And we flew onto Calcutta, landed at Dum Dum airport. And I have always said, at least since that time, Americans should be subsidized to make a trip to India, probably land at Calcutta, the Dum Dum airport, and then take a bus into town. We were lucky, we had a taxi. But we saw the buses; pretty well beat up and going down through the worst part of the town with hogs hanging off the top. It's quite a sight. And you will see a good bit of India just from Dum Dum airport into the center of Calcutta. It might be a part that you don't want to see, but you can see anything in India. Of all the countries I've ever visited, I think India has more to offer than any of the others, if you can stand humanity. You have to realize that in this country, half the size of the United States, there are one billion people. Well, you project that onto America and you won't like it. And yet, way out in the center of the country, you can run across vast open spaces, but you can never get away, really get away from people, no matter where you go.

We stayed at the Great Eastern Hotel in Calcutta, at that time it was the best one. We were there for at least a week and during that week we would look around the city. There's one thing that you must see in Calcutta, that's the covered market where you can, I think, buy anything that you ever wanted. Doesn't make a difference what it is, you'll find it in the covered market. You may have to dicker for it, but that's part of the life.

We also noticed as we walked the streets at night that there were people sleeping on those sidewalks and, inevitably, covered up with what at one time, was a white sheet but which probably when you looked at it was kind of a dirty gray. They had no place to sleep so they slept on the sidewalk. Usually one person under the sheet, and why only that simple sheet? Well, I guess you don't need anything else in Calcutta. Nice warm climate. But in the morning, they don't all survive under those sheets so a truck makes the rounds and picks up the dead ones, throws them up in the back of the truck like a pile of logs and hauls them off to someplace where they're buried. I don't know where it is; probably in a common grave somewhere. These people have no other place to go so they sleep on the street. They spend their day begging trying to get enough food to survive another day. You will really learn about life in India. And if you think life is sacred, you have another thing coming. Human life in India, in many areas, is worth nothing. Nothing, and it is not sacred. But when you live in the country like the US, with all the amenities and everything, kind of hard to believe that such a place exists as India. But it's there. I think we all got sick even though we stayed at the best hotel. I had a little touch of diarrhea and most other people had one, too.

One thing I wish I'd have bought there was a ruby. It was offered by a man in a shop in the hotel. He wanted \$1,700.00 and I didn't have it. I'm sure that stone would have been worth \$5,000.00, at least back here, and maybe more. It was a beauty. Smuggled in from northern Burma where they are mined. Smuggled out of the country so the Burmese government and Ne Win doesn't get ahold of it and make some money on it. No trouble to smuggle things in that part of the world. We did want to

go out to see the bridge over the river Kwai but we were not allowed to do that. And we did see some chickens around Rangoon where chickens are native to that area, to the jungles of that country, which was a surprise to me.

But Rangoon and Calcutta were quite different. Rangoon, nothing doing. Calcutta, a very busy city. Well, we had to wait for the ship to bring our rigs and so Tallie and I decided that we would fly up to Birganj which is at the base of the Himalaya Mountains. And we thought in a small plane we might be able to get some pictures of the Himalayas. I talked the pilot into allowing me into the cockpit with my camera and I did get a marvelous view of the Himalayas from way up there in the air with no obstructions or anything in front of me. What a sight. We landed at Birganj, a little town at the foot of the Himalayas and almost immediately hired a taxi because it's uphill all the way to Darjeeling. Darjeeling's up, I think it is around 8,000 feet, and it's uphill all the way on a road that twists and turns up the mountain, a little railroad track right beside the road. The railroad was put in by the British a long time ago when they controlled India and the railroad goes all the way up to Darjeeling. It is still used today; little steamers huffing and puffing their way up and down the hill. It was kind of interesting to just watch them.

The most interesting thing going up the hill is to watch out for ox carts because they'll be coming down the hill and I noticed that every time we met one, our taxi driver stopped and waited 'til the ox cart got past us and then we went on again. At the very top of the hill, before we start down into Darjeeling, is the famous old monastery of Gum. This was famous in the old days when people were still trying to conquer Mt. Everest. Today it's an everyday event, but this was before Hillary and his friend conquered the peak. The parties would almost always stop at the Gum monastery which is a Tibetan Buddhist monastery, and they would spin the prayer wheels all the way around the temple, and I suppose, hope for some favorable part of their trip to the top of the mountain. I don't know whether it ever helped any, but most of the expeditions stopped here and then continued towards the mountain, Mt. Everest.

We arrived at the monastery and immediately the monks brought out those long horns, maybe 15 feet long, and began to blow them, but it's not very exciting. It does make a booming sound, that's about it. And we also spun the prayer wheels and there are hundreds of them. Inside each prayer wheel are pieces of paper on which are imprinted prayers of the Buddhists. The most common one is um mani pradini um, which means, translated, "the jewel is in the lotus". From the monastery you go down a little bit to Darjeeling which is on a high ridge looking right towards the mountains and, of course, from the Gum monastery you get some excellent views of the mountains, especially if there are no clouds or, well, it's not often that you don't find clouds of some kind, and almost always there is a wind roaring over the top of the peaks blowing some snow with it.

Down in Darjeeling we stayed at the best hotel in town, it was an English hotel. And every day we'd walk outside we would see a couple of old very picturesque characters sitting there spinning their little hand prayer wheels, a handle on the bottom, a weight on it so that they spin the weight around and the wheel goes around with it, and they probably sit there all day spinning that prayer wheel. Sometimes at the same time they're running the beads through their hands, saying a prayer for each bead. Now I'm sure the Catholics probably got the idea they started that whole thing, but it was common and prevalent long before Constantine ever adopted the Christian religion.

Many of our Christian things that happened, prayers and so forth, had their beginning in India.

Hinduism, for instance, dates far, far back before Christianity. Hinduism goes back at least 5,000 years. No one knows exactly when it started and no one knows today all the gods that are embodied in the Hindu faith. Hundreds of them. But up here it's all Buddhist. And quite often a sight in town behind a house or on a high hill will be what looked like clotheslines. Clotheslines spread out and little white flags hanging from them, blowing in the wind. These are prayer flags, much like a prayer wheel; the prayers are printed on them and as they blow in the wind, they scatter your prayers on the wind and I suppose that's supposed to be a good thing. Whether it is or not is of little consequence because they all do it.

We saw some Tibetans in town. I remember one particularly imposing figure - a man in traditional Tibetan garb, with the boots and so forth, walking down the street. I ran into him several times. Never looked at me. He didn't care about some alien person. He was proud of the fact that he was Tibetan. Never even glanced at me, just walked down the street striding down there. He was quite a figure.

We bought a few things, took pictures of the old gents out there spinning their prayer wheels, sometimes it would be a woman and a youngster. Never saw a youngster with a man, always with a woman. The youngsters and the mother might be sitting out there spinning a prayer wheel outside the hotel, absorbing some of the sunlight 'cause it was kind of cool at night up here at this high elevation.

And the largest mountain, of course, directly across from Darjeeling is the famous Kanchenjunga. A very high peak, up around 25,000 feet I believe, and one of the largest peaks in the Himalayas. In order to see Everest, we had to go outside town a short distance, go up on top of a hill and from there we could see Mt. Everest and right in front of it, the great pyramid of Makalu. Ah, quite some sights we had from there. Every day in Darjeeling is market day, they don't have just one day during the week as most communities do. And on that day, or on every day, people come up from the valleys below, trudging up the hill. No automobiles, no carts, just walking, carrying their load on their back. Sit down in the marketplace and wait for somebody to buy what they have, some kind of fruit, some kind of vegetable that they've raised down below. Probably won't grow up here, not much soil up here that you could plant anyway because it's on this high ridge. And so market is a good day here and almost every day in the market you'll see old gentlemen just sitting around doing nothing. There's nothing to do so they go down to the market to watch the goings on there.

We also took a side trip down to the bottom of the valley and headed for Sikkim, the little principality in the Himalayas that is ruled by a king and his wife who is American. And we also made a short trip over to Bhutan, the forbidden kingdom. Kalimpong, little town of Kalimpong. There we ran into the only person who could speak English, he was an English fellow who had been living there for a long time. Filled us in on a lot about Bhutan but Bhutan was kind of off-limits to almost everybody, I don't know how we got in, we just went in. And we stayed there part of the day and then went back up to our hotel in Darjeeling so we had a wonderful time. The hotel is on the top of a hill so that you can't drive a car to it. We had to park at the bottom and the porters then carried all of our luggage up to our room at the hotel and back down again when we left. Then we had to find a taxi to take us back down to the bottom of the hill, get aboard a plane, go back to Calcutta in time to get our trucks and trailers and start north again.

We were going to drive up to Kathmandu, which is in another kingdom here called Nepal. And we

were going to drive our trucks and trailers right into Kathmandu. I had talked to the American Ambassador to Nepal who was staying in the hotel in Darjeeling, and he assured me that we would not be able to drive our trucks and trailers into Kathmandu. But Andy Charles didn't believe in stories like that and so one day we reached the bottom of the hill, the Himalayas start very abruptly, and we parked in a long line and got ready for our trip into the forbidden city and forbidden capital of Nepal. Well, it was kind of forbidden at that time. I would imagine it's much easier to get into today than it was then. We had to sit down at the bottom of the hill and wait while everything was cleared at the customs and we cleared everybody.

And then we started up the hill. The first thing we came to were the famed Kalatar loops. The Kalatar loops are a series of switchbacks that go right straight up the face of a mountain. There are 12 of them in a row and some of the turns, the U-turns, were a little bit difficult for some of the long trailers, but we all made it. Once we got to the top of the loops then we started out towards Kathmandu, into a valley, on both sides of it the fields were terraced and irrigated, they were raising rice. Beautiful views and beautiful sights. And along the road here, I put up my Wall Drug sign. I had picked up a couple signs at Wall Drug, I knew the man who ran that place years ago, and he gave me a couple of signs to put up - I told him where we were going. So we stopped along the road. It was kind of cool up there because this was not in the summertime. And I put up the sign Wall Drug, South Dakota - nailed it on to a tree alongside the highway, took some pictures of it; Tallie putting it up; and we headed for Kathmandu.

Twisting and turning, up and down, an amazing road. I think, as the crow flies, it's about 21 miles. By road it's about 85 miles, so you can see mostly it's twisting and turning. We arrived in Kathmandu and after we had parked the entire caravan, first thing I did was go over to see the Ambassador because he had come back from Darjeeling by that time. I knocked at the door, there was a party in progress. He opened the door, took one look at me and he said, "Well, I guess I was wrong." And we joined a little bit of the party, talked to a lot of people there, went back to camp. Name was Stebbins. The reason I had talked to him in the first place is because he was related to a Miss Stebbins that we had in Northfield a long time ago. She used to live on South Water Street.

Several interesting things about Kathmandu. First place, it's a town quite different from anything that we know in the Western world. There are, well there were at that time, no large modern hotels. We camped in the field near one of the schools. And we noticed very quickly that all the taxis were cars that went back into the 30's and 40's in the United States. They were cars that we had long ago gotten rid of, but over there they took care of them, fixed them up, polished them up, painted them and they were beautiful. And they were the only cars they had at that time.

The country was run by a king and we were lucky enough to be invited to the sacred string ceremony while we were there. The sacred string ceremony is a ceremony wherein the King's son becomes a man. He is 16 years of age and when the ceremony is over, he will be considered a man. It's a very colorful thing. Performed near the palace, all kinds of colorful ribbons hanging from built up little, well, I don't know what you'd call them. It was more or less like a circus, like a fair of some kind that we might have in this country except that there were a lot of monks around with their saffron colored robes. I actually took pictures of the young prince, he was seated on the ground and during this ceremony he is tempted by all kinds of things. Of course, it's ceremonial but he must resist all of these temptations. And, of course, by resisting them he becomes a man. We met a lot of people, we saw a lot of very well dressed-up military people, uniformed people. Very colorful and

there were several people who did speak English and we were allowed to photograph anything that we wanted to photograph so I ran rampant with my movie camera. And it's in my film, Trailer Around the World.

We also met in Khatmandu the Mad Russian. He ran a hotel bar and he was only known as the Mad Russian. He spoke good English and so he invited our whole group up to his pub and we spent several hours up there one day. Got well acquainted with him. He gave each one of us a little thing made out of, well, it was supposed to be the paw mark of that fabled bear of Nepal. I think I've got it around somewhere yet, I don't really know. And we visited some of the temples. I remember one that had a little tower on the top of it that was 4-sided and it had an eye painted on each side. Very strange-looking.

There were a group of Tibetans on the outskirts of town living in some small buildings and they were making a living by making rugs. I bought one. The one I bought, we couldn't buy large things and carry it all the way around the world, so I bought one, I think it's about a foot-and-a-half square, we still use it here in the house. I doubt that many people know that it came from Tibetans - expatriates who had left the country and were then living in Kathmandu.

We also noticed one day a very young girl who had been selected from the general population because she was born at the right time on the right day to fulfill some kind of a prophecy in the Buddhist religion. And they had taken her from her mother, from her family, and they put her up in a little room in the top of a building and they took immaculate care of her, very good care of her. Gave her everything she needed, and she would be some kind of a holy person from that day on. I think I took a picture of her as she stood up there looking wistfully out the window of that building. It was right in the center of town.

Let's see, what else did we have happen in Kathmandu. We didn't take any side trips out but there were just so many things to see and all in that strange Buddhist faith. Very colorful. I think we stayed there, well, it was probably about a week and then we bid goodbye to everyone. The King had come to our camp to see us and talk with us. And one morning we just got up, got in our trucks and trailers and started back down the road. Back down into India, down out of the high country where it had been nice and cool and down into the warm country of India. And in India we started south, we were going to go right down through the central part of the country, all the way to the very southern tip. I'd have to look at a map to see our exact route, but we did go through places like Hyderabad, Bangalore, Madras - a city that gave its' name to a type of cloth. And then from Madras on down to Cape Comorin which is the very southern tip of India.

I remember some of the names of the towns we went through like Muzaffarpur. Interesting towns, but not really adapted for the modern automobile so we sometimes had problems getting through some of these small villages on the road. Most of the roads that we were traveling were one lane of blacktop. If you met someone, there was plenty of room on each side, you would leave one set of wheels on the blacktop and come on to it after you had met the car. But we did not meet a lot of cars. We did come across a lot of ox carts and we had lots and lots of bicycles on the road in the city of Patna. It was difficult to get through the city at rush hour because everyone was riding a bicycle and the streets were solid all the way across with bicyclists.

And in all of these towns - little shops where you could buy mostly things handmade. Not too many

things shipped in from other countries or from some other part of India even. One of our first stops of any interest was Benares, which is on the Holy river, the Ganges. If you happen to be a Hindu, this is probably the most sacred spot, or the most important spot in India, or maybe in Hinduism. The rich people had built buildings alongside of the river itself, these are called ghats. But people of all ages, of all financial needs, come and sit on the steps that run from these buildings down into the water because the Ganges can become very high in the springtime and become very low when the snows have all melted up in the mountains, so there were quite a few steps going down into the water.

There were so many things to see there, you might see cows walking around on the steps, nobody paid any attention to them. No one pays any attention to cattle in India, they are sacred as far as the Hindus believe and nobody bothers them. And we very quickly found out, if you hit one, for goodness sake don't stop. And sometimes along the road we would find a cow that had been hit by a car and couldn't walk. Nobody would pay any attention to it. They would build a little wall of rocks around it so future cars couldn't come down the road and run over it. It's amazing what they do for cattle and the cattle wander around even in the large cities like Calcutta and Bombay. As you drive through the countryside you will see people collecting cow dung. Maybe this is why they don't pay any attention to them, because about the only fuel that they have left now, if you can't get gasoline or propane; you certainly can't get any wood, that's all been taken away; and if you can't get any of those things, then you have to collect cow dung.

And it's the girls of the family whose job it is to follow the cattle and sometimes they almost have to fight somebody else to get that little pad of cow dung when the cow goes. They mix it with straw, and they walk around with it up in their hand until they get near the house and take it back and they'll stack it up in a pyramid shape so that they will dry thoroughly before they're used to burn in the cooking fire. And this particular odor you will never forget once you smell it. In the morning, in Calcutta especially, even there cow dung is a common fuel for the kitchen cooking fire and it is a very pervading odor throughout that city of five or six million people. And, of course, in the countryside you smell it everywhere you go so it's hard to forget it once you smell it.

Well, getting back to Benares, that sacred place along the river, people come here to bathe in the water, it's Holy water, it can only do you good. But downstream a little bit, there are people who wash their clothes, they come to wash their clothes in the river; beat them on the rocks. There are people who come to use the water to make tea or coffee, whatever it is they're making. Sometimes women come in a small group and put up a little tent right down there at the water's edge on the steps so that they can be by themselves. Holy men come to bathe in the water. I'm not sure if anybody drinks it except after boiling it for coffee or tea. I wouldn't be surprised if they did.

Also, at the upper end of the ghats is the place, if you have the money, you can burn the corpse of some member of your family. When they bring the corpse here, it is probably some little wizened old man who doesn't weigh very much, they've got him on a litter, he's all wrapped in white. White seems to be the predominant color in India, if it can be called a color. But all the other colors they used exceptionally well, too. But they will bring that body, all wrapped in white on the litter down, they will dip it into the water of the Holy Ganges. Then they will take it up, put on the fire; but you've got to have some money to buy wood because there's so little of it; and so burning the body here is not common anymore. And then when you get through, what's left, ashes, if there are any, you toss those into the water. After all, it is the Holy river of India.



Many of our caravan members hired a boat. There are no motor boats, at least there were not when we were there. Everything is propelled by hand with oars. The boat was pretty good-sized and it held a good part of our caravan. And it was propelled up and down along in front of the ghats so we could see all of the activity, and it was propelled by men down below with oars. We did actually see one corpse being burned, it was the only one. And it's only done at that far end of the ghats where the steps run out.

While we were at Benares we were invited by the Maharaja of Benares to spend the day with him in his castle. It is on the other side of the river from the ghats and it is down the river. Not very far, probably a mile or two. So we drove down there with only one trailer and truck because we wanted him to see it. And when we got there, we found that the trailer would barely go through the entryway to the castle. But once inside, our entire caravan group was there. They provided a lunch for us, we met the Maharani and the three children and, of course, we met the Maharaja who spoke excellent English. Nice fellow. They don't have any power anymore but still, after all let's face it, they were once the rulers of India. But they ruled through the benediction of the English and so they got along very well with the English and did exactly what they wanted to do, so many of the Maharajas still exist. And, of course, their offspring exist and the castle is still there. What are you going to do with it? Take it away? What are you going to do, burn it down or something? You don't destroy historic features like that, and so they will probably always be there.

We were given a very nice lunch and after lunch, in order to settle our stomachs, we were given rides on the Royal elephants around the courtyard in front of the palace. We had large steps that were put down beside the elephant, the elephant got down on his knees, we boarded and then he got up and walked around the courtyard. We had already had rides on the elephants so it was nothing new, but it's kind of a, well, I think if you did it long enough you might get seasick; kind of rolls from one side to the other. But it was a lot of fun. And I was down there taking pictures because they had decorated the elephants with various paints and pictures, very elaborately decorated. And there were holy men standing by with their long beards and their arms and their robe wrapped around them. It was a very colorful affair, but late in the afternoon we bid goodbye to the Maharaja, the Maharani and the family; pulled out with our one trailer and went back to our campsite.

I think probably the most interesting spot that we went to in regards to religion was Bhodgaya. If you happen to be a Buddhist, you go to Bhodgaya. It is the most sacred Buddhist spot in India. Tibetans come here. This is where the holy man received enlightenment under the bo tree - kind of a fig tree. He will tell you that the tree is still there but if you know anything about age and trees growing and dying, you know that that tree was never there when the holy man of the Buddhist was there. So they will tell you all kinds of things. They will actually show you the footprints of the Buddha, but the footprints are about three or four times the size of a human print. And I'm sure if the Buddha, the Gortama, were alive today, he wouldn't like it. He didn't think much of such things. But he was supposed to have received enlightenment under the bo tree here at Bhodgaya.

But, what is enlightenment? Is enlightenment the release from all the cares of the world? No one seems to really exactly know. They'll tell you things but it's kind of hard to pin everything down to a precise idea of what enlightenment really is. But people come here and do all kinds of things, to do what they say is to receive enlightenment. We saw a man who brought his board out every day and put it down in front of the temple. And then he would stand up, get down, run his hands along

the board all the way until he was flat on his face, pull himself back up again, stand up, get ready to do it all over again. Time after time after time, all day long he would do it. I can imagine he's in pretty good muscular shape.

