

THE SHORTEST YEAR IN HISTORY

A Sabbatical Report

By
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1968-69

My sabbatical year has been, without question, the most stimulating and rewarding single year of my life. In my application for sabbatical leave I stated that I felt my formal academic training, culminating in the doctorate, had been adequate preparation for college teaching, but that I was now keenly aware of the lack of travel experience to enrich my classroom work. The sabbatical plan I submitted called for a year of travel in the eastern part of the United States in support of the courses I teach in American history and in Europe and the Mediterranean area in support of my courses in the History of Western Civilization. The year has more than fulfilled my most extravagant expectations, and I feel that the major goals of my project have been attained.

Planning for the sabbatical year began at least three years before it actually commenced. About this time my wife returned to full-time school teaching in order to help accumulate the finances necessary for the trip. Since I wanted to take the family with me it was necessary to think about the disruption of their school work. In the year 1968-69 Jan would be a senior in high school, Sally a sophomore, and Laurie a sixth grader. Steve, our son, traveled in Europe the summer before we left and so he stayed behind to get

married and take his senior year at UCLA. Transportation plans, both for crossing to Europe and traveling on the continent, had to be considered. We had to decide what to do with our house -- sell it, rent it, or let it stand empty. And, of course, arrangements to leave had to be made with the college.

My sabbatical leave application was approved by the Board of Trustees on Dec. 15, 1967. I then began to make firm plans for passage to Europe. After investigating both air and steamship travel, we decided to go by boat. Everything considered, the fare by boat was only slightly higher than by air, and we felt this could be one of the most memorable aspects of the trip, as indeed it turned out to be. Passage was booked on the Queen Elizabeth I for Sept. 22, 1968.

I had long planned to purchase a Volkswagon station wagon here and take delivery on it in Europe as our means of transportation on the continent. But during Easter vacation, 1968, I began looking at used VW wagons here, and soon decided to buy a good used automobile here, drive it East, take it along on the boat, drive it through Europe, bring it back with us, and drive it home again. I purchased a 1963 wagon from Catron Motors in Pomona for \$1395 and booked it to go on the Queen Elizabeth with us for a round-trip rate of \$350. By buying the car here, I figured I saved some \$700 over the price of a new one delivered in Europe. The car performed beautifully throughout the entire trip and was still running well when we stopped in Kansas to visit my mother on the way home. But an inspection there showed that the motor had given its all in the cause and would have to be replaced. It had served well. The only repairs we had had to make on the road were a wheel bearing in Ohio and a burned-out starter in Greece. It had been necessary to change only one tire on the road. We drove a total of 26,461 miles, Upland-to-Upland.

We were fortunate in being able to rent our house to a school teacher friend

who wanted it for exactly the time we would be gone. We received for it a rent high enough to cover our mortgage payments and any routine upkeep.

The girls consulted on numerous occasions with their principals and counsellors and worked out their school schedules so that their academic work would suffer the least disruption. Jan and Sally arranged to take correspondence courses during the year.

During the year preceding the trip I worked out a detailed financial budget showing expected income, savings, living expenses, and expenses of the trip. By the time we left, we had enough to purchase the Volkswagon, pay for the round-trip steamship tickets, the car freight, and to leave us sufficient cash for the first $2\frac{1}{2}$ months of the trip.

These were the major decisions and details. There were, of course, numerous minor ones. What clothing to take and how to pack it for a whole year and different climates and seasons. Purchasing a good camera and securing a supply of film. Writing ahead to friends with whom we wanted to stop. Sending for maps and planning the route. Getting charge accounts paid up and finances in order. Collecting addresses of friends who would be expecting a postcard from Paris or Rome. Resigning from boards and committees. Passports and health shots. Car serviced. Check out at end of summer school. Clean out desk. Get ready for son's wedding four days before leaving. By some miracle we were ready to leave at the time we had set months before -- 4 p.m. on Aug. 14, 1968.

We soon discovered that this was to be a journey backward through history. We traveled first through the American Southwest in which one is reminded primarily of the late 19th century when the Indian cultures were at their height here, but also with suggestions of earlier Spanish origins. We made no sight-seeing stops in this region since we had visited it on numerous trips before.

As we moved into the Midwest we came upon the Gateway Arch in St. Louis which symbolized the opening of the West, first by Lewis and Clark and then the Oregon trail pioneers, Mormons, gold rushers, and others who were streaming across the Mississippi by the 1840's. But as we drove on in to Pennsylvania we were reminded of the great Civil War which was to be one of the prices paid for rapid western expansion. We visited various Civil War sites in Pennsylvania, the most important being the Gettysburg battlefield. With the help of a map, the battlefield may be toured by car and one may stop and inspect the sites of Cemetery Ridge, Seminary Ridge, Little Round Top, Big Round Top, Lincoln's Gettysburg address, military cemeteries, and many more. The Civil War diorama and museum is well-worth seeing. Also in Pennsylvania we moved back into the 18th century when we drove at a leisurely pace through the Pennsylvania Dutch country and saw the Amish and other "plain people" pursuing the way of life which goes back to their origins in the new world in the 1700's. They still drive the horse and buggy, till prosperous-looking farms, and carry on quaint handicrafts, e.g. furniture making, harness making, pretzels, homemade ice cream, sausage, barrels, etc.

Our visits to Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., took us to the birthplace of the American republic and to the present heart of it. In Philadelphia we visited Constitution Hall where the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were adopted, the capitol of the U.S. 1790-1800, Carpenters Hall, and the First and Second Banks of the United States. Our stay in Washington was much too brief to do justice to a very complex and historical city, but we were able to visit the Capitol (House and Senate chambers), White House, Washington Monument, Lincoln, and Jefferson Memorials, National Archives (many original historical documents), Smithsonian Institute, Arlington National Cemetery (tombs of unknown soldier and Kennedy graves), Ford Theatre, and

the McDlean House where Lincoln died.

As we traveled on in to New England we soon found ourselves immersed in Revolutionary and colonial history. As we drove toward Boston we passed through Bennington, Vermont, with its tall monument to the Battle of Bennington (1777), as well as its very interesting museum containing the best collection of Grandma Moses originals. In Williamstown, Mass., we lunched on the campus of Williams College and visited the Clark Art Institute which, among many other priceless masterpieces, contains 33 Renoirs. We found the Concord area especially delightful, both from the standpoint of history, scenery, and New England atmosphere. We visited the Concord Bridge, where the embattled farmers fired "the shot heard 'round the world," the Old Manse (home of Hawthorne and Emerson,) Lexington Village Green, Walden Pond, Louisa May Alcott's home, and Emily Dickinson's house and Amherst College in Amherst.

