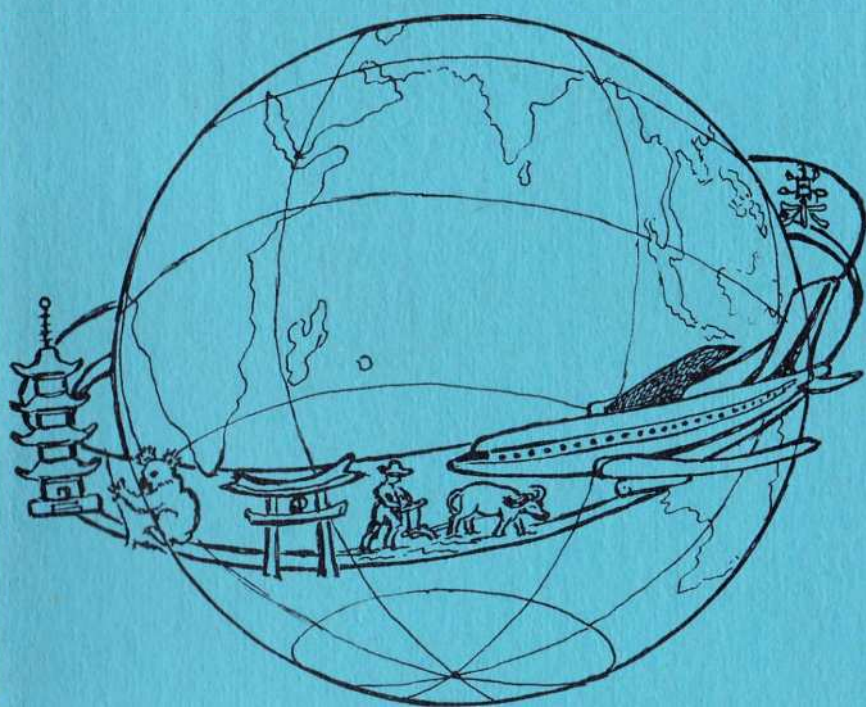


# ONE WORLD – AROUND



With love and best wishes to  
our grandson  
Richard Randolph Renner

OUR SEASON'S GREETINGS

To the eighty-nine fellow travelers who helped us discover new countries, cultures and climates, places and people, friends and fellowship, — under various circumstances, some humorous, a few difficult, but most of them pleasant.

We greet also, our friends and dear ones, with a special spark of love and understanding for all *joyeux voyageurs!*

Jennie S. and R. Richard Renner  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio  
Twelfth of October, 1971

“And not that only, but who was also chosen of the churches to travel with us with this grace, which is administered by us to the glory of the same Lord — — —  
—”

2 Corinthians 8: 19

Sketches and text by Jennie Steindorf Renner

Jennie Renner

**DEDICATED**

**To my husband and companion  
of the airways**

**DR. R. RICHARD RENNER**

**who has given me  
counsel, confidence and inspiration  
in this small undertaking.**

ONE WORLD — AROUND

HAWAII

FIJI

NEW ZEALAND

AUSTRALIA

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

JAPAN

HONG KONG

THAILAND

EAST PAKISTAN

INDIA

IRAN

TURKEY

ITALY

SWITZERLAND

ENGLAND

U.S.A.

An account that is neither a diary nor a Christmas letter, but rather a labor of love, using some facts and a few fancies.

November 18, 1970, Rome Italy — The “Eternal City” should be as good a place as any from which to launch this account of our trip. It was here six years ago that Pope Paul VI blessed us all in St. Peter’s Square and wished us a Merry Christmas (in Latin, of course) as we were starting our journey to the Holy Land and Africa to give an award to Dr. Albert Schweitzer. And today we, as a large group of 91 persons, had an audience with him, as he graciously allowed several groups to be presented on the occasion of the Golden Anniversary of his elevation to the Priesthood.

As a group we have been together since October 7th when we met in San Francisco and, with a little practice, each soon fell into his or her integral part of the mechanics of moving this many people and our baggage from city to city around the world. It has been done most successfully by our three good leaders and their wives, the Russell Harrisons, the John Chenaults and the Halsey Wakelins, each taking a third of us. We go on to Geneva tomorrow with mixed emotions, — glad to be home, in less than a week now, and sorry to see our nice group disintegrate. But friendships go on and on ---.

We will have visited 15 countries and at least that many of the world’s largest cities. They were all a first experience for Rudy (Dr. R.R.R.) and me except Honolulu, Athens, Rome, Geneva and London. Only we didn’t get to Athens after all! Dale Fiers’ son Allan, who is second in command at the U.S. Consulate in Istanbul, pulled all the strings he could for us, but apparently Greece had banned travelers arriving from Turkey because of the cholera situation there. And one day we unexpectedly found ourselves in East Pakistan at the city of Dacca, known as the City of a Thousand Mosques. Our plane flying from Bangkok to New Delhi was ordered down there to clear the skies, so to speak, of all aircraft because of the imminent arrival of the President, Yahia Kahn of Pakistan. We got to witness all the red carpet ceremonies from the windows of the small airport terminal there where we were virtual prisoners for the time being. We later learned that two days after we were there, the worst disaster of the century took place only 180 miles away, when a gigantic tidal wave wiped out most of the coastal population, — about 500,000 lives — destroying cattle and rice as well; however; latest figures were much higher.

We have always had our own mental pictures of these far away places, but now we have seen them with our own eyes; and with the added senses of touch, sound and smell, have experienced the full flavor of cultures far different from our own, yet essentially, much the same. In fact, the greatest impact of any trip is in observing differences and likenesses — *n’est-ce pas?*

I must desist from comparisons but can give you only the highlights of the trip with just fleeting general impressions. The first highlight was a wonderful afternoon and evening spent with our daughter Mary and her neighbor, Cousin Judy Clark, in Benicia, California on October 6th. Leaving San Francisco I found myself thinking of my two sisters, Margaret Steindorf of Dayton and Dr. Eleanor S. Johnson, of Pasadena, who were that morning leaving Nairobi after attending a World Family Planning Conference and visiting the big animal parks. I had read about those behemoths of the Airways but that morning we found ourselves on one of them, a huge Boeing 747 — a real experience in itself, to be one of its 350 passengers flying at 35,000 feet, nearly 700 m.p.h. — a marvelously smooth flight.

ALOHA!

After visiting Bob and Ginger in Honolulu in 1956, we now found the same landmarks, but Waikiki Beach seems sadly overpopulated with Hi-rise apartments and hotels. That first afternoon we had a delightful trip to the north end of Oahu, to visit the more or less recent Polynesian Center with its simulated villages and pageants. At the Open-air Theater that evening with its natural backdrop of mountains and waterfalls, we witnessed a wonderful “folklorico” of colorful dances representing all the South Pacific cultures. On the long return journey our eyes refused to stay open, because, travelling westward, each of the last two days had been three hours longer than usual, being up early each morning. The following night we had the only all-night flight on our whole world trip. Enroute we had our 9th crossing of the Equator, but our first crossing of the International Date Line, thus losing a day forever.

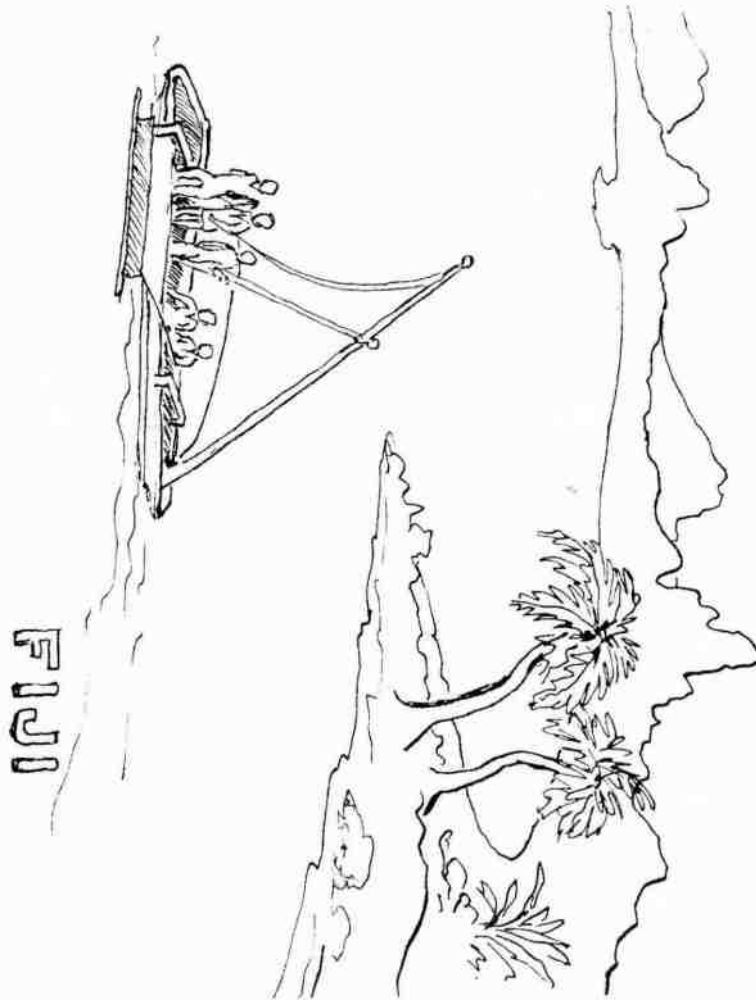
## FIJI GAINS INDEPENDENCE

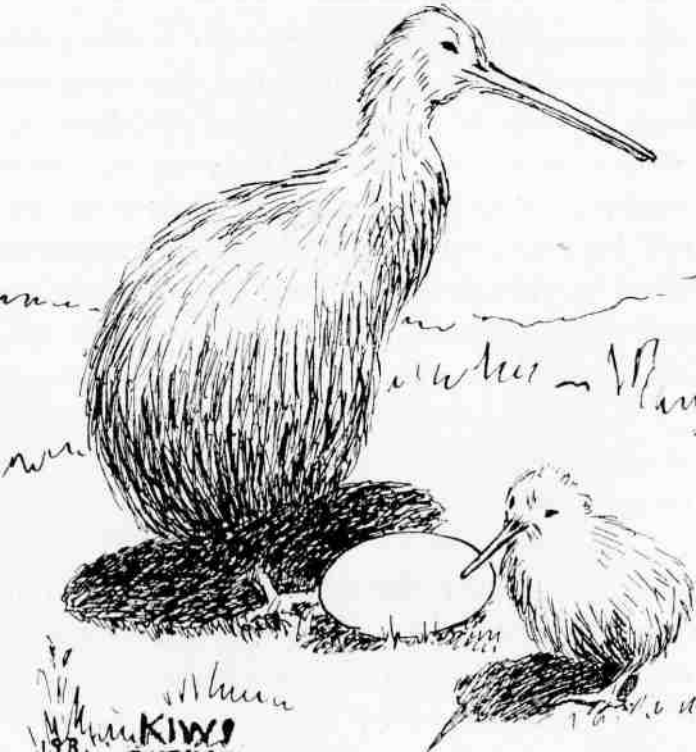
When we arrived on the main island of Fiji, we found Prince Charles had arrived just ahead of us, to officially represent the Queen at the severance ceremonies making Fiji independent of British rule, though still a member of the Commonwealth. This day, October 10th, 1970, was a big day in the history of Fiji, and people dressed in their Sunday best were thronging the roads and busses, into the capital city of Suva. Several important looking ships were in the beautiful harbor, ringed with palm trees and smaller volcanic peaks. That night the fireworks set off from a ship in the harbor were quite a sight from our hotel balcony.

The next morning, Sunday, it was our privilege to share in a hugh open-air Ecumenical Church service in Albert Park. Out in front of the central covered, main section of seats was a large pavilion for the speakers and stretching out on both sides were the uncovered bleachers where we all sat under drippy umbrellas sharing programs with Fijian or Hindus. The acoustics were wonderful and soon after the service started, amid a fanfare of trumpets, the Prince of Wales and his attendants, driven in by cars, were officially seated. It was a beautifully conducted service and the papers said it was probably the first time in ecumenical history that Moslems have worshipped with Hindus and Protestants. A representative of each, read passages from the Koran, the Holy Book of Hinduism and the Bible, respectively, and then, crossing the red connecting carpet, the three Holy Books in turn were presented to the new Prime Minister, now a Fijian.