And we had heard about men who would lie on a bed of nails to receive enlightenment. Other men who would offer prayers every day, burn the candles. It's amazing what people do for their faith, for that myth of religion. And you know, if you know anything about humanity at all, that if the Buddha were alive today he wouldn't like it because he liked the simple life. He didn't like all of this show time stuff. He wanted to live the simple life. He wanted to live honestly. He wanted to tell the truth. Good idea, but when these people die, their ideas get twisted. Other people come along and they say, "Well, maybe he didn't mean this. Maybe he meant something else." And so, over the years it changes. But Buddhism goes back to about 500 years before Christianity, when the Gortama lived. And he really did live and he received enlightenment at Bhodgaya. And a lot of other people today are trying to receive enlightenment at Bhodgaya. Oh, the boa trees are there, the fig trees, the wild figs. The fig tree family is one of the largest in the world. Many, many different kind of trees in that family. I think we actually took back a couple of leaves with us just to show what they looked like.

And there were so many things to see there. One afternoon all of the people around the area came to our camp during our afternoon meeting and all I had to do was walk around and photograph people watching us. I remember photographing one of the saffron covered robed monks. He was standing watching the goings on in our meeting and behind his back he had in his hand the beads, the inevitable beads that he was running through his hands and mumbling some prayer at the same time. They never miss a minute throughout their life, day after day, year in and year out. The same thing over and over and over again. Think they get tired of it? Apparently they don't.

I photographed a young Tibetan women washing her hair here under the boa tree. Absolutely black, coal black hair they had. And one afternoon; there are several temples here; and around one of the old, perfectly round temples that is crumbling into pieces, an entire group of Buddhist monks were making a material called, very simply, tsumb. It is unbleached, unenriched flour and oil mixed together. They make little pyramids out of it. I photographed the whole process of mixing it, they got the biggest bang out of me turning my camera on them when they were mixing this all with their hands, everybody digging in, mixing the oil and the flour together and then making little cones out of it. The little cones were stood up on the ledge around that old, crumbling temple. They would put a little marigold flower behind each one and a candle in front. I don't know, they started this in the afternoon and I should have waited to find out what happened to all that material at night because I'm sure something happens to it - perhaps the poor people come and grab the pyramids of tsum and make off with them because it is a food and you might just as well make use of it. That's about it for Bhodgaya, we had to get underway again.

And we started south, we had seen two of the holiest places in India, now we were going to some of the old holy places. Our next visit would be at Khajuraho - very close to the center of India. A huge field of temples, but temples unlike anything that we had ever seen before, unlike anything else in the world as a matter of fact. And at one time in this area we were told there were at least 85 of these huge temples. There're probably a dozen of them left today. The carving is just out of this world. The entire outside of the temple is carved in little squares and set in, very deeply bas relief carving, mostly depicting gods of the Hindu faith. We had been at Benares, a sacred Hindu place, now we were at one of the old spots, Khajuraho, and I photographed some of those carvings. And I

was walking around with my camera and one of the old members of the caravan gave me a big knowing grin and said, "Hey Slim, come on over here". I went around the corner with him and there, in a low carving where we could see it at eye level, was a carving of sex being performed in those old days. It was actually a picture of a mule having sex with a human and visa-versa. And my old caravan friend, he got a big kick out of that. I took a picture of that, I have it somewhere. But sex in those old days was quite a different thing from what it is today - never was considered a sin. Sex was the only way any of them ever got here and so why, how, could it possibly be a sin? And in those days, of course, girls were usually bred whenever they were ready for it. That meant quite young.

There is an old Hindu book called The Kama Sutra which was written many, many years ago. I have a copy of it here. And in The Kama Sutra you are told how to go about having sex. This was for the young women especially, who could read it and find out what their duties were. And sex in those days was quite a different thing from what it is today. The male was the complete boss, of course. What he said, what he did, was the way it was done. And so to prepare the young ladies, they read Kama Sutra. You might think it would be a very sinful book, but it isn't really, it's very practical. It's telling people how to react, what to do, and how to prepare for sex.

Well, Khajuraho is a sight that a lot of people should see. The carvings on the side are of the Hindu gods. There are so many of them, as I said once, no one knows them all. Not even a good devout Hindu. But you can only hope to know most of them, I suppose. The only one that I remember, well, I remember several of them, but the one I remember best is Ganesha. Ganesha was in the shape of an elephant. And some of the carvings on the sides of these temples are very sexual. Like two men holding a woman up and letting her down onto the stiff member of a male. All there in carving.

We got down into central India and even though you're away from people, it didn't seem to make any difference. As soon as you park your car or trailer somewhere, there'll be a crowd of people around. We would stop as far away from people as we could find a place and then sit there and have our lunch, drink a beer and have a sandwich. Inevitably a small group would form and they'd just stand there looking at us. Couldn't talk to them, they didn't speak any English, these poor people in the country. Some of them may be youngsters who take care of the pigs, herd them around the country looking for something to eat. There's not much there to eat - too many people. And I knew that these people standing there watching us wanted just one thing. They wanted to know what we were going to do, or what I was going to do, with that beer bottle when I finished drinking it. And I very quickly realized they wanted that bottle. I would throw it out there, toss it out; there'd be a fight for it. Nothing goes to waste that has any use whatever.

Oh, you could write book after book about India, there's just no end to it. No matter where you go there's something different. We even came across some primitive tribes on the way south. Tribes in which the girls wore a lot of clothing, as a matter of fact, and in that hot climate, I couldn't understand it. And some of them had their entire arms bound up with, well, not bound up, but loaded with bracelets, silver bracelets, and we suddenly realized that these people carry their entire fortune on their body. They were very shy; they didn't mind my photographing them, but they didn't really want to look at the camera. But on the other hand, they didn't mind it. They didn't know enough to mind it. And they're very colorful. Barefooted, of course, no shoes. And even the bullocks that they had were highly decorated, painted. One horn would be one color, one horn

would be another color. And so it was one sight after another.

And we noticed that many of the hills, if they were of any height at all, would have the ruin on the top. Some old fortification had been there many years before, long since fallen into ruins. The land was fairly flat. We passed an area where they were making a highway. You wouldn't believe it; the women were carrying rock in baskets on their heads and dumping it where they were supposed to dump it so the highway could be built up. And where did the rock come from? There were men sitting alongside the highway with a hammer, breaking rocks, making small pieces out of big ones, and then the women would load them in their baskets and take them over and dump them on the highway. They did have some machinery, but very little - enough to kind of grade and maybe lay some blacktop, that was about it. Not a modern blacktop-laying machine by any stretch of the imagination.

We came to one little place where they were building a house. Well, I had to photograph that because they had a huge round wheel that ran around in a circle in a trough. They would put concrete and sand and water in the trough and the wheel would be pulled around and around by a team of bullocks, and as it passed through this sand and cement and water, it would mix it. In fact, they might even put the rocks in there and the stone would grind them down and mix it. Then when it was mixed, it would be put into baskets and taken to the house which was 50 - 60 feet away. And men would stand on a ladder on the side of that house, each one above the other one, and the baskets of concrete would be passed from one to the other very quickly and it was up on top where they needed it in the building of the house. As I looked at that, I had to realize that if they had modern equipment, there would be a lot of people out of work but the way they did it, everybody had a little job of some kind.

We found people making sugar. They raised a lot of sugarcane. They would cut it, take it to the mill which was a press drawn by a team of bullocks again, around and around in a circle. There would be a man scrunching down up by the mill itself, sticking the stalks of sugarcane into that mill as the bullock team went around and around. It would squeeze the juice out. They would then put it into a large iron kettle, a kettle about five feet across, build a fire underneath it and they would boil it down until it was of proper consistency, then it would be allowed to sit in blocks, in forms, and it would turn to pure sugar. Not refined, but on the other hand, you have to realize they were getting the best of that sugar. But that was their way of making sugar.

We found several ways of drawing water. All of them seemed to involve some kind of a roundabout team of bullocks or a camel or something going around and around all day long in this little circle, running a pump that pulled the water up from down below. A whole belt of cups that would take it up to the top and dump it, and run in a trough out to the field where they were irrigating the field. In fact, I made a whole series of pictures on various ways of drawing water in India and I'm sure that there must have been hundreds of other ways that I never did see or photograph. It was amazing.

We visited one huge city that had a seven mile circumference, had been occupied by many people at one time up on a hilltop. Walls all the way around it. It was laid siege to by one of the great Mogul Kings, I'm not sure if it was Akbar, or not. They came down out the Khyber Pass and conquered India a long time ago. And they never did get very far, they never did get all the way to the southern tip of India. You can actually pass through the area where their range had ended. But they had come and they had built these fantastic buildings and temples and old cities that sometimes are no longer

occupied. This one was seven miles around it. We walked through it, and also nearby were some peculiar buildings that were actually tombs from some of those old kings. Oh, I know, it was Aurangzeb who had tried to conquer that city; one of the old Mogul Kings.

And then we came to Hyderabad. Hyderabad has a world famous monument called the Charminar. The Charminar is right down in the center of town; a big four-posted monument built upon the cessation of a great plague at one time, to commemorate the end of the plague. Probably something like the Bubonic Plague. That's still there, standing in the center of town.

Had a little interesting experience there. I thought it would be a good place to get a picture of an Airstream trailer in front of it, if I could climb up on one of the buildings around it. So I found a building, it was a hospital. I found that I could go through the hospital and go up some stairs at the back end and go over the top and look right down on the Charminar. So I talked to Andy. He said he'd bring his trailer down from where we were parked on the edge of town, so he brought it right down the center of town, pulled it around right in front of the Charminar, and I was up there with four cameras taking pictures. I didn't want all the people in it, I told him to shag some of the people away. People didn't want to leave, they wanted to see that trailer. They wanted to see where these crazy people came from. And they began to congregate, and congregate in numbers, and finally Andy came running over down below the hotel, he cupped his hands, shouted and said, "Take the goddamn picture and let me get the hell out of here". So I took the picture and Andy ran back, jumped in his trailer and got the hell out of there. That's just another instance of how people gather. No matter where you go in that country they come to have a look at you.

Well, we couldn't do much more in Hyderabad; wasn't all that interesting. From here we went out to the coast at Madras. Not much to see in Madras either, although the city gave its' name to a type of cloth that is produced in that area, but produced in many other areas today. The only thing we found interesting there was the tribe that lived right on the coast in the southern part of the city. They slept there, they ate there, they went to the bathroom there, they did everything right there on the beach. And they made their living by trying to catch a few fish out in the water, but the fish are not there much anymore, they've been fishing those waters for so many years.

So from Madras we drove down along the coast. One day I was passing through an area that was getting more tropical by the minute. I passed what I thought was an old deserted temple. In fact, it was pretty much in ruins. I was all by myself with the truck and trailer; I mean Tallie was with me, but we were all by ourselves and I thought I'd better stop and look around, I might find something. Well, I did find all kinds of things scattered around on the ground. I could have picked up a truckload, actually, but the people were standing around watching me. I don't know if they cared at all, but I didn't know that. After all, it's in their home territory. Maybe they were interested in that temple. I didn't find out 'til later that I was kind of stupid; they didn't care about that temple, I could have picked up the whole thing and it wouldn't have made any difference to them. But I did find a nice hat that I still have. Mounted it on a piece of wood. Brought it all the way home.

But from here there wasn't anything of interest all the way to Cape Comorin. We had all planned to meet that night, so we met right there at the Cape - water around us on two different sides. We were at the southern tip of India. Unusual to have a place to park on the southern tip of a country like that, but that's the way it was. We stayed there only overnight, there was nothing to see or do. And then we started up the west coast, up through the smallest state of India called Kerala. Well, Kerala

is not only the smallest state, but it's one of the most interesting. It's in the tropics. It's where we get a lot of our world's black pepper supply, although it is grown in many tropical areas now. It's a viney plant and the peppercorns are actually a woody substance. My friend Harvey Stork used to tell me not to eat it because it would embed itself in your intestines. Well, that may be, but an awful lot of people eat a lot of black pepper. The best I've ever seen was in Costa Rica, but it's not bad here. We saw large sacks of it and I kind of kick myself now, I could have brought back a sack of it, it would have lasted for years. The pepper is exported mostly from Cochin, which is on the coast in Kerala.

We also parked overnight on the grounds of the former Maharaja of Kerala. We had a very nice parking spot around what used to be the castle. And we stayed there for the night, went down along the beach, watched the people fish. They have a large, long net. The darn thing is probably more than a 100 yards long and they go out into the ocean with one end of it in a boat and they secure the other end on shore. They go out and make a U-shape with the boat so that eventually both ends are on shore and if there are any fish out there, they'll be trapped inside that U-shaped net. Some of our caravanners actually helped them pull in the net.

And we also watched them here sifting through the sand getting tiny bits of shells that they use in making lime. Lime is used in the chewing of beetle nut. But again, they've been sifting the sand for shells for so many years they don't get much anymore. But it's the only thing they have if they're going to continue chewing beetle nut.

And here along the coast we're finally in the coconut area and we photographed people making rope from the husks of coconut. And we photographed them splitting open the coconut, it's a terrible thing to get open, but they've solved a way of doing it. We also saw where they were taking these husks after the nut had been taken out... And you know the nut is not always eaten and, matter of fact, it is seldom eaten anymore. It is used in the making of soap and the oil that comes from the coconut is highly saturated and not exactly good for human beings, but is used and has been used for centuries, and this is what's called copra. A large industry here of producing copra. After they take the nut out of the coconut husk, they put the husks in a large enclosed net and they sink that under water. They leave it under water for a period of time. When they bring it up, the husks are soft and they can get the fibers out from which they make a rope. The women of the groups here make the rope. Kind of interesting to watch them do that, but it's a very harsh rope, not very good on the hands, but it's also a strong rope. So we stayed with the Maharaja of Kerala, we stayed in Cochin and we took a trip on the inland waterway here in Cochin. We hired a boat for the day, went way back inland, water goes way back in. We saw old castles, old churches, old communities along the waterway.

But from here north for quite a distance we saw very little. We stopped at a spot that was the southernmost expansion of the Mogul Kings. Tremendous mosque there - Islamic mosque. Not used much today. And in it was the tomb of one of the old leaders of the group. The tomb was made of white marble, completely carved inside and out and the old guy's still lying buried inside. And then we also went north, we went to some caves called the Ajanta caves in a hillside of rock. It had been dug there many years before, and the reason they are preserved today is that there are many figures on the walls inside these caves. We were kind of lucky here - you had to walk quite a distance, but the ladies who couldn't manage it rode the chairs. There would be a man on each end of a chair and the woman was sitting in the chair between them and they would run along. Of

course, they demanded a fee for it, but not very much, far better than walking. I forget what they call those chairs, they have a name for them. A very common type of transportation in the old days for important people. And the slaves, of course, and the poor and the peons were the ones that hauled them around. Sometimes it took four men on the poles to haul them.

After the Adjanta caves we passed the Portuguese settlement of Goa. Finally we kept on going north until we arrived at a little town south of Agra. And before we go into Agra and see all the Taj Mahal and everything, I should mention another thing we saw in the south of India - way down there. Actually, it was between Madras and Cape Comorin - the old city of Madurai. In Madurai is a large walled enclosure, it's a religious edifice. There are four towers, one on each side of this square enclosure, and each tower will have a lot of carvings on it all the way up. One carving may have human faces, another carving may have animals, another carving may have just parts of people. These are very common in that particular religion that was in Madurai so many years ago. We photographed them. We went inside.

And also down through that part of the country we would often come upon large fields of statuary right alongside the road. There would be large men figures standing, women figures with a basket on their head. These things are probably 15, 20 feet tall, all beautifully painted. And we were told that when the paint begins to wear off, people come in and repaint them although most people have no idea what this is all about. If you ask about these fields of statuary, no one seems able to tell you much about it. But they're very colorful. And also in that field of statuary, almost inevitable you will find what is called the Lingum stone. It's a stone meaning fertility. It is more or less a figure of the vagina. Women come along and they will almost always drop some red powder on it. It does mean fertility and I suppose they think it's going to help them and God knows it's what they don't need in India - more fertilization. Anyway, these are a couple of the other things we saw on the way south.

And now we're back up there approaching Agra and there's a little town just south of it where we stayed overnight. Before we went into Agra we were invited by another Maharaja to see where he is trying to raise and preserve white tigers. They are very rare in the wild and this man is raising them in cages and enclosures. We were invited to see them, look at them. Huge creatures glaring up at us as we stood on this platform high above them, but I'll tell you something - when they roared and jumped for us, everybody was ready to go. I think they are actually larger than the Bengal tiger. I have never seen anything in a tiger-way that's any larger.

And also down there south of Agra we had a ride on elephants in one of the national wildlife refuges called Mudulai. We had to ride on the backs of elephants where we were safe from attacks by tigers if we were to see one. And we did see one, and luckily we were on the backs of elephants because we crossed some small bits of water and the elephant could walk right through it. The tiger that we did see was kind of hiding in the brush and was not much interested in us - trying to keep away from us, as a matter of fact. And we saw the wild buffalo and we heard the barking deer back in the bush so it was kind of nice to have a visit in a wildlife refuge. I think it was probably the only one that we were allowed to go into. I suppose we would have been allowed in others but we just didn't take the time to do it. But it was quite an experience riding on the backs of the elephants again. It was about the third time that we had experienced that sensation. Mudulai is not very large, but it does preserve the wild buffalo and the barking deer and the tiger.

I'm going to have to go back a little. I want to go back to Cambodia first of all. While we were

camped at Bangkok we were invited to attend the elephant round-up in a place called Surin. This is way out in eastern Thailand near the Cambodia border. So we drove out there. I think we left our trailers in Bangkok, as I remember, and we drove out to the Surin area. This is an annual event. It's not really an elephant round-up but it's where they bring elephants and perform for the populace, anybody who would like to watch it. They show how the old military rulers went to war on the backs of elephants. A very impressive sight except when you stop to think of it, it was the elephant who bore the brunt of everything. He had to march forward regardless of what was happening. On his back would be a bunch of warriors with lances. These would be thrown and, of course, most of them would hit elephants, one side or the other. And they all marched off in a line. There were soldiers on the ground and on the backs of the elephants.

They demonstrated the whole thing for us, showed us exactly how they went to war in the old days. And they had various elephant events taking place, showing how they worked. But we had already seen that or we were going to see it farther north at a place called Yawnghwe, where they would bring out the elephants and show us how they carried logs and rolled them and so forth. And they also had a tug of war between a group of military men and one elephant. It was amazing; there must have been 30 or 40 men on the rope and they could not pull the elephant back and he couldn't pull them. The whole thing wound down to a stalemate, but at least they couldn't pull the elephant backwards. And when most of the festivities were over and we had photographed the old war games and so forth, we were invited to ride the backs of the elephants. So again they put up some steps alongside them, we could climb up the steps and get on the backs of the elephants and ride around. This was our very first time of riding elephants. We would do this several other times on the trip.

And at the end of the day, we all drove back again to Bangkok. And, of course, the most important thing about the whole southeast Asian trip was the visit to Angkor, the great temple area of Cambodia. To get there we had to drive again out into eastern Thailand and cross the border. I can still see that little tiny border station. It's probably very close to where Paul Pott and all of the fighting is taking place today. He is supposed to be up in that area; easy to hide there in that waterway jungle.

Well, we got into Cambodia without much trouble. We took our trucks and our trailers and as we left the border and headed for Angkor we were on a very small road, didn't amount to much. A couple of times we had to cross bridges where we had only three inches on each side of the trailer and we had to be very careful and move very slowly. But I don't think any of us had much trouble because by that time we all were pretty adept at driving trailers. There was lot of water alongside the road. We could stop, we could watch wagons coming back from out in the fields somewhere beyond where we could see. Wagons up to their hubs in water, pulled by a team of bullocks and people sitting on the wagon high up above the water. They'd been working in the fields out there somewhere. We also saw boats going by; dugout boats pulled by men standing up and you would sometimes wonder how they could stand and not tip that tiny thing over, but they were doing an excellent job of it. One boat I remember was loaded with, it must have been a whole family. The water was very close to the edge of the boat but no problem, they're used to that.