In the Boston area we were finally at the very birthplace of American history. Before getting to downtown Boston we stopped at Harvard University, the first college in America (1636) and strolled through the Harvard Yard and into the Widener Library, a memorial to a young man who was lost on the Titanic and one of the world's greatest university libraries. In the city of Boston one's visit to the great historical sites is beautifully organized by what is called the Freedom Walk. The visitor picks up the red line on the sidewalk at one corner of the Boston Commons and in a two-hour walk it takes him to most of America's great historical shrines in downtown Boston: Park Street church with its Old Granary Burying Ground where are buried John Hancock, Robert Treat Paine, Samuel Adams, James Otis, Paul Revere, and victims of the Boston Massacre, Kings Chapel, Old Corner Book store, Old South Meeting House, birthplace of Benjamin Franklin, Old State House, scene of the Boston Massacre, Faneuil Hall, Paul Revere's house, and the Old North Church. One is pro-

foundly impressed with the close proximity of the historical and contemporary when he returns from the Freedom Trail to see the crowds of hippies sprawled around over Boston Commons, singing, making live, and smoking (at least it looked suspicious) marijuana.

From Boston we drove south and even further into the roots of American history and came to Plymouth, where we spent a forenoon visiting the Mayflower II, Plymouth Rock, and Plymouth Plantation, a restoration of the original Plymouth colony. Then before heading west again, we drove out on Cape Cod as far as Hyannisport where we got within a block of the Kennedy compound, but we had failed to let them know we were coming and the guard sternly turned us back.

The destination for the American phase of our journey was New York City, where we were to embark on the Queen Elizabeth Sept. 17. In our three days in Manhattan we visited the United Nations building, Empire State building, Statue of Liberty, Times Square, the Cloisters, Guggenheim museum, Stock Exchange, Rockefeller Center, St. Patricks cathedral, and Greenwich Village. The day before sailing we drove our car and baggage to the pier and returned to our hotel by bus. The following day we returned to Pier 92 and boarded the Queen for five memorable days of Atlantic crossing.

ENGLAND

We disembarked at Southampton, climbed into the bus which had been unloaded by the time we were through customs, and started off on the wrong side of the road to tour England for the next 24 days. As soon as we left Southampton we found ourselves in a delightful English countryside that was even more beautiful and quaint than all the pictures we had seen or descriptions we had read. The landscape was lush and green in this early fall, sheep and cattle were grazing in the fields and on the hillsides, and the frequent little

villages were picturesque as postcards. Most of the roads in Britain (except for the few motorways) are very narrow and winding and the American motorist soon discovers that it takes much longer to cover a given distance there than in the States. If one plans to do any sightseeing at all, he should not plan on driving more than 100-150 miles a day. And the motorist also soon learns much to his dismay that even the smallest, most remote village has a parking problem. This is because the roads and streets through the hamlets are barely wide enough for two cars and it is impossible to stop at the curb. In order to park one must usually drive off the main street a block or so where he will usually find a lot for parking, often not free. Service stations and rest rooms are very plentiful in England and gas costs about 70 cents per imperial gallon.

In Britain we frequently stayed at "bed and breakfast" places which are available in all parts of the country. The price of hotel rooms almost always includes breakfast, but good lodging and breakfast can also be secured in private homes where one sees the bed and breakfast sign. These rooms are always comfortable, have a shared bath, and the traveler has the feeling he is enjoying the atmosphere of a real British home and its family, which indeed he is. The breakfasts, we found, are virtually standardized throughout the country. They include corn flakes (the only cold cereal they seem to have discovered), fried eggs on fried bread, toast, bacon and sausage, marmelade, and tea or coffee. From Plymouth to Carlyle, this is the English breakfast, as if the housewives and hotel keepers in some great culinary conspiracy had decided on a universal breakfast menu. Other aspects of British cooking would lead to a discussion far beyond the scope of this report.

As soon as one spans the Atlantic and arrives in Britain he finds that he has also spanned many centuries of history and is suddenly immersed in medieval, Roman, and even pre-historic times. We spent our first night on British soil in

Winchester, once the capital of Saxon England and where the bones of Canute the Dane lie in the great cathedral with its Norman towers. Perhaps because it was our first taste of England, but for many other reasons too, Winchester is one of the cities to which we would most like to return.

A short way out of Winchester one finds that he has already passed into the dim ages before recorded history began when he sees rising from the rolling Salisbury Plain the mysterious monument of Stonehenge. There has been much controversy over when this was constructed, by whom, and for what purpose, but it is believed that it dates to 2000 B.C. or earlier. The huge stones were probably placed in their circular form for religious purposes, but it has also been recently suggested that they form a giant observatory, precisely oriented to the movement of the sun and planets.

In our tour through England we were primarily interested in seeing and exploring the history, art, architecture, and culture of the country to which America traces so much of its heritage. The great cathedrals intrigued us immensely. In addition to Winchester, we visited the cathedrals in Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, Coventry, Durham, Westminster Abbey, St. Pauls, and Canterbury, as well as many other churches and chapels which were of equal artistic beauty and historical importance. Each cathedral was unique in its various component parts (exterior, spire, vaulting, nave, choir, stained glass, etc.) and yet they all represent medieval man's highest longings and aspirations to create something which would be pleasing to God. Of special note is the Coventry cathedral which during World War II was completely destroyed by German bombs. Only the charred walls, a spire, and a crude altar were left standing and these have been preserved. But adjoining the hallowed ruins a magnificent new cathedral has been built, one which is just as impressive in its ultra-modern decor as the original one must have been with its Gothic setting. We attended services in Westminster Abbey, St. Pauls, and Canterbury.

I was also interested in Britain to trace the evidences of Roman civilization there, since this had been a province of the Roman Empire from 54 A.D. to approximately 400. One of the most interesting reminders of the Roman era are the remains of the Roman villa at Chedworth, a short way north of Bath, which is itself a historic Roman city. The Chedworth villa apparently once belonged to a very important and wealthy Roman official whose estate was of immense proportions. Of special interest are the excavations of the baths, showing the complete Roman bathing system and the underground plumbing and conduits for heating the water and rooms. Similar evidences of Roman civilization may be seen in many parts of England, but I especially wanted to see Hadrian's Wall which when it was constructed by the great emperor marked the northwestern extremity of the Roman Empire, and which today is virtually the boundary between England and Scotland. Portions of the wall may still be seen between Carlyle and Newcastle, some remaining sections are only a few yards long while others may stretch for a mile or so across the fields. Near Corbridge there is an excavated Roman camp which was used as a supply base for soldiers manning the wall.

England's art treasures and cultural offerings almost defy even a brief listing. Besides the art works in the great cathedrals, churches, and country manors, we spent a great amount of time in such treasure-houses as the National Gallery, British Museum, Tate Gallery, and Windsor Castle. Of special interest to me were the famous libraries, e.g. British Museum, Bodelian library (Oxford), and London City Guild Hall. Oxford, of course, is a fascinating city for the scholar and academician because of its many colleges. During our two days there I was inside a number of them, including Christ Church, New College, Merton, Oriel, Queens, and St. Edmund Hall.

Since English theatre is quite reasonable in price, we were able to attend as a family a number of stage productions. In Oxford we attended a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore" and in Stratford-upon-Avon a performance of

Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus". For the latter, the RoyalShakesprear Theatre was sold out by the time we arrived late the dayof the performance, but we were able to get standing room tickets for six shillings each (about 72 cents) and enjoyed the play immensely while leaning on the brass rail at the rear. We saw a powerful production. InLondon, also because of low-priced theatre tickets, we were able to see "Canterbury Tales" (a delightful modern version), "The Boy Friend", and "There's aGirl in My Soup". In addition to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon was a high moment for the student of history and literature. There one sees Shakespeare's birthplace (now apparently being questioned), the Holy Triity Church where he is buried, Anne Hathaway's cottage, Harvard House (home of John Harvard's mother), the beautiful Avon River, and many other fascinating scenes. Not far from Stratford is Warwick Castle and Kenilworth.