The Prince and his company left the field in open cars, and it was easy to believe his friendly greetings were for each of us personally, as he rode by, a few yards in front of us. They say there are now more Hindus than Fijians in the Fiji Islands but they live together amiably and both are law abiding and deeply religious. On a fine 10½ acre site we later visited the Pacific Theological College, a new ecumenical adventure to train religious leaders. The "catchment" area of the college includes all the South Pacific Islands, Fiji making a good center, for at Suva, also, the University of the South Pacific has now opened its doors.

Our schedule for that afternoon was a ride in several small glass-bottom boats





Kiwis

out over the coral reefs that form part of the outer harbor. In spite of a violent rain storm, getting soaked, and trying to keep our balance, we did see a lot of beautiful fish and coral formations – also found friends among other groups in other boats who were also bound for Adelaide. Why Adelaide? It was because that lovely city in South Australia was to be the scene of the Eighth World Convention of Churches of Christ. They are held on an average of once every five years and we had already attended several others – at Buffalo, Toronto, Edinburgh, San Juan – and next time will be Mexico City. My birthday was spent in Fiji, both in Suva and in Nadi, with a lovely drive through the country. I had almost hoped it would be the day we lost as we crossed the Date Line, then I could honestly claim to be a year younger!

### NEW ZEALAND AND MT. COOK

Among all the countries we visited, if I had to choose one to live in, my choice would be New Zealand. It is an exciting country in so many ways – consisting mainly of two long islands named appropriately North Island and South Island, the one above the other so that the north end of North Island is in the semi-tropics and the south end of South Island shares with “the horn” of South America the distinction of being the largest land mass nearest the Antarctic Continent. We came first to Auckland (which they pronounce almost as Oakland) – a beautiful and busy port city, straddling several lovely bays, and nurturing in its heart, lofty Mt. Eden where, from the top one can look down into the now dormant crater. In fact, volcanoes are found in this North Island as well as the famous Glow-Worm Grotto, and generally much thermal activity. Here also, most of the aboriginal Maoris are found in the North. A telegram of welcome was awaiting us at Auckland, from a friend who lives near Wellington, Miss Muriel Anderson, who was unable to come to the Convention.

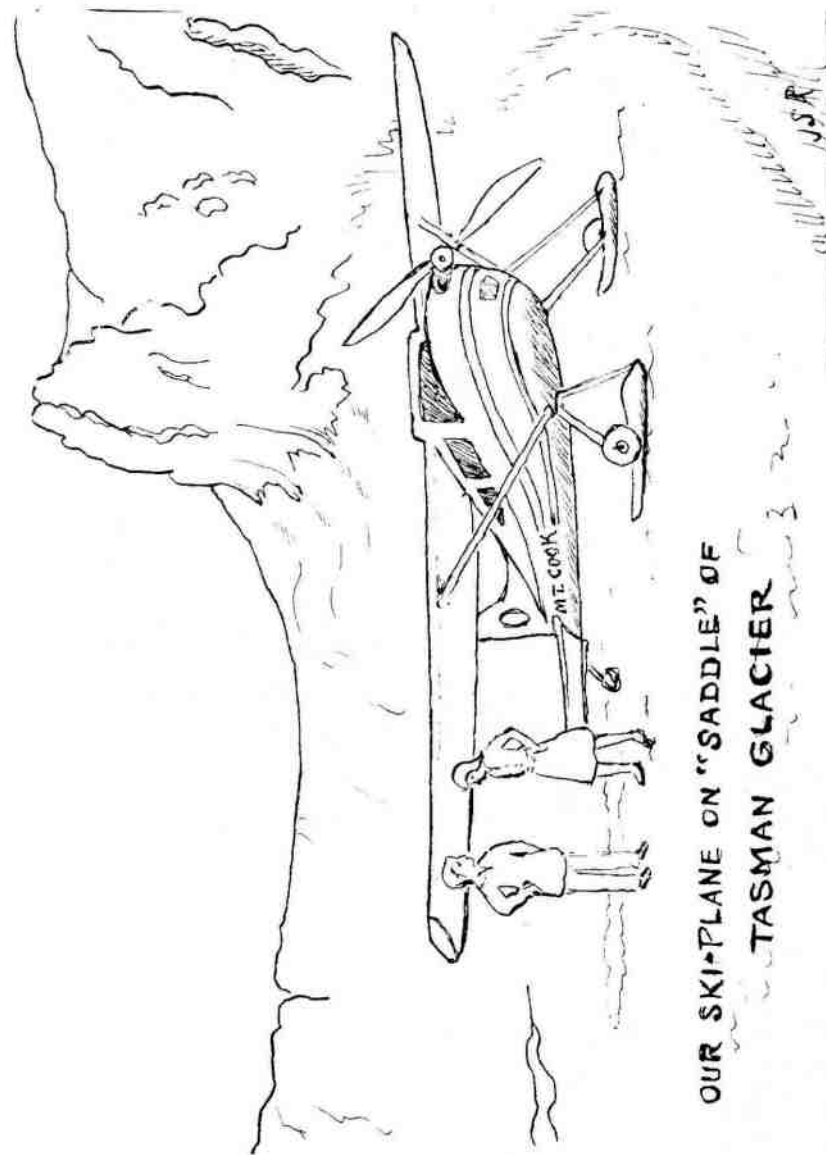
Our next stop was the “most English City outside of England” – Christchurch – on the mid-eastern coast of South Island, where across the Canterbury Plains to the west lies the whole range of snow covered mountains known as the Southern Alps. We loved Christchurch with its lovely Cathedral on the Square and the pretty Avon River winding its way through the city, its banks always kept beautiful as public gardens. This was true in Australian cities also,



which endears them to visitors. In the absence of our friends there, Ray and Marjery Blampied, who had gone on to Australia, we were entertained in their home by their three daughters and son-in-law and enjoyed so much a typical New Zealand dinner they prepared. Ray is the minister of the Bishopdale Church of Christ there, and was leading a group of 85 New Zealanders on a convention tour to Australia which he had never visited, yet he had been at least twice to the United States.

Mt. Cook, 12,349 feet, is the highest peak of the Southern Alps and we, with about six others, planned to go there, "weather permitting". Storms had been raging in the mountain areas and while waiting at the airport to see if they would allow us to go, we kept seeing groups of men in loose dun-colored uniforms, wearing huge thick white thermal boots, like the men on the moon wore. These men were just coming from the Antarctic for a Rest & Recreation period. After one and a half hours we got the "all clear" signal to proceed with our flight to Mt. Cook – over lovely pastoral plains dotted with white sheep, then increasingly bigger mountains and high lakes, till we finally landed on a tiny airstrip at about the 8,000 foot level. All the mountain peaks around us were over 10,000 feet high and we felt a bit like deserted children as the Mt. Cook Airways plane left us there on the wide expanse of glacial deposits. Soon we were told to walk out to two tiny skii planes and were hoisted up into them. Each plane held four passengers and two pilots, packed together as neatly as sardines. It was a funny sensation to look directly over the side and see the ground drop away from beneath you, bucking the bumpy air currents, as we started up the 18 mile long Tasman Glacier.

The pilot who was directly in front of me, kept hugging the rugged sides of this glacial valley and several times I could hardly restrain myself from poking his shoulder and saying, "Don't you see that mountain right in front of us? If we extend our arms we could almost touch it!" At that crucial moment he would veer the plane over in a swooping motion. I rather resentfully thought he was trying to give us a thrill, but I'm sure he was trying to avoid down-drafts of air currents. In this manner, we steadily made our way up that high valley, seeing beautiful patterns and colors in the ice below us and the dazzling peak of Mt. Cook up ahead on the left. We finally came to the saddle formation at the top of Tasman Glacier and the



OUR SKI-PLANE ON "SADDLE" OF  
TASMAN GLACIER

USA



SEEING MOUNT COOK BY SKI-PLANE  
OVER THE TASMAN GLACIER

pilot put the tiny plane down in about a foot of snow, and told us to climb out. We walked about a bit and took pictures and were handed certificates that said we were now members of the Mt. Cook Club! As we climbed in again, I overheard one pilot say to the other that we'd better hurry and get back as it was getting a bit rough! I wondered if we'd ever get air-bourne from all that snow but we did and hugged the opposite side of the valley going down past the Hochstetter Ice Fall. How much it reminded us of Alaska when our family of seven drove there in 1948. We were ready for the good lunch in the chalet-type Hermitage Inn, up another valley and then got back to the larger plane. It had been, perhaps, the most exciting ride I had ever had in my life. (The second being in a narrow-gauge train over wooden "S" shaped trestles in Alaska)

#### AUSTRALIA: MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, SYDNEY

About 1300 miles west of New Zealand is the southeastern part of Australia and, reluctant to leave that lovely land of white mountains, sheep in green meadows and red-cheeked children, we flew on to Melbourne and prepared ourselves mentally for a whole new adventure, which it was. As we were leaving Fiji we had heard of a terrible bridge disaster in Melbourne, killing at least 40 workmen. So on our city tour that first morning the bus was driven first to the site of that accident on the Yarra River in an area below the bridge. The new West End Bridge was both high and long. Tons of concrete and steel had suddenly plunged on workmen eating their lunch in shacks below. The long empty space and the jagged ends high above us spoke dramatically of the tragedy. In the Sir Colin McKenzie Wildlife Sanctuary out in the hills we kept running into more friends all bound for Adelaide, — the O. Ivan Coles, the Howard Shorts, the Walter Meyers, the Harold Kimes, etcetera — all in a pouring rain. We could easily have been mistaken for wet kangaroos! On Sunday we were taken to church and dinner in Melbourne by the Oswald Cooper family then to a nice Tea and program on the Campus of the Bible College we had heard so much about. We were also glad to see Captain James Cook's cottage for this is the 200th Anniversary of his arrival at Botany Bay to "discover" Australia.

You may have guessed by now, that we are no longer in Rome, but are home, seeing Pope Paul on his travels on T.V. and remembering it was only 10 days ago



that we were with him. Today Qantas Air Lines sent us a big questionnaire to be filled out, asking among many other questions, what part of the trip did we enjoy most. I've always been keen about geography (and maps!) and the world's flora and fauna. But PEOPLE claimed our greatest interest everywhere and I will mention as we go along some very special people who made our way both happier and easier.

It is with great restraint I keep from giving you facts you can read in any travel book about that vast and varied continent "Down Under". As in New Zealand, everyone is so friendly, wholesome and sports-loving, but in Adelaide, we also found a great deal of elegance. Colonel Wm. Light, in 1836, selected this site for a city on the winding Torrens River and designed a unique plan for the city so it is easy to orient oneself. We had arrived the afternoon of the day before the Convention started and that evening had a call from our friends, Sir Philip and Lady Messent, who were down in the lobby. We were so glad to see them again. Sir Philip is a surgeon and they had spent a day with us following the Toronto Convention in 1955 and we saw them again at Edinburgh and San Juan. We were overcome by their lovely welcome. They had brought us a bouquet of beautiful roses from their garden and a lovely basket of fruit. We realized this must have been the busiest time of the week for them, for Sir Philip was President of the Convention, opening the next evening at Appollo Stadium.

With over 6,000 in attendance and 32 countries represented, all were there plus several hundred more that first night, making an overflow crowd. Color T.V. has not yet come to Australia but the service was televised, and later that evening at a party at the Messent's home we saw and heard it presented very well. As I stepped out of the car there that night I seemed to be in the midst of their rose garden and I have never seen such a variety of tall and large rose blooms in my life. The annual Rose Show was on at City Hall and I'll always think of Adelaide as the "City of Roses".