And along the way here I found an old cowbell made out of wood, hung around the neck of a cow. And so I thought well, maybe I can buy that. Of course I couldn't speak the native language so with some sign language I told them that I would like to have it if he would sell it. How much? He wanted 5 baht. Now that was about one dollar to me and so I bought the cowbell. Still have it. Made



out of wood, carved out with a clanger in the middle of it. Makes a kind of a loud rattling noise. And the actual rope that was used to tie around the neck of the cow. But we often found things like that.

And we eventually came to Angkor in the city of Siem Reap. This is the city that is close to Angkor. Not a very large city, probably in pretty bad shape today, all the fighting that's been going on in Cambodia. Just seems like they've been fighting ever since we were there. We parked right in front of the great temple of Angkor. The whole thing is enclosed in a moat with a causeway across it. And we were parked with our caravan, all of our trailers and trucks right across the tiny road from the causeway out to the temple itself, so without any great problem we could step outside the trailer and take a picture of the great temple sitting out there in the center of that moat. If we walked across the causeway and entered the temple, we could see that there'd been lots of people doing that ahead of us - the steps were pretty well worn down.

The temple is actually two or three temples inside each other. And, as I remember, the temple was built by one of the old kings of Suryavarman - Suryavarman, the 2nd. This was built way back in about 1100-and-something. It is one of the great masterpieces of Asia. You really have to see it today to believe it, you can't believe the intricate carving that is in that temple. Angkor Wat is the name of the temple. That means a funeral temple. It is one square mile, dedicated to Vishnu, one of the Hindu Gods, the God of Life. The entrance is on the west side; that's the dead direction. The towers represent lotus flowers and the carvings on the inside that are protected in a walkway completely around the temple; there must be thousands and thousands of them all together depicting scenes from the life of Rama; good against evil. Carvings also tell the story of Suryavarman II. Also the days of judgment, the hell of thorns, the hell of choking, the hell of tears. It's all depicted in bas relief carving. It's fantastic. Makes you wonder, who did it? This is actually the high point of the Khmer architecture.

But that's not the only temple here - seems to be no end of them. Nearby is Angkor Thom. At one time they figure that Angkor Thom must have had as many as a million residents. The great city. Actually Angkor Thom is a whole series of temples within a large square area. I don't remember if there was any moat around that particular area. That was built later on by another one of the great kings, I think around 1200-and-something. On the way out along the causeway to Angkor Thom are 54 statues of giants, each one holding part of the body of Naga, the great serpent. These are larger than life-size. There are 24 on one side and the remaining on the other side. They're all seated, by the way and on one side they'll all have a smile on their face and on the other side of the road they have a scowl. These, the ones with the scowl, are the demons.

Elephant terrace inside Angkor Thom, 1500 feet long with I don't know how many elephants carved in life-size, all in a long line. Angkor Thom itself had 50 towers and on almost every tower there are four faces, one on each side. Four silent faces, all watching, and I can tell you it gives you a eerie feeling when you're out there at dusk or even in the dark. In the dark of the moon and you look up and you see these figures looking down at you, you do get an eerie feeling. Tsom was a small temple back in the jungle away from even Angkor Thom. And Tsom had trees growing on top of it, fig trees with the roots going down over the side of the temple, the side of the four faces, so that the four faces were sometimes hard to make out because of all the roots over them. A fig tree is a large family and they can start up on the top of a ruin like that and send their roots down over the side looking for the earth.

Many of the figures in Angkor Wat, on the sides of doorways and so forth; not on the bas relief carving that surrounds the inside of the temple, but scattered in various places; are the Apsara dancers. They all look the same, they have one foot on the ground, one foot crooked upwards. Beautiful girls, all with some headdresses on. They are dancing for the gods. It is one of the national figures of Cambodia, the Apsara girls. As a matter of fact, the mayor of Siem Reap came to our camp one day and presented each person with a small silver pin of the Apsara girl. Not just each couple, each person got one. I got one, Tallie got one. I still have them. Beautiful things, and all made of sterling silver. All of these figures in the Angkor Wat area were done between the 11th and the 15th centuries. It was discovered in 1860 by a Frenchman. In fact, some of the temples today have been left as they were when they were found, when they were discovered. In other words, the fig trees have not been cut down, they're still growing and sending the roots down between the rocks and forcing them apart and pushing them over so that this is what has caused much of the destruction here in the area around Angkor Wat.

There are many different names of these temples: Taprohm, Takeo, Prerup, Tsom, Banteaysri, and the famous Bayon, which is one of the temples inside Angkor Thom. Well, Somerset Maugham I think probably said it best about the great area. Somerset Maugham was a famous English writer. He visited the area and after he had seen it he said, "As much as I love words, there are no words that can adequately describe this fantastic place". I don't think you'd have to see anymore than Angkor Wat itself, the big temple, and walk around inside and see what these people did such a long ago time. I remember one scene on that inside wall of warriors marching off to war and meeting the enemy. I can remember bas relief pictures of men cutting the throats of other men. And all the horrors of war are depicted there in the bas relief carving. But so many other things are all depicted in the carving. And the amazing thing is that it's all just about as it was when they did it because it's all protected from above. It's in a little hallway that seems to be just inside the temple door and goes all the way around the inside.

But as I said, there are two or three temples inside yet, so you never quite see it all. Fantastic place. I remember walking around the Bayon and Taprohm, Angkor Thom at night - just at dusk. And then again I waited 'til the moon came up one night and I can guarantee you, you get a peculiar feeling when you stand there in all that quiet and all that peace and see these faces staring down at you. On the side of the Bayon are large bas relief, deeply cut, again depicting scenes from the life of these people. One in particular again was of men going to war and killing each other. All done in stone, and it's not so well protected there because on the side of the Bayon it's all out in the open and so the weather has had a bad effect upon it, not like inside Angkor Wat. But you can only see so much of it and we spent a week there. One of the most marvelous weeks in my entire life, I can guarantee that. But eventually we had to go, drive back those narrow roads, back into Thailand and head north up to Chiang Mai.

I hope I mentioned that the large Angkor area was discovered by the French and I think I gave the date, it was 1860. That's a long time ago but nothing was done with it for quite a long time because a tremendous amount of work was required to clear even the ruins that have been cleared so far. And probably very few others will ever be cleared. And not possible at all to do anything there today because of all the fighting that is going on. We also drove with our trucks back on muddy roads, and thank goodness we had 4-wheel drive so we could get back to some of the more remote little temples. The whole thing, I can't remember how many square miles there is here, but it's a

very large area. And on one of the little temples we found way back in the bush, it was not bas relief carving, it was deeply cut. The carving was actually around behind some of the figures much like in some of the carvings that we would see in Khajuraho, India.

Another thing that I did not tell about was our trip to the Cameron Highlands. This is in Malaysia, north of Kuala Lumpur. The Cameron Highlands are where an excellent tea is grown on thousands of acres of land up there in the rolling hills. Altitude up here is about 6,000 ft. so it's a very nice spot to go because you're down there almost in the tropics and up here it's a much more pleasant climate than down along the ocean. The tea is grown here by a plantation called the Boh Plantation. The pickers are young girls and young boys, mostly young girls. They will protect their faces with a kind of a peculiar hat that they put on, it actually is more or less a scarf that's wound around and sticks out to protect their faces, so it's sometimes difficult to tell whether you're looking at a boy or a girl. They pick with a basket on their back, supported with a strap around their forehead. I would think that would make their necks very strong after awhile because you've got to support that load of tea as they pick the leaves.

Now they move through the fields, the tea plantation fields. The plants are planted in rows and the tea plants rarely get over three or four feet. And the leaves that are picked are always the new, young, succulent leaves right on the top. And as these people pick them they throw them over their shoulder, one side or the other; a pretty good-sized basket back there; and catches the leaves. They only pick in the morning, by noontime they're all through for the day and they'll wait 'til the next day to pick again. When they are through picking they'll form a little procession, they will walk back to the waiting yards where each person's tea pickings are weighed for the day and they will be credited with that weight.

Then the tea from there is, well, they allow it to ferment. Now, tea normally is green, but after the tea is fermented; reaches a certain temperature and ferments by itself, although today they use a little heat underneath to hasten the process; that is now what you get when you buy orange pekoe or pekoe tea. Black tea in other words. Now if those tea leaves are allowed to stay green, then that is what you get for green tea. Green tea is not fermented and will never be as strong as black tea and will, of course, not have the color. Green tea will have very little color but if you find a good green tea that is flavored with a few other herbs of some kind, it's pretty good tea. A thing about the Boh Tea Plantation was that we were given cups of tea after this tea was freshly fermented and I can guarantee that I have never tasted tea like that before or since, and probably never will again until I go back to a place where they pick tea.

Much later, after we had gotten home from the Around the World trip, I made a trip to England and I found out that Boh Tea is sold down on Cannon Street in East London so I went down there and bought a whole caddie of it and brought that back home with me. That was back when Tallie and I were using bulk tea to make our tea for the meal. Don't do that any more, today I buy all tea in bags. Much easier than trying to clean up the mess after you put it in a teapot. But that takes care of the Cameron Highlands.

Now I also have to tell you something that happened in India that I left out, in the state of Kerala. Up in the northern part of that very small state is another highlands that the English greatly love to go to, it's called Ootacamund. Ootacamund, or as the local people refer to it, Snooty Ooty. And they did that because the English were up there. It was a place where they could go, have a little house of

some kind and live in a fairly nice climate. They could get away from the terrible heat and so forth down below because again, it was up about six thousand feet. Nice blacktop road goes all the way up. There are two or three remnants of some very ancient tribes still living up there. We visited one of their homes. You had to actually crawl into it on your hands and knees and that provided a problem for some of our elderly caravanners; Joe Bos in particular.

But they had a little stadium in front of the soccer field and late that afternoon we were invited to sit in the stadium and they would provide entertainment for us. Many of the young girls came with their lovely, colorful costumes to dance for us. These are all Hindus, some of the native Hindu dancing. And then one of the old tribes of native people came to play their wild instrument and dance their wild dance for us. It was so wild that I thought for a minute I was way up ahead of myself; I was in Europe, I was in Greece. These men reminded me of Greece with their long flowing white garments and their long beards and their wild dancing. And they had a long curved horn, almost in a circle, that they would blast these notes out and dance wildly. It was a lot of fun. We didn't stay up there overnight, as a matter of fact we stayed only to watch the proceedings and then drove down again and headed north.

One of the interesting places that we visited in south central India was Mysore. The Maharaja of Mysore - when I was a youngster I'm reading about geography and history and so forth - we were told the Maharaja of Mysore was the world's richest man, so I was kind of eager to see the palace. It is not a very imposing place, it looks like a great big square building, as a matter of fact. But inside it's very ornate. Lovely place but the old time Maharaja - long gone. And the Maharaja who is there now is the descendent in some way or other, but stripped of all their power. The Maharajas at one time, there was one to control each state of India. But that power is long gone with the independence of India. They now are more or less figureheads and respected in many ways, but the old power is long gone.

We also found in Mysore I think the finest marketplace in all India, at least of any that we saw. The fruit, the vegetables, everything was beautifully laid out and excellent examples of the fruits and vegetables. Must be a very nice growing climate in that area. While we were camped at Mysore I could see a hill nearby and a road going up to the top of it so I drove up there one day with the truck. On the way up, about halfway, I came across a little spot along the road with a large stone bull. Right next to the stone bull was an old fellow with a saffron robe and big thick glasses, apparently a man of some years. So I started talking to him; I found out that people of his age quite often, in India, gave up all their worldly goods and traveled around. I suppose in a way to kind of receive enlightenment as the Buddha had done except that these people are Hindus. And the great figure of the bull here is famous around the country as the Nandi bull.

We continued on to the top of the hill. Little village up there and we happened to get in on a little parade that was going around the top of the hill. It was a small sheep, gold inlaid, maybe gold covered with that very thin layer of gold of course, on a small wagon being pulled along the road, very few people there, only five or six people along with it. The sheep was well protected, a shelter over its' head. Another religious procession of some kind. Never did find out exactly what it was, but it's only one of those things that you see so often as you travel through India. You never know what's around the next corner, but you know it's going to be interesting.

The town that we came to along that coast that was the farthest south occupation by the old Mogul

kings - that town was Mandu. We took our trailer through one of the gates at Mandu. Here was an ancient city built a long time ago and today no one occupies it. The great Jamimasjid Mosque was built about the 15th century. It was copied after the great Islamic mosque at Damascus in Syria. The other buildings, there's a tank in front of the Jahaz Mahal. In another building the Hindola Mahal and one of the great sights here is the Tomb of Hoshang Sha. The tomb is made completely of white marble and it is completely carved on all sides with various latticework kind of carving that is quite famous in India amongst the people of that time. Tiny holes, one after another, all in a pattern so the wind can get through. Gorgeous place so old Hoshang Sha's got a pretty nice place to live here.

We also found here people coming to a well to get water. It was a bucket on the end of a long rope. The jars that they carried it in were made of brass usually, sometimes in pottery, and carried on the head. They would fill the buckets, get them up on their heads some way and walk off home with them. Here we also ran into the giant Baobab trees, a tree that is also quite common in Africa; tremendous trunks, very soft wood, of very little value. I photographed as a young man went up onto the top of the Jahaz Mahal and jumped off into the tank, a large pool of water. Now he must have jumped 50 or 60 feet and for that he receives a small recompense in money from people who watch him do it. He does that several times a day.

We also found almost any kind of interesting thing along the road. One little town we went through, all of the men were wearing a red turban. Now usually the turbans are white or at least were white at one time, but in this particular little town all the men had a bright red turban on. What was the significance of that, I don't know. I found a blacksmith along the road doing small jobs, had a kind of a bellows that he could step on and pump and keep the fire going. There were so many things to see. The two tribes of native people up at Ootacamund were the Kotas and Todas, two very similar tribes and very few of them left today.

Probably the most unusual place that we saw was another ancient city built by Akbar, and no one knows why he built it, but he built it and then deserted it so it's sitting out there in the country almost all intact but no one living in it. It is called Fatepursikri. Finished about 1605 so it's been there for a long time and there are many buildings inside, a huge plaza, a building called the Punch Mahal, the tank, almost all of these old towns had tanks. Birbal's house, a very famous man lived in Birbal's house. Another tomb here, the Jamimaja tomb and the tomb of Shalamchesti. Again, all in white, white marble.

We stopped at a small town south of Agra for the evening, the whole caravan. And then for some reason that night, well, I remember reading the stories of Richard Halaberton and how he had gone into the area of the great Taj Mahal and observed it in moonlight. And it has always been my ambition since those early days of reading those books to do the same thing and the only way I could do that was to leave my camp and drive into Agra at night. So Tallie and I got in the truck and took off without telling anybody. Oh, we told a couple of people just in case, but we drove, I think it was 18 miles or something into Agra, parked right near the Taj. Unfortunately the moon was not out that night so I had to look at it in the glow of a normal evening with just the starlight on it. Well, it was kind of fantastic even then.

The next day, however, the rest of the caravan came and we had a guide with us at that time who was pointing out various items. And he gave me hell because we had come in the dark at night and he said that that road was famous for bandits. Well, we made it, we didn't see any bandits. Probably

just as well. So we stayed with the caravan. I think I made seven or eight trips into the Taj Mahal in the couple days we were there. It's almost impossible to describe the beauty of it, you have to see it to believe it. Shah Jahan built it in memory of his wife and the two of them are buried in the Taj Mahal. Many tourists go there and see these tombs on the first floor and think that these are the tombs of the two, but they're not. The actual tombs are down in a crypt down below and you can go down in there but there's no exit except the entrance where you go in and out and usually a bunch of people in the small crypt and the air gets very stale down there. But you can see the tombs, the actual tombs of Shah Jahan and his wife. The reason the fake tombs are up above is that he had made up his mind no one would ever be buried above himself or his wife. Unfortunately, the last days of Shah Jahan were spent in a prison down the river from the Taj Mahal. Actually you can see the spot where he was imprisoned. He was imprisoned by his own son, but such things took place in those days; probably even do today.

The Taj is different because it's inlaid with semi-precious stones. The amazing thing is that no one ever dug them out. Another amazing thing, you don't see it from a distance. The whole thing seems to glow and when you get up close you can see the immaculate carving everywhere and the four towers surrounding it. It's just an unbelievable sight. In front of it is a long pool of water. When Halaberton was there, there were trees there and he could hide in the trees at night. I didn't have to worry about that, they let me through the gateway. The gateway itself is rather spectacular. And it's about 100 yards from the actual Taj Mahal itself. But they let me through and I walked around there in the dark. Richard Halaberton had to sneak in in the daytime and stay until night and then wander around and try to keep from being seen by people who were looking.

There is a famous tomb nearby called the Tomb of Itimad ud dalah. Itimad's tomb is not on the grand scale of the Taj Mahal but, nevertheless, it is something to see. It is inlaid completely with various pictures; trees, shrubs, flowers, everything. All done in different colored stones. Immaculately done. And yet the stones are not semi-precious stones and it is not made of white marble. And yet it is something to see if you visit the Taj. I can't tell you offhand who Itimad ud dalah was, I think I probably knew at the time. But if you see the Taj, you should just go downriver a little bit and see the Tomb of Itimad. To me it's, well, it's almost as interesting as the Taj but in a completely different way.

Well, let's see, we've been to the Taj, we've been to Agra. Agra is the city of the Taj, and we've told about Shah Jahan being imprisoned by his son down the river from the Taj. As a matter of fact I think he actually died there in that little village where we found all the men wearing the red turbans. Actually I prevailed upon one of them; although he spoke no English and I spoke none of his language either; but I prevailed upon him to take the turban off and put it on while I photographed him which is quite a job I found. It seems to me it would be quite a load on their head at most times.

Well, there wasn't much of anywhere to go from Agra except to go up to the capital city of Delhi. I think it must have been something that has never been seen before or since, when our long line of trailers and trucks went down through the India gate. Of course the India gate is a big arch over the road. We went through India gate and lined up down past the houses; the Parliament and the houses of government. And it must have been quite a sight to people who lived in that town. The most interesting shopping street in New Delhi is called the Chandnichowk. It is the famous shopping center and there you will find automobiles riding, you will find ox carts rumbling through the streets, you will find the little bicycle taxis, and you will find people riding bicycles. Every form of

transportation that you can think of, you will find on the Chandnichowk.

Tallie and I were walking down the street and this enterprising merchant waved us into his shop and we went into the shop. He put out some chairs for us, we sat down and waited and soon some of the lesser people in the shop began to come and throw out in front of us these gorgeous shawls that had come from Kashmir. The shawl itself is made of wool, very good wool, and then each side is embroidered with a pattern. I had never seen anything like them before. And, of course, the price was just astounding, they were \$10 a piece. I couldn't believe it. I bought two of them and why I didn't buy a dozen I have no idea. It was crazy not to buy a dozen of those things. I don't know what they would cost today, but I know it's not \$10. But they kept putting them out on the pile, one after another and each one seemed to be more beautiful than the other and so we had a difficult time making up our mind on which one to take. And then we had heard about another kind of a shawl that is so fine that you can draw it through a ring, so I bought one of those. It is a very fine, fine wool and the embroidery is also about as fine as embroidery can become. I still have the shawls and, as a matter of fact, I don't know what to do with them. I'll have to do something sooner or later. I hope whoever gets them appreciates them. Well, so much for the Chandnichowk, we didn't buy much of anything else there. There was so much stuff to buy and so, oh yes, I did forget, even the sacred cows wander about up and down the street there and no one seems to pay much attention to them.

There's a tall tower called the Kutamenar on the outskirts of New Delhi. It's 234 ft. high, it's got 376 steps to the top, built in 1199. That's a long time ago. It used to be that you could walk up to the top on the inside, but people began to walk up and jump off and no one wanted that so they closed it off. Now you can look at it, enjoy it. I think even as short a time ago as just a few years ago you could actually go up part way inside. And right next to the Kutamenar is an iron pillar, it dates from the 5th century. An amazing fact is, no one knows where it came from or what it's made of, except that it does not rust, it stands right out there in the open, but does not rust.

Well, let's get out on the road again. New Delhi is so big that it's kind of hard to see everything and we were not about to stay there forever anyway, so on a particular day we headed out again. This time we're going up north. We've been down through the south and so we're heading up towards the famed Khyber Pass. Once in awhile as we were driving along we would pass a camel caravan. Usually when we did so, we would stop and let them go by so we would not frighten the camels although I have a feeling that it's pretty hard to frighten a camel. We also went to Chandigarh which has some ultra-modern buildings built some years back. Not old, but fairly modern and they're mostly modern buildings. Chandigarh is famous for these buildings.