Other points of interest visited in England and London can only be listed: Plymouth, Lake District, Bladon churchyard where Winston Churchill is buried, Blenheim Palace (where he was born), Runnymede (where the Magna Carta was signed and the Kennedy Memorial now stands), Tower of London, London Stock Exchange, Old Baily (where we attended a court session), Houses of Parliament, Westminister Hall, Greenwich, Kew Gardens, Buckingham Palace, and Dover Castle. We drove into Wales only far enough to see the majestic ruins of Tinturn Abbey and also only a short distance into Scotland at Gretna Green.

Our stay in England was made more pleasant than we had expected when we were entertained twice in the homes of friends we didn't really know we had. From Bristol we placed a call to the home of Miss Lou Nicholson, who had been in Upland the previous school year staying with friends and attending Chaffey College. Her mother insisted that we come out to see them and we finally found our way to their farm near a small village at the end of a winding road far off the main highway. We spent a wonderful two days with Dr. and Mrs.

Nicholson, Lou, and her sister in their rambling old farmhouse nestled in a valley among the green rolling hills of Gloucestershire. Part of the house had once been an old mill, dating back to the 16th century. We met a number of interesting neighbors who would drop in to discuss their calves, pigs, crops and other things farmers talk about. Lou would bring the milk from the barn in large frothy pails and take it to a pantry where she would separate the heavy golden cream. Dr. Nicholson attended to professional medical duties in Bristol and London during the week while his wife and Lou largely ran the farm.

While in London we contacted Brig. and Mrs. Alms, whom we had met at a reception for them in Upland several years ago. They invited us for luncheon and we spent a delightful afternoon with them in their apartment overlooking Battersea Park. Brig. Alms is a retired British army engineer and he plays the role as perfectly as if he had stepped out of a book, complete with monocle. His wife is Chinese and one of the most gracious women we have ever met. In the Nicholsons and the Alms we felt we had met real English people, and we were hardly prepared for their wonderful warmth and charm.

BELGIUM

We drove our car on to the ferry at Dover and crossed the Channel to Zeebrugge, Belgium and motored from there the short distance to Bruges. Here we wanted to contact friends our son, Steve, had made while in Europe the previous summer. And once again we were overwhelmed by the kindness and generosity of Wilfred and his wife Christian. He is a young architect who specializes in designing and building fireplaces, and they entertained us in their home for two meals. After the evening meal, Christian's entire family, mother, father, sisters and brothers, came over to meet us, and although they spoke little or no English and we no Flemish, we had a good evening together.

The following day Wildred took us on a sightseeing tour of his beloved Bruges, a Flemish city which no tourist should miss. In the Middle Ages it was one of northern Europe's most thriving and wealthy commercial centers. The rich traders collected great art and built ornate churches, business houses, and homes. Among the art attractions now are the Memling museum and the Virgin and Child statue by Michelangelo in the cathedral. It is the only Michelangelo in northern Europe.

While in southern Belgium we sought out the military cemetery where Frances' uncle is buried, a victim of World War I at the age of 19. Frances and the girls made a rubbing of his headstone which is one of their most prized mementos of the trip. This beautifully kept cemetery holds the remains of Canadian, French, as well as German youth who lost their lives in the war.

FRANCE

We entered France on Oct. 18, 1968. We soon discovered that we had the country virtually all to ourselves. We had read reports of declining tourism in France and of course we were traveling during the off-season, but we were still surprised to find so few tourists in evidence. In most cases there was very little traffic on the roads and we found hotels almost begging for customers. I cannot remember inquiring at a hotel that could not accommodate our party of five. We also found the tourist sites relatively empty, and we did not have to contend with jostling crowds and long lines to see the famous buildings, cathedrals, art galleries, and museums. Whatever drove the other tourists away -- May-June riots, anti-Americanism, high prices, etc. -- certainly made it easier for those of us who were scheduled to be in France at this time. We felt, incidently, no anti-Americanism whatsoever; on the contrary, we found the French people, as the English, to be very friendly when we had occasion to

meet them. Our car was not molested in any way, even when it was parked for a week on some of the busiest streets of Paris. Our California license plates attracted a great deal of attention and curiosity from passersby on the sidewalk, but in many cases this simply led to a pleasant conversation with someone who had "a very dear friend in San Francisco." Our foreign license plates also were an advantage when I would make a horrible faux pas in city traffic. Other drivers and the officer on the corner would look at me with a great deal of pity that after all the stupid American just doesn't know any better.

We found France, on the whole, to be very expensive. We were told that prices had risen rapidly after the May-June riots and strikes, and we were to find them rising even more before we left France five months later. It was difficult to get a modest restaurant meal for less than \$2-2.50. Gasoline sold for around 90 cents per gallon. Admissions to museums and art galleries cost 40 to 60 cents and often as high as \$1.20 (6 francs) per person. This was about three times as high as admissions listed in the guide-books, so we knew the increase had been made shortly before we arrived. We found hotel rooms, oddly enough, to be the most reasonable tourist expenses. For the five of us, we could usually secure comfortable accommodations for \$6 or \$7 a night. In Paris three rooms in a hotel three blocks from the Arc de Triomphe cost \$9 a night total.

Before heading for the French tourist mecca, Paris, we made a leisurely swing through northern France to see a number of things of historical and artistic importance in Normandy. We stopped at Amiens to see what is often considered the "most typical" or French Gothic cathedrals, begun and finished in the 13th century, and then drove on to Reuen, also an important cathedral city but also famous as the place where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in 1431. In Bayeux we saw one of Europe's great treasures, the Bayeux Tapestry, a

211-foot medieval scroll recounting in word and picture the Norman conquest of England in 1066. A portable transistor earphone tells the story to the visitor in his own language as he moves around the huge room especially built for the priceless tapestry.

This area of France has many historical associations. It was, for one, the area from which William the Conqueror launched his invasion of England. But it was in more recent times the scene of a much greater invasion -- the D-Day invasion of Normandy on June 6, 1944 in World War II. We visited the Sword Beach site of the British invasion at Arromaches and then drove a few miles further to see the invasion beach most sacred to Americans, Omaha. At these beaches one can still see barges and landing craft rusting in the surf just where they were sunk in the landing operations. An American military cemetery just above Omaha Beach contains the remains of 10,000 American servicemen.

The western-most objective of our journey through northern France was Mont St. Michel, the picturesque abbey built atop a conical rock which rises out of the sea a short way from the shore. A causeway leads to the abbey, however, and one may drive to it except at times of unusually high tide. Mont St. Michel was a place of pilgrimage for the devout as early as the 8th century and by the 10th century a monastery was erected there. The abbey was finished in 1135. Additional buildings were built by King Philip Augustus in the 13th century. It is possible to climb high up among the bewildering spires of the abbey, but it is equally impressive when viewed across the Normandy plains at a distance of several miles.