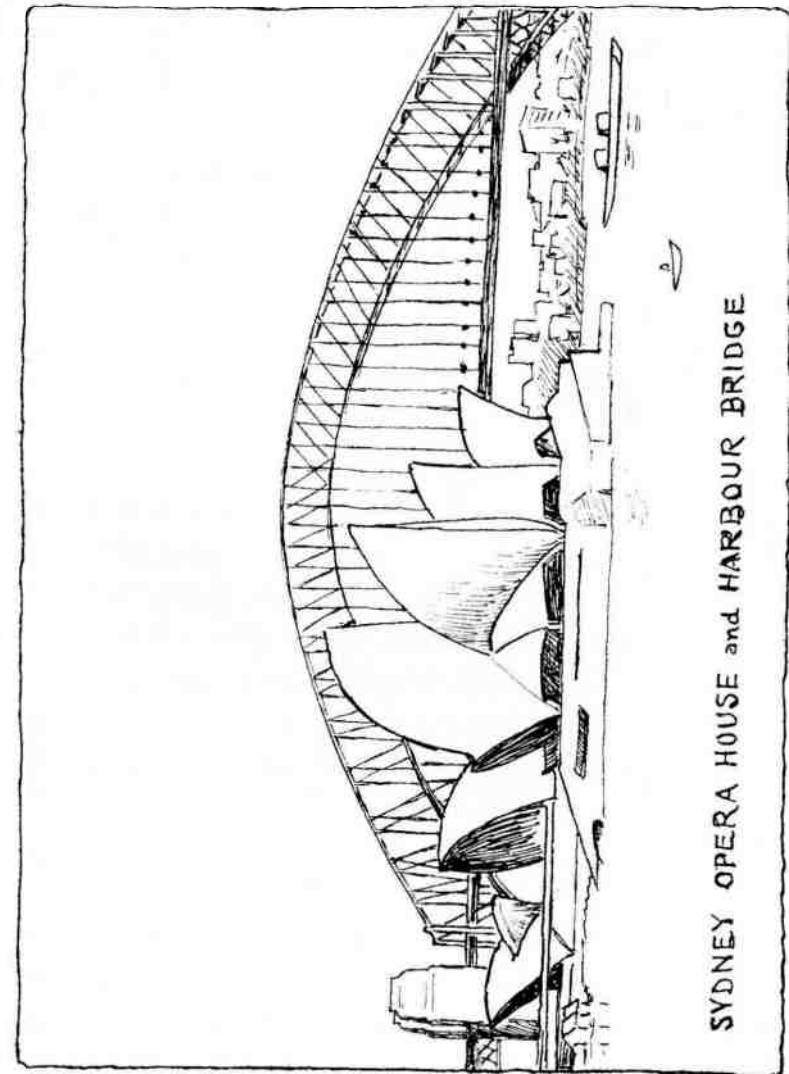
The Convention progressed as conventions do, with wonderful messages and addresses, joyous singing, the usual business and fine exhibits of Australian arts and crafts. The Aborigine and Historical Booths were great favorites. Finding friends and fellowship was, for most, a favorite pastime, and we met friends we hadn't seen

for five and ten years. We were glad to be found by Harold and Hazel Johnson of Eugene, Oregon, friends since Bethany College days, but meeting each other only at Edinburgh and Adelaide. They were going on into the "Outback" country. Bob and Hazel Campbell of Los Angeles were staying with Australian cousins they had never met, Bob being a descendant of both Alexander Campbell and of Thomas Magarey who started our churches in Australia 125 years ago. Today our church membership in the State of South Australia alone numbers 25,300 being 6% of the population. We had only a brief glimpse of Junius and Helen Moore of Charleston, West Virginia. Spencer and Kathleen Austin were winding up a four months' visit to our Far East Missions.

We didn't meet a Jolly Swagman nor see a kookaburra, nor even hear the song "Waltzing Matilda", the Australian Marching Song we so often sang on bus rides in Russia, but we did pet kangaroos, see a platypus and I got to hold a koala bear! Beady-eyed, heavy, and furry, with large sharp claws, they cling to you like a baby, but drink no water and live only on certain Eucalyptus leaves. Like the kiwi in New Zealand, they are heavily protected. Each session of the Convention was "special" in some way and Sunday found us at the Unley Park Church and later a luncheon hosted by the Messents, the Lawtons and the Chivels. Our real good-bye to Adelaide was a lovely walk in the Botanical Gardens, where we said good-bye to the Messents.

The rest of our trip was flying on every two or three days to most of the world's amazing, largest cities, getting many of our best impressions from bus windows where we could look down on the surging life along busy streets or country roadways. We always had a city tour and one or more special tours. We had already visited Melbourne with its lovely wide streets and two and a half million population and now, after Adelaide, we flew on to Sydney. Thus, we were in three of Australia's six states.

Sydney has now topped Melbourne in population with two and three quarters million. It covers a huge area of 670 square miles and has many harbors, all beautiful. The core of the city is adjacent to the Circular Quay, with the nearby Harbor Bridge and the exotic unfinished Opera House. The fifty story Round



Tower with revolving restaurant on top is the tallest of many skyscrapers. Lovely parks are dotted among many suburban centers and everywhere one looks, there are huge outcroppings of natural rock, reminding us of Helsinki.

One day there, in our hotel area, while taking movies of the unique El Alemein Memorial Fountain, Rudy heard his name called, – “Dr. Renner!” He turned and there was Dr. Pedutem from the Philippines, who had been several years at our hospital here in Cleveland. He is now a Major in the U.S. Army and was on “Rest and Recreation” from Vietnam. We took him and his friend to lunch and had a good visit.

### MANILA

Flying on to the Philippines we recrossed the Equator and came to Manila, which we have heard so much about from Filipino friends. Friends here in America had alerted relatives there who had visited us so we were cared for very well. Dr. Juan Fernandez, his daughter and son-in-law were awaiting us at the hotel, gave us many helpful ideas as we had supper together, and on our last morning there took us on a grand tour of the city and saw us off with parting gifts. With them we absorbed the full flavor of Spanish colonialism in many of the old churches and universities, seeing modern ones as well. And meeting their nice family out at Ft. Bonifacio near the War Memorial Cemetery we were told that the freshly patched cracks in the walls were from the last earthquake! Also, on arrival at Manila, we found a lovely bouquet of flowers in our hotel room, from Dr. Lahorra’s sister, Luisa, whom we hadn’t seen for eleven years. Now, Mrs. George Weber, they and their four children live in the new area of Manila called Makati, made up of numerous villages, each a well guarded unit in itself. Dinner on the terrace facing an illuminated garden was a delightful interlude in our visit there. Their driver had been hurt and robbed, even of all his clothes, the day before. So, Manila, with its three million population has, like other cities, its special problems, not the least of which is automobile traffic. The successful driver is the one who can best “elbow and push” his car through intersections with no traffic lights!



One day there we had a lovely drive about fifty miles out to Tagaytay where we have a church. Lunch was at a beautifully situated Lodge on Taal Ridge, 2,250 feet high, being really the rim of the World's 4th largest caldera. Overlooking lakes ringed with volcanic peaks and the Taal Volcano, one sees that it's crater forms a lake within a lake. It last erupted in 1911 after which it developed several craters. Volcanologists expect it to erupt again this year. All in all, it was quite a day, – a heavy rainstorm, a visit to a small bamboo and wattle home, a visit to the Union Theological Seminary, a lecture by the bus driver on marriage customs, and, at Las Pinas, we heard the famous Bamboo Organ built by Father Cera in 1818. In spite of earthquake and typhoon damage it still has a lovely tone. Two typhoons had occurred in the Islands before we arrived and one was expected the day we were leaving. And in Geneva, I read in a French newspaper of the fourth one two days before, which had struck Manila itself with much damage. Arches erected for the Pope's expected visit were knocked down and many homes destroyed.

### TOKYO AND NIKKO

At Tokyo Airport we were already on the bus when we were greeted by Dr. Mariko Takahashi who was at our hospital here ten or eleven years ago. She rode with us to the Tokyo Hilton while we caught up on the news. We could only guess how far she had come by taxi in that great city to meet us! She is a Dermatologist, teaching nurses. We had prepaid on an optional tour to Nikko which took all of Sunday from early till late and we didn't know till later that that was the day the others in the group had visited the International Christian University and the Margaret K. Long School for Girls, both of which we very much wanted to see, especially since my cousin, Jessie Trout, had been so closely connected with the latter.

That Sunday we left very early by bus across the city to board one of Japan's clean, fast electric trains and always punctual. The two and a half hour ride to Nikko was crammed full of interest, – a smooth, comfortable ride as we enjoyed the passing scene from large clean windows – farm buildings, rice paddies and later pine forests. At our destination we boarded busses that took us up into the unforgettable Nikko National Park of 540 square miles. Up winding steep roads

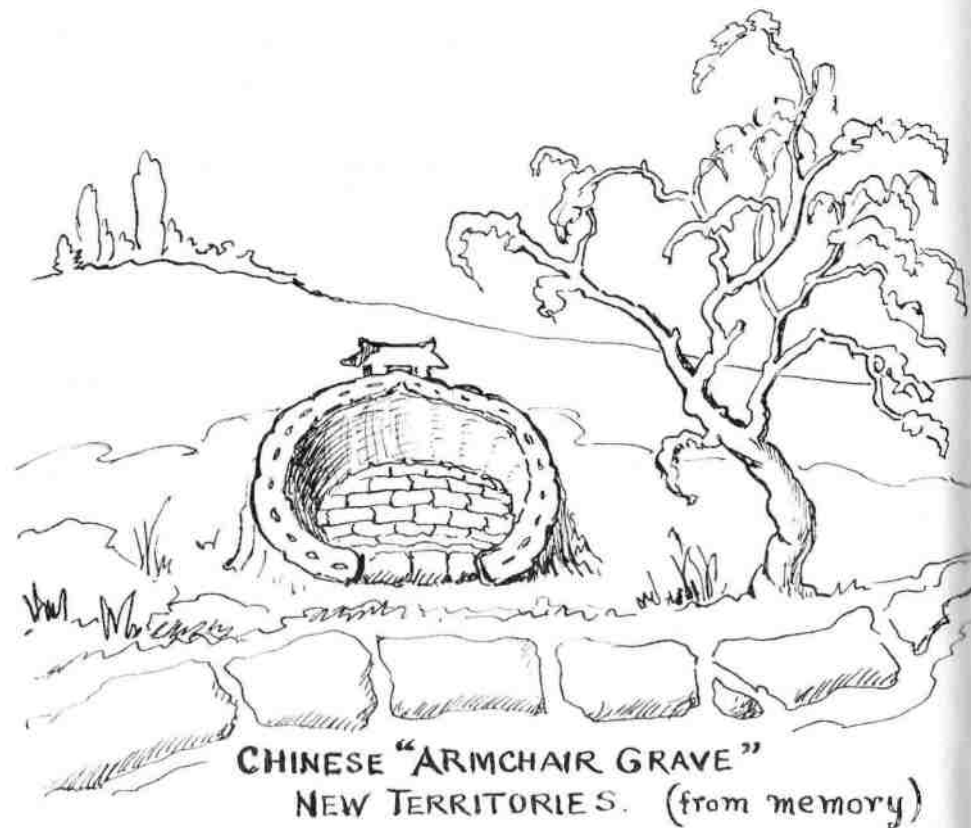
into pine-clad forests, seeing waterfalls, both thunderous and fairy-like, lovely Torii gates and red-arched bridges, we were finally among the ancient and beautifully made temples, each one a "poem" of Japanese art and patience. Adding much to the feeling of worship are the huge old Cryptomeria trees, much like our large redwoods, towering above all the temples and gardens. Over 13,000 of these trees, planted over 350 years ago, line a 23 mile approach to Toshogu Temple.

We came back through Nikko, (population 35,000, but 6 million tourists visit it each year!) and down the mountains in thrilling hair-pin turns, dozens of them. No wonder we were tired as we settled ourselves on the train and fell asleep and dreamed of endless, steep stone steps, rows of old trees, huge stone lanterns for burning incense and especially, we dreamed of people. Being Sunday, the crowds were greatest, in fact, dense, and 90% of the people were Japanese. And we counted ourselves fortunate to be so much a part of it all with a people we greatly admire.