Amritsar, if you are a Sikh, is the most sacred place in India. Now we have been to Benares, or as the Indians call it Varanasi. We have been to Bhodgaya, which is sacred for the Buddhist and now we are going to Amritsar, the most sacred place for the Sikhs who live up in the northwestern corner of India. They would like to have their independence, they would like to be an independent country, and well, they've been causing trouble for years and years. Sikhs are famous as warriors. When the English were here, they could control the people through the Sikhs. They are formidable warriors. They're proud of it. In Amritsar, the sacred place, is the Golden Temple. Now the Golden Temple is in a lake. The lake is surrounded by, well, it's kind of like a swimming pool only much larger than that, and there is a walkway that goes out to the temple in the very center of that lake. It's called the Golden Temple. It is adorned with gold leaf in many ways; many sides, up on the top, everywhere,

gold; therefore the name, the Golden Temple.

We also found out that nobody cared if we went out there or not, didn't make any difference if we belong to Sikhism or not. If you go to the temple there is not an awful lot inside. But there is a man sitting there, cross-legged, reading from the Holy Book of Sikh. He will read until he is tired, someone else will take over. They will read the book through, and they will continue to read it through again. Over and over and over, they read through the book. Not the same people; anyone can come and sit down and get in on it I guess as far as I could find out. But they never seem to stop reading from the Holy Book of Sikh. To me that was the most interesting part of the whole temple, outside of the beauty of the facade and the gold leaf on the outside. There were lots of people going out there. Sikhs are famous for having five items with them at all times and if any of you've ever seen a Sikh, you know that he wears a particular turban and he also has a knot of hair in the back that is tied. These five items must always be with an orthodox Sikh. Sometime I'm going to come across one again and find out what all five of the items are.

Well, from Amritsar there's not much we can do. The only thing we can do then is go up to the Khyber Pass, go up to a place called Peshawar. And Peshawar, well, I'm getting a little ahead of my story there because from Amritsar, just on the outskirts, we actually cross into the neighboring country, which is Pakistan. Pakistan and India were united for many, many years under the British but now they're separate countries and Amritsar is right on the border of Pakistan, so once we cross over we go to a place called Rawalpindi, a huge Islamic temple there. Pakistan is mostly Islamic, the world of Islam.

Also went through the capital city of Islamabad and it's a fairly short trip across the northern part of Pakistan to the city of Peshawar. Now Peshawar is at the mouth, the entrance, whatever, of the famed Khyber Pass. I don't imagine people today have any idea of what the Khyber Pass is. When I went to school it was known in all of our history books as the place where all the Mongol hordes came pouring down into India from up there beyond the Himalayas. It was the only pass in that part of the country through which they could come easily. And stream through they did in great numbers, adding to the brilliance of the Indian architecture and other items. Many of the great kings; Akbar was probably the greatest of all the Mongol kings. But, of course, once in India, much of the past in their life was also forgotten but they added much to the history of India. And I must also say they added a lot of bad items in their conquest of India.

Peshawar, world famous place, everyone wants to go there. Right at the base of the Khyber, first city you see when you come through it from Asia. All through this area the native tribe is called the Pathans, they wear a peculiar hat. I bought one of them in a store somewhere there, I have it around somewhere. Peculiar flat little hat with a big roll around the edge of it you put on the top of your head. And the Pathans are also famous as warriors. A lot of history in the Khyber Pass. And it is said that for years the Pathans hid up there along the sides of it and controlled the pass in that way - no one could go through it. Kind of makes you think before you even start through it, even today. And I'm sure I thought about that a few times. But we were assured that we would be okay this time. But I couldn't help thinking what a marvelous target one of these big, old, long, silver bullet-like trailers would make for some Pathan marksman up there in the hills. I think a lot of our people were afraid of that.

I had one interesting experience in Peshawar. I don't remember what I was taking a picture of but I



had my camera on a tripod and I was leaning over the camera, running the camera and looking through it at the same time and I felt someone in my back pocket. Now Peshawar is famous for pickpockets. In fact we were going to go into a country, Afghanistan, that is world famous for pickpockets and thievery. I knew the man, whoever it was, couldn't get my billfold out because my pants were quite tight. And I took my picture, stood up quickly, turned around and it was a young boy. He jerked his hand away but there wasn't a thing in the world I could do about it. I could glare at him, that was about it. I couldn't say anything, he wouldn't understand it. If I created any kind of a fuss at all, I had to remember that I was an alien, I was an intruder, an outsider. Everybody around there, they were natives. I was not going to get away with anything so all I did was glare at him, smiled a little bit, and walked away. It could have been different, but it wasn't.

And then one day we headed through the pass with a lot of trepidations. I was amazed at the height of it, it's only a little over 4,000 feet and you don't start out from sea level so it's not a very high pass at all. We made it through rather quickly and we were told not to stop, just in case. I stopped anyway, there were too many pictures to be taken and I stopped several times to take pictures. And then finally, when we were through the pass, we came to the border of Afghanistan, a country that we had all been looking forward to. India, of course, is common, a lot of people can tell you about India, a lot of people have been there, but when it comes to Afghanistan, it's kind of like a forbidden area. It was controlled as a colony by the Germans for a long time so German is spoken fluently there along with Farcy, the Islamic tongue.

Can't tell you what branch of the Islamic faith most of those people belong to in Afghanistan. I've read the Karan a couple times. It's easy to read, you get through it rather quickly. Not much in it except telling people how to live; how to live the good life. I didn't find anything in it that was telling the people to go out and convert everybody else to the Islamic word. But of course, all those things come afterwards. A man can start a religion but after he dies, God only knows what's going to happen to it. And He's not telling anyone. Even Christianity has changed dramatically since the time of Christ, I'm sure of that. Split off into any number of religious groups and that's what happens to all of them. Happens to the Mohammedans, it happens to the Buddhists, happens to the Hindus. Nothing stays pure very long when it's attached to human beings, there's too much to be gained by doing something else.

A tragic thing happened soon after we entered Afghanistan. We lined up at the border, all the trailers, one by one we were passed through and we were also met by some guides who would stay with us and show us through Afghanistan. After clearing the border most of the trailers went on ahead. I was one of the last ones and I was leading five trailers as we drove down the road. Beautiful, nice concrete road built by the Americans all the way to Kabul, up through the canyon and so forth. At the border I had asked what side of the road to drive on. We had already passed through several countries and that was a common question at a border because in India we drove on the left-hand side as they do in England. And I was assured at the border that you drive on the same side. No problem.

So I'm going down the road, leading these five trailers and I'm on the left-hand side of the road and we go around a big sweeping curve to the left. As we do so; I don't remember how fast I'm going, I suppose about 40 or 45; as I swing around that curve, I noticed a small car approaching and it was on the right-hand side of the road so the thought immediately was in my mind that, well, this is correct - I should stay on the left. But as that car approached, all of a sudden he swung directly

across the road, right in front of me. There was no way in the world I could miss him. There was no ditch, in fact there was a little hillside there. What his purpose was I will never know because I hit him broadside. I jackknifed the trailer trying to stop, of course. And I hit him so hard that the car kind of hung up on the big steel bumpers that we had installed on the trucks.

Can you imagine my feeling? Seeing that car on the front of my truck and knowing that it probably had a lot of people in it? And as it turned out, I think there were eight or nine people in that car. It was a little German Opal and almost a new car. And in Afghanistan not too many people had been driving for a long period of time with a car like that, cars were relatively new. At least new cars were in Afghanistan. Well, I was beside myself, I didn't know what to do. What a terrible feeling to come over you; not knowing whether you killed a whole bunch of people or not. So we got out; I was so distraught that the people who came along behind had to kind of look after me a little bit. I didn't know what to do. And the Afghani guide that was with us came up, tried to console me. He said, "Mr. Hall, it's not your fault. It was Allah's will." Allah means everything, of course, in the Islamic faith. Allah decides everything, just another word for God. That didn't help. I couldn't understand why anybody would have done such a thing, but he did.

Most of the people in the car were not injured badly. There was one I remember, they took him out and laid him down on the ground. I don't know whether it was the driver; couldn't speak the language so we didn't find out very much and we had to leave. An ambulance had been called and we took off, all five trailers and we had to stop in Jalalabad; fairly good-sized city up at the top of the canyon, out in the open. The guide stopped us there and then informed me that I would have to stay in Jalalabad until they called Kabul to see what in the world we should do. I doubt that an accident like this had ever happened before in Afghanistan with a foreigner driving a car. And certainly nobody had ever had an accident like that with a trailer behind them. These people had never seen anything like an Airstream trailer. So we stayed in Jalalabad. Mac Smith and his wife and the kids stayed behind me, so the two of us stayed there, the rest of the trailers went on to Kabul.

My passport was confiscated by the police in Jalalabad. And while we were in the city hall, every so often one of the men would get up and go over in the corner, face Mecca, get down on his prayer rug and say his prayers. And every so often somebody would try to call Kabul on the telephone but they couldn't get through. Finally, I think it was about two o'clock in the morning, they got through to Kabul and Kabul said what any normal person would have said, "Come on in to Kabul, we'll solve the problem here." So we went to bed in the trailer. Next morning we drove into Kabul; Max Smith and Tallie and I; parked with the rest of the caravan.

Very strange city, Kabul. Mostly mud houses even though it's the capital city. A couple of castles on some hills overlooking a city of people who had ruled the area a long time ago. It was now ruled by a king. I immediately tried to get hold of the American Ambassador - found out there was none but there was an American Consul, a man by the name of Tom Green. Tom tried to console me. He said, "Don't worry, we'll get you out of the country even if we have to give you another passport." "But," he said, "first let's try and solve it." So I went around with Tom Green for several days while the rest of the people were in Kabul. And then I was told that I could stay with the caravan, but the problem would be solved before we left the country.

With Tom, I met several of the government people. I remember going into the head of the secret

police one day with Tom. And Tom and this man discussed what language they would converse in. Tom said, "Well I know English and German" and something else. And the head of the secret police said, "Well, I speak German and English", but said, "I speak German better, so let's converse in German". So they did that. And while they were talking, I could not help but wish that I had had my camera for all around me were these fabulous old Mullahs - top men in the Islamic faith. All in their white garb with their long flowing robes and their beards and their turbans. Oh, my God, what a sight. They were there to have their passports cleared so they could take off for Mecca. They were heading for Mecca for their life-long pilgrimage to the head of the Islamic area. All I could do was look and wish that I had had a camera.

The head of the secret police was kind of a cold-blooded cookie, I never did see him smile all the while we were in there. Finally we departed. I went back to the caravan and Tom said, "Don't worry, we'll work it out." I went around with him to several places the days we were in Kabul. But I had some free time, I photographed some of the streets, I photographed a lot of the things we found in the capital of Afghanistan. I went into the post office one day to get stamps because I was trying to buy stamps in every country that we passed through. I bought the stamps and then while looking around, all of a sudden my stamps disappeared. I had heard about the thievery in the government there. I went back to them and said, "Where's my stamps?" I was furious. I knew somebody had stolen them, right out from under my hand probably. I raised such a fuss that finally a man came over, took me by the arm, led me over to a table in the center of the post office, lifted up a little blotter in the center of the table and my stamps were underneath it. How they ever got there I have no idea. He gave them to me and said, "Now get out of here and don't come back." Probably the only person in the place that spoke English. I was happy to get out.

I also tried to buy an Afghani rug. I knew they made excellent rugs, Oriental rugs, we used to call them years ago. I guess they're still called Oriental rugs. So we went into the marketplace and just as we entered the market, there was a whole pile of rugs there with two or three Afghans sitting on top of it. I thought well, why not start right here. So I asked about a rug. Immediately they all jumped off the pile of rugs and they began to take them off one at a time and throw them out on the street, one after another. I finally picked out one that I liked. They put the rest of them back on the pile and then we began to bargain. And we haggled. Couldn't come to a decision so I said I'd see them tomorrow. I did come back tomorrow. And we haggled again. Still arrived at no decisive price for that rug. I can't remember what I wanted to give him for it but it was less than what they wanted. But they enjoyed the haggling. So I said, "Well, maybe tomorrow." So I came back again the next day. Immediately they all jumped off the rugs, pulled out the one that I'd been looking at, they knew which one it was. Okay, haggle again. Finally, I got kind of tired of it all and I said \$50.00. I gave them \$50.00, they took it, I folded the thing up and put it in my car. One thing we found out as we traveled through Afghanistan, especially in Kabul; when the rugs looked as though they'd been used, they'd put them out on the road, cars would run over them. I thought that was kind of an odd thing, but if they were doing it, it must be natural. We saw it several times in Afghanistan.

Well, one day, I think we'd been there a week or more, I bid Tom Green goodbye and he assured me again that they'd get me out of the country and I also found out later that the caravanners had all decided that they would hide me in one of their trailers and go across the border into the neighboring country. That would be Iran. That's the area we were headed for.

Our first stop was a kind of a little fortified town down the road towards Kandahar, which is a

corruption of “Alexander”. Alexander the Great came this way in the old days, now the city is named after him. But the little town before Kandahar had a little fort on the edge of town, we could see men in uniform walking around up there on the top with rifles on their shoulders. Suddenly, as I stopped to take some pictures, I heard somebody screaming in English. I looked around and here was a young man running out of a little gully, shouting in English. I thought, my, this is unusual to find somebody speaking English in this town. So he came running up to me and we started talking. It happened that he had been in the United States some years before. Been there for quite awhile, learned English but had very little chance to use it back in Afghanistan, so when he saw these trailers going by he knew that it had to be Americans and he came running up and it just so happened that I had stopped there at the time. We had quite a conversation, I told him all about it. And he explained the soldiers up on the fortress. Afghanistan at that time was still in a lot of trouble and I guess it's been in a lot of trouble since. But after talking for a little bit we got back in the trailer and truck and headed down the road towards Kandahar.

The road was all right but there were no bridges. Every time we came to a small stream, we found that somebody had blown up the bridges, so we had to take off the road, cross the river, go right through it and come up on the road again on the other side. Luckily none of the rivers were very big, at least on the way to Kandahar. The road is kind of primitive but very passable. Kandahar is about as far as you're going to get from the world we know. Nothing but a long line of shops, quite open to the street, selling everything that you can think of. So many things are made right there in those little shops. You can't buy them anywhere else. You have to make them. They don't have access to things, or they didn't from the outside world much. Everything Muslim, Islamic.

I remember one interesting thing where we were camped on the edge of town. There was a small canal of water running past and as I looked at that water, I suddenly realized that there was a man up the ditch a little way, leaning over defecating into the stream. And as I also looked downstream a little bit, I could see someone washing dishes in the same water. Not unusual. After all, if it's all you have, you'd better make use of it. Oh, what a marvelous place Kandahar was. Boy, if you really want to get away from everything, that's it, Kandahar.

But we're headed west. After a few days in Kandahar we got out on the road again and all of a sudden we found ourselves on a great big concrete highway. The funny part was, there was no traffic on it. Sailed along through the bare hills, came down to the Arghandab River. Out there in the desert, a little arch in what was left of an old building. That little arch and the remains of an old building, standing right out there in desert, really amazes. It's called the Arch of Bost. It's on the edge of the Dasht-e Margow in an area called Qalabist. “The desert of death”, that's what Dasht-e Margow means. Several rivers run out there into the Dasht-e Margow. There is no outlet, they create a lake that slowly evaporates in the heat of the day here and, believe me, it does get hot there in the summertime. I'm sure they must have temperatures of 130 and 140 there in the summer.

Then we crossed the Arghandab and we traveled along it for awhile. And along that river, for miles, were buildings in an area called Lashkargah. No one seemed to be able to tell us much about it except that at one time a great many people lived there. Today, not a soul. The buildings are in ruins and not a human being in sight. Oh, we did find some kids who came to see our camp one evening when we were parked in amongst the old buildings of the city. They just call it The City.

And then we're off again, heading for the outpost of everything else here on the western border of

Afghanistan. We had a bad dust storm on the way to Herat which is the western city in Afghanistan. We drove through it although we couldn't see very far on either side. But we learned later that that's a common thing in that part of the world. We also noticed when the dust cleared up that, on both sides of the road in these rolling fields; no animals, no fences; but we saw flowers, so I had to stop and investigate and believe it or not, this is the native land of the tulip. Now I would guess that 99 out of 100 people would say that Holland is where the tulip came from, but that's not true. Tulips are native in this area of Asia, central Afghanistan. But the tulips you find in the field are the species tulips, in other words, native tulips. And the most beautiful one was the Red Emperor, or what we call the Red Emperor here. They don't grow very high because of the wind and so forth, probably 6 to 8 inches above the ground, that's about it. But the Red Emperor is a beautiful, great big red thing. Gorgeous. Now they have developed them and sold them in Holland so that they grow much taller now but it still has that beautiful, large red flower. Probably the most beautiful of all the tulips. But we also noticed that there were other species types of tulips; small ones, medium sized ones, different colors. And also mixed in with them was the iris. This is also home for the wild iris. That was quite a sight.

And along the road we also saw things like, oh, some birds might be perched on a wire somewhere - there were some telephone wires along the way. No fences, but on the wires we could see some of the bee eaters, that beautifully colored bird. And we would pass camel caravans loaded with various items for trade. Camel caravans still make their way through that part of the world. And then one day we noticed that off in a field were a bunch of these black tents stretched out, people with them, so I just drove the truck and trailer right over to them. You can drive right out in the country here, no great problem. And we found out that that was a group of people called the Kochi. Mr. Mathisen, one of our caravanners, followed me over there. We got out and the old chief came out and talked to Mr. Mathisen and brought him out a young lamb so he could hold the young lamb, and I took some movies of that.

It was not very far then 'til we came to a place where there was a slight uphill route for some distance ahead and I thought it would make a wonderful spot, if I went way up there, got ahead of the caravan and waited for them and got a picture of them snaking their way through the countryside there in Afghanistan. So Tallie and I drove on ahead. We stopped alongside the highway, I got the camera out with the tripod and set it up. And rather shortly, a truck stopped on the other side of the road from us and I could see two men get out and I wondered what kind of ambitions they had. And they didn't look very good and, of course, they saw some strangers and it was a good chance to do some robbery. I told Tallie, "You go back, slowly get in the car, lock the doors and get on the radio to Andy, tell him to get up here." I said, "If anything starts here, I can ward them off with the tripod for awhile anyway." So she got in the truck, and I think they could see that she got on the radio and that kind of stopped things right there. And then shortly after she called Andy, Andy got in his car and they came up the road and I got my pictures.

Shortly after that we came into Herat, the large city in the western border of Afghanistan. It was a pretty good-sized city but there was not a single blacktop street in the city. And we found out that the wife of the head chief here in the city is an American, although we never did meet her. I think some of the caravanners met her, but I never was introduced and I never did see her even. The streets are wide and the town is full of mosques, Islamic mosques, and some of the most beautiful mosques in the Islamic world are in Herat. And we were not told to not go near them here as we were in Mashhad, not too far away from us. Apparently they were used to seeing more foreigners

here, although I couldn't understand how they could possibly do that because we saw nobody out on the road and certainly no foreigners were driving cars on that highway, no one. The highway was almost completely empty. Kind of nice, actually.

Herat was filled with mosques. Seems odd because it is also about as far as you can get from the western world. Kandahar is pretty bad, but I think Herat is even farther away. We just never did see any tourists along here at all, no one. The mosques, of course, have all the beauty on the outside. Inside there's almost nothing, no benches or anything like that. The people come in and squat down on the floor and face Mecca. Usually in a mosque there's a tower on the side or in a corner somewhere from which the mullah, the old mullah; he passes like a priest would be in the Christian faith; he gets up on the tower and calls the faithful to prayer, usually early morning and late evening.

There were so many things to see in Herat but we couldn't stay there. And while we were parked in Herat, a message came through that if I could get back to Kandahar, I could get my passport if I would sign a pledge that I would be responsible for \$2,500 for the accident. Well, I knew my insurance would pay that and be tickled to death to pay it - in the United States, it'd probably be \$250,000. So we called the AID man in Kandahar and he said that he had the passport if I could get back there. The man in Herat said he had a car going back to Kandahar that evening. And the man in Kandahar said he had a truck going back to Herat later in the evening, if I could get there I could ride with him. Well, the ride back to Kandahar was very simple - I was in an American station wagon car driven by an Afghani. We couldn't converse, but we could make signs and so forth and we had a great time going back.