We spent a week in Paris absorbing as much as possible of the historical and cultural atmosphere of that great city. One could keep himself profitably occupied here for weeks just visiting art galleries and museums. The

Louvre is a taken-for-granted day or two, but two other museums we especially liked were the Jeu de Paume gallery, in which the Louvre's French impressionist paintings are displayed (Renoir, Manet, Monet, Cezanne, Gauguin, etc.), and the Rodin museum, exhibiting almost all of Rodin's major works, including "The Thinker". The Palace of Versailles is important for both its art masterpieces as well as its great historical significance. In fact, almost every block of Paris has some historical associations. The Romans were there 2000 years ago and then the Franks under Clovis and Charlemagne. Notre Dame cathedral was begun in 1163. Place des Vosges takes us back to Henry IV in the late 16th century.

The Louvre reminds us of the great era of Louis XIV and the "splendid century" and Place de la Concorde of the grim days of the French Revolution. On every hand are reminders of the greatest French leader of all, Napoleon Bonaparte, especially the imposing dome of Invalides under which he is buried in six caskets. The War museum in the same building is jammed with mementos of World War I, and the mere sight of the Champs Elysees recalls to mind the parades of the goose-stepping Nazis during the 1940-44 occupation as well as the victory celebrations after the allied liberation. Now Paris is the site of a new peace conference just as nearby Versailles entertained another such attempt at world peace in 1919. Paris is a veritable microcosm of western civilization.

From Paris we drove 60 miles south to Chartres to visit one of France's -- and the world's -- loveliest cathedrals. The stained glass windows of Chartres are beyond description. We continued south and west to pass through the chateau country of the Loire Valley. We stopped at a number of the famous chateaux and chose Chenonceaux and Chambord as our favorites. Then we continued down the windswept Rhone Valley to the final destination of this portion of our journey, Monte Carlo, Monaco.

We planned to settle in the Monte Carlo area for several months for two

reasons: first, we thought it would provide a congenial climate for the cold winter months, and second, because our very good friends, the David Carlsons, live there. They are connected with Trans WorldRadio, a missionary radio station with studios in Monte Carlo. We were fortunate to rent, completely furnished, a "villa" high on the hillside overlooking Monte Carlo and the Mediterranean sea. For this house, owned by a local dentist, we paid \$160 a month, plus utilities, exactly the amount we were receiving in rent for our house in Upland.

We soon discovered that we were located in not only a world-famous resort area, but also in a very historical region. This area at various times throughout history had seen the coming of pre-historic man, the Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, Gauls, Visigoths, Huns, Saracens, Genoese, Grimaldis, French, Italians, Nazis, Allied invasions -- and now the Harmons! Each of these (with the possible exception of the latter) left their mark in the form of ruins, monuments, buildings and plaques. The Trophie of the Alps is an imposing Roman monument located high on the mountain above Monte Carlo and built in 6 B.C. to commemorate Augustus' victory over the remaining hostile tribes in this region and thus opening the overland route to Gaul. The Principality of Monaco itself is the result of the seizure of The Rock by the Grimaldi family in the 13th century. In some places the hills are honeycombed with gun emplacements built by the Germans when they fortified the Riviera in 1940-44. Other places along the coast remind one of its associations with the great, near-great, and not-so-great: Napoleon, Matisse, Renoir, Princess Eugenie, Queen Victoria, Charles Spurgeon, Winston Churchill, Princess Grace, Aristotle Onassis, and Bridget Bardot.

Our five months of settled living in southern France (we actually lived just outside the boundary of Monaco) gave us an opportunity to cease being

tourists and to involve ourselves in the day-to-day routine of the French people. Even in spite of the language barrier, we began to feel ourselves becoming a part of the community. I attended two Rotary Club meetings with my landlord and addressed one of them, through an interpreter of course. We were entertained in several French homes. We went to the market nearly every day just as the French housewives do. We took advantage of some of the cultural events in Monte Carlo. I was in the Casine twice, but hardly paid for the trip that way! We saw Prince Rainier and Princess Grace on one occasion. While we at first found it difficult and awkward to shop for food and other necessities and to transact business in banks and other business concerns, we eventually and painfully caught on to the rhythm of French life. One of its most maddening aspects for the American is the two-hour lunch period, 12-2 P.M., during which everything is closed tight and you might just as well go home and have lunch and a nap too. To the fast-paced, pragmatic American the French seem to lack the skills of organization and efficiency and it is a temptation to blame their national ills on these weaknesses. But is hardly appropriate for the American guest to be critical of the ills of another country when his energies might so well be expended upon the weaknesses of his own.

We have been asked, "How did you spend Christmas, 1968 away from home?" In planning for our trip we had often discussed how and where we might spend the holidays. We had thought about Switzerland, Austria, or Germany where there might be snow and plenty of Christmas atmosphere. But as the time drew closer we realized this would involve long winter driving through the Alps and probably actually spending the magic Eve and Day in a lonely hotel room all by ourselves. So with the Carlsons we invited our mutual friends, the Royce Saltzmans, from Stuttgart, Germany, to join us for Christmas in Monte Carlo. Dr. Saltzman of

the University of Oregon was spending the year teaching seminars in music in a European branch of the University in Stuttgart. They arrived the day before Christmas (they had the snowy drive instead) and we spent one of our most memorable Christmases together. On Christmas Eve we had a real old-fashioned Christmas dinner at the Carlson's apartment, including turkey and all the traditional trimmings. It was much more difficult to assemble such a dinner in Monte Carlo because many such foods just aren't readily available. The nearest turkeys, for example, were in a super market in Nice, about a 40-minute drive away. We had a modest gift exchange, another delicious dinner at our house on Christmas day with champagne from the landlord, a pinata for the children, and time for exchanging stories about life in Europe.

SPAIN

During the early part of December we made a 10-day trip to Spain. Since Spain is somewhat off the European tourists' "beaten path" we felt this would be a good time to make a special excursion into that country.

Our route took us along the length of the French Riviera to Aix-en-Provence and on to first major stops in the Arles and Nimes area. In both of these cities there are important Roman structures still in relatively good condition. The arena in Arles is still being used for athletic events, but the old amphitheatre is in classic ruins. We were interested to find a large segment of a Roman building incorporated into the facade of a hotel facing the Place du Forum. In Nimes traffic swirls around an even better preserved arena which is also still in use, and a short distance from it stands the exquisite little Maison Carree. This 1st century B.C. temple combines the Greek and Etruscan styles and is said to be the best preserved of all Roman temples, including those of Italy.

About twelve miles north of Nimes, at a rather remote spot on the Gard

river, stands the Pont du Gard, the majestic Roman aqueduct also built in the 1st century B.C. to carry water to Nimes. The stones which form its amazing arches are so precisely cut that they have stood without mortar for 2000 years. A few miles further to the northeast we visited the city of Avignon, the home of the French popes during the "Babylonian captivity" of the 14th century. The Palace of the Popes is still an imposing structure dominating the city.

Turning southwest from this history-rich area, we drove next to Carcassonne, the storied walled city of southern France. It was once a Roman encampment, then a Visigoth stronghold, and later a battleground in the Albigensian crusade. Its ramparts were probably strongest in the 13th century and today it is still much the same as it was then, although much of it has been reconstructed. It now overlooks the tiled roofs of a modern city.