Dr. Kunitaro Takahashi, Dr. Mariko's father, teaches French at the Kyoritsu Women's University. We had met him only through letters but we were delighted that they both could join us for breakfast next morning. Then they took us to his University as his first class had been postponed till 10:30. After our glimpse of academic life, Mariko took us to the top of the second highest building in Tokyo, about 45 stories high, from which we could see at least part of the world's largest city (11 million now), – a marvelous view though we couldn't help thinking of earthquakes! As we sped around in those lethal Tokyo taxis, we also couldn't help thinking of Bob and Ginger Renner and the rollicking and informative account she wrote of their Far East visit a year ago, when they attended the World Radiology Congress in Japan. Dr. Mariko treated us to a typical Japanese lunch that day and spent the afternoon with us when we saw the National Gymnasium, an amazing piece of modern architecture, a snail-like form suspended from two central towers. It seats 16,000 and cost \$8,700,000 and was completed in only one and a half years for the 1964 Olympics. Thank you, Mariko, for showing us Tokyo!

### HONG KONG

Though most great cities share many likenesses, they are more outweighed by

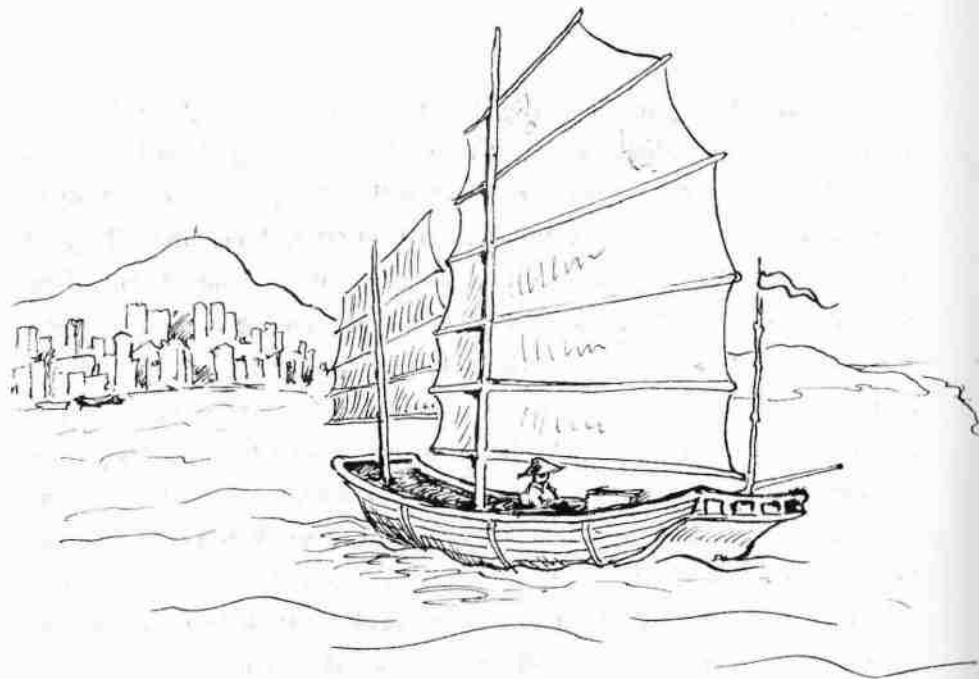


their points of difference. As as we came into Hong Kong the differences in dress, shops, customs and most of all, design, made us know we were in Chinese territory. As I gazed at the design units in the deep, rich purple carpeting in the Hyatt Hotel I knew it was Chinese in origin. Unlike Tokyo, where one sees no English signs at all (I'd hate to get lost there— — Hong Kong signs are in both English and Chinese. Since Hong Kong seems to be a shoppers' paradise, many go there with that as their main objective. But there are so many characteristic things to remember about Hong Kong and just being there makes many parts of the mental pictures you have had fall into place.

We covered the principal parts in three tours. First, up through Kowloon, the heart of the shopping area, westward along the sea and up through the New Territories — south of Kowloon is the Island of Hong Kong on which is the city of Victoria. That Island was ceded to Britian in 1841 (Hong Kong means "Fragrant Harbor"). Flourishing trade created need for more room. So the Crown Colony acquired Kowloon peninsula in 1860 and in 1898 leased from China the New Territories for a 99 year period which will be up in 1997. What will happen then is anybody's guess. This hinterland of Kowloon does give breathing room to the great crowded city and its northern border is the border with China, where we saw checkpoint signs, the bars across the road and beyond, the pleasant valleys and hills of China. Our memories include old "armchair" graves, so ancestors feel well cared for, the ancient walled village of Kam Tin, the duck farms, the water buffalo, chow dogs, the Amah Rock, a great natural landmark, and Chung Chi College, formed by a merger of all Christian groups in Hong Kong and affiliated with the University of Hong Kong.

Another tour was across by ferry to Victoria, the Banking Center with its gleaming white buildings, rising against its steep hills like a natural amphi-theater. From the top of the cog railway, one has unforgettable views of the whole harbor areas, but the contrasts seem too great between the beautiful homes dotting the hillside above Repulse Bay and the crowded sampan villages of the "Water people" at Aberdeen.

The third tour left us with a great feeling of hope for the future — to see what



HONG KONG HARBOR JUNK

various church agencies are doing to rehabilitate refugees from China and train them for taking jobs. We visited the Lutheran World Service Vocational Training Center and the Christian Family Service Center, where a striking cross-shaped wooden panel on the entrance wall features the refugee family and the many backgrounds from which they may have come. The people they strive to help live all about them in "Resettlement Blocks", each block or apartment house building holding as many as 5,000 persons. Bathrooms and kitchens have to be shared and, as in Russia, elevators in the taller buildings don't stop at every floor. In buildings less than seven stories there are no elevators. These people are eager to learn and industrious.

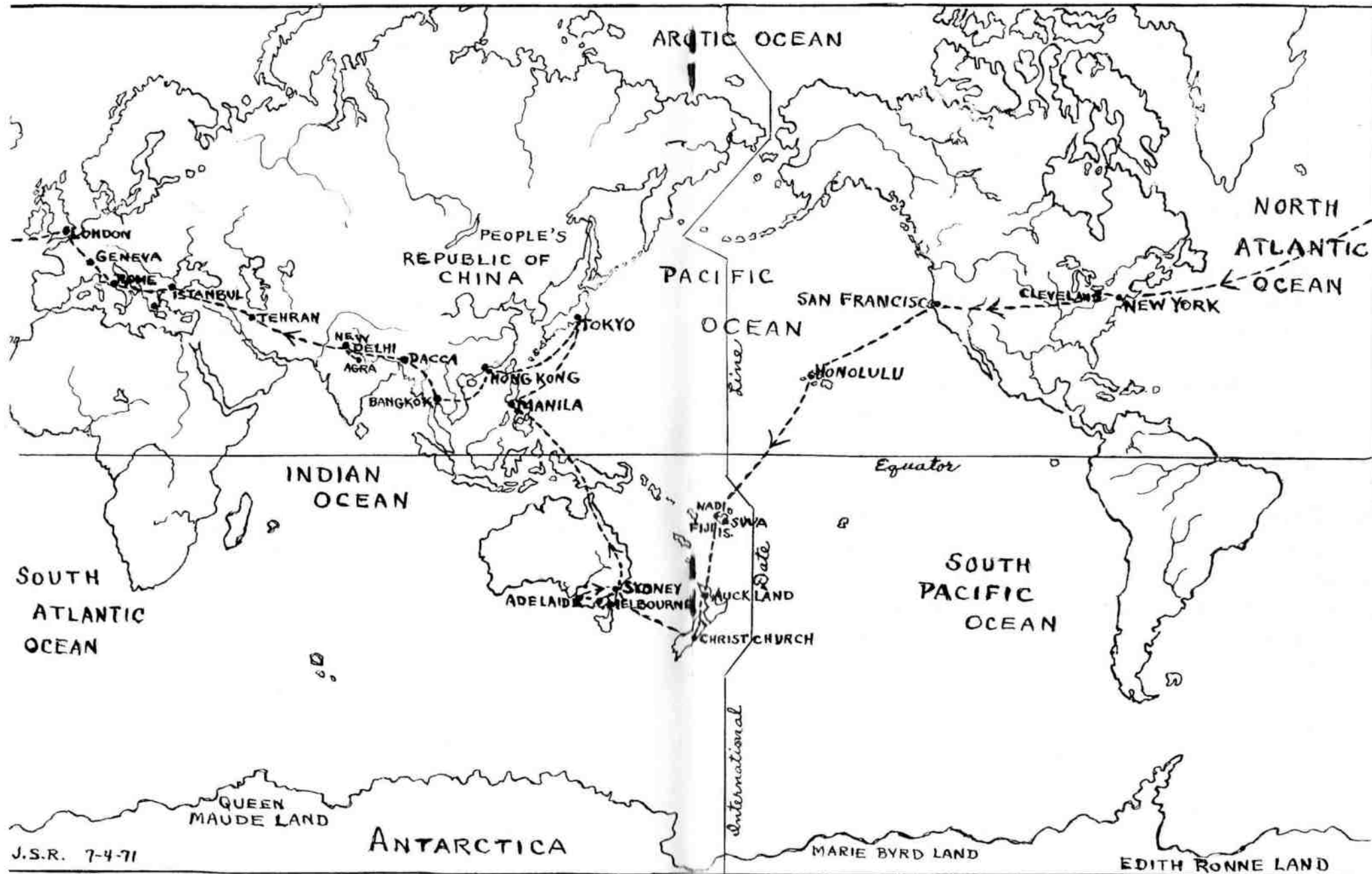
Near our hotel we noticed a factory building (often many factories are in one building) going full tilt till 1:00 A.M. They seemed to be making garments. In fact, the first impression that comes to my mind as I try to remember Hong Kong is a great cluttered, crowded city of clattering textile factories, tall white apartment houses whose balconies seemed always to be festooned with lines of laundry drying, and new apartment "blocks" being built, wrapped in a cocoon of bamboo scaffolding. Amazing facts keep piling up: — Though English is the official language, the majority speak Cantonese, as 98% are Chinese. Textiles rank first in revenue, tourism second and surprisingly, motion picture industry is high on the list; 45 daily newspapers are published beside 25 weekly papers and because of its astronomical growth from 600,000 in 1945 to the present 4 million, the brightest picture of all is that education is keeping pace and from 1960 to 1965 new schools were being opened at the rate of one a week.

## BANGKOK

Flying westward again our China Airlines plane headed out over the South China Sea and we settled ourselves into the usual procedures for passengers. — filling out the inevitable landing cards for the next country (we had learned our passport numbers by this time), — delicious lunch, scanning the airline maps and trying to write a few cards. Soon, I noticed that Rudy, sitting next to the window, seemed very much preoccupied. He indicated we were flying over Viet Nam, the poor divided country that has been our daily news fare for over seven years. We



# ONE WORLD AROUND



could see a mountainous land far below us, and every once in a while, billows of white smoke. Could these be raids going on – people being killed, burned, villages destroyed? Rudy never took his eyes from the window and I reached over after awhile to take his hand for I knew how strongly he feels about our Viet Nam undeclared war. All the while, my companion in the aisle seat, was keeping up an incessant flow of conversation.

We had few preconceived ideas about Thailand, and Bangkok in particular. Always independent, Thailand is the only country in Southeast Asia which has never been colonized. Formerly called Siam, it was an absolute monarchy till 1932 and in 1939 its name was changed to Thailand, meaning “free”. Coming from the airport, there was much sidewalk life to be seen from the bus as the little shop keepers were beginning to light lamps and tidy up for closing time. All the while our Bangkok guide was giving a running account of his version of “Anna and the King of Siam”. We knew our hotel had a queer name – “Dusit Thani” but we were not quite prepared for its exotic beauty and newness. Only four months old, it was plush in every sense, although one elevator proved very eccentric and we never knew whether the doors would open or not, – and guides cautioned us, as in India, to drink only bottled water. At the Hong Kong Hyatt Hotel, the door man had been a tall, black-bearded Sikh from India. And here, – equally resplendent in vivid colors, the door men looked like the court attendants in “Anna and the King”. The hotel is an hexagonal tower set amid lovely gardens. From our balcony overlooking the illuminated fountain, we heard band music coming through the park – and finally into the hotel. At dinner that evening we sensed something big was going on and heard the Queen was coming, so we hung around hoping to see her. Then we learned they were only practicing for the big benefit affair which would be two nights hence!