After we picked up my passport from the AID man in Kandahar, then I had to get in a truck. It was a ton and a half truck. On the back they had a load of furniture for somebody in Herat. There was a piano there, I remember that. There were already three Afghanis in the cab, with me that made four people. I couldn't speak their language, it didn't make much difference, there wasn't much to talk about. It was dark, we zoomed along over that road. Sometimes it was paved and sometimes it wasn't, but if it wasn't paved, it didn't make any difference - all we did was hit the top spots. I couldn't help but wonder what was going to happen to that piano in the back of that truck, but I'm sure they weren't worried about it. If they weren't worried, there was no use of me worrying about it. We got back, I jumped out, I had my passport.

The next day we left Afghanistan and we crossed into a country that I had always wondered about - Iran. Heard so much about it and yet we were going in on a dirt road, a road that was completely washboard. There was traffic on it and apparently the people who were driving on it had no shock absorbers. And I'm sure that after they did drive it, they wouldn't have had any if they'd had good ones to start with. We drove all day on a washboard road and it just about did me in. I was stressed out the end of that day, I just couldn't do any more.

I think this is a good spot to tell a little about our caravan activities. Andy Charles was in charge. His son and daughter were up ahead of us, always with a special rig that could navigate almost anything. And they would go ahead and make arrangements for the caravan so that the people in the next city, or wherever we were going to stop, they knew we were coming, they were ready. Also, we had certain people looking out for a place where we could dump our garbage. They would try and locate some people who would dig a hole and each trailer would pass by and empty their

sewage into that hole. Not a very difficult thing - people willing to dig a pretty good-sized hole for very little money.

Also, every night we would have a meeting and we never drove into the dark, we always had a place to stay and to park before it was dark. I don't ever remember a single time when we drove into the dark. The only time that I ever did it was when I drove into Agra to see the Taj Mahal at night and I shouldn't have done that, but it's all right, it's over with. But every night we would have a meeting, decide what we were going to do the next day, decide what we might see the next day, or what we had seen that particular day.

We had accidents. I remember knocking a man off a bicycle in India one time - driving down the road and he kind of swerved into my truck. Almost impossible to avoid a bicycle accident in India, everybody has one. I didn't hurt him, I stopped to ascertain that he had not been hurt and we drove on, trying to get the hell out of there because once they find out that you're an American, you never know what they're going to do. And one day near Akbar's old city there in India, early morning, I came upon an accident where an Indian truck driver had fallen asleep and he had driven into a trailer that was up ahead of me and almost cut it in half. The Indian trucks that they were driving in those days were pretty much made of steel, and I mean steel. It didn't have to have an enclosed cab, what good was that in a country like India where the temperature's the same much of the year? And the man had fallen asleep just as one of our trailers was passing. It just about cut it in half. So the man who lost his trailer decided that he had had enough so he took off and went back to the States.

Byron Versteegh, our mechanic, had an accident with his truck and trailer. And when another couple in India decided that they wanted to get back to drinking alcohol back in the States, Byron took over his truck and trailer, so it worked out just right that way. My accident, of course, in Afghanistan was probably the only one that actually hurt people, although I'm not sure of that. I think there was another accident in Iran somewhere with someone who killed someone, but I'm not sure.

When we were in Jalalabad that night, a young man who spoke English came by and sidled up to the cab; I was sitting in the truck; and he said, "I hear you had an accident." I said, "Yes, we had an accident down by the border. Do you know anything about it?" "Well," he said, "I was talking to them inside." And I said, "Well, what happened?" He said, "Well, I think one of the people died." I never found out and the Afghan people would never tell me. The guide would never say anything about it, he refused to talk about it. So I don't know whether somebody died in my accident or not. But with 45 rigs in a strange country and trailers the size of those Airstreams, you're bound to have some problems. We had them.

At our meetings we would often talk about what someone might have done or couldn't have done or did do. We had quite an assortment of retired people, although we had a few young ones. But most of them were retired. Some of them had been on other Airstream caravans so they knew all about it. One couple from California was still using the same trailer that they had hauled across Africa and on many other Wally Byam caravans and so the rig was pretty well beat up, but they didn't care, they were having a good time and they were going to make this their last trip. I was surprised it held together until they got home, but it did.

Let's see, what else did we do? We bought things, of course, along the way. In Herat, of course,

were all kinds of things we could buy. They were not made for tourists, they were made for people who used them in that area. But after all, that's the kind of thing that you want to buy. That's what you want, you don't want one of those things that's made in some foreign country and shipped in and sold to tourists only. And we picked up various items along the way; rugs and so many different things.

From Herat, the road all the way, well, actually at the beginning, in extreme eastern Iran, there was no road. We knew that up ahead a little distance there was a road and we could see the tracks of Andy's son and daughter who had gone ahead of us, so we merely followed them until the next town and picked up a road there. And I imagine that by today there's a road connecting the whole thing, but at that time we just drove across the country. When we did find a road, as I said, we found it was completely washboard. Drive you crazy - out there in that wide open space, wondering what's ahead, if you're ever going to get anywhere.

I saw a peculiar thing off in a field one day; thought I'd better drive over and look at it. It turned out to be a vertical windmill built right on the ground, but a big chute at one end where the wind always came from, and that would turn a vertical windmill. That, in turn, was geared down so it would grind wheat into flour. I don't know what the flour looked like, but I would imagine it's pretty much like flour that we used to grind in the historical days in this country. And flowers of all kinds along the road. Most of them we didn't know anything about. The weather - sometimes a bit of rain, lot of sunshine. And I was eager to get to the Caspian Sea because I was fully aware that there we would, at last, hit a decent road that would take us into Tehran, the capital of Iran.

Now, we had to go through Mashhad first. Mashhad is in a great fruit growing area. Now in America, in years gone by, when I was a kid you could buy sun dried apricots and raisins and things of that kind. Today it's all done in this country in some kind of an oven. But in Mashhad, all the fruit is dried out in the sunshine and they get a lot of sunshine and they get a lot of warm sunshine. They had never seen people like us before in Mashhad and they didn't want to see us around their mosques, we were forbidden to go near the mosques. Isn't that a great religion? People forbid you to go near their church, but that's the way it is. Not unusual. I was surprised that we were allowed to go into any of them at all along the way. Muslims are very fussy about such things. Why? I don't know. There's nothing in their mosques to see, they're just holy places. At least, in their minds.

But we did eat the fruit and we bought it and kept it for a long time afterwards, fed on it as we drove along the roads. Marvelous sun dried fruit - apricots, raisins. They also had great nut orchards around Mashhad where we could get all the nuts of the area. All natural, no fertilizers, I mean no chemicals put on them at all. 'Course, you never knew, you might be getting a little worm in one of those things, but so what, you get a little meat with your nut.

From Mashhad down to the Caspian the road did not get better. Washboard, washboard day after day. Finally got down to the Caspian Sea, a spot I never had thought remotely possible to see. And not many people in the world have seen it, at least in America - probably a lot of people in Russia. We drove along the south coast of the Caspian Sea. Nothing of interest there. And then we came upon a solid blacktop pavement and headed south up through the mountains, on up towards Tehran. The Elburz Mountains separate the Caspian from Tehran, the capital city. The road goes up through a canyon off to our left as we drove up the canyon, not really a good road but it was far better than what we had been on. And we're starting down there at pretty well sea level and heading up through



that canyon that passes right below the great mountain Damavand which is the highest peak in the Elburz Mountains. It's up near 19,000 feet, which is pretty high.

We camped in a special campsite in Tehran and almost immediately we were surrounded by rug merchants. I'll never forget the sight of all those rugs spread out on the ground for us to look at. How can you turn them down? You've never seen anything like it in your life so how can you turn them down? I bought a couple. One made of silk - we still walk on it, of course. A man in Denver, when I took it in for cleaning, he said, "You're not putting this on the floor, are you?" And I said, "Why not?" He said, "This rug is very valuable. You should not put it on the floor." I said, "What the hell's it made for, it's made to walk on, so we walk on it." I think everyone bought rugs - some more than others. Pretty hard to turn them down because I saw things that I'd wished I'd had a lot of money. But I did buy several.

Tehran was kind of an unusual place for me because a man came out to our camp from the ambassador's residence. He'd heard there were Americans in town and he was an old-time football player, so he came out. Turned out he was from Northfield. Of course, he had to find us because we were from Northfield and as it turned out, I knew him. Name was Heavy Hanson, he'd played football for the University of Minnesota. So he and his wife came to the trailer and we had a good time talking about what we had seen and what he did. He was the head of the guard at the American Embassy. Luckily, he got out before they had the trouble later on. He asked me if we needed anything. I said yea, we didn't have any whiskey or booze left. He said, "I'll take care of that." So the next day he came out with a whole box of it. "What do I owe you?" "Nothing," he said, "I got it from the Embassy."

Also, along the way in places like American Embassies, I was shipping my film back. I couldn't think of any other way to do it, so I'd go to the Embassy and they would put it in their official pouch. It would be shipped back to the States, and back at the States they would send it in for processing and then send it on to Airstream. Worked beautifully. Never had any trouble at all until I came up against the British Embassy in Gibraltar, but that's much later in my story.

We had a great time with Heavy Hanson. Looked around Tehran - lovely city. We also found out that a stop sign doesn't mean much in that part of the world. They put them up but if you're a Muslim; kind of like my accident there in Afghanistan, the guide said it was Allah's will; so nobody stops at a stop sign in Tehran. If they have an accident, it's Allah's will. Kind of a crazy way to look at it, but that's the way it is. They take their chances.

Now we were going to see some other parts of Iran. We flew down to Isfahan. Isfahan is in the southern part of Iran - famous for the mosques. And here you will find the nicest, the most famous mosques in the Islamic world. Isfahan is also where you can visit the tomb of Sa'adi, the great Persian poet. Iran, of course, is just another word for Persia. And we visited the Valley of the Dead outside Isfahan. Valley of the Dead is where the old Persian kings are buried in the mountainsides, several tombs of the old-timers there.

And we visited Persepolis; not much left of it today, but once a fabulous spot. Some of the columns are still standing there, carved out of marble. Lovely, huge carvings that graced the tops of some of these columns. But a few earthquakes have hit the place since its' demise and that's only added to the destruction, but you can see that at one time Persepolis was really something to see and I

photographed there to my heart's content.

Along the road one day I photographed some frogs in the water singing - puffing out their throat pouches and singing up a storm, looking for a mate. I photographed a whole group of Bedouins passing by us one day; a camel caravan. They carried everything with them - everything, even their water. They had special things to carry their water, like a goat skin or a sheep skin of some kind. When they pass, the tail end is a herd of sheep. And they would go from one camp to another. In the old days, they went far north and then far south in the winter, but now borders stop them. But they still travel as far as they can. Marvelous views of these people. They carry everything that they own right there in that caravan. Poppies are native in that part of the world. You will find fields of them where there are thousands of acres, as far as you can see, of poppies. Kind of reminds me of Arizona, down there around Tucson when they have a good rainy winter. We could buy things in the little villages we passed. I remember one of our men buying knives in a store.

We flew back to Tehran after we had visited as much as we could in that area. Back in Tehran, we had bought all the rugs we wanted, had a nice side trip down to Isfahan and we decided to take off for Baghdad. As we left Tehran, we ran across some rough country again. The roads were all right, but it was kind of rough in the back country. And we would pass little towns famous for some biblical character, in the Old Testament, of course. And one night when we camped out in the desert, we camped near some Bedouins. Now these were not the roving kind, these were living there permanently in that area. So I took Pres Bunnell and a young girl from the caravan out to meet the Bedouins and we helped them peg down the sheep for the night. They put one leg of the sheep into a loop and there are a lot of loops on this one line. And then you fasten the line down and it's fairly secure for the night. And we helped the old guy put the sheep down for the night, although we spoke not a word of his language and he spoke none of ours.

When we arrived in Baghdad we were welcomed by the government there, and the first night we were there we had a feast of what they called Masgouf. It was in a date grove actually, a lot of dates are raised in that part of the world. Now this feast consisted of fish split in half, probably caught in the Tigris or Euphrates rivers which run through the city. They were split in half and then put on stakes in a circle. And then in the middle of the circle, because there is no wood in that part of the world to burn, they started a fire of weeds; dry weeds. Well, of course, they are consumed rather quickly by the flames and so someone had to stand there and add more dry weeds to the flames until the fish were thoroughly cooked. Well, at least they were cooked on one side. That was the side facing the fire because they were on these stakes in a circle around the fire. I never did see them pull them up and turn them; I think they probably figured that one side was enough.

And they were also making things with their hands, kind of a, well, it wasn't hamburger because they don't eat hamburger in that part of the world, but it was lamb. As I watched these men making the lamb patties, I couldn't help but remember that in the Arab world you use your left hand to take care of your bowel movements and your right hand is supposed to be clean at all times. And so when I saw these men working with both hands, I couldn't help but wonder what was going to happen when we ate that material. Well, we ate it. And true to form, I think almost every one of us came down with a little diarrhea. It was the second time we'd had it on the trip, the first time was at the Great Eastern Hotel in Calcutta. And the circumstance was similar; probably from the men doing the cooking.

But we did not only have a feast provided for us, we also had some belly dancing. Now in the Islamic world, belly dancing is perfectly okay. But if you're married to a woman, she's got to wear a veil and can only look out through a couple of slits put in there for your eyes. Although in Baghdad, that was forgotten a few years back, a few years before we arrived, and the women were wearing no veil or "chatiri" as we called it. Anyway, the feast was past and we had some marvelous belly dancing. The only thing I didn't like about the belly dancing was that these woman were not particularly trim. They were usually on the slightly heavy side without much of a shape and maybe they have to have that in order to wiggle everything like they do. But wiggle it, they do. One of them was better looking than the others, and I suppose that's the way it is.

Downtown Baghdad looked like a modern city all around except that up on the tops of a few buildings we saw some soldiers sitting behind machine guns; not something that will make you feel good or safe; at least not Americans. Although it may have meant; the people in that city; meant that they would feel much safer, but I doubt that, too. We bought a few things in Baghdad. I bought a very strange-looking blanket and I still have not been able to find it. I don't know whatever happened to it, I think it was kind of valuable. But it disappeared somewhere along the way. I got it home all right, but it disappeared after that.

But from Baghdad, the only route was straight west across the great Syrian Desert, a desert that is a little worse than most because out there in the center, there's not a single living thing growing - no plants, nothing - so we were rather tickled to get into Amman, Jordan. Amman lies in a valley and the city twists and turns with the contours of the valley. And Amman didn't offer much, it's kind of a strange place. It does have some antiquities there; an old arena built into the hillside, probably built by the Romans a long time ago. But Amman, Jordan, has changed hands a few times in historical times.

We did take a trip from Amman down to Petra, the valley of Petra. Oh, what a place. You take a bus and go down to a narrow opening in a cliff. I don't think that opening is much more than 10 to 12 feet wide, and you walk through it and you come into the valley of Petra. The people who lived there a long time ago, Nabataeans, didn't build anything, they just dug into the cliff sides and, of course, they left all kinds of store fronts and building fronts and temples fronts, except they're all cut into the cliff side. Nothing is built outward. And inside, lots of rooms all hollowed out a long, long time ago. But it's a spectacular sight. Just going through the narrow defile that takes you into the valley is interesting in itself. You have to walk through it, no way you can drive into it; not wide enough. These fronts chopped into the side of the cliff; one of them was called the library, each one of them had a name. And then, of course, in other areas people had dug into the hillsides themselves. Now whether there were ever any outside buildings, I never did see any, but they probably disappeared long ago if there were any.

Well, there isn't much else to do from Amman, Jordan, except to go down to the Dead Sea. You leave Jordan and you go down a long hill down to the Dead Sea, way down below sea level. I'd heard all kinds of stories about the Dead Sea, how it was so heavy with salt that you couldn't go down in it, you actually floated. I had to prove that, of course, and it proved to be true. The Jordan River comes into the Dead Sea from the north. That water in itself is nice and clean, or at least it looked that way although there was not very much of it. But the Dead Sea water itself is heavily laden with salt. And sure enough, I put my swimming suit on and walked out into the water and I couldn't sink, I floated right up on the top so what I had heard so many years before was true.

Well, let's see, what else did we do? Swimming in the Dead Sea, the Jordan River, the baptismal site of Jesus, the old city of Qumran where Dead Sea scrolls were found a few years ago. Scholars have been busy ever since trying to decipher them. Been buried for a couple thousand years, maybe more, in those caves which had kind of collapsed - most of them. But we could get into them, we walked into them. I took pictures of people going in and out. But there wasn't much to do from the Dead Sea except take a swim, look at the caves at Qumran, and then head up to Jerusalem, the Holy Land. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever imagine that I would some day visit the Holy Land and see the birth site of Jesus and the baptismal sight too, actually, on the Jordan River. We could not park inside the city, of course, because Jerusalem is a walled city, it always has been and it still is. Some parts of the city spill out beyond the walls. There are several interesting things there. The amazing thing about Jerusalem and Bethlehem is that it's not only holy and sacred to Christians, but it is holy and sacred to the Muslim world although they do not recognize Christ except as a prophet that came along and helped out Mohammed. But, of course, He was many, many years ahead of Mohammed. I'm not exactly sure, but I think Mohammed came along about 600 AD. At least it was quite a few years after the Christian world was born.

We went into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Art Bunnell, one of the people I knew best in the trailer group, went in with me. He and Preston, his son, Libby the wife, second or third wife, I don't know which, but she was Preston's mother. We looked around there. Art looked at me, looked at these priests with their peculiar hats on and he said, "What are these people doing here?" I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "These priests, they're not Christian." Art was pretty devoted to the Christian faith, read the Bible every night before he went to bed. At least he said he did - whether he did or not I never could find out. But he appeared to know a great deal about the Bible, could repeat many parts of it verbatim. So I guess he did read it, all right. And he certainly did believe it because he didn't like the looks of those priests in there. I said, "Art, what are you talking about? These are Christian priests." "Oh no, they can't be." I said, "Well, they are. You may not know it but there's an Eastern church and a Western church in the Christian church. The Eastern church has pretty well taken over Jerusalem." And that, of course, was the original church. The Western church was started by the great Roman emperor, Constantine. He assumed Christianity, made it official for the Roman Empire in its' dying days - created the Catholic church so to speak. And what Art knows as Christianity; Baptist, Lutherans, and all the rest of them; didn't come along until the Middle Ages. And Martin Luther rebelled against the Catholic church and created the Reformation.

I didn't know how much Art ever knew about that, probably damn little, but that's typical of these religious fanatics. He just didn't like the looks of those Eastern priests in their peculiar garb that they wear. But I assured him that it was a Christian church. And, I also told him about the fact that there is a pope in the Eastern church and a pope in the Western Church. We don't know much about the Eastern church today, all we know is the Western church. Catherine the Great adopted the Greek Orthodox religion for Russia as Constantine had done something for the Roman Empire and she adopted the Greek orthodoxy for the Russian people and turned it into the Russian orthodoxy. Now it just depends on who does what, when.

Now, there wasn't much we could do in Jerusalem; visit all the holy sights. We went into the church in Bethlehem. The spot where Christ was supposed to have been born is downstairs. They've got it all dolled up down there. And the place where he was born; everybody comes down there with eyes wide open and they can't quite get enough of it. But it's all a way of making money, you don't get away without leaving something there. And when you come out of the church, there'd be a bunch of

hawkers there trying to sell you all kinds of stuff. All in the name of Jesus. Everything in the name of Jesus. Jesus has become a money maker. Probably been one for a long, long time.

We visited the Wailing Wall, the last remnant of the Great Church of Saladin, the great temple, and visited the Islamic holy spot there - Dome of the Rock. It gives you an idea of how mythical these things have become. Here's a great rock enshrined underneath this mosque - nothing but a great big, huge rock and it's the Dome of the Rock. And that is the spot where something happened in the Islamic faith. I used to know all those things. I could look them up again, but it really doesn't make a lot of difference. We had to realize that we were now in a country, although modern by today's standards, that was not started by the people who live there today. The people were driven out of Egypt a long time ago, they settled in Palestine. The Romans came along and took over everything, built all kinds of fantastic ruins around the area. They too, faded away. It's just hard to tell where it all came from.