From Carcassonne we turned south into Spain, with Barcelona as our first stop. Here Mr. Valbuena, a friend whom we had never met, helped us find a comfortable hotel and the following day he took us on a quick tour of Old Barcelona, showing us its Roman walls, the spot where the monarchs of Spain received Columbus after his first voyage, and its huge cathedral. A statue on a high column at the harbor shows Columbus pointing toward America.

From Barcelona we turned west toward the interior of Spain and stopped briefly in Zaragoza to visit friends, see the great cathedral there, and to cross the Ebro river. I was especially eager to see the Ebro, because it was in the 3rd century B.C. the frontier between Hannibal and his Carthaginian armies and Roman territory. When Hannibal broke his treaty with Rome in 218 B.C. and crossed the Ebro the Second Punic War had begun. It was during this war that Hannibal made his dramatic crossing of the Alps to invade Italy and win a decisive victory over the Romans at Cannae in 216.

The interior of Spain reminds the American of New Mexico and Arizona. It

is mostly flat, rocky, with mesas and huge rock formations rising from the plains. It is largely a land of vineyards, olives, and grazing sheep. One passes many farmers leading donkeys piled high with firewood or grass. The villages appear to be poor and primitive, but we found the people we met in them to be very friendly to strangers like ourselves.

We arrived in Madrid about noon on a rainy Saturday and decided to spend the afternoon in the Prado, one of the world's great art galleries. It is a treasure house of El Grecos, Velasquezes, Goyas, Rubens, Brueghels, Titians, Murillos, as well as many more masterpieces. Unfortunately the Prado is very "stuffy" and very poorly lighted and many of its best works are not shown off to best advantage. Another highlight of our stay in Madrid was a visit to a tapestry factory, where gorgeous tapestries and rugs were still being woven by hand just as they have been for centuries. From Madrid we spent one day in Toledo, the "city of El Greco," about 40 miles south of Madrid. This is another walled city which was once the Visigothic capital and later the Moorish capital of the region. The cathedral is one of the most ornate we had seen, and the little church of Santo Tome was important because it contains one of El Greco's great masterpieces, "The Burial of Count Orgaz."

Leaving Madrid we retraced our route to Zaragoza and then turned north to leave Spain by crossing the Pyrenees. As we started up one pass across the mountains it began to snow harder and harder and before we reached the summit we were told the pass was closed. This meant returning some 25 miles and trying another pass. Although the snow was heavy here too, we managed to plow our way through to the summit and then found the going easier on the downhill side. With the newly fallen snow, the mountains were a winter wonderland. A short distance into southern France we stopped at Lourdes to see the famous shrine where Bernadette was visited by the virgin in 1853 and to which thousands now make the pilgrimage for healing.

We had expected to find Spain backward and primitive compared to France and other western European countries. This is true of many of her villages, of course, but we found her cities to be modern and sophisticated. The large department stores as well as smaller shops were filled with many kinds of attractive merchandise, with prices much lower than in other countries. The people seemed to be buying freely and we were especially impressed with how well dressed they appeared to be. Bars and cafes were crowded. In the cities, too, we found the people very friendly. We were also pleased to discover that, contrary to all reports, the roads of Spain were good. The main highways were the best we had found in Europe thus far. Forgetting temporarily the political structure of Spain and judging only by its superficial characteristics, we left the country with a very good impression.

SWITZERLAND

We saw Switzerland in the late winter (last of February and early March) and under a heavy mantle of snow. This little country is undoubtedly beautiful at any time of year, but winter, snow, and Switzerland seem to go especially well together.

Traveling from Monte Carlo to Switzerland, we passed through the major Italian cities of Genoa and Milan. At Genoa we stopped long enough to see the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, a small crude house preserved in the busy downtown section of Genoa. We stopped overnight in Milan. After securing a hotel just a block from the Duomo, we walked over to La Scala opera house to enquire about tickets for the evening performance. It had been sold out for days but we were told we could get standing room tickets an hour before the program. So for less than a dollar each we saw "La Boheme" in La Scala, the most famous opera house in the world. The following morning we visited the Duomo (cathedral)

and walked to the church where, in the refectory, is still preserved Leonardo d'Vinci's original but now badly faded "Last Supper".

Switzerland is perhaps not thought of as a country of great historical interest, but there are nevertheless a number of interesting things to see besides the incomparable scenery. In Zurich we visited the Grosse-munster, the large cathedral where Zwingli preached in the early 1500's and started the Swiss reformation. Nearby are the Wasserkirche, a church built on the site where four Protestant martyrs were killed, an interesting old guild hall (now a museum, and the Rathaus. Also in Zurich is one of Switzerland's best museums, the Landesmuseum, a huge rambling chateau housing art and craft objects from all periods of Swiss history.

We also visited Basel, another center of the Swiss reformation, Berne with its parliament building, huge cathedral, and quaint arcaded streets, and Geneva, the most historic of all Swiss cities. Here we saw St. Peter's church where John Calvin preached for 25 years (his chair is still there too) and the famous Reformation Monument. Representing more recent history is the huge Palais des Nations, or League of Nations building, now used largely by the United Nations and other international organizations. A tour of this structure is comparable to a tour of the U.N. building in New York City. We also stopped briefly at the nearby headquarters of the World Council of Churches.

From Geneva we drove east along the south shore of Lac Lemane and at the far end of the lake, near Montreaux, we stopped to see the Castle of Chillon, a rambling medieval castle on the lake shore made famous by Lord Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." We left Switzerland through the St. Bernard tunnel and stopped two days at the ski resort village of Cervinio in the Italian Alps at the foot of the Matterhorn (Mt. Cervinio).

ITALY

On March 29 we left our winter residence at Monaco and began a three-month tour of Europe that was to thrust us even more deeply backward into western history as well as give us remarkable insights into the present. In Italy and Greece we were in a historian's paradise. In these two countries at one we could study the sources and see the early evidences of at least eight major western civilizations: Mycenaean, Minoan, Classical Greek, Hellenistic, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, and Renaissance. Even the five weeks that we could devote to these areas were far too short to study adequately their historical riches.

The process continued to be generally one of retrogression through history, so we arrived first at the cradle of the Renaissance, Florence. Here, as well as in other important northern Italy cities of Venice, Padua, Verona, Bologna, and Pisa, we found spectacular evidence of the great artistic and intellectual achievements in this area during the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. These were unbelievably creative times and the soil of Tuscany and its surrounding provinces produced some of the greatest minds and talents of man's history. We were reminded of these achievements in such great Florentine treasure-houses as the Duomo, Baptistery (Ghiberti's doors), Signoria, Uffizi gallery, Bargello, Santa Croce, St. Lorenzo church, Medici palace, the Academy (Michelangelo's original "David"), San Marco church, Archeological museum, and the Pitti palace. Each has its own remarkable reminders of man's ability to create beauty. A few miles outside Florence, we drove a short distance off the main road to visit the birthplace of perhaps the Renaissance's greatest genius, Leonardo d'Vinci. Vinci is a small village in the middle of the Tuscan hills and olive groves, and Leonardo's boyhood home is an austere stone structure somewhat difficult to find. It was almost awe-inspiring to contemplate what creative giant had emerged from these bare cold walls.