The next day was a very early departure for the Floating Markets. In small motor boats we started out on the broad Chao Phya River, noticing the strange large houseboats and other craft, small floating islands of water hyacinths and then the bloated body of a dead dog (more were seen later). Two or three miles up the river we turned into one of the canals called “klongs” and now we found ourselves much closer to dwellings and surrounded by many small open boats loaded with

fruit and vegetables, young pigs, chickens, etcetera. People come by boat to buy and farmers sell their produce from boats. Though our pace was slower, we could hardly look fast enough – there was so much to see! Long immune to the gaze of tourists, the people whose homes line these canals went about their daily chores, washing clothes, vegetables and even dishes in the dirty, coffee-colored water. I wondered about infant mortality from drownings and later was relieved to see some naked small boys swimming. Since our grandson, Steven Renner, had learned to swim last summer a few weeks after he was four years old, and then two or three weeks later, amaze us by jumping off the diving board in the deep end of the pool, I guess I needn't have worried about children who grow up surrounded by water!

Bangkok is really a twin city – for Thonburi is part of it across the river, and this greater Bangkok has three million people. Seen from the air it is a lovely pattern of red tiled roofs and golden spires, for it is a city of monasteries and temples and 400 sacred buildings dedicated to Buddha. That morning we had noticed along the streets Buddhist monks with their heads shaven, wearing saffron colored robes and holding bowls. Their religious law forbids them to cook food, nor can they earn their own living, so they exist on the cooked food or money which people give them. Because of losing two of our members in the congested central market area where boats become so thick one has to clamber over several to reach one's own as they all look alike, we didn't have time for extended visits to the temples but saw the main ones from the canals – the Wat Arun (Temple of the Dawn) and the Wat Phra Keo on the Grand Palace Grounds where is found the “Emerald Buddha” made of pure translucent green jasper. Its robes are pure gold studded with jewels. “Wat” means monastery and “cheddi” means pagoda that is gold and conical in shape.

The most venerated Cheddi in Thailand is the gigantic Phra Pathom, rising 380 feet, its towering peak of gold built in the late 1800's – houses the original cheddi built in 370 A.D. It is located at Nakkon Pathom, 30 miles west of Bangkok where our church has its principal mission work. After visiting the Floating Market that Saturday and seeing the temples we went on out to Nakkon Pathom which is Thailand's oldest city (150 A.D.) As our bus entered the central part of the town we had a marvelous view of the great golden cheddi. The sun was just right for

pictures, but the bus didn't stop and soon we found ourselves at the homes of some of our missionaries — then to the Business Men's Assembly Hall where we had box lunches followed by a long afternoon's program of Thai dances and music, put on by various mission groups. All this was under the watchful eyes of the King and Chang Kai Shek, whose framed photographs hung in the central position amid emblems and flags of the two countries who must be friendly allies. When we were leaving on the bus we begged the driver to stop at the Cheddi. A late sun was shining on the back of it, so we had to get our pictures from there. We did not have time to go on to the "Bridge on the River Kwai" — another 25 miles. Thailand is wholly in the tropics but not really as hot as I had feared. Our memories will include a lovely country side with flooded rice fields, beautiful silk fabrics, lovely lotus blossoms and friendly, intelligent people.

#### NEW DELHI AND AGRA

We have already mentioned our unscheduled stop in East Pakistan as we flew from Bangkok, over Burma; and skirting just south of the great Himalayan Mountains we came to New Delhi, the capital city of India, a city of three million. I'm sure our short impact with India has made a lasting impression on all of us. Rather than use the term "Have" and "Have Not" countries, usually synonymous with rich and poor, I'd rather use the terms "developed" and "developing" and even these terms are nebulous. India was consolidated as a British colony over 100 years ago and thus reaped certain benefits. The first railroad was built in 1854. But India did not manufacture locomotives and coaches until she became free. The first textile mills were opened in the 1850's but India has only made textile machinery since two decades ago. She gained her independence from Britain August 15, 1947 and is now in the process of catching up and has telescoped into twenty years of history technical developments that have taken a century of natural growth in already developed countries, and this, as economic history has shown, will greatly advance productivity in agriculture.

In this ancient land, I couldn't help thinking of a verse by Rudyard Kipling:



Cities and Thrones and Powers  
Stand in Time's Eye,  
Almost as long as flowers,  
Which daily die;  
But as new buds put forth  
To glad new men,  
Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth,  
The Cities rise again.

Within the greater New Delhi area lie ruins and remains of seven royal capitals of ancient India, including Old Delhi. The modern New Delhi was systematically laid out in 1931, streets widened to make the most of the existing historically important buildings. Our Ashoka Hotel was named for India's greatest emperor (sometimes spelled Asoka), who conquered the country in the 3rd century B.C. in a great battle, and, repenting of its carnage, embraced the Buddhist faith and made it a world religion by converting most of India. We decided this hotel, with its huge proportions, high ceilings and vast marble corridors must have been a product of Colonial times but Frank Northam of the World Council of churches was telling us that one of their meetings was there a few years ago, and it was only ten years old then!

The low round cream-colored Parliament, built since Independence, a huge pink Mosque, with snake charmers squatting along the curbs, the moated Red Fort with its crenelated walls, built in 1638 still play a part in historic events. And the 238 foot Victory Tower (Qutb Minar) thirty miles south of Delhi is still lovely in its lofty symmetry and soft rose coloring despite the fact that the Turks destroyed all the goddess figures at the three platform levels. It was built in 1200 A.D. and is the highest all stone tower in India – all chiseled by hand. It also serves as a minaret. Nearby is the non-rusting "Iron Pillar". It stands 24 feet high and weighs 9 tons and is 99.75% pure iron. This is not a welded piece but a solid shaft and from the inscription is has been judged to be from the ninth century. These things we saw, as well as a very big modern hospital but we were most glad to see the Tomb of the Mahatma Gandhi. It is within a large open space – a park made within an old walled city – and from the walls one can look down on the large flat-topped stone

known as the Raj Ghat. Here, Gandhi's mortal remains were cremated in 1948. Often covered with flowers, it is one of the most venerated spots in India.

Many things are difficult in India for the traveler; like checking in at airports; like the air conditioning being "unfortunately not working" on the bus – then a moment later the same thing said about the loud speaker; like the morning we were all to go to Agra 127 miles southeast by air, it was discovered the evening before that the India Airlines had room for only 33 of us and, of course, we were 91! I believe they drew lots about it but we said right off that we would go by bus though it would mean a much longer day and less time there, but we wanted to see the countryside.

The Taj Mahal, which we came to in about four and a half hours, was as wonderful as we had expected and you have all heard the same superlatives used in describing it. We had been told that if you see one dome, it is a tomb; if you see two domes it is a mosque. This most beautiful tomb was built by the 5th Moghul Emperor of India, the Shah Jehan, as the mausoleum of his beloved Queen Mumtaz Mahal. After nineteen years of wedded happiness she had died at the birth of their fourteenth child.

From the high parapets at the back one could see the site across the river where the King planned to build his own mausoleum in black marble, with a connecting bridge, but trouble for him arose within the family and it was never built. I hadn't been so hot since we visited Dr. Schweitzer on his 90th birthday in Africa! On the long walk back, the rays of the sun beat down on us and were reflected back by the glaring white marble. As we passed through the huge outer gates we looked back to see that "poem" in marble, with its majestic proportions doubly recorded in the long reflecting pool.

Sonehow, I had not expected to see so many ancient ruins in India, but then, India is one of the oldest civilizations in the world. The ruins throughout the cities and countryside, reflect the ravages of time and weather. They are not objects of desecration nor are they especially protected. Going out to Agra we had noticed at intervals a little off the road, old stone posts 20 to 30 feet high, and were told they

were milestones from the 16th century. We had noticed graceful women carrying hods (loads) of dirt on their heads out of a deep excavation. We saw camels plodding in endless circles, drawing water from country wells, – buzzards by the hundreds along the road, attracted by a little burro killed by a bus. And in one place I knew what I was seeing were still moist, rich brown circular cakes a foot wide, made of cow dung. Some were already stored even in open baskets to dry and be used for fuel. We felt sorry for the small-size horses pulling Indian families in carts. They looked so thin and overworked, as well as the cattle used for plowing. The people too are thin, and when elderly ones and young children with babies strapped on their backs reach out empty hands to you, you cannot meet their gaze. They come, as well as vendors, to completely surround you the minute you step off the bus. But anywhere along the roads, in front of stores, walking freely in city streets, one sees the big white sacred cows of India, with pendulous ears and often brightly painted horns – they do not seem thin to us. India, which now produces many products, that are made in advanced countries, is still a developing, poor country. And the reason is simple: India does not have 50 million people, but 500 million. One has only to be in India to understand the meaning of population explosion. It is evident in other places too but the impact is not quite the same.

## TEHERAN

We left India with regret that we were not able to see our good friends, Drs. Raj and Rosa Sukhmandan, who had gone back to India with their family, after having been at our hospital a number of years ago. They are carrying on their good works in Harayana Province. Leaving India – we had gotten up at 4:30 to have our baggage out by 5:00 A.M.—busses didn't come and more delays at the airport as we had our hand baggage and purses searched and "electric eyes" passed over our bodies for concealed weapons. That continued to be a common occurrence, as we got into the Near East and European areas. Coming back late the night before from Agra the ride was a dusty one most of the way, then smoke blended with it from evening cooking fires and finally city smog. So when we landed at Teheran, we rejoiced in the cool, clear, bracing air. We had come across West Pakistan and Afghanistan and found ourselves on a high plateau in northern Iran. The Orient and even India were far behind us now as we noticed the traffic, the clean streets, an energetic people, and we sensed that we were approaching Europe in more ways

than mere miles. But we missed the colorful silks of Thailand and the graceful saris of India for here all the middle-aged and older women wore the drab overall coverings of traditional moslems, with only the eyes exposed to public gaze. From our hotel room and most anywhere in the city we could look out over the flat-topped, dun-colored buildings and, glancing skyward, it would take us a few seconds to realize that the distant shimmering hazy background was a huge bare mountain range. We were only sure of it as our eyes followed it upward to the snow-sprinkled summits. Shielding the city on the north are the great Elburz Mountains and 75 miles over those mountains lies Russia and the blue waters of the Caspian Sea.

It's hard to forget geography in such places, but in our short stay there we had two interesting tours, – seeing the city in general. Since there were no refrigerators, we were told, women have to shop every day and the streets were choked with traffic in the older sections. I was interested in the fact that horse-drawn vehicles had a high curved wooden yoke over the horses shoulders, but not as large and high as the ones in Russia. Red double-deck busses, orange cabs and white oil trucks added to the colorful scene. In other sections, the plane trees, lining the smooth clean boulevards, are closely trimmed for the winter, making an interesting pattern. We first saw what is considered the most beautiful building in Teheran, the Sepahsalar Mosque – a teaching mosque for Moslen theologians. It has eight minarets which is rare and has a lovely blue honeycomb design in concave upper parts of the arches. The great hall beneath the dome, and the lovely round pool in the entrance area seemed just the right setting for the devout Moslems who pray three times a day, facing Mecca. As when we were in Africa, this happened to be the time of Ramadan, when true Muslems neither speak, eat nor drink between sun-up and sun-down.

Five miles from the city is a place called Rey near which is Ali's Spring – a water hole situated in a deep pocket of the terrain. It is usually crowded with carpet washers who take advantage of its clear waters to wash the priceless Persian rugs after they are made. Sometimes a whole family has worked for a year in weaving the larger rugs. They are spread to dry on rocky hillsides above the pool. In summer they dry in six hours, but in winter it takes several days.

Seeing Iran's treasures one afternoon put stars in our eyes from the brilliance of gems and mirrors. The Golestan Palace, built when Teheran first became the national capital, is now a museum, though used on state occasions. The walls and ceilings simply glitter with sparkling mirrors and chandeliers, rich carpets and tapestries. The entrance ceiling is one huge mosaic of tiny mirrors. The large throne room contains the much disputed Peacock Throne. A high chair-like seat with intricate workmanship in gold and jewels, the high back resembling a Peacock's spread tail, stands in front of another ornate structure on high curved legs and with peacock-like back, but more a platform than a chair. Scholars believe this is the throne brought by Nadir as loot from India in 1739, being a part of the famous Mogul royal seat at Delhi where the former monarchs ascended the two steps to the platform to sit cross-legged in oriental fashion.