Oh, so many spots we visited. I saw the tomb where He was supposed to have escaped after He was dead. During the night He rose up into Heaven. Nobody saw it. Nobody saw Him ascend to Heaven, they assumed that because the tomb was empty the next day. What did they expect? I would venture a guess that a good many tombs that were filled at night were empty the next day in that part of the world, especially in such a situation. And nailing people to a cross was kind of a way of punishing people in those days, although I'm not exactly sure they nailed them or tied them - be interesting to find out. We visited the Garden of Gethsemane. So many historical places here that if you're born and raised a Christian, all those things are familiar to you and it's your first chance to see them. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, The Garden of Gethsemane, Bethlehem. There's just no end to it.

But after awhile you're fed up looking at everything and so we took off for Turkey, going north. Our first stop was at Jerash, we'd gone back into Jordan again. And at Jerash, tremendous ruin built there by the Romans a long, long time ago. From Jerash we went to Damascus. Damascus is a walled city. Strange thing about that is that people have built homes that hang onto that wall, on the outside and on the inside. Ah, they make use of everything. We also saw some people goose-stepping; military, downtown Damascus. Of course, that's the heart of the Syrian world today.

We drove out in the desert leaving Damascus and we came to a huge archway, way out there in the desert - all that's left of what must have, at one time, been a huge church. Of course, you have to realize that in the old days the arch was brought by the Moguls, the Mongol kings. Even the people of India never discovered the arch before the Mongols came in. And this is a striking thing, it's at a place called Tsesiphon. I can't forget it because sitting outside in the shade was an old Muslim man in what once was a clean dress, and he was blind. And he was sitting there playing on an instrument that looked something like a violin or a mandolin - very crudely made. And as I looked, I couldn't help but realize he had only one string on it so he was making sounds on that one string. I took a picture of him but along with every other picture that I took on that whole Around the World trip, I can't find it. I don't know what Airstream did with them. Airstream changed hands soon after that trip and so everything is gone. I'm sure they're around someplace. I tried to find them in Jackson Center, Ohio. Wouldn't do any good to look in California because that outfit was dissolved, even the publications people for Airstream are long gone so I don't know where they are. I would guess they're in Ohio somewhere in a storage room.

There wasn't much we could do here; go to the old palace out there in the desert, the old arch at

Tsesiphon, then go into Lebanon. We went into Lebanon from the back side down through the valley of Baalbek which has become quite famous in recent years as a kind of a hiding place for the fanatics. Again, part of an old Roman ruin. We visited a quarry where they cut many of these stones. Some of them were still there, granular limestone it was called. Someone came along at the wrong time, stopped the whole thing and some of the stones are still there in the quarry, only half-dug.

And of course the main thing to see in Lebanon is the Cedars of Lebanon and the city of Beirut. And when we were there it was famous as a place where there was a little freedom in that part of the world. But not long after we were there, that all disappeared. Beirut was pretty well destroyed by the war, the Civil War they had there. Still going on, the war now between Israel and Lebanon. The fanatics hide in Lebanon, make raids into Israel and Israel retaliates by bombing places in Lebanon. Nobody wins but they're not smart enough to realize that. It's the only life they know and they keep on doing it.

Cedars of Lebanon - you know there are only four true cedars in the world. The trees we have in America are not cedar at all - they are junipers, or Thuja, and several other names that go along with trees whose wood has that aroma of cedar. But the true cedar, Cedrella, there are only four of them and one of them is found in the Holy Land, that's the Cedars of Lebanon. There aren't many of those left - they're up on a hill outside Beirut. Another one is in the Atlas Mountain in northern Africa and another one in the Himalayas and I can't remember where the fourth one is. But there are only four, although we call many different woods "cedar". We call them that because they smell like cedar.

We were back down to the ocean now, heading north towards Turkey. Salt evaporating ponds, thrashing grain - we saw them thrashing grain in Syria the old-fashioned way. We entered Turkey and passed along many fields of tobacco, tobacco plants just starting out, it was springtime. Turkish tobacco, world famous. I don't know, you don't hear much about it anymore but when we were there, and when I knew more about tobacco, Turkish tobacco was world famous. The town that we stayed at overnight was called Iskenderun. That's right down on the ocean - the very southern part of Turkey. We actually watched them along the road the next day planting the tobacco plants.

But then, instead of following the ocean all the way around and up to Istanbul, we cut across Turkey, straight across towards Istanbul. About halfway across the country we came to the valley of Goreme. Fantastic place actually. It's a huge valley filled with stones that look like, well, they're all more or less pointed at the top. Looks like a bunch of pyramid stones out in this huge valley and there are hundreds of them. But the thing about it is that the early Christians came here to escape persecution. You have to realize that whenever anybody starts a religion, there are bound to be other people who don't believe it and persecute those people who believe that new faith or religion or whatever it is. And that was very common with the early Christians, they were persecuted everywhere. The Romans did it especially, and then, of all things, they adopted the religion. Things like that have happened all the way down through history.

The early Christians came here to Goreme and they hollowed out these rocks. Must have been a terrible way of living. But you can walk into many of them today and almost every rock close to that road that goes through the valley was at one time occupied by some Christian family. I can't tell you what kind of stone it is. Can't be too hard because they were digging it, but what a type of life it

must have been to live in those cold places because Turkey in the wintertime gets a little chilly. And there was very little ventilation - no way of ventilating. So they lived there just to escape persecution where they probably lived originally back along the coast somewhere.

The only way you get into Istanbul from the south is to cross on a ferry boat. The town on the southern side is Uskudar. And you board a ferry, and I don't think those people ever expected to see anything like our caravan of trailers coming along and boarding a ferry. Of course, they couldn't take us all in one trip, so we had to make quite a few trips across because these are mostly ferries for people. And we had come at last to the Bosphorus; that narrow bit of water that separates the Black Sea from the Mediterranean. A long narrow tube of water, the Bosphorus widens out in some places and narrows down in many others. And we could see across the water the great city of Istanbul.

Well, as I said, the ferry boats took us across the short stretch of water into Istanbul. We camped, the entire caravan, on the north edge of town just beyond the Great Wall which at one time completely encircled the city. There are lots of things to see here. I watched them, for instance, one day sacrifice a sheep in a religious ceremony. And they do not eat beef, of course. I don't know about chicken and goose and things like that, but the only meat they eat is lamb, mutton, whatever you want to call it. And one day I crawled up into one of the minarets of the famous Blue Mosque. Somebody left the door open and with my cameras and so forth, I walked up in the dark until I came to a lighted spot. I walked out onto a little parapet and had a marvelous view of the Blue Mosque and the city itself. I was standing in the spot where the old mullahs will go up to call the faithful to prayer every evening and in the morning. Well, I got away with that.

And I also visited St. Sophia which at one time was the largest church in the Christian world. But Istanbul was taken over by the Muslims a long time ago and so they built a minaret on all four corners and so now they call it a mosque. The great dome of St. Sophia is supposed to be the largest dome of its' kind in the world. When you walk in there and look up, you begin to wonder what holds it up. But it's a fantastic sight. I saw the little men walking around with their complete coffee maker on their back. There's a little way of heating it, some gas goes into keeping it hot and they have cups in their hand, they sell so much of it. Anybody can have a drink. It's a completely different kind of coffee drink from what you get in this western world. The cups are very tiny and the coffee is very thick liquid. And although I don't drink coffee, people told me that it's quite a different taste.

Just outside our campground one day I was talking to a Turk who spoke some English. He was telling me about marriage in Turkey. He said there you were allowed to have four wives if you can support them. He said, "How many do you have?" I said, "Only one." "Oh," he said, "I feel so sorry for you. Only one? My gosh, how do you do that?" Well, I looked at him and I said, "You know, you've got four, I feel sorry for you." "Oh no," he said, "they're not all together." He said, "I have four and I have each one in a different house." He said, "You see that little house over there?" I said, "Yes." And he said, "You see that woman with her elbows in the window there, looking out?" I said, "Yea." "Well," he said, "that's one of my wives." I said, "Yes, but you're not there very often. Does she like that?" Well, according to him, the woman didn't have much to say about it. Anyway, I'm not sure that that's the way it is in all of Turkey, but this gentleman said that he could have, and did have, four wives.

Down in the center of the old town, which when I was a kid we called Constantinople, and on a hillside is a great covered souk. Now all through the Islamic world, a marketplace is a "souk" and this is one of the largest in the Islamic world. It covers the entire hillside but it's all covered. It's kind of strange to go up and down a hill inside a market that's covered, but that's the way it is. And I don't care what you want, you can find it here. There's a section for edible materials and a section for other things. You can have things made here, blacksmithing, oh, anything. Fantastic market. Now rugs, of course, I bought one or two rugs here. Quite reasonable, much more reasonable than they would be in the States. But they're made in Turkey, they're not made in the eastern part of Russia where a lot of the oriental rugs are constructed. And they're different, their patterns are different.

Topkapi, the famous old palace which is on a hillside. Lovely spot, no more a palace, it is now a famous museum. In fact a movie was made of this some years back. It was called Topkapi. It was a movie about some men who robbed the museum and they circumvented the alarm system by hanging from ropes from the ceiling so that they never touched the floor which would have sounded the alarm. And they rifled the place without ever setting foot on the floor. That was a very interesting movie and so, of course, it was interesting to see the place.

It's a big city. Lot of boats down in the harbor. And we also took a side trip up along the waterway that connects the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. The road runs right along the water and there are several old palaces that you can see and photograph. I don't know that we went into any of them, but we did go up almost to the Black Sea. This is the only exit from the southern part of Russia, down through this narrow waterway from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean and the rest of the world, so it's a very critical thing for Russia.

Once we left Istanbul we were headed for Greece; a place again that I'd never expected to see; and we drove down along the water, not very far from the water, all the way over to Athens. And, of course, along the way, many historical spots. I stopped in one area to photograph a man and a woman cutting grain, harvesting grain, and they were doing it by hand. Each of them had a sickle and they grabbed the grain with their left hand, cut it at the bottom and then grabbed another handful. Lovely grain; stood up nice and tall, straight. But imagine the backbreaking work of harvesting that field by hand. And after they get it harvested, then they have to thresh it. And for most of these people, it's part of their food supply for the year - maybe all of it. Everything done by hand. Old-fashioned, but that's the way it is. Wagons along the road drawn by horses. Not many cars did we see in that part of the world. There may be more today, but at that time we saw very few.

Athens, of course, to me was the Acropolis. And the Parthenon which stands on the top of the Acropolis - interesting to me because in Nashville, Tennessee, there is a copy of the Parthenon as they think it looked when it was complete. And so it was interesting for me, after seeing that one, to see the one in Athens way up there on the top of the hill, and you have to walk up to it. Of course, much of it is in ruins; rocks strewn all over the top of the Acropolis. One little spot where there are three maidens holding up something on their shoulders. That's about all that was left of a building. And there are other buildings up here, too, but pretty much in ruins.

Downtown Athens we found to be a very polluted city. Lots of traffic, narrow streets, but a modern city and again, a good-sized city. Then we went down to Piraeus. In Piraeus, Andy had remembered



a place that he had probably visited or heard about from his son who was ahead of us - a restaurant which was on the second floor right out in the open. We didn't speak any Greek, but I think they all knew what we had come for, so we traipsed up there and sat down at the tables. Pretty quick, somebody began to bring us food. Never did see a menu; didn't need one. They brought, I think, 24 courses. This place is kind of famous. And you might think that 24 would be a lot, and I guess it was, but we managed to make away with all of it. There were a few things we didn't like and a few things we were wishing they had brought more of but when you have 24 courses, you could only hope that the next one's going to be better than that one you didn't like. And usually it was true.

We went down south of Athens to visit the remains of an old temple standing on a hilltop looking out over the ocean. Not much left of it. And we went out to visit the great canal that separates Greece from Sparta. All kids studying history know about Sparta and Athens. Well, they cut a huge canal, not so huge, but deep. They cut it straight through the isthmus that used to separate Sparta from the rest of Greece so now you have to go across a bridge to get out to Sparta. The canal itself is very spectacular. Not too long, but it saves a lot of mileage for ships going up into the Adriatic. Instead of going way out around Sparta and then north, you just cut across. Never did find out whether there was some kind of a charge or not, and it's a water level canal so there are no locks of any kind, you just sail right through it.

We did visit some of the famous old ruins that are so historical. Some of the people went to see Ephesus and some went to that famous old theater where they used to have plays, not far out of Athens. And dancing, oh, we had dancing at our camp every night. In fact, in many places that we'd walk in the city in the evening, we'd find people dancing. And that reminded me of Zorba the Greek which I still think is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, films I've ever seen.

The only place we could head now is up through Yugoslavia. Well, it was Yugoslavia at that time, God knows what it is today. It is so split up today that it's pretty hard to tell what it is. In Greece, we had left the Islamic world. It is, all together I guess, a kind of a strange world, but they may think the same of Christianity. It is, for the most part, well, it's the story of Mohammed. But as usual, with someone who starts a religion, as soon as he's dead people begin to fight over it. He had other members in the family so today you have several different sects of the Islamic world and they are jealous of each other as you might expect. One of them in particular is called the Sunni Muslims. And probably there are many other split-offs that I don't even know about, all trying to believe in Mohammed in one way or another. It's always been a mystery to me is how a man like this can create a religion which is mostly myth - that he was told by God, or he had a dream, or he found some tablets carved out of stone, telling him how to live and what to do. Joseph Smith found the books. And much of Christianity is borrowed from India, the Hindus and the Buddhists who far outdate the Christian religion. Many practices that these two religions carry out today are also found in the Christian faith in one way or another, in one religious arm or another. Like the burning of the candles by the Catholics and the paying of some money to help out, make someone who is ill better again.

I've often wondered about that money business. How can money make somebody better? Oh, it'd make me better all right if I had a lot of it, but then I wouldn't be ill. So much myth. And most of it because people don't know where they came from. They can't accept the fact, oh, they do accept it, but they think there's more to it than the fact that a man with some sperm sprayed it into a woman who had an egg and the two came together and formed life, formed a human life. Certainly nothing

unusual about it. A miracle, yes, but not unusual. All creatures on earth do it - dogs, cats, apes, all of them. It's the way they propagate. Sperm into an egg and creating a new life. Certainly not anything unusual, even amongst the human race. But as I say, it does seem like a miracle when it happens, but we can't accept the fact that we are born and we're going to die, and that's going to be the end of it. And of course it's going to be the end of it, but we can't accept that. We want to go somewhere else when we die because we don't feel that we've lived long enough or that we've lived enough. There must be something better coming at the end of this. Otherwise, why would we be here?

Oh boy, that old word – “why”. It's a human word. Probably in the end, it has nothing to do with the universe, it's only a word that humans invented to explain things. Why? But in the nature of the universe, it probably means nothing. There may not be any why. But we have it. And we ask, Why? Why are we here? Why are we born? Why did that sperm get together with the egg? What drives this? Is there no end to it? Are we the only ones in the universe? Maybe, who knows? But distances are so great we will never know. There's no way in the world we can ever know. At least we've investigated with radio waves and we get nothing from space except static, and that may be all we ever get from space is static until the whole thing comes to an end. And then somebody's going to say, Why? And there's no answer. If there is a God, that would be the only thing that would know why.

But I kind of believe like Einstein - there is no God, only a power of some kind. I'm not even sure of that. I don't worry about it. But it's always amazing to me that so many people do worry about this. Night and day, some of them. Like the people doing pushups on a board at the Buddhist camp in Bhodgaya. Or people lying on a bed of nails. Oh well, it'll never end, it'll keep on forever. But if you travel around the world you go from one faith to another. We started with some Buddhism, then we went into India which is completely Hindu and Pakistan which is Islamic. And we were in that world for a long time until we left Turkey. And even Turkey today is not completely Islamic. And now we are in Greek Orthodox, a part of Christianity, one of the earliest parts of Christianity. And we would be in that Western world until we set sail out of Gibraltar on a ship back to the USA.

Going back a little bit to that canal that separates Sparta from the rest of Greece; it's called the Corinth Canal. It's quite an engineering feat. And as we left Greece heading north we realized that we had to get down to the Dalmatian coast that's in Yugoslavia. The first town that we saw anything about in Yugoslavia was the town of Skopje. Skopje was hit by an earthquake a few years before we were there, maybe a year or two only. And the town was full of brand new buildings that had been built for the people, kind of like some of those old towering buildings in Chicago made for the poor people. And they had not been able to use the right kind of construction materials and as a result, when the earthquake hit, almost all of those tall buildings became useless. It was a devastating sight to see all these buildings standing there, almost new but completely useless and never would be of any use. They'd have to take them down and start all over again.

As we got down to the coast we realized that there were a few ferries along that coast. We were going down into Albania but decided not to do that, so when we hit the coast we were down at a place called Sveti Stefan. Sveti Stefan is a little island connected by a very narrow causeway to the mainland. Actually it's a city, it's a small town on this island. The entire island is taken up with the town. It's a sight that attracts a lot of tourists. And we came to a ferry that probably was the most worrisome ferry in the whole trip. We had to cross Kotar Bay and the only way to get across was on a ferry that didn't look large enough to carry a truck and trailer. It was a scary thing to even look at

and if it had not been for Andy Charles we probably would have tried to drive around that bay in some way. But Andy took a look at it and figured this was going to be a real adventure.

And a real adventure it was. How we ever, all of us, got safely across there I'll never understand. I do remember that one truck and trailer... now this is a plain old flat-topped ferry. No railings, no nothing, just a flat top boat that you could put a few cars on. And by the time we got one of our trailers on, there wasn't much room. It would take two trucks and trailers at a time. But you have to remember that some of our trailers were 28 feet long; 26 and 28 feet and plus the truck. That's a pretty long length to get on a boat like that and the longest trailer had the back wheels hanging out over the water. You see the trailer, for rear wheels, had tandems and the rear set on the tandems would be hanging out over the water. The front set would just barely be on the deck. And the wheels, the front wheels of the truck would be halfway over the edge on the other side. That was with the longest trailer. I have movies of it, people don't believe it when they see it. But that's the way we got across Kotar bay and without a hitch. No problems, but the water was not rough and it was a beautiful day. I think if we'd had rough water we would have had to wait. But it was an experience. But everybody got across safely and I think we all kind of said a prayer of relief when we got on the other side.

Up the coastline from Kotar Bay and Sveti Stefan, we came to one of the two completely walled cities in Europe today. It's called Dubrovnik. Beautiful city. We of course couldn't park in the city, we had to park on the outskirts, out away from the walls. But we spent a couple days there just looking over this lovely, beautiful old city. And, of course, you have to realize this was in the days before the wars that have devastated that entire area today. I can't imagine what has happened to Dubrovnik. It's right on the water. I remember walking around on the walls looking down into those little narrow streets, probably wide enough for one car, some of them. Some of them just wide enough for people. But it's a beautiful city and I think we all enjoyed our visit here.

There are several towns along the coast and we stopped in most of them. But as we got farther north along this Dalmatian Coast, we ran out of towns and we found the road kind of clinging to the mountainside and falling away very precipitously on the left-hand side right down to the water. And there were signs up, "Beware of Wind". Apparently they have some strong winds that come roaring down the mountain, right towards the water at times. And we did have a bit of wind here but luckily it was also not too bad a day.

And we kept going until we came to one of the most historic spots in all of that part of that world, that's the old city of Trieste. Trieste has been coveted and governed and ruled by quite a few different nationalities down through its' history. It seems to be in a spot that doesn't belong to anybody else. It's too far away from Italy, it's way up there in the north from the Croats and the Yugoslavs and it's too far south for Austria and those countries. It's on the edge of everything and perhaps that's why it has been ruled by so many different governments and so many different peoples.

We didn't stop in Trieste, we went right on through. Nothing much to stop for except all that history and you can read about that. And I think one reason we didn't really want to stop very much was because if you keep going, before long you'd come to Venice. And Venice is far more popular and more beautiful and everything else than Trieste. The only way you get into Venice is by taking a ferry boat over to the city. There are no roads, no cars can drive in Venice. You park on the

mainland and take a ferry over to the main part of the city which probably means St. Marks plaza which is the vast open area right in the center of Venice.

We rode the gondolas and we passed through many of the canals like the Grand Canal. We went under the Bridge of Sighs. We were allowed to get out of the gondola and walk around. I actually bought a few glass pieces in Venice. Venice is very famous for glass. But it's not a large city and we were lucky that the water was not high when we were there. I think, since that time, they have perfected a method so that there are some gates out there now that control the sea water. Very expensive to build them, but very necessary because with a high tide, the water would come right up into St. Marks plaza, a foot or two in depth, and that was not a very good idea for tourism.