As we drove south toward Rome we made a special effort to seek out evidences of the intriguing people who laid the foundations for Roman civilization, the Etruscans. They built a highly civilized, wealthy, and sophisticated society in Italy between 800 and 300 B.C. but since their writing has never been fully deciphered, they still present many problems to the historian. Nevertheless, a large body of information has been compiled about the Etruscans and much of it has come from their elaborate tombs in southern Tuscany. We visited those at Tarquinia, about 60 miles north of Rome. Here we saw tomb walls decorated with the art work of a people who were obviously skilled craftsmen long before the Romans dominated the peninsula. We saw many Etruscan tomb artifacts in museums in Florence, Rome, and London.

In Rome we came to the center of perhaps the greatest empire in man's historical memory, and even to list the artistic and cultural riches of this city would be an impossibility. We spent a busy seven days in Rome visiting all the major historical sites, museums, and art galleries. Of particular value and interest were the Roman forum, Colosseum, St. Peter's, Sistine Chapel, Vatican museum and library, Hadrian's villa, old Appian way, and the catacombs of San Sebastian. On Sunday morning we were in St. Peter's square to see Pope Paul VI appear to bless the multitude assembled there.

From Rome we drove south to Naples and on to Herculaneum and Pompeii, the two cities which were buried by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D. and which have now been largely excavated. Herculaneum, the smaller of the two, was primarily a seaside resort town, while Pompeii was a large commercial city. The Pompeii ruins are very extensive and it is very easy to reconstruct in one's mind the main outlines of a bustling trading center.

From Pompeii our route took us to Sorrento and along the tortuous Amalfi Drive to Salerno. Then we drove eastward over the Apennine mountains and through

a mid-April blizzard to Brindisi on Italy's east coast, from where we took the 24-hour ferry to Greece. Enroute, however, we chose to disembark on the island of Corfu, where we spent a full day and night, and left on the next ferry for Patras and the mainland.

GREECE

Greece certainly lies well within the boundaries of the "historian's paradise." Now we take several more giant steps backward into history and we are in the area of the Hellenistic, Classical Greek, Minoan, and Mycenaean civilizations. The latter dates back to approximately 2000 years B.C. and with our visit to the mountaintop ruins of old Mycenae we have reached the most ancient civilization of our trip. To reach the old city we drove about fifty miles south from Corinth through a Greek countryside ablaze with wild flowers. The most impressive part of the city still left is the Lion's Gate, through which probably passed many triumphal processions in the period from 2000 to 1200 B.C. when the Mycenaeans ruled the Aegean area.

Between about 1600 and 1200 B.C., however, another aggressive people asserted themselves in this region. These were the Minoans living on the island of Crete and I was especially anxious to extend the trip (and the budget) far enough to visit Crete and the ruins of the palace of Minos. To do so we took the overnight ferry from Piraeus to Heraklion and spent two days amid the ruins of the Minoans. The palace of Minos, described in ancient records as one of man's greatest architectural achievements, was excavated and partially restored by Sir Arthur Evans in the early 1900's. In scrambling around over the ruins one can well imagine how the great legends surrounding the palace had their beginning. It really must have been a mysterious labyrinth in which was kept the fearsome minotaur which Theseus, the young Greek king, tried to

destroy. Many of the artifacts which Evans took out of the excavations are on display in the museum in Heraklion. We also spent a day traveling by bumpy bus to Malia, about 25 miles east of Heraklion where the ruins of Minos's summer palace are located.

After visiting a number of historical sites in the Greek countryside (including Sounion and its exquisite little temple of Poseidon and ancient Corinth, the city where St. Paul preached), we settled for several days in Athens, where, one might argue, western civilization really began. Athens, like Rome, cannot be historically described in a few sentences, but it is a more "manageable" city for the tourist with historical interests. Most of the basic elements of our western culture began in Athens, and the heart of Athens was the Acropolis and Agora. A visit to these areas brings one to the very center of Periclean Greece during the golden fifth century B.C. Here the great philosophers taught and expounded and the Greek citizens developed the basic techniques of democratic government. Here also the best in art, architecture, science, and education flourished. Here too Greek religion and Christianity reached a confrontation when St. Paul preached his memorable sermon from Mars Hill, just below the Acropolis and overlooking the Agora. One can let his imagination run freely as he strolls through the well-labeled ruins of the Agora, climbs the steep hill up to the Parthenon on the Acropolis, and descends again into the nearby theatre of Dionysius. The Stoa of Attalos, restored as a museum, is an excellent repository of artifacts found in these areas.

After leaving Athens we drove north through Greece and had an opportunity to visit several other important historical sites. The most interesting and spectacular of these were the ruins of the Temple of Delphi, located high in the mountains of central Greece. Ancient Greeks came from all over the Aegean world to bring their treasures to this temple and to consult the Delphic oracle

which after inhaling the gaseous fumes always had a word of advice for her clients. We spent two days in this village with the magnificent view of the valley and the Corinthian gulf. We also visited in this area of Greece the battlefields of Marathon and Thermopylae, recalling the Greeks' heroic struggle against the invading Persians in 490-480 B.C.

We were in Greece during the latter part of April when the ruling regime was celebrating the second anniversary of its seizure of power. There were signs and banners everywhere proclaiming the great event of 1967 and we saw several parades and celebrations. But it was difficult to ascertain whether the people were celebrating out of great enthusiasm for their present rulers or because they knew they should. The military presence was much in evidence throughout the country but we saw no disturbances of any kind.

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

After an overnight stay in Thessalonika in northern Greece we drove northward across the border into Jugoslavia. The border crossing was quite simple and we soon found ourselves enjoying the rural scenery of Jugoslavia. Most of it was beautiful farming country and we were delighted to find, contrary to some reports, that the road was good. Everywhere peasants were working in the fields, and most of them were using oxen for plowing. Otherwise all the work of planting and hoeing was done by hand. We were told later that the farmers were working on their own land, that there are no cooperative farms in Jugoslavia. The two major cities we visited here were Skopje, where a disastrous earthquake took place several years ago, and Belgrade, where the banners were flying but stores were closed in celebration of the Communist world's May 1 holiday. We stayed one night in a motel on the outskirts of Belgrade and were interested to see that the crowd in the dining room and bar were

eating and drinking in exactly the same manner as a similar crowd in the U.S., and the prices were about the same--high!

From Belgrade we drove eastward in order to see a small corner of Roumania. Here the major city we visited was Timisoara, a city of about 50,000 in extreme western Roumania. Again the border crossing was not difficult, but we soon found ourselves in a distinctly different society. It was Sunday and the crowds in the street were still celebrating May 1, but poverty and deprivation were soon evident. This was especially true the next morning when we could enter the stores. They were pathetic sights! Even the large department stores had only a few items of cheap merchandise for sale. In some cases the merchandise (ladies dresses for example) was roped off from the customers and they had to examine it from a distance as if it were in a museum. Most of the shelves in the drug stores were empty and the clerks had only a few bars of soap or bottles of perfume to sell. The meat markets and grocery stores were practically empty. The meat cases contained only a few canned meats or hard sausages. People were standing in long lines for milk and bread. Fresh fruits and vegetables were virtually non-existent, even in the open markets. One had to wonder how the people obtained enough of the basic essentials of living: clothing, food, drugs, etc. But we spent a couple hours in the city opera house watching a music festival put on by the children of the schools of the area and we were impressed by their clean and neat appearance and their amazing musical and dramatic talent.