At the Bank Markazi Iran, known as the Bank Melli (Central) we saw the greatest array, we were told, of Crown jewels of anywhere in the world – probably because it includes the Darya-ye Nur diamond, the original Peacock Throne, studded with 26,000 gems, the Globe of Jewels, holding at least 50,000 precious stones in a global frame of solid gold and the high Pahlavi Crown containing huge emeralds and several thousand diamonds, sapphires and pearls. We had never seen anything like it except at the Armory Museum in the Kremlin. Because of their great value, these priceless objects are housed in the heavily guarded vaults of this bank and were originally used as security for government loans. Because of its oil resources, Iran is a comparatively wealthy country and the most stable country in a notably unstable part of today's world.

How much we could learn of this ancient kingdom if we could be there longer! We could merely glimpse the historic tapestry of its past, into which is woven the exploits of King Cyrus, Darius and his son, Xerxes, Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Shah Abbas, the robber Nadir Kuli Beg and later Reza Khan. Coming from Arabia, the Arabs gained control in 650 A.D. and from then on the Moslem faith held sway, transposing the earlier Persian religion Zoroastrianism, now found only in remote parts of Iran and India. Though the Persian language came from the Sanscrit, the present alphabet of 32 letters contains 28 that are

Arabian.

We wished so much we could have journeyed 300 miles south to Isfahan, the lovely city spared by the Mongols and containing Iran's two most beautiful buildings – the Shah Mosque and the Lutfullah Mosque. It was now the 13th of November and we had to fly on to Istanbul. As we got air-borne we could see Mt. Demavend (18,600 ft.) off to the East of Teheran, snow covered, of course, but didn't realize that most of that trip would be over snow covered terrain. We were flying just south of the Russian border as we crossed into Turkey and suddenly saw Mt. Ararat, nearly 17,000 feet high, all gleaming white. My mind flew back to Sunday School pictures we had seen as children showing Noah's Ark resting on it and the animals, two by two, coming down the gang planks. Climate must have changed here considerably since the days of Noah! I had no idea the mountain was so high, as I later learned it was. A little research produced the facts that Ararat is a Massif rising out of the Armenian Plateau and is composed of two peaks about seven miles apart. The larger, higher one known as Great Ararat is more a dome than a cone. The lower Little Ararat, at 12,840 feet is a lovely cone with smoother sides. In a very isolated area it is midway between the Black and Caspian Seas, and the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf. It is connected with a long chain of volcanic peaks to the northwest. The Armenian monks believed no one should try to reach the "secret top" with its sacred remains but a German in the employ of Russia, Dr. Parrot, did set foot in 1829 on this "dome of eternal ice". A number of climbers have shared that honor since then, but the climate of the whole region is very severe. Neither Greater nor Lesser Ararat has a crater I learned \*(Encyclopedia Britannica) and that settled one point for me, for very soon after we had passed Ararat, we were looking down into a crater and got a picture of it – a deep black hole against the white mountains.

## ISTANBUL

Last spring Dr. A. Dale Fiers told us that he thought Istanbul was the most exciting city in the world. We were hardly there long enough to test that theory of his but from what we saw one could undoubtedly agree with him. But he has seen more of it than we could and under better circumstances for his son and family live

there, being connected with the American Consulate. A tiny settlement was known to exist there in the ninth century B.C. in that most strategic location where Asia Minor touches Europe. By 330 A.D., known as Byzantium, it became the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire, and was renamed Constantinople, and when we studied geography in school, we knew it by that name. Being at the crossroads of Europe and Asia, it has had a turbulent history and it is the only city of importance and size (1½ million) that is located on two continents, being divided by the Bosphorus, the broad connecting stream between the Sea of Marmara and the Black Sea.

Much of our fifty minute trip from the Airport to the Hilton Hotel was along the shores of the Sea of Marmara. I was on the side away from the water and soon began to notice a very old wall, paralleling our course on the left. Looking very ancient indeed, it was sometimes low and in bad repair, sometimes high and in pretty good condition, then it would disappear for awhile and in its place, buildings of a later vintage. Then it would appear again, not always following a straight course. And ever so often could be seen an old and humble dwelling built right into the wall at some later date when the wall's protection was not needed, for we were traveling on the outer side of the wall. After watching it for at least two miles as we had no guide in the bus with us, I called out – "Are you all noticing this old wall on the left?" Our group were either visiting or watching the water. I guessed it just might date from the days of the Crusaders. The pattern of the old wall could be followed another two miles, nearly into the center of the city at the Galata Bridge.

Like Rome, Istanbul stands on seven hills, and is a very complex city composed of many municipalities. Behind the city (northwest) two streams merge to form a larger one known as the Golden Horn, flowing into the Bosphorus near the eastern end of the Sea of Marmara leaving the flatter old city shaped like a horn, wedged between the Sea and the Golden Horn. In this older area which is the part mostly surrounded by the Old Wall are found the great mosques that everyone wants to see, – the Sultan Ahmet Mosque known familiarly as the Blue Mosque, because of the lovely lofty interior of blue tiles, creating cool, mystical reflections of light, unique in that it has six minarets that seem to pierce the sky. Nearby is the famous Sancta Sophia – originally a church, but converted to a mosque and the minarets added by the conquering Turks, after what western history calls the Fall

of Constantinople (May 29, 1453). This magnificent example of architecture was in constant use as a place of worship for 14 centuries, being built in 360 A.D. by the Byzantine Emperor Constantine and reconstructed 532 to 537, by the Emperor Justinian who, when he finished, cried, "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" It is now the Ayasofya Museum. The elegant mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, and the Old Viaduct are also in this area.

The Golden Horn is crossed on either the Ataturk Bridge or the Galata Bridge northward to the higher part of the city called by some, the Promontory. This is the newer city of steep streets, lovely hotels, apartments, business areas and restaurants, all with marvelous views of the city and water areas. Coming down the winding roads from our hotel we could overlook the Dolmabahce Palace and Mosque on the Bosphorus where many smaller boats find anchorage. The Palace sits astride the entrance to the "Valley of the Galleys". Here, in the spring of 1453 the young Sultan Mehmet II pulled a dazzling military trick. Finding his fleet blocked by a harbor chain across the Golden Horn, he bypassed it by ordering some seventy ships dragged overland, over the 200 foot ridge and thus outflanked the city's major defenses. Constantine XI perished when the city fell, in the battle that ended his empire.

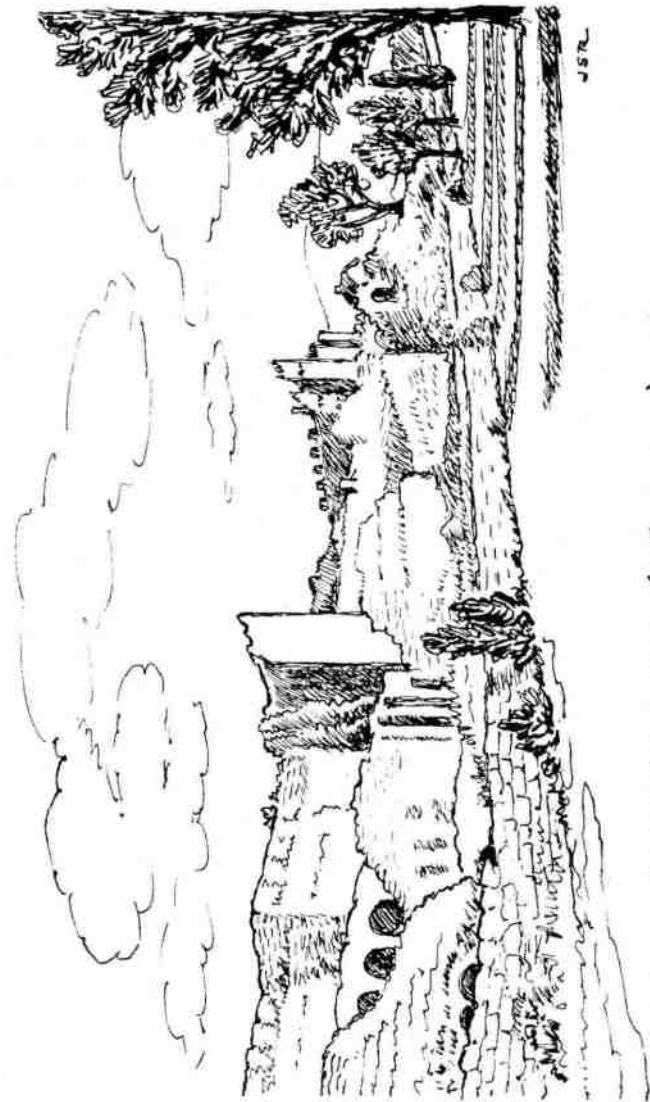
We departed from this quay on a most enjoyable trip along the Bosphorus one morning. This waterway is two miles wide and nineteen miles long and our boat followed it up to the Black Sea, passing the Old Castle with its fortified walls and towers, and also Robert College. Alan Fiers, who is second in command at the American Consulate in Istanbul, came to the hotel our last afternoon with his young daughter to tell us all again how sorry he was that he couldn't arrange things so that Greece would allow us to enter, as our next stop was supposed to be Athens. We had noticed that dairy products were either scarce or banned in the dining rooms and the waiters would merely shrug their shoulders and murmur, "Cholera". Alan said he remembered Dr. Renner fixing up his leg so he could play football, when they lived in Cleveland, but I think Rudy had forgotten it. But we were glad to see each other again after more than 20 years. Of all the lovely things we saw in that great Turkish city, I was most impressed by that ancient wall that surrounded Constantinople in the early 400's A.D. If it could speak and tell of the

assaults upon it by the Goths, the Huns, the Bulgars, The Slavs, the Crusaders and the Arabs, we could learn a lot of history. I can still see those drab little houses, seemingly growing out of the wall, thriftily making themselves a part of it. We did not see the old wall on our return to the airport, so had no chance for pictures. I wonder if I could make a little sketch from memory?

## ROME

Since we had to omit Greece from our itinerary we found ourselves with extra time to be in Rome. No doubt the lateness of the season made the Universo Hotel able to take us all earlier. A good friend of ours, Fernanda Peterson, who was born and brought up in Rome had told us of many changes that had come in recent years. One has to live there awhile to be aware of most of them, but as we tried to go about the city taking pictures, two changes were easily apparent and have to do with two current world problems – overpopulation and pollution. I know now I had been aware of this in many of the other large cities but had not recognized it as a worsening problem. We had expected to see student demonstrations in Tokyo, and we heard about them in Manila, but we saw them in Rome where the flow of people on the streets and cars seemed greatly increased. With eager anticipation we all started out to see Rome's famed Antiquities. Our busses circled around the Roman Forum rather slowly and near the Arch of Septimus Severus the guide regretted that they were not allowed to park and he named quickly some of the important ruins we were seeing. There was also a certain amount of smog and haze in the atmosphere which was also true in other cities. I decided we were fortunate in having been there twice before (1932 and 1964) when we could wander about at will to examine things and had clean air for better pictures.

The last time we had been in the Colosseum was at the end of a cold, dark afternoon in December in 1964 and then had noticed that the main floor of the arena had either been removed or fallen through during those thirty-two years since we first saw it, and one could then look into the pits where the lions were kept below the floor. It is such a vast place and so much to see and I think many did not notice on the far opposite side, the simple wooden Cross which Mussolini had erected in memory of the martyred Christians. One man seemed quite incredulous



CONSTANTINE'S WALL (4<sup>th</sup> Century), ISTANBUL



that Mussolini, of all people, had done that.