I guess we spent only a couple days in Venice. There's not really an awful lot to see unless you go shopping along the streets, and quite often you've got to take a gondola to get to where you want to go. So we spent a few days there and then went down to Lake Garda, one of those lakes in the northern part of Italy. And at Lake Garda we turned north, up towards Austria. We took a tram up the side of the Dolomites, a range of mountains in that area, so we could get some good views over the countryside. Kind of a scary trip. I think we went a couple thousand feet up before we hit the top of the cliff so we could look down from that tram and get some pretty good views. Scared a lot of people.

Now we were in southern Germany. We saw some of the old castles like Neuschwaunstein, a castle right on the top of a mountain built by Mad Ludwig, and as you look at it you almost realize the man had to be mad to build a thing like that. A little twisty road goes up to it - you can drive up to it, we did. And we visited several other castles there in the southern part of Germany. Munich - we saw the clock operate down there in the center of town. At the hour hand a little parade comes out and marches around in a circle, goes back in again. Very famous thing. We had a pretty good time in southern Germany. I remember we went into a pub in Munich, except they don't call them pubs there. I don't remember what they did call them, it was a bar, a very famous one. Had some beer to drink, what else do you do in Germany except drink beer? So we were sitting there drinking beer and all of a sudden some fellow, I think he was a war veteran and he had lost an arm or a hand or something, and he got full of alcohol from the beer; they have real strong beer there; and he kind of went mad, actually. He walked around punching his other hand through windows in one of the most famous bars in Munich. World famous actually. Finally someone came and stopped him and by that time he had kind of ruined his other hand. But I guess that's what happens if you go through a war and lose something.

We went into Austria, but nothing happened there. And from there we were going into Czechoslovakia and you had to realize that Czechoslovakia was behind the Iron Curtain. I think we all had some peculiar feelings when we realized we were going to cross that thing. And when we did cross it, the strange thing that I saw was that, shortly after crossing the border, I saw a man standing alongside the highway in a trench coat. And the odd thing was that he was not looking at the road, he was looking in the opposite direction - looking in the direction that we were going. I thought that's kind of odd, he wasn't turned around to look at these silver trailers coming along the road. So I watched him in my rearview mirror, and as soon as we went by on the road, he wrote down something about my particular trailer, maybe the license number, I don't know. And he did that with every trailer that crossed the border, so we knew we were behind the Iron Curtain.

We went to a collective farm, but kind of doesn't make you feel very good except the people at these collective farms, they all seemed to be very happy, and yet you realize that nothing really is being accomplished. People live in the town, go out in the country to work on the collective farms. Don't know what's happened to those since freedom for Czechoslovakia, be kind of interesting to find out.

We crossed through Plzen where the first pilsner beer was made a long, long time ago and, matter of fact, today that brewery is still in operation making pilsner beer. You can buy it in this country today. Prague, well, Prague was a pretty good-sized city but it was amazing in that we didn't see any cars on the streets. The streets were vacant. It was odd to see a city of that size and no cars. Oh, there were some, but very few. It made us wonder. This was our first Communist city, our first Communist country, so we didn't really know what to expect. And when we saw no traffic we realized that there was something wrong here, something radically wrong. We went right downtown. One of the sights of Prague is to stand there on the bridge across the river in the center of town and look up the hill and see that kind of awe-inspiring Hradchany castle. A very famous place. One of the old kings lived right up on the hill above the river and also some of the government buildings up there along with the palace, or castle, whatever you want to call it.

We camped, by the way, on the outskirts of town. And we had a steady parade of people coming to our camp wanting to exchange their money for dollars and it was strictly against the law. But they came to the camp anyway, they wanted to get out of Czechoslovakia. Can't blame them any. And I did exchange a few dollars because I had seen a machine shop downtown that I thought maybe I could buy some material. So I exchanged some money, I think the Czech money at that time was a crown. And it was amazing the number of crowns you could get for a dollar bill. Those people desperately wanted American money. And I tried to exchange a bit of it, but you had to be careful because you're always fearful somebody was going to jump on you because it was against the law, but I thought, if they could risk it, why not me? And then I went down to the machine shop and bought a few things. I bought a vise, a shop vise I think I paid less than \$5.00 for it.. Beautiful thing. Today that thing, in this country, would cost a couple hundred dollars. And I bought several other things that were exceedingly cheap because of the exchange of money that I had made.

Another sight in Prague is the old Jewish cemetery. Matter of fact, whenever people show you scenes of Prague, they'll invariably show you some of those old tumbled gravestones in that old, old Jewish cemetery right near a synagogue. It's not far from the center of town as a matter of fact. Gravestones - been tipped this way and that down through the years. Rather picturesque in a grisly way. But very disappointing being in Prague. You knew the people were not happy. Nobody was smiling. And if you saw people, they were walking the streets, they weren't riding in cars or anything. They had, of course, violated Russia's rule and they were paying for it. Russia was sapping them, taking everything away from Czechoslovakia, giving them back nothing. At that time they were making munitions on a grand scale and they probably still are. We took street scenes in Prague, I'll never forget that town.

And from Prague we headed really into the heart of the Communist world. Warsaw would be our next stop. But the people in Warsaw were quite different. The Poles made fun of the Communist people who followed us around. No matter where we went in Warsaw driving, we were followed by Communist agents, obviously, in a car right behind us. The Poles, we'd give them rides somewhere and they would stick their head out the window and make faces at the Communist cops that were

following us. It was kind of heart-warming to see that the people were really against the Commies. But Warsaw had been devastated, of course, by the war. They were slowly rebuilding it.

I was buying things along the way. When we got to Europe, I began to buy crystal glass. I had bought some in Venice, I bought some in Prague, people that are famous for their crystal. I bought some in Warsaw. Unbeknownst to me they, too, were famous for their crystalware.

But it was disheartening going behind that Iron Curtain, behind that great wall, because everything was so different from the way it had been in Italy and Germany. Germany, of course, was recovering from the war too, but it recovered much more rapidly than some of the other places. I think Germany recovered faster even than London as I found out in later years. We had a lot of fun in Warsaw, met a lot of nice people. We had no trouble finding people who spoke English and they welcomed us with open arms. We loved the Polacks, they were great people and we had a lot of fun talking to them and almost everyone we talked to had a relative of some kind living in the States; had come over here years ago or just before the war or something like that.

But now we were headed for Mother Communism - Moscow - and the road was fairly straight. We went through Minsk and Smolensk; both clean, rather up-to-date cities but I can't remember which one it was that had a large statue of one of the Communist leaders. And perhaps both of them had. Everywhere we went in Russia we saw some statue of the great Communist leaders.

Along that road we frequently saw roads turning off to other cities. We had maps, we knew where they went, but there would always be someone standing at that intersection - a policeman or a soldier. We couldn't go that way. Now, just why? We couldn't figure out what it was all about. I remember in one city they tried to put us all together, packed us into a small area with our trailers and trucks and we just rebelled against it because it was too dangerous, they had us right on top of each other. Strange, it was a strange country. We stopped at a collective farm. That's enough to drive you crazy. Everybody lived in town nearby, they all went out to work on the farm in the daytime. It didn't work. Of course it didn't work. Why would it work? There was no incentive. No matter how hard you worked, there was nothing up ahead. You couldn't get ahead. You were paid a wage and that was it. And it was not much of a wage. The people we had talked to on the collective farms appeared to be happy. I think probably they were trying to impress us. And I think they had been sold a bill of goods and they couldn't see far enough ahead to realize what the end result would be. Wouldn't work, couldn't work. You would have to find a race of people who had no incentive whatever, and that certainly is not most white people.

Well, we arrived in Moscow. They put us in a camp on the edge of the big city and we visited everything. We went to the circus one night, to the Russian circus. Fantastic thing, marvelous. I sat right in the front row. Some girl was doing a bending exercise right in front of me. She was lying on her stomach facing me and her feet - up over her back and around and putting a cigarette in her mouth. Fantastic. I don't think she had any bones.

We went to visit the space museum. What a mess. I think they had some pretty good space material but they certainly didn't put it in their museum. That was a great disappointment. We visited, or tried to visit, some of the churches in Moscow but they were all boarded up. I remember St. Vitas in particular. Beautiful church, but nobody in it. We went to a wedding clinic and watched the bride and groom and family members sitting there and then getting up and going over to somebody and

being married, and then turning around and all heading for home where they would try to have some kind of a party. Sometimes they had a party in the wedding building. Everything was run by the State - no ministers to perform any weddings, all done by State people, that meant Communists.

We ate in the Ukraine hotel, in the restaurant there. The food was terrible and the waiters and waitresses, they didn't care whether they waited on anybody or not. They got paid the same whether they did anything or not. And there was no tipping. And the Russian food was that coarse Russian food. Instead of grocery stores they had a whole group of small shops all together along the street, one selling bread, one selling meat. I went into one meat market and it looked like all he had on the counter were bones, very little meat. I asked for some hamburger. He knew that word and he held up his two fingers as though, wait a minute. He went out the back door, came back about 10 minutes later. He had a handful of hamburger, freshly ground. Haven't the faintest idea what it was. It could have been beef, but I doubt it. Might have been a dog. And when you bought anything, you paid ahead of time. There would be one girl sitting in a little compartment, and you'd go up and pay her for whatever you wanted. It's a hell of a note because you never knew what you did want but, of course, in a Russian store at that time, you had to know what you wanted because there wasn't anything else there. And you paid her and then went to the counter with a little slip and they would then wrap up whatever it was that you had ordered and God knows what it turned out to be. Never saw any chickens. Mostly bones in the meat markets.

Then there would be a store that would be selling bakery goods and other stores selling some other kind of a food product. Potatoes maybe and vegetables, that kind of a place. We went in the large Gum department store; world famous place; but there was very little for sale. A huge store right in the center of Moscow. I wonder, I don't hear anymore about it, I wonder if it's still there. Lots of people in there but it didn't appear that anybody was really buying an awful lot, there wasn't much to buy.

One day I got in the truck, Tallie and I drove out to the airport. We weren't supposed to do it but I didn't know that. There was very little traffic in Moscow in those days. If we went down along the main street we would see these big, I think it's called a chaska, a car coming by with shades drawn all around it. Going through stop signs, everything else, on their way to Parliament or government of some kind. Oh, we saw everything in Moscow. We went to the huge football stadium where they were going to hold the Olympics.

One day the Russian people came to our camp, those that spoke English, and they would speak their halting English and always be looking around to see if anyone was watching that they had come here. Everyone was casting furtive glances all the time. They were afraid of something. I remember on the streets, lots of people but I don't know what they were doing. It didn't appear that they were buying anything. I saw very few of them with anything in their hand. But one day, this gentleman was in camp, a Russian. He was a teacher, therefore he spoke English. And he was standing outside our trailer talking and asking all kinds of questions about where we'd been and where we were going and so forth and I said, "Come on in. Come on, let's go in and sit down for a little bit. We'll talk a little while." "Oh, no, no, no. Oh, I can't do that, I can't do that." And all of a sudden he appeared to be scared to death. And then we found out that they weren't allowed to do things like that. Or maybe they were allowed but he didn't know and he wasn't going to take any chance.

Gasoline - at the time we were there, five million people in Moscow and five filling stations and I

would defy anybody to find any one of them. They weren't out on the street as we do, they were back behind some buildings in a place that you'd never expect to find a filling station. Gasoline was terrible. Very low octane rating, I think about 75. One of our caravanners, in fact it was a very young couple; they had their daughter with them and they were from Cleveland; and he filled up his truck with the lowest grade gasoline. And a short time later, he wished he hadn't because he burned out all eight cylinders in the truck. Imagine, being in Moscow, burning out the cylinders and not knowing what to do. At that time - today it might not be so bad. So we had to get on with the Embassy and so forth and they had to ship in the parts from Holland. And then the mechanic that was with our caravan and the man who owned the truck and anybody else who wanted to help, went about it and they rebuilt that engine, the pistons had burned out. Burning that low octane fuel would start a hot spot on the cylinder and if you kept on burning it, it would just burn a hole through the cylinder. Even the best grade gasoline that we could get was not really good enough and we did have trouble with pinging even with it. But, if we drove carefully, we could get by with it.

We did so many things. We went into the, well, it would be the House of Parliament in England or the Senate or House of Representatives in the United States, but it was a government building. Beautiful but very austere. I guess that's the word I should use to describe it - very austere. Not a very beautiful building at all. And we talked to people who lived in apartments, they were building rapidly. They would put, something like we do today in a townhouse, they would put a whole row of these things together. Most of them were pre-cast and very poorly made, very poorly put together and during rains and snow and things, they had lots of trouble. They were trying to make do. I felt sorry for every one of them. We all came to the same conclusion - no one wanted to spend much time visiting in Moscow.

They did have a dollar store where the only thing you could buy, you had to buy it with dollars. I did get some stones there. Well, not really stones - amber. Lots of amber in that part of the world. The Baltic Sea, the bottom of it in some areas is covered with amber, old pine forests. In fact, Baltic amber was some of the best in the world. Poland especially had lots of it, Lithuania, all those little countries. Well, even Sweden has a lot of amber. They dig it out of the bottom of the ocean and in other places, too. I don't remember how long we were in Moscow but we, of course, had to see the Volga River. Runs right through Moscow, so we went out to see the Volga. After all, what's the use of going to Russia if you don't see the Volga River?

And on that day that we drove to the airport, everybody looked at us. They'd never seen anything like that before, that truck that we had - an American truck. They just dreamed about America. They had no idea what it was like except they knew it was not like where they were living. Everybody stared at us, even the police out there by the airport. And I thought to myself, "We'd better get the hell out of here." So rather than spend any time, or even getting out of the truck, I turned around and went back to camp. Probably a good thing I did, some policeman would have stopped me. There were police everywhere. If there weren't police, there were soldiers.

One day we drove up to Leningrad and we wanted to see the great square there and the Hermitage, that world famous museum of the Russians. And there I got into trouble, or at least almost got into trouble. This is a huge square, it's on a river that flows out into the Baltic. And lots of old buildings in Leningrad. And this huge square - in the center of it is the largest, single ground piece of granite in the world. And across the square from where we were parked was the world famous Hermitage. You could spend days in there. I went in to see some of the paintings. Catherine the Great had sent



people all over the world to collect great paintings when she was the Queen of Russia. They had brought them back; they hadn't stolen them, they had purchased them. All those world famous French, Dutch, German, so forth, painters of long ago, all exhibited here. Dozens of them; not stolen, all purchased. And also, one room in the Hermitage is complete malachite; a beautiful greenish stone that comes mostly today from Zaire in Africa. Oh, there are other places that you can get it, but Zaire has an overabundance of it, I guess. I don't know where that came from that was in that one room. The staircase, the balustrade, everything was solid malachite. I had never seen anything, and probably never will again see anything, like that.

And there we did go out to St. Petersburg and that was the summer home of Peter the Great. Oh, what a place. They were redoing it, refurbishing it, because during the Second World War the Germans had camped there and kind of wrecked everything. It was all being redone again in that ancient style. It was not completed, we could only see the outside stuff. I would imagine that today it is gorgeous like it was in the time of Peter the Great. Peter was kind of a comic; he had a garden out there in front of the palace and if you took a hike in the garden you had to be careful where you stepped, and you never really knew where to step because if you stepped on a particular stone, it would send up a spray of water. And Peter got a great kick out of that, so he had these little things scattered all through that garden. You never knew in your next step whether you were going to get sprayed with water or not. It was a lot of fun, actually.

But after seeing St. Petersburg, there wasn't much else to do now. Take a few pictures. We never did get on the subway in Moscow. At least I didn't, maybe some of the other people did. We didn't do a lot of traveling in Leningrad but when I said I almost got into trouble - we had taken our entire caravan into the great square there in the center of town and we had parked the trailers bumper to bumper all the way around that great circle. And I saw some people in a little balcony on one side of the square watching us and I thought that would be a great place from which I could take a picture. So I grabbed my cameras, went in the building without thinking. But before I went in I motioned to one of the men who was up on the balcony watching our caravan and made motions like, "Could I come up there?" "Oh yes, oh yes," he nodded his head. So I went in the building, found the stairway, went upstairs and found what I thought was the right door. Knocked on it - somebody came and let me in. And I went out on the balcony and I was taking pictures like crazy of our caravan sitting out there. Made quite a sight actually.

And all of a sudden I was aware of a strange quiet. All these men had been talking. It was a drafting department. They had their desks inside and they did drafting but they had come out to look at our caravan. And they were talking and all of a sudden it was strangely quiet. I turned around and there was a short guy with big thick glasses looking at me. And the man who had motioned me to come up had a sick look on his face. I didn't want to implicate him, but one of them translated for me. The guy with the thick glasses said, "Who gave you the authority to come here?" "Well," I said, "I had just wanted to get some pictures of the caravan out there. I'm with the caravan." I don't know, there were several other questions, but he was not smiling and I suddenly realized that I was in a place where I should not be. I thought the best way was to brazen it out, so I turned and took a few pictures and then turned with a big smile, grabbed his hand, shook his hand. Went out expecting all the time to feel someone tap me on the shoulder and tell me, "You're under arrest." But I got downstairs, and out the front door and man, I got out of there. Never knew how close I came, but that man was not smiling. And even when I left and gave him a big smile, he did not smile back.

Anyway, the next day we left Leningrad and headed up to the Finish border. I can't remember how many weeks we had been in Moscow or been behind the Iron Curtain, but all of a sudden we were in a free country. But before we crossed that border, they had police and soldiers going along searching all of our trailers, just in case we wanted to take some Russian people out to freedom. I remember when they came to my trailer - we normally would put a blanket over a great many things, put them on the bed and then cover it up with a blanket. Now the man that was doing the inspecting at my trailer was Russian but spoke English. And as he opened the door to the trailer and looked inside, I will never forget, he said, "Well, who do we have here?" And he pulled back the blanket, but the material under the blanket, I have to admit, it did look like there was somebody under that blanket. But he was kind of chagrined when he pulled that blanket back and found just a pile of stuff that we had put on the bed to keep it from rolling around on the floor. He went through every trailer making sure. As soon as he did that, we crossed the border and we were in a free country. I think many of our people got out, got down on their hands and knees and kissed the ground. You'll never know what it was like to be behind something like that until you do it. I felt kind of like kissing the ground myself. Freedom. You'll never know what it is until you see it or miss it.

Well, we were in Finland. Wonderful people. I think of all the peoples we met around the world, I'll take the Finns - can't beat them. Polacks are great too. The rest of Europe you can have. Polacks and the Finns.

We went to Helsinki. I don't think that many people realize that Helsinki is another Venice; much of it is on islands. Beautiful city, everything is so clean, so neat, so colorful. A lot of color used there, probably to make up for the long dreary winters that they have. I don't remember too much about Helsinki or what we did there. We stocked up on supplies and the one thing that stands out about Helsinki was the sauna. They have a city sauna that's on a small island right in the middle of the city. You know, of course, that the sauna is kind of a, well, it's an invention of the Norwegians and Swedes and Finns and Danes. It's part of their culture, the sauna. You can take a hot sauna or you can take a steam sauna. I remember one time in the military in England somebody had set up a sauna. It was a steam sauna; had three different levels you could sit in the heat and steam. I prefer the dry sauna where you just lie there and sweat. Oh, you can toss a little water on the hot rocks every so often. But this is kind of a national treasure almost, this sauna in the middle of Helsinki. World famous actually - probably the most famous sauna in the world.

And so, of course, we had to take a sauna bath so a bunch of us, Press Bunnell and Art, his father, and Joe Bos; Joe was a big fat heavy-set former truck line operator from Marshalltown, Iowa, had a lot of money and was trying his best to spend it before he died; we all went out to the sauna. We took our sauna and then after you come out of the hot, you go outdoors and you are bare naked and run across about 100 feet of open area where you were in sight of everybody in the city and you jump into the water. Well, the idea of running across that 100 feet bare naked didn't bother me, but the idea of coming out of that hot hole and running across there and jumping in that cold water did bother me, and I didn't do it. I took the sauna all right, but I didn't jump in the water. But the nice thing about it is that after you have your sauna and you go out there and jump in the water, then you are given a massage by a group of old ladies here in the sauna bath. It didn't bother me any, these were all quite elderly women and if you are familiar at all with the way of life up there in Finland and Sweden and Norway and so forth, they don't worry much about nudity. So I laid down, had a good massage, front and back. But Press was young, he'd never done anything like that before, he

was a little unsure of himself. We talked him into it, but he was giggling all the time he had the massage. But that's about all I remember about Helsinki. We had good weather there.