Our entry into Hungary was more difficult. It took nearly an hour to secure visas at the border and our car was searched quite thoroughly. It was necessary to change \$5 per person per day into Hungarian currency which had to be spent in the country. We drove to Budapest where after some difficulty

we found rooms in the Astoria hotel. The hotel was almost in the western Hilton class (and much above our usual level) and certainly gave the tourist a misleading impression of how the average person really lived in Hungary. Happily, we had friends in Budapest and we spent an entire Sunday with them, attending church, eating Sunday dinner in their home, taking a cruise on the Danube, and sightseeing throughout the city, and in this way we felt we got a good insight into the typical family life of Budapest. Again, the merchandise in the stores was very limited and of inferior quality. Although religious groups are allowed to meet openly, we were told that there are always government informers present in the services. The people are very careful not to discuss political matters or to complain about conditions.

As we left Hungary at the Austrian border we again underwent close scrutiny and drove through a checkpoint guarded by soldiers with guns, guard towers, and fences of barbed wire. We drove a few miles out of the way to see the site of the "Bridge at Andau," the title of a book by James Michener recounting the escape of many Hungarians over the little bridge during the Hungarian revolt of 1956. Here we were standing virtually on the Iron Curtain and from this point at least five guard towers were clearly visible.

After spending several days in the totally different atmosphere of Vienna, we again plunged behind the Iron Curtain in a two-day drip to Prague in Czechoslovakia. Once again we felt the stifling atmosphere of the Communist world, but we were somewhat surprised to find Prague a busy modern city and at the same time a fascinating historical one. There were some evidences of austerity, but on the broad boulevard known as Wencelas Square one almost had the feeling of being on Paris' Champs Elysee. This is where many of the Prague demonstrations have taken place but there was little evidence

of them except the bullet pockmarks in the facade of the National Museum the at head of the square. The site where Jan Palach burned himself is now a construction area. Hradcazny castle, overlooking the city, is the beautiful and historic seat of the Czech government. One can also visit Tyn church, seat of the early Bohemian reformation, and Bethlehem chapel, where John Hus preached. While the situation in Prague was undoubtedly tense, we saw no evidence of unrest and the city became one of our favorite in all of Europe.

Later in our trip we again traveled behind the Iron Curtain when on May 31 we crossed the East German border at Helmstedt and drove the 110 miles on the German autobahn to West Berlin. The border crossings, both at Helstedt and on the outskirts of Berlin, were very lengthy and complicated processes, including compulsory changing of money, visas, auto insurance, car inspections, and numerous passport checks. The highway into Berlin runs through beautiful green farmland and wooded areas, but one sees very few villages or farm houses. We saw no soldiers or police along the way, and we stopped and ate our lunch in one of the numerous roadside rests.

Once in West Berlin we found ourselves in one of the most busy and sophisticated cities of our entire trip. The shops along the Kurfurstendamm seemed to sparkle with more luxury goods than those of the Champs Elysee or the Via Veneto. There was an air of prosperity in the city and we had to remind ourselves that this city was in fact a western "island" totally surrounded by hostile territory. The Europa shopping center is the most modern and elaborate complex of shops and restaurants that we have ever seen. In our four days in West Berlin we visited such historical places as the ruins of the Kaiser Wilhelm church, Brandenburg Gate, Reichstag building, Schonburg city hall (where J. F. Kennedy made his famous speech), Dahlem museum, Charlottenburg palace, Egyptian museum (with the original Nefertiti),

and the Olympic stadium. And, of course, we went to see the Wall at the Brandenburg Gate and Potsdamerplatz observation points.

We spent one day behind the Wall in East Berlin. We drove first to Checkpoint Charlie, where it took about an hour to be processed through. We registered first with American authorities and told them when to expect us to return. Then it was necessary to go through the East German process of changing money, getting passport clearance, and having the car checked. Once inside we drove around the remainder of the day, took pictures freely, and no one paid any attention to us. We drove to the western end of Unter den Linden where we could get a good view of the Brandenburg Gate from the East Berlin side. Next we went to the Pergamon museum, most famous for its Pergamon Altar. Then we drove for a considerable distance throughout the city, particularly down the main street, Karl Marx Allee. There was a striking difference between the stores of West Berlin and East, the latter showing much less merchandise. Much of the city had the dull grey and austere aspect about which we had always heard, but there are also many new buildings, especially apartment houses. There are many open spaces where apparently buildings once stood and there are also many bombed-out buildings still standing, notably the opera house. Reconstruction of the city is still far behind West Berlin, but it was not nearly as gloomy and grim a sight as I had expected. We returned about 5 P.M., again through Checkpoint Charlie and again only after an inspection of our car and passports. We stopped on the western side of the checkpoint to visit the Museum of the Wall, which displays many pictures and mementos of incidents that have occurred as people have tried to escape over the Wall since 1961.

THE REST OF EUROPE

The remainder of our tour of Europe probably had less direct bearing on my main historical interests, but we saw cities, villages, people, and scenery which we shall never forget. Austria, with its breathtaking scenery and the cultural riches of Vienna and Salzburg, became one of our favorite countries. Places visited in Vienna included the Staatsopera, Schonbrunn Palace, the Hofburg, Spanish Riding School, a performance of the Vienna Choir Boys, Austrian War Museum, Kunsthistorisches Museum, graves of the famous musicians (Beethoven, Stauss, Brahms, Schubert), and the Vienna Woods. The lovely city of Salzburg is one of the music capitals of the world, and we were especially interested in visiting the places where "Sound of Music" was filmed.

We felt that the mountain scenery of Bavaria in southern Germany was unsurpassed anywhere. The Berchtesgaden area, where we visited Hitler's old "Eagle's Nest" and toured a salt mine, is a wild region of snow-covered peaks, deep green valleys, tumbling streams, and picturesque villages. Further on we came to the Garmisch-Pattenkirchen and Oberammergau area where we had planned to stay overnight but ended up spending three days. Here we visited the Passion Play theatre, Linderhof Castle, Ettal Abbey, Wieskirche, and the story-book castle of Neuschwanstein. Oberammergau is preparing for its once-every-decade presentation of the Passion Play again in 1970 and among other preparations men of the village are beginning to grow beards for their roles.

Our subsequent route through Germany took us through Munich, to the Dachau concentration camp, Rothenburg (a delightfully quaint walled medieval village), Stuttgart, Heidelberg (castle and university), Worms (site of the condemnation of Martin Luther), on a drive along the Rhine river, the trip in to Berlin, and then on north to Lubeck, an old Hanseatic city of north Germany.