We had been traveling alone on our first trip, for Rudy to meet some world renowned doctors and watch them operate, and somehow, we had missed seeing the Pantheon. Our first time to see it was 1964 and I was now thrilled to see it again. It is the finest and best preserved building of the ancient Romans. A temple to "all the Gods", was built on this site by Agrippa in 27 B.C., but lightning destroyed it and this present building was built by Hadrian in 123 A.D., a gigantic building for those times and a remarkable feat of engineering skill. It is circular in form with a huge dome supported only by the walls; the diameter of the building and apex of the dome above the floor are the same – 142 feet. But the dome really has no true apex for where it should be is a round hole 27 feet in diameter and open to the sky. This provides the only light within the building. A beautiful portico of Greek design covers the front facade, using sixteen Corinthian columns, each hewn out of a single stone. These materials in the Portico came in large part from the original temple. The Pantheon, as the one in Paris, serves as a burial place for writers and artists and here, also, the early kings of Italy. I was especially glad to see the tomb of Raphael in one of the interior niches. We had a very good guide in Rome, who spoke with a slight brogue and had the map of Ireland all over his face. I said to him one day that I thought the most exciting thing in Rome was the Pantheon. His face lit up and he said, "You know, I think so too!" though, he added, most tourists would pick St. Peter's or the Colosseum. We both agreed, however, that Hadrian had certainly "been around" and left examples of his skills in a Temple in Jerusalem, in Hadrian's Arch in Athens, in the Great Wall 73 miles long in northern Britain and he also erected the round mausoleum on the Tiber River which became his tomb.

Coming back past the great ornate, white Victor Emanuel Monument, which Italians refer to as the "Wedding Cake", we turned into the Piazza Venezia dominated by the Palazzo Venezia, a fine Renaissance building with a sturdy looking balcony high above the main entrance. My mind flew back to a Sunday morning in 1932 when we left our little hotel called Paix and Helvetia on a side street and followed the crowds into this large Piazza. Many groups of school children, Boys' Brigades, etc, each carrying a little silk Italian flag, were already in positions facing the balcony. The crowds became more dense and suddenly with

much fanfare, the tall windows opened and Mussolini stepped out on the balcony and pompously delivered a stirring, but short, speech. By holding our camera high above the shoulders of the people in front of us we got our picture and have this small black and whitesnapshot of "Il Duce". We didn't own a movie camera in those days. We learned later that we should by no means have had our camera with us that morning – that we could easily have been arrested if discovered.

They do not now allow cars in front of the Trevi Fountain but we had thrown our coin in, in 1932, and we had returned. And one never tires of the treasures of the Vatican and St. Peter's Basilica. After walking miles through the Vatican Museums, and with aching necks gazing again at Michaelangelo's amazing paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, we next mounted the many broad steps into St. Peter's, the greatest church of the Christian world. Through the dimly lit cathedral we threaded our way and had time to pause before the lovely Pieta, bathed in soft light. As a group, we were due there at a certain hour that morning for we were to have an audience with Pope Paul VI at eleven, and had to have certain instructions. This was a special day for the Pope for it marked the Fiftieth Anniversary of his elevation to the Priesthood and he had graciously consented to allow a number of groups to be presented to him, ours being the largest. This had been arranged as a result of our Convention in Australia to which the Vatican had sent two Observers. Mr. Earle Fletcher had initiated the move and it was arranged through one of those Observers whom we saw again that day. All the groups were seated in areas either to the sides or behind the Papal Throne. We were all seated in the large space directly behind it.

The nice thing about getting old is that you have so many memories. As we sat on crowded backless benches awaiting the great moment, my mind again flew back to 1932 when somewhere in the dim recesses behind us, we had entered an elevator with a guide and gone up to the place high above us where the great dome starts to rise. There we had transferred to another special elevator built to follow the curve of the dome to its very top. From there we could look down on the procession of a High Mass, and from that great height (404 feet) the human figures looked like ants far below us. During our daughter Ruth's third year at the University of Michigan she had been with a student group in Europe. Writing home

about their audience with the Pope, I remember she said, "Mother, he's really a very nice old man"!

Beneath the center of the dome rises the great high altar known as the Papal Throne and above it a great bronze canopy, 95 feet high, supported by huge ornate pillars whose sides undulate in spiral trends. Only the Pope or a specially authorized Cardinal may officiate here. Pope Paul finally emerged through an inner side door from an elevator that connects with his quarters in the Vatican, followed by several officials and the comparatively short service began, composed mostly of his addressing and welcoming these various groups. He gave a warm welcome to our group, in English and commented on where we had been – Adelaide, Australia, and were now finishing a world tour, as follows:

"We greet the group of delegates and participants from the Eighth Assembly of the World Convention of the Churches of Christ, held recently in Adelaide, Australia. We are pleased to know that two Catholic observers were among you on that happy occasion. It was an inspiring opportunity of renewal for you and your fellowship under the theme: ONE GOSPEL, ONE WORLD. May God bless and render effective the generous resolutions you made at that time. May he grant you a pleasant journey and a safe return to your homes."

(Greeting of Pope Paul VI to World Convention Tour Group of 91 on 11/18/70 at St. Peter's Basilica)

There seemed to be no ban on taking pictures and I would have thought the many flash bulbs would have bothered his eyes as he sat, all in white, facing us and the back of the great cathedral, on whose wall is centered the beautiful elliptical medallion-type window with golden spikes of light leading outward from the white doves in the center. At the close he came down and shook hands with many people.

Following our group out, I wished we could linger to see many of the great works of art, and thought I remembered that Michaelangelo's great Moses statue, with little horns coming from his head, was here, but later, our friend, Harriet Louise Patterson, corrected my thinking by telling us that it is at the church of

Saint Peter in Chains. By making the church in the form of a Latin Cross instead of the earlier planned Greek design, thus having the long part of the church in front, the great dome is hidden to anyone standing in the large piazza, by which one approaches it. In the center of the piazza is a red granite obelisk brought from Egypt. The curving colonnades coming out from the Basilica were designed by Bernini. They are composed of double columns and seem to envelop the great crowds which often gather there, like the protecting arms of God. Looking back at the building one sees the many huge statues of the sainted ones adorning the front of the roof. We had also gone to the roof in 1932 and had pictures taken at the base of a statue. And by peering over the inner balustrade discovered a group of small houses on the roof, almost a little village for the accommodation of custodians and workmen.

## NAPLES AND POMPEII

Our last full day in Rome was one of those nice surprises for we hadn't earlier planned it. Because of our extra time in Rome, the group divided for some all-day tours. Some chose to go up to Florence where we had already been, but we had never been south of Rome, so we chose to go to Naples and that vicinity. After we left the smog and city streets behind us, we enjoyed the countryside as we journeyed along the Autostrada del Sol. The farther south we got among the rolling hills, the more cypress trees we saw as a natural part of the landscape, giving dark vertical accents to make this region so picturesque. How little we really know about places until we see and experience them! I had always imagined Mt. Vesuvius to be a little north of Naples, but it is south. Naples was much as I had imagined it, – a crowded city of hills and white buildings – not skyscrapers; narrow streets, with bright faces at the windows between which lines of laundry hung. I often wondered what held the flower pots in place on every window sill, and found myself detouring out near the curbs, – just in case. Civic buildings and parkways lined with palm trees, face the blue waters of the Bay of Naples, all bathed in sunlight. And as an expected backdrop, the hazy blue outlines of Vesuvius and one other lesser peak sweep up in long lines from the distant side of the Bay's great arc. We shivered a bit as we sat at an outdoor waterfront cafe near a short causeway leading out to an old fort.

After lunch we were driven to the site of the old city of Pompeii which disappeared in 79 A.D. and was not really found again for 1700 years. Mount Vesuvius had given the people a definite warning in 63 A.D. but the city of 20,000 nestled at the foot of the 3,900 foot mountain, whose slopes were green with vineyards, paid no heed and sixteen years later the mountain exploded, buried the city under thick layers of lava, cinders and ashes, and about 2,000 people perished. How quickly a world forgets! Seventeen centuries later a peasant digging in a vineyard struck a wall which led to the discovery of the buried city. More than 200 years of careful digging have disclosed a well-laid out Roman city with a forum, courts, theaters, temples and public baths and markets. Lovely villas of the rich have been so perfectly preserved that it has given the world a glimpse of the social customs of that once great ancient culture.

The ruined city of Pompeii covers four square miles and I think we walked over most of it. The deep ruts from the chariots in the huge blocks of stones along the criss-cross streets didn't make it any easier. So we were glad to get back to the busses in the late afternoon. But I kept wondering – how could they forget a city was there? Later I learned that the eruption had changed the whole topography of the landscape, turning the river away from its course and raising the shores along the sea, so they really had no way of locating it.

After the inevitable stop at an Emporium for those who wanted to buy cameos and such, it made it very late as we came along winding, steep, rugged roads of the peninsula that juts out to the south to form the Gulf of Naples. Each time we would round another point high above the sea, we would have another thrilling sunset view. It was too late and too dark to go on to Amalfi, so we turned back through Sorrento, which seemed like a very long city, pressed between sea and mountains. It is here they do such beautifully finished inlaid work with different natural colors of woods. Coming back through Naples in the dark we caught a glimpse of the illuminated tower and wall of the "Bastille of Naples" dating from 1283, also perched on a hill and aglow with lights was the castle of Saint Elmo.

## GENEVA

We were all quite ready to get on to Geneva, exhilarated by the feeling that we were getting near home. Geneva, in the French-speaking part of Switzerland, is such a lovely city! It is situated at the western end of Lac Lemman (also called Lake Geneva) where the Lake's outlet becomes the River Rhone and, squeezed into the narrow confines of the river, it goes out in a turbulence of swift white water under six or seven bridges connecting both parts of the city. The second bridge down from the Lake connected with the pretty little Ille Rousseau in a broken line, and facing it on the north side was our hotel Les Bergues. The rooms were both pretty and comfortable with an air of old world elegance which soothed our weary spirits. Ever since we had left home seven and a half weeks ago, we had been traveling, for the most part, steadily westward, often losing two to three hours on each flight. That, coupled with the fact that we very often had to get up at an unearthly hour to get planes, made us increasingly short on sleep, but we began to catch up here and were not nearly as tired on reaching home as everyone expected.

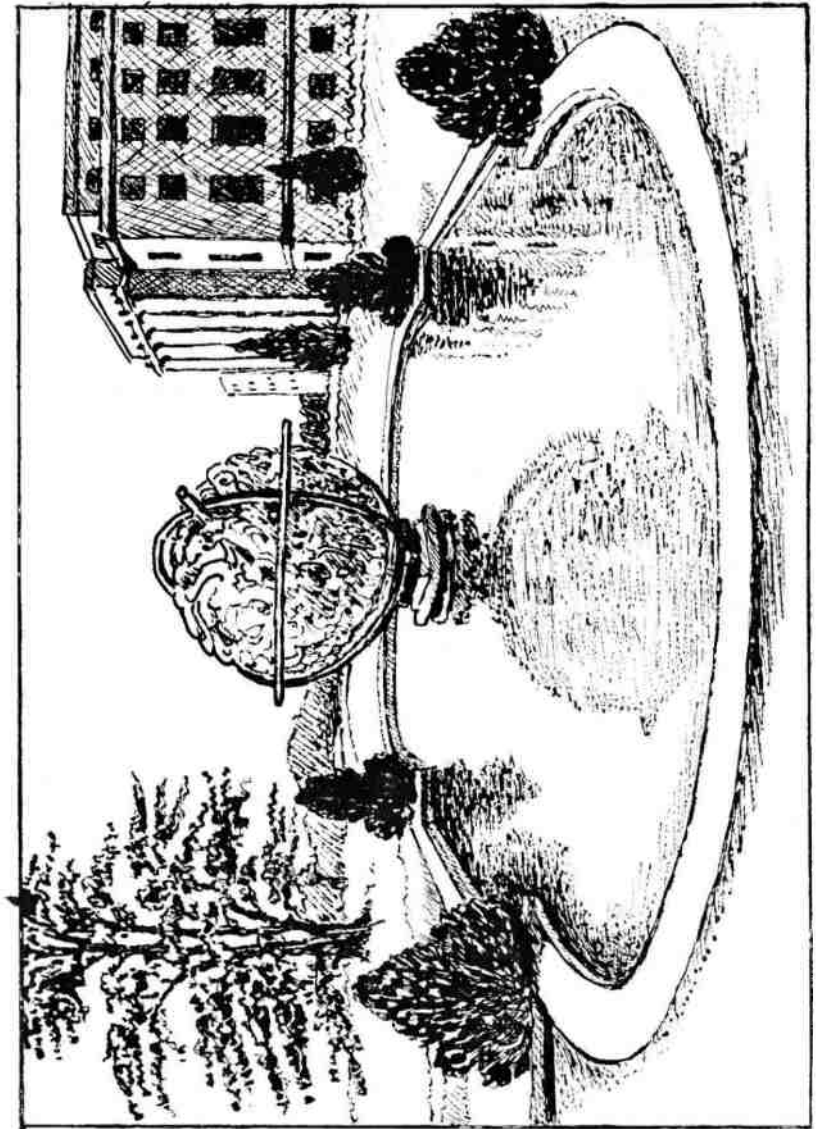
Landlocked tiny Switzerland, holding the loftiest peaks in Europe, is only half the size of the State of Maine. We had been to Bern in 1932 to visit the great goitre surgeon, Dr. DeQuervain, and also visited the Jungfrau, traveling by train and ships then, but we had never seen Geneva until 1959 on our way to Russia. Our visit then to the World Council of Churches was in a picturesque half-timber Chalet, probably an old home, and Mr. Frank Northam had shown us a model of the planned new Council building. Now, in 1970, we found it back from the lake on higher ground from which, on a clear day, across the lake to the south, one can see the whole range of mountains, including Mont Blanc. They have a good-sized acreage here and a number of lovely new modern buildings. For the scope of the work the W.C.C. does in reaching areas of need and promoting brotherhood instead of divisiveness among Christians it should be a must for all of us to visit, yet there were some of our group who did not choose to go that day.