Then we went over to the sea coast on the Baltic and took a ferry boat across to Sweden. Of course, they couldn't take us all on one ship, they had to take a couple rides over there, but we all assembled on the other side and drove down to Stockholm. I don't remember a lot about Stockholm either except that it was so clean and so neat like Finland. And the girls were beautiful; I don't think I've ever seen so many beautiful women as I saw in Finland and in Sweden. We were given tours around some of the various places in the city, historic spots but you know, by this time we had been on the road a long time. And we had done it the right way, we had gone to the part of the world that was completely strange to us first. And now we were back in, you might also say our homeland again, because most of us came from this part of the world and so nothing that we saw here was very unusual. Also, we'd been on the road a long time and some people were kind of anxious to get down to Antwerp so they could ship back home again. They had kids that, well there were only two people I think that had kids, but they wanted to get back to school again so they were kind of eager.

And from Sweden we drove across country down to Oslo. In Oslo, we saw the old ship that they've dug out of the water but they're trying to keep it from rotting away. Once it was under water, it was in pretty good shape; take it out and it begins to dry out and disintegrate. I don't know what they've done with it now. The one place that I wanted to see in Oslo was Holmenkøen hill, the great ski jump outside Oslo. It's a really fantastic ski jump. Permanent, made out of concrete, not wood. And also one of the things to see in Oslo is Frogner Park. Somebody carved a lot of grotesque statues and put them up in the park and it's Frogner Park.

But we didn't stay long in Oslo either. From there we drove down along the coast, crossed on another ferry into Copenhagen, Denmark, where I darn near got crushed to death watching a parade of the young princess going by and people crowded forward to see her and almost crushed me in the crowd. I have never been in a situation like that before where people were so thickly pushed together that it hurt. And I went out to see the little mermaid that guards the harbor at Copenhagen. And there are several other statues around. I guess the little mermaid was stolen one time and they've had to replace it. I don't know if they ever found the person who stole it away or not. But there's a lot of history, of course, in Copenhagen and the nearby communities. Hans Christian Anderson wrote about it, we all learned about that when we went to school. I don't suppose they do any more, but we did.

Copenhagen is on a separate island. We crossed over to the mainland from there down into Germany. We'd already been in Germany once, now we were there again except this time we were in the northern part, we were in Hamburg. Art Bunnell, Preston and I decided to go to a nightclub. We'd heard about the famous Red Light district in Hamburg, it's still there. We decided to go out to a nightclub and see what was going on so the three of us went to a nightclub and we sat there and had a drink and the show started going up in front of us. Turned out it was a nude couple. A nude, young couple and they were doing some kind of a dance. It was kind of boring actually, it was not very exciting. We noticed that people were just trying to be different. All of a sudden I was aware of a flash in my eyes. We had been warned when we came in not to take any pictures. I realized Art, with one of those tiny cameras, had pulled it out of his pocket and taken a picture, then put it back in his pocket again.

Well, immediately with the flash, the ownership here began to look around to see who had taken the picture. I looked at Art and he said, "Don't pay any attention." He'd dropped the camera in his lap after he had the picture so we all assumed a great air of innocence. People looked around - I think they probably suspected us but didn't dare say anything. And the show went on and it got more and more boring. I said to Art, "Why don't you take another picture, but hold the camera up there. Let's get kicked out of this place. This is too boring." About that time all three of us had about enough of it. So Art held his camera up and took a picture and put the camera in his pocket and we got up and walked out. Nobody said anything, it was amazing. I thought maybe they'd have the constabulary after us. It's a whole district in Hamburg, and it's still going today - probably just as popular as ever. I'm not so sure but what it's a good idea - might not have so many rape cases in this country if we had something like that around.

And from Hamburg into Holland and we saw the old windmills and we saw the Zuiderzee. And we saw a lot of things that we had read about. The people again; very friendly. But it's a very small country and you're no more in it than you're out of it. The next stop was Antwerp in Belgium and here some of our people left. They'd been waiting to get to Antwerp so they could ship their rigs home on a ship. This is the largest port in Europe, it does more business than any other port in Europe. But the rest of us didn't stick around. Those people who left kind of left unobtrusively; all of a sudden we were aware that we weren't as many people.

And then the next stop - Brussels. And the one thing I remember about Brussels was the great square downtown with all the historical buildings around it. But again, we were traveling rapidly now. There was no real reason to stop at some of these places because they were overcrowded anyway so we headed out of Brussels for Paris. Went through that little principality of Luxembourg, crossed the Maginot Line, the famous Maginot Line during the World War I. Up through the French countryside, down to Paris. And if there was one place on the whole trip that I didn't like, it was Paris. The city is very nice, it's the people - they're obnoxious and they don't care. They don't like Americans and they don't care who knows it. Arrogant. It's a matter of jealousy mostly. Guilt mostly. A matter of having to be helped out two or three times in the last century by Americans. 'Course they helped us once, too, in the very beginning of our country. But I think we have many times over repaid them.

In Paris we stayed at the Boi de Bologne. It's a large park right on the Seine River, it runs right through the heart of Paris. We stayed there at least a week. Drove up and down, did a lot of walking. I don't think we took our trucks very often, but we usually took taxis or walked. Went to the Arche de Triomphe, went to the famous Louvre, the museum. Saw those famous things on the streets of Paris where you stop and urinate in a public place but everybody on the street can see the top of you and the bottom of you. And we saw the public toilets inside where you have a couple of footprints in the concrete and you're supposed to squat and do your damage. Then you pull a chain and the water cascades down over the floor and you've got to get the hell out of your footprints or you're going to get your feet wet. It's a very primitive thing, but there are still some of them around.

We went into the art colony. We went to that famous nightclub, Folies Bourgeois, where I got into an argument with the manager because we had rented a particular section; we almost sat on top of each other and it kind of pissed us off. And I was the photographer for the group so I was going to take some pictures in there. And the manager came around and I held my camera up and he tried to stop me and we got into quite an argument. I told him we had paid to come in there and I was damn

well going to take some pictures because I was the photographer with this group of people. And he said I was damn well not going to take any pictures, if I did he would call the police in. Well, that didn't scare me either. We really had quite an argument. It made me so mad I said. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do - I'll meet you tomorrow morning outside here and we'll settle the whole thing." I said, "I think you're obnoxious." Well, of course, he agreed to that but never showed. Folies Bourgeois - semi nude dancing girls. I don't know, not very exciting.

One day Tallie and I went over into the arts section, watched the artists work and all of them hoping that one of us stupid Americans would come along and pay them for one of their pieces of so-called art but I never saw anything exciting. Interesting place, but Paris was kind of a letdown, too. The Eiffel Tower, we went up the Eiffel Tower, of course, you all have to do that if you go to Paris. Let's see, what else? We took taxis around town, went to various eating establishments. And then one day Andy said, "We're going to leave. We're going down into Spain." And so we all took off one day and the local police helped us get out of town.

I can still remember going into Paris. It was on a Friday afternoon and, as you can imagine, all those Parisians were trying to get out of town. Well, that shouldn't have bothered any except that we seemed to be in the way for everything. I remember we had a big long line of our trailers - we all stuck together, we thought that would be better, nobody would get lost and the police thought that was a good idea too. But the local people didn't appreciate that at all and I can still see the Frenchmen coming along, going in the opposite direction, shaking their fists; take their fists out of their car and shake it at us. Of course, I shook it back at them. It kind of made me feel good to piss them off. We'd heard a lot of stories about the French people in Paris and we still hear a lot of them today.

People in the French countryside are wonderful. Nice little towns, clean, neat, friendly people. Always somebody who speaks English. We went to that famous mustard town and finally got down near the Spanish border to a place called Carcassone - a completely walled city. The old city is still inside the walled city but they built a new Carcassone down on the flat, down by the river, but the old one's up on a hilltop and completely encircled by a wall, even today, with a moat between that and another wall. There was not much activity in the old town, much of it was in the new town down below. But Tallie and I, wandering around the city, came across what looked like a church and there was some music coming out of it. Now we walked in and there was a man playing an organ. Now it was a very nice organ and I don't know whether he was practicing or just what the idea was; maybe he was practicing for a program; but it was marvelous. So we just sat down in one of the pews where he didn't know that we were there and we just listened to that music. We must have sat there for over an hour. I will never forget that. Oh, there were so many places on this trip where I wish I'd had the tape recorder working. Boy, if I'd ever do anything like that again, one of the first things I'd want would be a tape recorder. Of course, nowadays you'd also want the video camera.

And then from Carcassone we crossed the border into Andorra, a little principality, kind of like Luxembourg and Liechtenstein. Very small, free trade, no duty, no tax, so if you want to buy a camera or anything like that, it's a great place to do it. I don't know if that still holds or not, but it certainly was true when we were there. You could buy just about anything you wanted and, of course, booze was quite cheap. But watches, cameras, all kinds of things like that. It's right in the middle of the Caucasus Mountains.

And then before we knew it, we were at the Spanish border. We had a good time in Spain, saw a lot of things. I think the first city that we went to was Zaragoza and we arrived there in time to see the annual parade of the bigheads and the giants. On this particular day, they bring the giants out; people walking on stilts with long, long dresses and trousers and so forth. Each giant, I would say, is about 20 feet high. And they also had the bigheads, it's only a head but it's very large. And they parade around the downtown area around the great church. Actually, it's a religious ceremony and the Virgin Mary will be carried out later in the parade on a little platform carried by four men. The kids get a big kick out of running along behind the bigheads and taunting them, making fun of them, and that's part of the ceremony.

We also attended a bull fight, something that I didn't exactly enjoy very much but I thought as long as we were in Spain and they do have bull fights, we might just as well go and see one. We had no trouble getting seats, we bought seats; paid good money for them and they were right down near the ring. We could see everything, hear everything. But most Americans buy the expensive seats and after they've watched it for a short time, they want to get away from it so they move way up at the top of the arena, the ring. That's exactly what we did. I don't think I would ever go again but it was worth watching; watching the people waving at the thing and yelling "ole" and so forth.

What else did we see... We saw a parade of youngsters at Zaragoza also. Little girls, little boys, all dressed up. Military band and a small group of dancing people up near the church. It's a religious thing. They also have in the parade the Virgin of Pillar. Everything's a virgin in the Catholic church, you know? She'll be on a platform carried by several men; dignitaries usually, another word for politicians. And at night they had a great fireworks display at Zaragoza.

And the next day we got into our trucks and trailers and drove on. We went down to see the famous Alcazar that's in Toledo. And outside Toledo, I got some pictures - I had always wondered where they get saffron. It's used in coloring rice, making yellow rice, used in the making of Spanish dishes. I'd always wondered where it came from. I knew that it came from a flower and I found a field of crocuses and the crocus comes up in the springtime, of course, and the women go out and they pick just the flowers and saffron is the yellow material on the anthers of the flower. The pollen, in other words. Very expensive. Actually, saffron is more expensive than gold, far more expensive than gold.

Oh, we had some marvelous views; the Alcazar up on a hill with the river curling around it way down in the valley below it. It's a great, kind of a square building. And from there we went on down to Sevilla and the great wine country. I remember driving along the coastline, the southern coast of Spain. We visited the Gypsies in their caves. Of course we had to pay to do it, that's the way they make a living I guess. We went to the Alambra. I was disappointed in the Alambra, but I think when you come from the East and you have seen all of those fantastic buildings in the Arab world, seeing the Alambra is kind of a letdown. This is as far as the Muslims got in Spain. They came across at Gibraltar a long, long time ago and conquered the southern part of Spain. That's as far as they got, so they built the Alambra there. But eventually they were driven out and now the building remains. It's a beautiful thing, don't get me wrong, it's just that we had seen more beautiful things farther east.

We went to a vineyard one day - it was grape-picking time. I got some excellent pictures of these young fellows picking grapes. In fact, they liked to have their picture taken so they'd hold them up and give me a big smile, not realizing that I was taking movies. We saw them stamping grapes with

their feet, their bare feet, pant legs rolled up to their knees; women, of course, didn't have to worry about that; and stomping around on the grapes, crushing them. I suppose that's what gives it its good taste. I got a picture here also of a donkey eating grapes.

To drink wine right out of the barrel, sherry right out of the barrel, oh, that was good stuff. And sherry is always made in oak barrels that have had American whiskey in them, it does something for the wine. But after we toured one of the wineries there at Sevilla, I didn't see too well, very powerful stuff. In fact, we had a sample of wine that was over 50 years old.

In Gibraltar we parked with the caravan. We were going to come back there, so we got to know what it was all about on the way. We were going to ship our caravan home from Gibraltar so we tried to look at it on the way by. I remember I took a picture of the whole caravan going by a little town of San Roque.

We saw olive groves. We saw acres and acres of olive groves. Olive trees get to be very old, they seldom die, they just keep on living year after year after year. Also in that part of the world we saw the famous umbrella pines, or Mediterranean pines; forms kind of a canopy except it's a pine tree. We went to a dance one night, oh, what are those dances where the women dance the wild dance and the men play the guitars. That's the trouble, can't think of all those things. I didn't really care much for the dance, to tell you the truth. It was all for tourism and it was obvious that it was for tourism. Andy also got very ill along here; he ate some clams that he bought in a store. Nobody else would touch them, but Andy would eat anything. In fact, he liked to eat something that was different. Well, he ate something that was different, all right, and he got a bad case of diarrhea. I think he had it until he got back into the States, which was quite awhile yet.

We crossed into Portugal at Elvas. They gave each one of us five bottles of wine and I have to say it's the worst wine I have ever tasted. How they expected that to make an impression on us, I don't know, but it did not. We passed a place where the old windmills are on the tops of the hills. Actually the windmills were turning. We came down to the beach at a place called Nazare. Now we were getting pretty close to the end of our trip here. We went into Lisbon, of course. What amazed me about the taxis in that part of the world was that at night they just don't put their lights on; they depend on the streetlights to show them the way. They'd put them on if they had to have them on, but they left them off as much as possible. Kind of a different thing from today in the states when all the new cars come out and when you turn the switch on, the lights go on, which I think is one of the most asinine things I've ever seen. But then I'm not dead yet, I may see something worse than that.

We saw women weaving, men mending fishing nets. We went to the town of Oporto, that's the town that gave port wine its' name. And we looked around until we found a good bottle of port, I've always liked port. And not far from Oporto, we came to the point from which we could go no farther west. It's called Cabo da Roca, "Red Cape". We had a big celebration here. We weren't all together yet, some people had left at Antwerp as I had said earlier, but everybody else was kind of together. One or two had left at other points, but the greatest part of the caravan was still intact. We had quite a celebration. Andy got everybody together and we had a little talk by the Mayor of the area welcoming us, telling us what a wonderful thing we had just accomplished.

Andy hired a man to come down and shoot rockets, kind of like the little rockets that you buy on the

4th of July here. He had a whole pack of them on his back; he'd pull one out, light it and throw it up in the air, and it would take off. I think he did that most of the afternoon, as a matter of fact. I don't know how many he had, but plenty. And we sang our songs, and I think, for most of us, it was, well, for me, I didn't want it to end. As far as I was concerned, I would have gone back the other way again, but I had to think of Tallie. She was not in the best of health, although she was doing fairly well at this time. And I knew we could never go back the other way again. Many of them were eager to get home. That's always the way when people travel a long distance over a long time - you want to get back home. It's kind of like after World War II; all the Honeywell men in England wanted to get home as soon as possible. I told the Honeywell people, "When you come to the last man, I'm it. You can send them all, and then when you come down to the last one, I'll go, but not before." It was a lot of fun, I traveled all over England, Scotland and so forth and had a great time and I was paid for it.

After our celebration we drove back to Gibraltar and there we had contracted a ship that would carry the entire caravan back to Miami. We spent a few days in Gibraltar. It's a free port you know, it belongs to Great Britain yet. And we climbed up on the rock and saw the monkeys that live there. Chimpanzees actually, hundreds of them. And when the ship came, all of our rigs were loaded on the ship and the next time we would see them would be in Miami.

We were not going on the ship, we were going in various ways. Tallie and I flew back to Madrid and at Madrid we booked a flight down to the Canary Islands off the west coast of Africa and we had a great time. I had always wanted to see the Canary Islands and I knew that the ship was going to take awhile to get to Miami so we had plenty of time. We spent time in the hotel in Grand Canary, the main island, saw some of the other islands like Lanzarote. Every island is different, it's quite an amazing place. Grand Canary has the largest town and we found that it was a favorite vacation spot for the Swedes and Norwegians that would come down there in the wintertime to get away from the cold weather, and they own many of the places and we were there at the right time so we enjoyed a lot of Swedish smorgasbords. We had a great time on the islands. Wandered around, walked of course, took a taxi up to the top of the mountain. Really a fabulous spot.

Then we flew back to Madrid. I wanted to take another couple of trips but we realized by that time that the ship would be approaching Miami so we booked flight on a Spanish airline to Miami. Arrived there a couple days before the ship would come in - gave me enough time to rent a helicopter and I told the pilot that I wanted to get pictures of the ship coming into the harbor at Miami, which we did. And after I had my pictures from the air, we landed, we went down to the ship. Everybody else was down there, all waiting for the rigs to be taken off. It was the end of the trip. This was really the end. Tallie and I would drive back to Minnesota and from there take the rigs and the film and everything to Los Angeles, go over the film.

The real work started now because I was going to make four travelogue films from that ten miles of movie film that I took on the trip - ten miles of Kodachrome. The one was called Trailer Around the World, which actually, even though it was two full reels, it was too fast; didn't really have time to stop anywhere in the film and really see things, really jumped from one spot to another quickly. And then I made another one called Southeast Asia and that included the four countries down there. In that one, I could really spend some time in each area and show what it was really like at the time. I also made a second one on the Trailer Around the World and I made one on Trailer Through Europe which was just the European part of the trip.



And I lectured with those for several years after that. We really never did get a lot of publicity on the trip even though it was the very first time anyone had ever traveled with a caravan around the world. When I got back home, I realized that my adventure was over. Tallie was not too bad at the time, but it would only get worse as we stayed home.

It was a trip of a million lifetimes. There's no way I can adequately describe it on tape. There's no way I can really tell people what it was like; meeting all those people, having all those experiences; you just had to be there. Mac Smith wrote a book about it called Thank You Marco Polo, which didn't amount to anything. It was not the story of the caravan around the world, it was the story of the Smith family going around the world in a trailer which did not please Airstream at all. And, as a matter of fact, Mac Smith was so bad in reporting about the trip that Chuck Manchester flew into Israel when we were in that part of the world and talked to me about why Mac was not doing his job right. And I couldn't tell him. We didn't see much of Mac Smith and his family, they kind of stayed to themselves, they didn't really get out and learn about the people who were on the trip. I got to know all of them, some of them rather too intimately. Mac Smith didn't pay any attention to the people on the trip and that was the story of the trip. I got along with most of them. There were one or two that no one got along with but I think that's probably true of any such trip as that. And three years together, you have to think of it. Some of them were just ideal people and one or two the other way. But that's the story of life.

I can't think of anything to add to this. It's been a long time talking. And I'm sure I haven't remembered very much about it. I wish I could go over every day - day by day - but I can't do that, it's too far in the past. I'm lucky even to remember names of some of the places. Oh, there were so many things to see on that trip, so many that I can't remember. This will give you an idea, generally, of where we went, how long it took.

I should also tell something about gasoline. We had to buy gasoline and all through India we had to take it out of 5-liter cans. And our trucks held a lot of gasoline, we had two large tanks on each one, so you can imagine some of our time was taken up with pouring 5-liter cans into our truck tanks. In Afghanistan we bought it at filling stations, but they're not filling stations as we would know them in this country. And with two huge tanks we could go a long way before we had to fill anything, I think we had about 100 gallons in each one. Four-wheel drive - very necessary. We used it quite often, especially in Afghanistan.

Andy Charles led the tour, he was very nice. Andy and I got along well. Byron Versteegh was the mechanic. Mac and Jackie Smith were the writers, or were supposed to be. I often wished that we had had somebody along that could really write because it would have made a fabulous story. I thought about doing it afterwards, but Mac was supposed to do it so I neglected it until it was too late. Ah, that's the story of life. Too late.

[Taped by Fran approx 2000. Trip was taken in 1963-64]