We travelled by ferry from the northern tip of Germany to Denmark and on to Copenhagen and its fabulous Tivoli Gardens. Again by ferry we crossed from Elsinore and Hamlet's Castle to Sweden, and then drove north along the west coast of Sweden, through Gothenburg, to Oslo, Norway. Here we spent a day and a half (in hot sultry weather!) seeing the Kon-Tiki raft, the Viking ships which were uncovered along the Oslo Fiord, and the Norwegian Folk Museum. From Oslo we took the overnight ferry down the Oslo Fiord to Fredrickshaven, Denmark, and on to Odense, the city of Hans Christian Anderson.

Continuing on south, we again crossed northern Germany and drove on into northern Holland. Even without a road map we could immediately identify where we were. The land became flat as a table top, we were soon driving along canals, and we began to see Dutch windmills scattered through the countryside. We drove across the famous inclosing dike which protects much Holland from the sea and timed our schedule to arrive in the town of Alkmaar on Friday morning to see the colorful and historic cheese market. In all, we spent about ten days in Holland visiting primarily Haarlem, Marken, Vollandam, Arnheim, Rotterdam, The Hague, and Amsterdam. Of special cultural interest here were the Franz Hals museum (Haarlem), the Van Gogh museum and Dutch Open Air Museum (Arnheim), Pilgrim Fathers' church (Rotterdam), and the Rijksmuseum, Stedelijk Museum, and Anne Frank's house (Amsterdam). Maduradam, the miniature village at The Hague, delighted the girls and the Delft pottery works and show rooms presented a great temptation to my wife.

After meeting our son and daughter-in-law in Amsterdam, we decided to cross the Channel together and show them a bit of southern England before meeting our boat in Southampton rather than in Rotterdam as originally

planned. This gave us a week or more to revisit southern England and a chance to see some places we had missed before. We drove to Battle, where we visited Battle Abbey and the field of the historic Battle of Hastings in 1066. We also returned to Stonehenge and went on a few miles to Avebury Circle, an equally remarkable monument erected by neolithic man. We also returned to Oxford and London where we got to the Ashmolean Museum and Hampton Court, respectively, which we had missed before. After spending the last three days in Winchester, we boarded the Nieuw Amsterdam at Southampton Wednesday evening, July 2.

Although the ship's destination was New York, we disembarked with our car at Halifax in order to tour through Nova Scotia and northern New England on our way west and home. We arrived in southern California August 3, just eleven days short of one year since we had left.

CONCLUSION

This report, I hope, contains adequate evidence that the purposes of my sabbatical year were satisfactorily met. We have repeatedly remarked that it is difficult to think of anything we might have changed. The trip developed very much as planned and any deviations were always in the direction of extension and elaboration of our original expectations. We had not expected, for example, to get to Crete, but this turned out to be one of the highlights of the entire trip. We had grave doubts about the possibility of entering Roumania and Hungary, but these countries presented no problems. And we had not even planned to visit Prague until we got to Vienna and discovered and it would be possible.

Throughout the trip I kept constantly in mind how my experiences could enrich the courses I teach, particularly the course in History of Western

Civilization. I have visited many of the places that I have often lectured about and that I had previously known only through a reading knowledge. During the course of the trip I took over 1,500 slides, mostly pictures of historic significance, which I hope to use profitably in the classroom.

An additional reward of the trip is that the family has been able to experience it together. My wife, Frances, an elementary school teacher, has profited professionally as much as I and will also be able to use the experiences of the trip in many ways in her classroom. Our three daughters, Jan, Sally, and Laurie, missed a years of formal schooling, but we are sure they have been immeasurably enriched by everything they have seen. They have absorbed more history and culture than they otherwise could experience in a whole lifetime.

Finally, I wish to express appreciation to the Board of Trustees and administration of the Mt. San Antonio College District for providing me the opportunity to make this sabbatical leave study tour. I hope it will help me to make a more valuable contribution to the educational program of the college.

MAJOR MUSEUMS, ART GALERIES, AND LIBRARIES VISITED

Eisenhower Museum and Library, Abilene, Kansas

Gettysburg Battlefield Museum, Gettysburg, Pa.

National Archives, Washington, D. C.

Ford Theatre Museum, Washington, D.C.

Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C.

Constitution Hall, Philadelphia

Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Mass.

Bennington Museum, Bennington, Vt.

The Cloisters, New York City

Guggenheim Museum, New York City

Roman Villa Museum, Chedworth, England

Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

Bodleian Library, Oxford

Windsor Palace, Windsor

National Gallery, London

Tower of London, London

British Museum, London

Tate Gallery, London

London City Guild Hall Library, London

Louvre, Paris

Versailles Palace, Versailles

Jeu de Paume, Paris

Rodin Museum, Paris

Prado Museum, Madrid

"Last Supper", Milan

Landesmuseum, Zurich
Arena Chapel, Padua
Uffizi Gallery, Florence
Bargello, Florence
Medici Palace, Florence
San Marco Museum, Florence
Archeological Museum, Florence
Pitti Palace, Florence
Leonardo d'Vinci Museum, Vinci
Etruscan tombs, Tarquinia
Sistine Chapel, Rome
Vatican Museum and Library, Rome
Borghese Gallery, Rome
Musee de VillaGiulia, Rome
Pompeii Museum, Pompeii
Ancient Cerinth Museum, Cerinth
Archeological Museum, Heraklion, Crete
Stoa of Attalos, Athens
National Archeological Museum, Athens
Delphi Museum, Delphi, Greece
Schonbrunn Palace, Vienna
Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna
Austrian War Museum, Vienna
Jewish Museum, Prague
Deutches Museum, Munich
Dachau Museum, Dachau
Schiller Museum, Stuttgart

Dahlem Museum, West Berlin
Charlottenburg Palace, West Berlin
Egyptian Museum, West Berlin
Museum of the Wall, West Berlin
Pergamon Museum, East Berlin
Hans Christian Andersen Museum, Odense, Denmark
Kon-Tiki Museum, Oslo
Viking Ships Museum, Oslo
Norwegian Folk Museum, Oslo
Franz Hals Museum, Haarlem, Holland
Van Gogh Museum, Arnheim, Holland
Durch Open Air Museum, Arnheim
Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam
Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam
Anne Frank Museum, Amsterdam
Avebury Museum, Avebury, England
Oceanographic Museum, Monte Carlo

TRIP EXPENSES

The following list of expenses may be of some interest to faculty members planning a similar trip. The following expenses are for five people traveling by car.

Ship passage (round trip)	\$ 2351.70	
Car shipment (round trip)	350.00	
Marine insurance for car	12.04	
Car liability insurance for Europe	214.00	
Total spent in actual travel (225 days)		
Lodging	\$ 1982.53	
Food	1995.09	
Car expense	753.73	
Misc. (inc. ferries)	1656.71	
TOTAL	6388.06	6388.06
	GRAND TOTAL	\$ 9315.80

(The Grand Total does not include living expenses for $4\frac{1}{2}$ months in Monte Carlo.)

Average daily expenses while traveling \$ 28.30

Average daily expenses by country:

England	\$ 29.28
France	32.10
Spain	30.00
Switzerland	33.33
Italy	32.60
Greece	24.95
Austria	27.80
Germany	27.07
Denmark, Sweden, Norway	29.45
Holland, Belgium	27.66
Iron Curtain countries	27.80
United States	43.33