As we turned away from this great Ecumenical Center, the sun broke through the clouds and we had a brief glimpse of Mont Blanc. The older part of the city is on the south side of the lake. The ancient city walls have been removed, but within

this area are found the Transition Cathedral of St. Peter dating from 1124, also one of the great theaters of Europe, the old church where Calvin preached, and nearby, is the headquarters of the International College of Surgeons, of which my husband is a member. The University of Geneva with its fine Library is also here and on the same grounds is found the Monument of the Reformation known as the Reformation Wall, with the great central figures of "the Big Four" – (from left), Guillaume Farel, John Calvin, Theodore de Beze and John Knox, all Protestant Reform leaders of the 16th century. Other Reformation figures including Zwingli and our own Roger Williams are sculptured on the long white wall which rests against the only remaining part of the city's ancient ramparts. We drove back through the park and along the Quai Gustave Ador, which, as it approaches the city's center, is lined with apartment houses and then business blocks. The apartment houses are mostly Pensions where students live. Our daughter Ruth had lived at No. 2 on this Boulevard while attending the University of Geneva. And in 1959, my husband and I, wanting to see where she had lived, had walked all the way along there and even out over the plank walk to le Jet D'Eau. But where was this fountain now? We were told it had been turned off for the winter and we certainly missed that landmark, (or should I say seamark?). Nearby is the old Mariner's Rock in the water, from which all mileages were taken in the Middle Ages.

One other place we didn't see this time was an institution at the edge of Geneva known as CERN (European Center for Nuclear Research). It is not humanitarian, but scientific, and here gather scientists of all nations, including Russia, for pure and fundamental research, to investigate the fundamental nature of matter. They work on the premise that the most practical thing in the universe is Truth. There we went down into a huge circular Cyclotron, covered by earth to protect from radiation. Huge magnets of 2500 tons each were being put into place. There were only two other Cyclotrons in the world then, one in Berkely, California, and the other in Russia.

Perhaps the most beautiful spot in Geneva is the lovely garden of the Palace of Nations, sloping down to the lake. Shaded by lovely old Cedars of Lebanon is a reflecting pool with a large golden ball in the center of it. It is known as the



Manship Sphere and is composed of all the signs of the Zodiac, revolving slowly according to the seasons. The large building is now the seat of the United Nations in Geneva, but was originally built for the League of Nations which was a wonderful dream of President Woodrow Wilson. It is a shame it could not have continued, and even now, with large parts of it unused, it seems to us it would have been a better center, geographically as well as psychologically, than New York. A few years ago we used a composite picture of our fourteen grandchildren as a Christmas greeting and captioned it, "Our Fourteen Points for Peace". Geneva is truly a City of Peace, with so many world organizations quartered there – the World Health Organization, the World Headquarters of Red Cross, the World Labor Organization, known in Geneva as B.I.T. (Bureau of International Travail) etc.

Our last evening in Geneva, Mr. and Mrs. Northam came over to visit us. We had been in the Northam home in 1959 and almost met him in Nigeria when he was finishing up a meeting of the W.C.C. at Enugu. We met them down in the lounge and brought them up to our pretty room to better catch up on the news. As we entered the room I saw that the maid had been around to make up the beds for the night and there across the bed she had artistically arranged my coral-pink lace nightie! Several hotels we were in had nice little habits of saying good-night to you, like pinning a small orchid to your pillow or a pretty card on the pillow saying good-night in many languages and sometimes on it would be a chocolate bon-bon. And in tropical Thailand I remember when we boarded busses in the heat of the day, they would hand you a small plastic bag in which was a wet washcloth, partially frozen.

Late in the afternoon the next day we were to leave for London and that Saturday we awoke to find it raining hard and quite cold. The majority of our group had earlier decided to go to Chamonix which is over the border of France, about fifty miles south. It is a dear little town nestling at the foot of Mont Blanc, Europe's highest peak, 15,781 feet high. In two different cable cars you can finally get up to the Aguille du Midi, 12,800 feet and can look across at Mont Blanc. We had been up there in 1959 when Secretary of State Christian Herter was also visiting it with some of the French Council of Deputies. So now, we had decided we would go by bus up along the Lake to the Castle of Chillon at Montreaux. But discovering the change in the weather, we stayed in and did some writing. And at

lunch time we took a walk in the rain, window shopped and went into the English Church there where Ruth had taught a Sunday School class. I can think of several mighty funny stories that Ruth had told about her experiences there that winter, but I'll desist. She is now Mrs. Frank Percy and they have friends, Sven and Katie Persson, who live about thirty miles out of Geneva, so we called them that afternoon. Katie said her husband was due back from Sweden on a late afternoon flight that day and she would be going to the airport to meet him and could perhaps see us there. She said she would be wearing red pants and a yellow jacket and would have the little one with her. But somehow we missed each other, for we were hurried through faster than usual and had miles to go it seemed on two long sets of moving sidewalks. Now there's an idea for a lot of our huge air terminals! Many times during our trip we had noted some equally good ideas, like in Tokyo you could see a billboard that posted the air pollution level for each day, and another one that informed you of the shockingly large number of people that were killed in traffic on that day. Down in New Zealand and Australia every school child is taught to swim and to drive little automobiles so they can later cope with traffic problems. That is part of their schooling. And everywhere, it seemed, children wore various kinds of school uniforms, so a poor child would not feel embarrassed by lack of proper clothing.

We didn't really think the group that had gone to Chamonix would get back in time to make the plane with us but they did, and reported they got into quite a snow storm when they were about ten miles out of Geneva. I even wondered if the cable cars were running in the winter time but they were, and our friends gamely went up to the Midi where they said it was well below zero.

## LONDON

We hadn't really counted on being in London when the trip was first planned, but there it was, at the end of our itinerary. We had been scheduled for an overnight stop at an airport hotel, but instead, we were taken on into the city to the Mayfair Hotel near Piccadilly Circus. As we drove along the edge of Hyde Park I recalled our first visit there in 1932 when we had stayed for eight days on one of those side streets off Hyde Park at a – what do the English call a Pension? We had been coming down from Scotland by bus and stopped to see a Canadian cousin.

Elinor Huntsman, studying Science at Manchester University. She told us about this place and later came up to London while we were there, to be with us awhile, and showed us among other places, the old Thieves' Market out near "Elephant and Castle" on the Metro.

Another person we saw again in London at that time, was Lord Moynihan one of England's famed surgeons. Rudy had had a letter of introduction to him from Dr. Cutler so we had earlier called at his office in Leeds, in northern England. We must have knocked timidly on the shining brass knocker. A second, louder knock brought a housekeeper to the door who ushered us into the front parlor. In a few minutes Lord Moynihan came in – a kindly and distinguished looking gentleman, and as soon as he heard we were from Cleveland and had a connection with Dr. Crile, he wanted us to come into his inner office, and pointed to something on the wall with a glint of pride in his eye. It was a framed Cablegram which read:

"Congratulations! We are glad to learn that Britain has raised you to your American rank."

((Signed) G. W. Crile.

He had recently been made a lord for his great skill in surgery. And all these years we have spoken of him only as Lord Moynihan (pronounced Munyan). So I said to my husband last night – "Doesn't he have a first name?" And with a flash of memory, he said "yes, Sir Berkeley Moynihan", for that is how he had always known of him. Rudy had been a Fellow of the Cleveland Clinic for two years around the time we were married and the Clinic now is soon to celebrate its fiftieth year. So the conversation got off to a fast pace talking about Dr. George Crile, Sr. and his pioneering skill in goiter surgery. We told him we were going on to London, "up to London", they always say – and he had to soon be there also at his London Office, so we met him again at the British Museum, where, of all things, he wanted to show us Napoleon's stomach, preserved as a medical display, – an ulcer which had turned to cancer!

Now just by seeing that side street again, my thoughts took a sudden leap backward, – a sign of something I hate to admit, and probably, a bore to those of

you who want to hear about this trip. After hurried good-byes to our group in New York, at JFK Airport we went through customs and personally saw to having our baggage transferred to T.W.A. Lines. Nearly all of the Cleveland contingent of our family was at the Cleveland Airport to meet us that evening as we stepped off the plane. Dan, who is a Thoracic Surgeon, was just returning from an out-of-town meeting and Carol and the four children were there to meet him also. Ruth's family of six, – the Percys, were there and John had brought part of his family, along with Rudy's sisters, Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Selander. In the excitement of greetings, it was a little while before we got down to the baggage area, and we found that the baggage had already started coming through. Our two big bags were there but where was the smaller one? It never did show up and tragically, it had all our film in it! After going all the way around the world with us it had to disappear on the last lap of our journey – New York to Cleveland. It never has been found but friends have been very generous in allowing us to have duplicates of their slides – some of which have us in them.

#### ONE WORLD – ONE BROTHERHOOD

If we can remember things from our first trip to Europe, thirty-nine years ago, what are going to be our enduring memories of this trip? I had been wondering what to call this "travelog" and had about decided on "East, West and Down Under", but I like better the one my husband suggested tonight. Since the theme of our convention in Adelaide had been "One Gospel – One World" and since we had encircled the globe, his idea for a title is "One World – Around" and so it shall be.

One thing a trip like this brings home to you is that this is indeed One World, which, in the realm of transportation and communication, is getting smaller all the time. When my husband was President of the Religious Heritage of America, that organization effected a change in the National Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag by inserting the words "Under God", so it is now – "One Nation, Under God", and he had the honor of placing the new Pledge in the permanent files of the National Archives. Even then, he had the feeling that we should be thinking along the wider reaches of One World as well as One Nation, but many at that time did not agree with that concept. But one cannot go around the world and mingle, ever so briefly,

as we did, with people of other lands and cultures without knowing somehow that the same God has made us all and through many channels we are all seeking Him. I think I sensed our "oneness" and the universal brotherhood of man more deeply by a little happening at the very last of our tour in Rome. We were all gathered about our guide in the entrance area of the church of St. John the Lateran. I was on the outer edge of the group and found myself leaning against a five foot high base of a statue. Glancing far up I saw it was a statue of the Christ, and suddenly my eye was caught by a bit of color on the white marble a few inches above my eye-level. And I found myself gazing at a small bunch of fresh violets someone in passing had tucked between the great and second toe of the Christ statue. One doesn't often see bunches of violets anymore in this country, and the last one I had touched was when the old bent gardner in the Garden of Gethsemane had picked a bunch of violets from beneath some of those nine ancient olive tress there and presented it to me. I felt the same thrill over again as I contemplated that loving, unselfish gesture. In spite of all we hear to the contrary, I can see much hope for our "One World" as long as there are people to buy a bunch of violets for the Christ.

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

.....Matt. 25:40